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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 1.

Los Angeles, Saturday, July 1, 1899.

Edition de Luxe
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MISS DELIA STACEY— (See Page 14)

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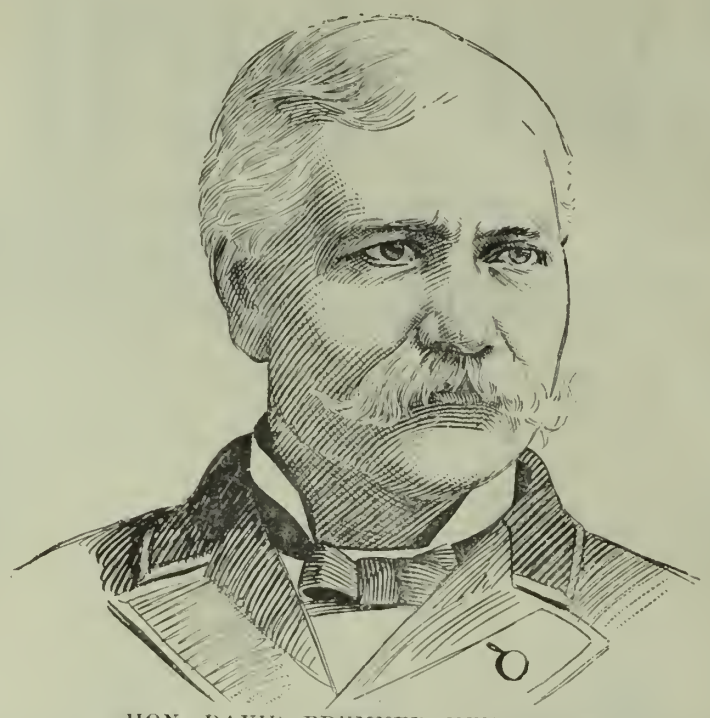

HON. DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON.

It is all over but the formal recording of the vote. Hon. David B. Henderson, of Iowa, is to be speaker of the next house of representatives. It looks now as if he will have the unanimous support of the Republican members. Mr. Henderson has represented the Third Iowa district in nine successive congresses. He was born in Scotland and is 59 years of age.

FORMERLY GREATER LOS ANGELES

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR

THERE need be no fear that our arms will not succeed in the Philippines, anti-imperalists (so-called) and scareheads of yellow journals to the contrary notwithstanding. The capture of Manila and the destruction of the Spanish fleet in its bay was an incident in the late war with Spain that could not be excluded from the settlement and the rebellion of Aguinaldo as a consequence was bequeathed our country as an aftermath which has assumed proportions that were not looked for. But it would have been almost as impossible for our Government to have turned tail as it would have been on any occasion where reverses instead of triumphs have dotted the landscape of war. Generals Merritt and Miles declared from the first that many thousands of good soldiers would be required to establish our dominion throughout the Philippines, and the aspect of affairs just at present seems to be corroborative of the declarations of these two distinguished soldiers. And it may be that General Otis has made some mistakes and has underestimated the strength of the enemy and the character of the country and its people. But all that does not warrant a change in commanders, neither does it make things appear so blue as the antis would have us to believe. On the contrary, the situation shows that we need more men and more fighting, and these will quickly follow, and peace commissions will hereafter be given to understand that they can fool us no more.

It would seem that Aguinaldo's peace commission was one of that astute commanders's creations to gain time or for some other covert purpose. In the first place these commissioners, after several days of negotiations, had to admit that they had no power to make terms, and that the insurgents were not willing to accept anything short of independence under a possible protectorate. In other words, the negotiations were meant merely to gain time. These Filipinos, after succeeding in completely drawing the wool over the eyes of our commissioners, returned to the insurgent headquarters with the promise that they would soon return. General Otis, in dismissing them from the American lines, intimated in very positive terms that they would not be permitted to return unless they were prepared to agree to an absolute and unconditional surrender. While the negotiations were in progress military operations were continued without interruption, the administration preferring not to interfere with said military operations. Although Mr. Shureman, President of the Philippine Commission, appeared to be sanguine that the Filipino envoys would soon return with an acceptance of the American proposals, the President did not share this hopefulness, having apparently been convinced, very much against his hopes, that he had been misled in considering a settlement of the insurrection close at hand. Preparations are making to send fresh troops to the Philippines, as well as for the withdrawal of the volunteers, who have for so long borne the brunt of the fighting. It is said that the President realizes that the insurgents must be entirely crushed out and thoroughly beaten; hence there is no alternative but to wage a relentless campaign against them until they are compelled to lay down their arms and sue for peace.

THE death of Judge William H. Clark, a Superior Judge of Los Angeles county, removes from our midst one of the most capable and upright justices that has ever sat upon the bench in this state. No one who ever had a case in his keeping had fear that he was either cowardly or corrupt. He was a most charming person, and, like Mercutio, was only a short time before his death humorous regarding his "taking off." He was a graduate of Harvard and was a cultivated gentleman in every way. He had been a victim of consumption for many years, but for a long time possessed that rare belief in the overthrow of the malady that those afflicted with the dread disease generally maintain. As a clubman he was genial, witty, cynical, convivial and entertaining, and he will be a long time missed by all who knew him intimately in court and out. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a large procession of those who knew and loved him well.

COLORADO is going to send a gold girl to the Paris Exposition, the estimated cost being $1,000,000. She will at least be worth her weight in gold. Nevertheless there are California girls that are worth more than a million in hard cash and there are others that have no substantial assets of that character that cannot be estimated by ducats. There is one thing certain:—no fellow can run away with that Colorado maid.

THE late re union of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders at Las Vegas, New Mexico, was picturesque and jocund all the way through. A washout of six or seven hours kept some of the heroes of Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill hot during that length of times, but they got there with both feet in course of accelerated schedule. Governor Roosevelt made a speech that was worth reading and Joe Wheeler sent one of his characteristic telegrams. No regiment ever known has a better right to rejoice and renew the bonds of comradeship than Teddy's Terrors of the Wild West.

WITH a last grand pull, the N. E. A. committeemen are closing their work up, and so well have they labored that every detail will have been attended to and time to spare before the opening day of the big convention.

Besides the Chinese theatrical company which will play in our little Cathay, the Chinese merchants have become so interested that they propose making an industrial exhibit that will, no doubt, prove as fascinating and instructive as anything in the whole week's program.

Chairman C. B. Boothe, of the transportation and excursion committee, has perfected arrangements for obtaining information of delegates in transit from six to twenty-four hours in advance of their arrival.

Chairman Anderson of the hotel committee, with a corps of clerks, took charge of the information bureau at 425 S. Spring street this week, where post, telegraph and railway ticket offices will be maintained, and Mr. Anderson will advise inquirers where to buy red lemonade or quarter sections of orange groves, according to their needs.

On Wednesday the twelfth Esperanza Parlor N. D. G. W., assisted by Los Angeles and Ramona Parlors Native Sons, will keep open house in the Los Angeles Athletic Club rooms. Thursday evening there will be a pleasant diversion provided at Hollenbeck Park by the Boyle Heights Improvement Association. Illuminated floats on the lake, music and fireworks will be the attractions.

Treasurer Frank again wishes to call attention to the magnitude of the undertaking of this convention, and urges property holders and professional men not to leave the entire burden on the business men. More money is needed, and Mr. Frank has a heartfelt blessing on tap for every donor—something like "The Lord and I loveth a cheerful giver."

THE many friends of Mrs. Mary L. Peabody, mother of J. C. and Annie L. Peabody, will regret to learn of her death which took place last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Peabody had reached an advanced age, but was comparatively active up to a short time before her death. She devoted her life to good works, and, with her husband, was many years a missionary in Turkey. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Her funeral took place Friday afternoon, this week.

THE members of the Pine Tree State Association will celebrate the fifth year of its existence with a patriotic reunion at Verdugo Park on Tuesday, July 4th. Maine people with their families from all over the county are making preparations to attend in large numbers. There will be brief literary exercises, including an address by Arthur W. Kinney, Receiver of the United States Land Office, to be followed by music and games. Luncheon will be served at the tables in the grove.

MISS JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS will give a Grecian evening Friday, July 7th, at Elk's Hall. She will give Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters," illustrated by moving tableaux, and will be assisted by leading musical talent.

THE Bradley Martins have followed the example of one of the Astors and become subjects of the queen. If this sort of thing keeps up long enough New York will, in time become an American city.

Greater Los Angeles

City and County

THE time is not far distant when Southern California will successfully compete with the shores of the Mediterranean and the Bosphorus in the preparation of the fig. Already there is a number of producers that have attained acknowledged success in the treatment of olives and olive oil. We sampled some of the former in Jevne's a few days ago and found them all that could be desired, while Kimball of San Diego and Cooper of Santa Barbara have established a splendid reputation for their olive oil. The fig is peculiarly luxuriant in Southern California, and it is a noble fruit. But, some how or other, we have not yet learned how to preserve it so that it may alternate with the foreign fruit in beauty and excellence. Time and experience will remedy this, however, just as it has in the preparation of olives and olive oil. It was not so long ago when all the prunes used in this country were purchased elsewhere. Now there are tens of thousands of pounds of this healthful fruit exported annually, and as much as seven hundred dollars' worth have been taken in one year from an acre of trees. The beholder is sometimes bewildered at the possibilities of this country, which, besides producing all the fruits and vegetables known to a northern clime, give us the orange, the lemon, pomegranate, lime, fig, guava, apricot, nectarine, walnut, almond and many other productions not necessary to mention. O, this is a wonderful country, and no mistake.

NOTHING has made a better showing in Southern California since its commencement than the beet sugar enterprise, there being three concerns in successful operation at the present time; and the impetus that has, during the past year or two, been given to the beet sugar industry in this country has resulted in the formation of scores of other companies which will, as sooon as possible, begin the manufacture of this commodity. For this reason a report made to the State Department showing the growth of the beet sugar industry in Germany, between 1877 and 1899, is of interest.

In 1877 there were in that country 258,809 acres of beets cultivated, the yield being 11.088 tons per acre, the value of which was $55.45 per acre or $5 per ton for the beets. In 1899 the cultivated area had increased to 1,054,229 acres, the yield per acre being 11.510 tons and the value $4 per ton.

In 1877 the number of German factories operated 329, the beets worked were 4,090,968 tons and the product of raw sugar was 378,009 tons. In 1899 the number of factories had increased to 401, the quantity of beets worked reached 12,144,291 tons and the production of raw sugar had increased to 1,710,000 tons. It is to be observed that the cultivation of the beet had largely increased its richness of sugar, for in 1877 it took 10 82 tons of beets to produce one ton of raw sugar, but in 1899 it required only 7.1 tons to yield a ton of sugar. The amount of sugar in the beet had increased from 9.24 per cent. in 1877 to 13.15 per cent. in 1899.

The importance of this marvelous development of the sugar industry in Germany, and in France as well, is seen in the condition of affairs in the British West Indies. The troubles of which those colonial possessions complain are all due to the fact that the cane sugar they formerly produced and sold in the English markets has been supplanted by the beet sugar from Germany and France. England will not buy Indian sugar because it can get a more satisfactory product nearer home, and the United States will not lower its tariff to admit it because it is encouraging a beet sugar industry of its own.

ANOTHER FUNNY FELLOW

THE WESTERN GRAPHIC presents this week a likeness of Winfield C. Hogaboom, the Los Angeles newspaper man whose writings are now attracting attention and who promises to add another name to the list of famous American humorists who have come out of the west.

Mr. Hogaboom has been indulging his propensity for writing funny things for several years, but his work has always been desultory and its publication widely scattered, and only of late has it attracted more than passing attention.

People who lived in Southern California

WINFIELD C. HOGABOOM

ten years ago will recall to memory the Garvanza Gazette. It was a little weekly paper devoted principally to the booming of real estate in the cozy little suburban town, but its editor was Winfield C. Hogaboom, and never an issue appeared without containing a lot of droll humor and harmless satire. The reader would stumble onto it anywhere in the paper; in the middle of an editorial on the necessity for planting more shade trees, or at the tail end of a notice of the next revival meeting at the M. E. Church.

The Gazette died, unfortunately, after a little more than a year of existence, and its fun-loving editor next drifted over all of the Pacific coast working as a reporter and special writer on the daily papers of all the cities from San Diego to Portland.

Occasionally one of his intensely humorous stories or sketches would appear on the surface and set everybody to laughing, but they were few and far between, and scattered hither and yon, and the writer's reputation was not extended greatly.

About five years ago Mr. Hogabcom returned to Los Angeles, and after working for a while as a reporter on the Herald he entered the employ of the great news-gathering and distributing concern, the Associated Press, as day editor of its Los Angeles news service. He is still occupying that position, but finds time now to contribute frequently to newspapers and magazines. WESTERN GRAPHIC has published a number of his articles.

Mr. Hogaboom seldom sends anything of a humorous nature to eastern journals. He says he does not like to shock an editor unnecessarily, and so he sends his articles only to those editors who know him and understand his peculiarit ies.

Mr. Hogaboom has been influenced by a well known literary man of New York, who has long been an admirer of his work, to prepare a number of his sketches and stories for publication in book form. The book will be published under the title of "Tales for Thin People" sometime during the summer. It will surely have a ready and extensive sale.

The Soldiers' Return

HE.

AND have you then no word of cheer,
No friendly smile for me?
And shall I have no welcome home
From dangers o'er the sea?
I've braved the fevers and the ills
Of distant lands and drear,
And shall I now come home to find
Cold disappointment here?

I've eaten beef that was embalmed,
I've faced the savage foe;
I've shared the hardships and the pains
That only soldiers know;
I've fretted for the hour when
My service should be through,
And shall I have no word of cheer,
No welcome now from you?

SHE.

And can you bring yourself to ask
For words of cheer from me,
For smiles of welcome since you've come
Back home across the sea?
I cheered you when you went away
To share a soldier's lot
And fearlessly rush in where there
Were battles to be fought.

I waved my handkerchief for you
The day you went away;
I may have shed a tear or two,
But things are changed to-day.
You wrote stuff for the magazines
While you were o'er the sea,
But never seemed to have the time
To drop a line to me.

STATUES and characters are moulded with little touches.

WHEN a fool doesn't act like a fool he fools a lot of other people.

IT'S their crooked ways that enable some men to make both ends meet.

THE doorstep originated the stamp-collecting fad.

Town Talk and Prattle

THERE was a meeting of the Sunset Club last evening at the Levy Cafe, and quite a large number of members were present, many being drawn on account of the announcement that the paper of the evening would be read by Judge Enoch Knight, a prominent and popular member. The title of the paper was "The Genesis and the Genius of Our Territorial Growth;" and it was enthusiastically received and elicited an animated discussion. The Midsummer Dinner of the Sunseters will take place at Terminal Island sometime in July.

"WELL, I'll be teetotally—— ——!" and then there came down a pound on Henry's desk that made nearly everything tremble in that part of the Baker block;—and it all came from a perusal of the following paragraph: "Spain believes that American rule in the Philippines will prove a fiasco. Spain also believed it utterly impossible for America to whip her. After vigorous argument, Spain changed her mind on one point and she may yet on another. There is no more chance of America's failing to do what she has made up her mind to do than there is of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters failing to cure any stomach trouble, or any disease arising from a weak ——" and that's when the swearing commenced and the fist came down on the desk.

"No, GEORGE, dear," said the Pasadena girl, firmly, as she absent-mindedly detached a straw from the fur on her Altman gown, "It is a dreadful temptation and all the undisciplined longings of my heart tempt me to yield to your persuasions, but I cannot—nay, dare not—consent." And she looked with timid glance tempered with adamantine determination at the gloomy youth who heard her words with a portentous silence as he sat by her side jingling a two-bit piece and a dime carelessly in his right hand pocket.

Anon, recollecting himself, he pulled down firmly his Chinese laundred cuffs with an air of decision and began almost mechanically:

"Why do you deny so simple a request? I——"

"George," broke in his fair companion sternly, "You are reckless. There are lines that must not be crossed. You know my position in the swagger set but you know not upon what a slender thread it hangs. No, George, girls with less at stake, born in humbler spheres, may accept an invitation from a young man to attend the theater, but you must know in our set it is never done. The mere suspicion that a girl in Pasadena's 400 had accepted the public escort of a young man would ruin her socially for life. George," sobbed the duckling of the social swim convulsively, "It can't be did."

THE two "Rockyfellers" stood on the southwest corner of First and Main.

They were seedy and smelt of beer and off color onion and liver lunch.

Their expectations and expectorations were big and so was their cheek.

"If things were run the right way," said one of them, "there would be plenty of cash all over the country: this city would be rotten with money."

"Right you are," acquiesced the other. "If the big corporations wou'd pay their taxes in the same ratio the poor man does there would be plenty of money. What we want is money and confidence. Things are not run on business prin—"

"Hold on. There comes a jay. Hit him for a dime and don't let him off short of a nickel, and I'll go for that young rounder with a fresh jag on opposite.

But the big policeman that flirts with street cars at the crossing had been eyeing the two financiers of the Natick curb and saw that neither his young jaglet nor his old jayness was approached by the two left-over campaign touchers.

To beat a restaurant may be easy enough when one knows how, but to succes-fully keep up the game is quite the reverse.

Patrons in a quick-lunch emporium were treated to an incident yesterday that was not on the bill of fare. A man with a forty-cent check in his hand stood at the cashier's desk and loudly declared that he had been charged forty cents for an article scheduled on the price list at ten cents. The cashier thought there must be some mistake and called the waiter. By the time that autocrat of the beanery arrived the forty-cent check man remembered that the man who had occupied the chair next to his own at the counter had probably taken the ten-cent check and left his forty-cent one.

When the waiter heard that part of the story a look of intelligence spread itself o'er his face and without ado he siezed the man with the check and pushed him into the street.

"You see," said the waiter as he slid an order of pork and beans to a man farther down the counter, "that chap and his partner are professional restaurant 'beats.' They will go into a place like this, for instance, and sit side by side. One will give a ten-cent order while the other will get an elaborate meal.

"They pretend to be total strangers. The one with the big meal will get through first, pick up the ten-cent check and leave his own in its place. He is usually given plenty of time to get safely away before his partner inside makes a kick about the exchange of checks."

"But how did you know this man was trying to beat the house?" asked the young man who was eating coffee and rolls.

"Oh, I recognized him. In the last place where I worked he and his partner worked that game on me twice and I've been on the lookout for 'em ever since."

Some Scraps of Papers

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE WRITING DESK OF MRS. ARKSHAW

1. "Mrs. Arkshaw presents her compliments to Mrs. Black Brunswick and would be obliged if in future—"

Note on the above.—Unfinished. Probably because communication in the third person becomes very difficult when it has to extend over six pages. Besides, in spite of the vehement quarrel that morning the two ladies had been intimate friends for three years; and there was the possibility that if Mrs. Arkshaw sent her compliments to Mrs. Black Brunswick Mrs. Black Brunswick would laugh, and laughter would never do.

2. "Dear Mrs. Black Brunswick: After what occurred between us this morning it would be superfluous for me to write to you to tell you that our friendship is at an end. To speak candidly I have never considered your perceptions very delicate, but even to you this must have been obvious. What I do wish to say is, that I think it better if not only our friendship but even our acquaintanceship terminated from this date. I shall certainly never come to your house again and I cannot pretend that it would give me any pleasure if you came to mine. We had better cease to know each other. I am sure that when Charles comes home to-night and I tell him what you said about the baby he will quite agree with me that I am taking the only proper course. I repeat again what I said this morning. The child is not spoilt, nor can I agree with you that actual cruelty is any part of one's maternal duty. It seems rather hard after all these years of close and intimate friendship, which—"

Note on the above.—Unfinished. Probably on re-reading Mrs. Arkshaw found some expressions almost rude. She may have considered the formality of the "Dear Mrs. Black Brunswick" to be a little forced and absurd. Besides, the last line evidently suggested the superior dignity of the pathetic attitude as taken up in the next.

3. "My Dear Laura: I think this is one of the saddest days in my life. I suppose you can have no idea how deeply and sincerely I have always valued your friendship or you would not have used the words which you did this morning. You could have offered me no greater insult than the implication that I had in any way neglected my maternal duties. Still more did it pain me to hear you suggest that my little child actually required corporeal punishment. It was so unlike you, so little what I should have expected from you. Until that moment I had not only loved but respected you. I had the highest opinion of your tenderness and humanity. And now all is gone. I can hardly see for tears, but—"

Note on the above.—Unfinished. Probably on consideration it was found that the pathetic attitude had run a little bit to seed and was, in fact, in danger of degenerating into sentimentality. Possibly, also, the mention of what Mrs. Black Brunswick said recalled somewhat vividly to the mind of Mrs. Arkshaw what she herself had said. Hence the next attempt:

4. "My Dear Laura: In the little talk which we had together this morning I am aware that I used some very strong expressions. I used them deliberately—not because I had lost my temper in any way. But there are one or two of them which you perhaps misunderstood, and I need not say how sorry I should be if any misunderstanding came between us. When I said that the color of your hair was—"

Note on the above.—Unfinished. Obviously given up because of the extreme difficulty of explaining by letter that though you really meant what you said, you did not really mean what you said. Further cooling and reflection account for the next:

5. "Darling Laura: I am afraid I was rather nasty this morning, but you know how sensitive I am about baby. Please forgive me and come round to tea this afternoon and we will be as good friends as ever."

Note on the above.—Invitation sent out and accepted.

Music and Art

To the Profession—A special feature of the Western Graphic is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short criticisms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of Western Graphic, Los Angeles.

THE ORATORIO of the "Creation," which is being carefully rehearsed for the closing concert of the Chautauqua assembly, under the direction of Professor Bacon, promises something that has never been excelled in Southern California. There was a full attendance on Tuesday evening last, as it was understood that the roll was to be closed and that none could enter after the 27th. Professor Bacon states that he will organize a permanent oratorio society this coming fall, for the purpose of giving standard oratorios in Los Angeles during the coming season, and that those taking part in his Chautauqua chorus will be charter members.

Next to Professor Bacon, the busiest musical person in Los Angeles is J. T. Fitzgerald, who is simply overflowing with business as chairman of the N. E. A. music committee, which has about completed its arrangements for the coming of the teachers.

Miss Beresford Joy, so well and favorably known in Los Angeles, has resigned her position in the choir of Calvary church, San Francisco, and will leave about the middle of July for Chicago to accept a choir position and to fill other engagements there.

The Woman's orchestra is arranging for concerts to be given in the near future at Blanchard's music hall.

The Musical Courier says of Miss Marie Cobb, so well known in Los Angeles: "Few women have so successfully and so justly broken the barriers of opposition as Miss Marie L. Cobb, the pianist, whose playing has a peculiar fascination. Her work is so musicianly and rarely musical, her singing quality of tone so remarkable—and to this she adds a force unusual in a woman." Miss Cobb is in Chicago again after her coast tour and her engagement at the Wichita festival.

The pupils of Mrs. W. G. Cogswell met Tuesday morning at the home of their teacher. The program that was rendered included the following: "The Swallow," Frida Hellman; "The Echo in the Heart," Mrs. A. C. Smither; "Greatly Rejoice," from "The Messiah," Miss Susie Cogswell; sketch of "The Messiah," Mrs. Cogswell; "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," Miss Katherine Meyer, sketch of "The Creation," Mrs Cogswell; soprano solo from "In a Persian Garden," Miss Sarah Cogswell. Mrs. Cogswell entertained further by reading an instructive paper on "Oratorios." In an interesting manner she told of the beginning of the oratorios, and traced their history up to the present time.

The last meeting for the season of the Gounod Club was held Tuesday evening at the home of Professor and Mrs. W. G. Cogswell in South Flower street. The president of the club, W. H. Kluseman, made a few remarks, that were followed by a musical program consisting of the following: "The Armorer's Song," Will Hancock; "Fifth Concerto," for violin, (Vieuxtemps), Miss Susie Cogswell; "The Echo in the Heart," (Hastings), Mrs. A. C. Smither; "Because," H. L. Pierce; sextet from "Lucia," Mrs. C. E. Washburn and Messrs. Cogswell, J. Hughes Davies, H. Edward Davies and Will Hancock. The program was followed by a guessing game in which prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served during the evening.

At the commencement concert given by the Choral Union of Pomona College, on Monday evening last in the college chapel at Claremont, two artists of Los Angeles, Miss Grace Longley, soprano at Christ's Episcopal church, and Mr. Paul Jennison, the 'cellist, were the soloists of the evening.

Mr. Jennison appeared twice in the latter half of the program, rendering as his first selection "Andante and Finale of Concerto" by Golterman, and a Sonata (old style) by Boccherini. His playing was a wonderful revelation to the majority of his audience, many expressing the opinion that they had never before realized the marvelous power for moving a crowd which the 'cello possessed. In many of his pianissimo passages, in the hall, whose acoustic properties seem excellent, it would have been possible to have heard the dropping of a pin, so attentive were his listeners. After both appearances he was called back, and graciously responded to the applause of the students by giving an encore selection each time.

The first half of the program, in which Miss Longley appeared as principal soloist, consisted of Gaul's cantata of "Ruth." A chorus made up of the students and members of the faculty, to the number of over thirty voices, and to supply the other solo portions of the cantata, made this portion of the program very excellent and well received. Later Miss Longley sang Chaminade's "Summer," a selection which admitted of the demonstration of the compass and quality of the voice, as well as showing the ability to interpret, the selection being one which is by no means easy of interpretation.

Having more opportunity to prove the excellence of her voice (which in quality is rich and full, possessing much power,) in this bright selection than in the more sombre music of the cantata, Miss Longley received a very enthusiastic encore, which was responded to with a selection appropriate to the occasion and to the character of the audience.

Mrs. Eva Ellsworth-Dungan, whom her many Los Angeles friends recollect when she resided here and before she became Mrs. Dungan, is now in New York city and sailed the 24th of this month for Europe, to continue the study of music during the summer. This fall she will travel in India and Africa, returning to the United States at the close of the Paris exposition. She has been quite busy musically during the past winter, and has received many offers for concert tours the coming winter.

Prof. and Mrs. Thomas W. Wilde sail on the steamer Coronna, on the 17th of July, for British Columbia, to be gone about a month.

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During their absence they will visit Mrs. W. J. Harris in Spokane for a few days. Her daughter, Miss Louise Harris, who has studied previously in Los Angeles with Mr. Wilde, will return this fall to renew her work with him and to continue the violin under Mr. E. H. Clark's instruction.

A HOUSEFUL of happy and enthusiastic friends and relatives and a perfect avalanche of flowers marked the recital by the pupils of Edwin Haines Clark at Blanchard Hall Tuesday evening. The program was a delightful selection throughout and the work of his pupils reflects most refulgently upon Mr. Clark as master. The numbers consisted of solos, quartets, sextets and selections for orchestra. The performers and members of the orchestra were, violins, Mmes. Charles Clark, Minardi, Du Deney, Misses Aylesworth, Shrader, Dotter, Milner, Harris, McKenzie, Warner, Chapin, Potter, Bridges, Robinson, Longley, Meek, Blanche Meek, Tripp, Hunter, Dalton, Green, Holbrook, Dickerson, Messrs. Nelson, Perry, Plummer, Wacker, Montgomery, Woollacott, Carter, Chapman; cornets, Misses Addie Meek, Laura Cotton, Jeff Ferris; trombone, Mr. Moyse; bass, Mr. Hubbard; cello, Roscoe Shrader; piano, Mrs. W. Jacobs; clarinette, James Green.

MRS. ORR HARRALSON and Mrs. Florence Scarborough sang at Mrs. Mark B. Lewis's reception on Thursday last, at her home on West Seventh street.

MRS. SCARBOROUGH and Miss O'Donoughue, Mr. Ballard and Mr. Dupuy go to Santa Ana to supply the musical portion of the program for the commencement exercises of the Orange County Business College, located at that place.

PROF. M. S. AREVALO will have charge of the vocal music this afternoon from 2:30 to 4:30 at the graduation exercises of the orphans' asylum on Boyle Heights. Those participating are Prof. Arevalo and pupils, he having had the conduct of this department for the past twelve years.

THAT highly intellectual and progressive organization, the Ruskin Art Club, recently elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell; vice-president, Mrs. W. E. Dunn; second vice-president, Mrs. H. G. Brainard; recording secretary. Mrs. Morris Albee; corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. J. Washburn; librarian, Miss Jette Garnsen; chairman of the hospital committee, Mrs. Granville MacGowan; chairman of the house committee, Mrs. C. E. Day; chairman of the membership committee, Mrs. W. J. Washburn; committee on course of study, Mrs. A. E. Wadleigh.

Mrs. E. T. Stimson of West Adams street gave a handsomely appointed lunch party on Monday, complimentary to Mrs. Victoria Harrell. The decorations were in Cyrano red and green, carried out in escabiolas and ferns, for the floral part,—while scarfs of maidenhair chiffon, edged with ferns, and satin ribbons were used in connection with the Bohemian vases at either end and the tall, branching silver candelabrum, skirted in red. Bisque cupids were at each cover, and the entire setting was charmingly striking and picturesque. To meet Mrs. Harrell were: Mmes. Edward Silent, W. A. Barker, W. B. Cline, R. G. Bundrem, J. T. Jones, John Norton, Otheman Stevens, Sheldon Borden, Fred T. Griffith and Miss M. Crainard of San Francisco.

NEW MUSIC AT BLANCHARD'S

Vocal: "After All, W. J. McCoy; "Absence," Arthur Hype; "Blue Eyes," Carlo Minetti; "Bring Her Again to Me," Frank Seymour Hastings.

Instrumental: "At the Sake," op 32, No. 1, S. Camillo Eogle; "Andante Tranquillo," op. 21, No. 1, Howard Brockway; "Alla Tarontetti," Henry Holden Huss; "Alla Zinjara," Henry Holden Huss.

In the Gay Life

MRS. WALTER NEWHALL, of Newhall Place, entertained twenty young ladies at progressive eucher on the afternoon of the twenty-third. Pink sweet peas, combined with fern fronds, were used in decoration of the rooms, and a dainty repast followed the games.

Mrs. J. H. F. Peck, of the Baker Block, asked some thirty or more ladies on the afternoon of the twenty-third to meet the June bride, Mrs. Guy Cochran, nee Cowan, of San Francisco, and also to contest for handsome prizes in seven-hand eucher. The drawing rooms were decorated with potted plants and ferns and vases of sweet pease, in delicate pink tones. First prize, Dresden plate, Miss Clemens; second prize, Dresden rose jar, Mrs. Scott; consolation, card case of leather and filigree, Miss Lila Fairchild.

Mrs. Ira O. Smith, of West Adams street, gave a large hearts party on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, in honor of Miss Minnie Gardiner, asking all the buds and debutantees—a company of the fairest girls. The decorations were very beautiful throughout the house, such roses and carnations surely never bloomed before. Delicate pea blossoms lent their mass of color, and ribbons and a frieze of asparagus were also features of the arrangement in which each room bore its individual color. First prize, spangled gauze fan in white, Miss Margaret Lee; second, framed picture of the Madonna, Miss Hattie Milner; consolation, box of confitures, Miss Mary Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Busch gave a picnic and luncheon to a number of their young friends at Rubio Canyon on Sunday last.

Captain and Mrs. J. N. Norton have been entertaining Mrs. G. C. Smith, wife of Colonel Smith, chief quartermaster Department of Missouri.

Mrs. O. W. Childs, of Hoover street, has had as her guests for the past two weeks her father and mother, Senator and Mrs. William B. Bate of Tennessee. These distinguished visitors have been the honorés at a number of particularly elegant and enjoyable entertainments during their stay in Los Angeles, partly owing no doubt to their prominent position in Washington circles, as well as to their gracious and hospitable daughter, who has resided here since her marriage. Mrs. Bate was entertained at luncheon on the twenty-second by Mrs. Emeline Childs of South Main street, and the evening of the same day Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Lewis of Figueroa street gave them a delightfully planned dinner. On the twenty-third, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Cline of South Grand avenue gave a dinner of fourteen covers, and the following night Mrs. Childs Jr. asked eight gentlemen to meet her father. The dining room was brilliant in reds and greens on the occasion of this stag dinner, tiny electric bulbs of scarlet being introduced into the curtain of ferns over the table. A rustic basket of geraniums and bows of crimson satin accorded well with damask, silver and glass. About the board were assembled Mr. O. W. Childs and Senator Bate, of course, and Judge Ross, Judge Wellborn, Doctor Ainsworth, Judge Shankland, Mr. Slauson, Mr. Hugh Macneil and Walter B. Cline. On the twenty sixth, Senator and Mrs. White of Main street invited eighty guests to a musicale complimentary to Senator and Mrs. Bate. The drawing rooms were in red and green, carnations and ferns appearing en masse on mantel and in bouquets. In the dining room yellow tapers burned in silver candelabra, and golden marguerites, palms and ferns formed a pretty mellow effect. Delightful numbers were furnished by Mrs. W. D. Larrabee, Mrs. W. F. Botsford, Mrs. J. J. Shallert, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, Miss Lillian Scanlon, Messrs. Russell H. Ballard and C. C. Angeloty. On Tuesday Mrs. Bate met a pleasant party of ladies at luncheon at her daughter's table, Mesdames S. M. White, Emeline Childs, C. C. Carpenter, Wilbur Parker, Dan McFarland, J. F. Conroy, T. A. Lewis and N. F. Wilshire forming the guests. Mrs. Annie Bancroft arranged the flowers and decorations, and they were truly lovely. Silver candelabra and electric lights were rose-shaded, and balls of La France roses were suspended from a canopy of ferns over the round table. A cut glass bowl of pink blossoms rested on a handsome centerpiece, and carnations and hydrangeas blended charmingly with the background of green. The walls were hung with a living tapestry of asparagus, ferns and English ivy, with long sprays of the pasha flora—blossom starred with the brilliant flower. Pretty little bonbon boxes, decorated in Dragon designs, also served as name cards. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Conroy of West Thirtieth street asked the Bates and Childs to dinner, and the distinguished Tennesseean and Mrs. Bates were otherwise remembered, for their sojourn here has been an ovation from first to last.

AMONG noted society people and golfers who will summer at the Doria, Santa Monica, are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Monroe.

Mrs. J. S. Owens, accompanied by her charming little daughter, arrived here from New York on Monday and is at present the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hance. Mrs. Owens will soon go to South Santa Monica, where she has a cottage, for the summer.

Mrs. Modini-Wood returned from San Francisco a few days ago and is at her cottage on Ocean avenue, Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Truman have taken up their residence for the summer at the Fred Eaton cottage on Ocean avenue.

Mrs. Harry Wyatt, who has been enjoying an agreeable eastern visit, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jay Waters, who were married in this city some three weeks ago, have returned from their bridal trip and are at the Westminster.

"ROSE Purity Spring Water" is a new bidder for favor, and the proprietors, Messrs. Lamb and Whitney, are showing good judgment in their handsome glass packages. The water has strong medicinal qualities, but is free from foreign taste and is cool and clear, just as it bubbles from the ground at Highland Glen. Telephone, Sub. 10, for a trial gallon.

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Neva Iles
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Beatrice M. Snow
Grace Barnett

Chas. Listenwalter
Bessie Neidecken
Augustus Jackson
Daisy Harrison

Miss Hoyt
Bert Thomas
Claire Matlock
Genevieve Knoll

Robert Edwards
Marian Snow

Ida Cherey
Ollie Cannter
James Case

Arthur C. Wright
Philo Lindley

Florence Field
John Lashbrooke

Agnes Stephens
Agnes White
Donald Irvin
Lulu Hull

Clarence J. Shults
Clara Wright
Pearl King
Merick Reynolds

Helen Reynolds
Leo Gibson
Max Enderlein
Jennie Freeman

Gertrude Young
William Yarnell
Hugh Neuhart
Stella Schmidt

Ethel Magee
Mary Putnam
Martha Durnerin
Zella Z. Fay

William Hunter
Elsie Holway
Guy Stewart
Clinton Judy

Earl C. Anthony
Lena Turner

Florence Norton
Wheeler O. North

Nellie Winters
Opal McCleary
Arthur Wright
T. Jackson Douglass

Lena Turner
Wheeler North
Isabella Deuker
Hilary Wixom

John Lashbrooke
Edith Phillips
Oscoe Brooks
Florence Norton

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

THERE is a general movement toward this place, many of the cottagers already having arrived and many more coming tomorrow, the first, most of whom will stay two months and not a few until October. The Hotel Arcadia veranda shows quite a gathering of Los Angeles folks each evening, and next week there will be about fifty arrivals.

There will be lots of golf from now on, both at the town links and at the Southern Club links a mile or two from the car terminus at South Santa Monica. Everybody is in for golf this year, and among these is my old friend Waring, with whom I had a long conversation a day or two ago, as follows:

"Mr. E. C. Maud is now by common consent the best player in Southern California. The reason for this is that—apart from having strength and a good eye—he plays in good form. His stance is very firm and steady. He does not swing back very far, but he follows the stroke right through. No other player here follows through as well as he does. He does not get up on his left toe—a questionable proceeding. His drive is a very taking one, leaving the tee at a low trajectory, with the whole force of the body behind it.

"It is true he went down before Mr. J. H. Nicoll, a young player. Golf is a game of surprises, and such things will happen on the best regulated links. It was no disgrace, however, to be beaten by Mr. Nicoll who, in this match and also the one with Mr. Wood—in which an extra hole had to be played—played a remarkably fine game. He has a nice easy swing and will make a good player.

"Mr. E. D. Tufts—an imperturbable and good solid player—was, however, too much for him when they met in the semi-finals.

"Mr. Tufts eventually played off with the alternate winner and thoroughly deserved his position of second.

"Another surprise was the defeat of the Los Angeles champion, Mr. E. Conde Jones, by Mr. E. D. Silent in the first round.

"Mr. Conde Jones drives like Jehu—it was the driving competition—and is a good all round player, but this was not one of his days.

"Mr. J. E. Brown of Hemet is another good player. He started in badly, having to play an entire hole in the first round, but recovered his game and easily defeated Mr. J. E. Cook. He then met Mr. W. H. Young, the alternate winner. This was a close and exciting match throughout, resulting in a tie. The customary extra hole was won by Mr. Young by one putt.

"Mr. Brown played the game in Scotland and understands it. He is a very good approacher. It was certain that Mr. Young would eventually win a tournament—he has not played in many here—as he is a sound, steady player, and thoroughly understands the game. The Ocean Park links suit him, because the game has to be played on them. There is a topped approach—shot will not roll up to the hole as is the case at nearly all the other links in Southern California.

"In playing the forty-five holes necessary to win Mr. Young made only one bad attempt at a drive and that one did not get him into much trouble.

"Mr. Maud won the handicap from scratch; and everyone was glad that Mr. R. H. H. Chapman—who is an all round good sportsman—took second prize.

"In the ladies' handicap Mrs. Silent, who received a handicap of five, made the actual lowest score, 57. Mrs. Silent played beautifully; and was closely pressed by Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Foster, the two scratch players, who went round together, making the respective scores of 58 and 59.

"Mrs. G. Wiley Wells made a great improvement in this tournament and did very well."

MEN'S MATCH PLAY

First round—W. H. Young beat M. G. Burmester, 3 up and 2 to play; E. D. Silent beat E. Conde Jones, 1 up; J. E. Brown beat R. H. H. Chapman, tie, 1 up; J. E. Cook beat Lee Chambers, 4 up and 2 to play; C. E. Maud beat H. P. Anderson, 4 up and 3 to play; J. H. Nicoll beat R. J. C. Wood, tie, 1 up; Guy Cochran beat J. D. Foster, 2 up and 1 to play; E. D. Tufts beat M. E. Flowers, 4 up and 3 to play.

Second round—W. H. Young beat E. D. Silent, 2 up and 1 to play; J. E. Brown beat J. E. Cook, 4 up and 2 to play; J. H. Nicoll beat C. E. Maud, 3 up and two to play; E. D. Tufts beat Guy Cochran, 4 up and 3 to play.

Semi-final—W. H. Young beat J. E. Brown, tie, one up; E. D. Tufts beat J. H. Nicoll, 6 up and 3 to play.

Final (eighteen holes)—W. H. Young beat E. D. Tufts, 5 up and 3 to play.

LADIES' HANDICAP

	Gross Score	Hd'p	Net Score
Mrs. E. D Silent	57	5	52
Mrs. G. L. Waring	58	0	58
Mrs. J. D. Foster	59	0	59
Mrs. Otheman Stevens	75	10	65
Mrs. Upham	77	7	70
Mrs. H. R. Warner	82	6	76
Mrs. G. Wiley Wells	92	10	82
Miss. M. Jones	94	9	85
Mrs. R. H. H. Chapman	98	10	88
Mrs. T. D. Connolly	98	9	89
Miss Roberts	101	9	92
Mrs. G. Holterhoff	104	10	94
Miss Wilshire	105	10	95
Mrs. W. H. Young	135	10	125
Miss R. Newmark		10	

MEN'S HANDICAP

	Gross Score	Hd'p	Net Score
C. E. Maud	87	0	87
R. H. H. Chapman	102	10	92
H. P. Anderson	111	16	95
E. Conde Jones	97	0	97
J. E. Cook	103	4	99
J. H. Nicol	110	10	100
Guy Cochran	110	10	100
E. D. Silent	110	10	100
M. E. Flowers	109	8	101
R. J. C. Wood	107	4	103
M. P. Burmester	115	12	103
G. Holterhoff	123	20	103
L. Chambers	118	12	106
S. P. Hunt	125	16	109
J. D. Foster	130	16	114
W. Robertson	136	13	123

THE PRIZE WINNERS

The prizes which were of dainty silverware fell to the following players:

Men's match play—W. H. Young (Santa Monica), first; E. B. Tufts (L. A. C. C.), second.

Men's handicap—C. E. Maud (Riverside), first; R. H. H. Chapman (L. A. C. C.) second.

Ladies' handicap—Mrs. E. D. Silent (L. A. C. C.), first; Mrs. G. L. Waring (Riverside), second.

Men's driving contest—E. Conde Jones.

REDONDO BEACH

THE initial hop of the summer season was held at Redondo Saturday evening last,

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tween't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

Faster train service and more trains per day than all competing resorts combined

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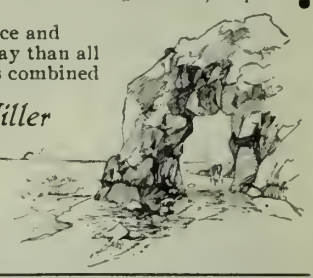

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Fine Fish Dinners

No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.

THE PAVILION

ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

The North Beach Bath House

Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience. We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

and each Thursday and Saturday evening hereafter the orchestra will be stationed in the ball room and will furnish music for dancing. The Saturday dances are extremely popular with the Los Angeles society people, many of whom come down Saturday of each weed to remain over Sunday.

Among those who spent Sunday here last week were: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nevin, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mosin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, M. L. Graff, who, joined by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano and Mr. and Mrs. Pridham, formed a pleasant party at dinner, a long table being especially arranged and decorated in honor of the occasion. The ball room later in the evening was well filled with young guests of the hotel, and others, who enjoyed a round of two-step waltzes, and the opening hop was a marked success.

Miss Margery Halstead, one of Alhambra's expert golfers, was the guest of Miss Bean Monday, and the young ladies made several rounds of the links.

There has been a general opening up of summer cottages this week. Col. F. H. Seymour, the wealthy mine owner and railroad man of Torred, Mexico, and family took possession of their handsome summer home Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis of Los Angeles came down to their picturesque cottage Thursday for the summer.

There are several Pasadenans already located here in their summer cottages on the ocean front, prominent among whom are Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Roehrig, Dr. and Mrs. B. M. Page, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. B. M Doane.

Homer Laughlin, Jr., and S. M. Haskins were among Los Angeles men spending Sunday at Hotel Redondo.

Great preparations are being made by the Redondo Attraction Club for a Fourth of July celebration here, which will include fireworks and a balloon ascension.

Miss Bertha Walby was the guest of Miss Sargent over Sunday.

CORONADO BEACH

THE past has been a charming week at Coronado Beach. Numerous guests and visitors are arriving daily, some having taken cottages for the summer, others enjoying life and all the term implies at Hotel del Coronado. Pool, surf bathing and fishing are dividing honors with golf, tennis and bicycling. The dash and go of summer is in the very air.

Golf, the game at present witching the world, finds itself played on Coronado's splendid links by many who know the kinks of the game thoroughly. Among devotees are the Misses Rossington of Chicago, Kirkby and Healey of Coronado, O'Connor, Spreckles and Mullens of San Francisco, Messrs. McKenzie and Newlin of Coronado, Orville Pratt and J. D. Spreckles, Jr., of San Francisco.

Wednesday's afternoon game was followed by a dainty luncheon served at the Golf Club, the Misses O'Connor entertaining.

Among the very successful fishermen spending a part of June at Hotel del Coronado may be noted J. D. Spreckles, E. F. Preston and Orville C. Pratt of San Francisco, Francis Jerrard of London, England, J. W. Kellogg of New York City.

Tuna are found in pleasing number and excellent size in the vicinity of Coronado isles. The launch May with Captain Dunne in charge makes frequent trips to the islands. The two hours ocean trip is considered delightful. The new glass bottomed boat gives a fine chance to view marine life for those not on fishing bent. When tuna, the gamiest fish of the mackerel family, are sought none consider the time or labor spent.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Babcock, Capt. Charles T. Hinde and niece, Miss Halliday, have returned to Coronado after a six weeks eastern trip.

LONG BEACH

LONG BEACH now is at its best, the clear, bracing sunshiny days being just the thing for boating, bathing, driving or walking on the beautiful beach, whose hard level sands are the delight and admiration of all who come here.

The accessions to the pleasure fleet have been continuous since the opening of the season, and it now assumes respectable proportions, there being in it several motor yachts and any number of sailing craft and rowboats The rowboats are used principally in taking parties out to the fishing banks at deep water, the fishing out there with rod and reel affording great sport. Some big catches are being made every day of barracuda and yellowtail, the gamey fish biting at the trolling hooks most voraciously, the excitement of getting them aboard affording glorious sport.

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Summer Time Table

DAILY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	9.55 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10.35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7.40 p. m.
Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo			8.00 p. m.

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Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.15 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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Table Pleasures

AN American woman would grow gray-headed in a month if she attempted to keep house in Mexico on the same plan pursued by the native housewives. There are no watermains in the average town and water for domestic purposes is drawn from the public fountains and sold from door to door by leather-aproned venders who carry it in picturesque vessels of hide or pottery. Pulque and milk are brought to market in skins of sheep, pigs and goats, which are stripped off the animal carcass by cutting only the neck and legs and turned inside out, all the openings but one being tied up securely. The natives do not object to the flavor of goat-hide and swine-skin in the milk, but visitors do.

The washerwomen have no faith in modern methods. They get twenty-five cents a day and are satisfied. This sounds improbable to those of us who have "not been there," who are being "done up" by our laundress and have to endure it. The washerwomen all do their work beside an open stream of water in a trough of stone or wood, beating the articles with a round stone, a piece of home-made soap and their strong hands. No hot water is used. The scene at the public washing houses is an interesting one. The method breaks buttons, bends buckles and tears goods with the same ease as does a steam laundry in our midst.

The average Mexican cook is as primitive as the washerwoman. No matter how many times the use of a modern cook-stove were explained to her it is probable that she would build the fire in the oven and put the bread to bake in the fire box. What she would use is called the brasero. Among the poor this is an urn-shaped affair of pottery with a hollow base, where a tiny charcoal fire may be kept alive by constant fanning, the whole being not much larger than a common flower-pot. In the homes of the upper classes the brasero is built in of brick, mortar and piles, its surface is as high as an American cook-stove with holes a foot square under each of which a charcoal fire is kept burning. Some of these stoves have twenty-five or thirty opens, and the operation of cooking is so laborious that the cook has a relay of assistants to prepare the vegetables, wash the dishes and attend the fires.

COST OF A DINNER

RECENTLY a gentleman who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. This gentleman asked how much a simple dinner that he was eating cost and he was told seventy-five cents.

He contradicted this and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner: The pepper, he said, came from 10,000 miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and 1,000 miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The flour of which the bread was made came from Minneapolis or Stockton; some one owned the land and that meant the investing of capital, and then he had also to pay wages to workingmen. The flour had to be ground and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be employed for making the barrels, and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartment before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China or Japan and the coffee from Central America. The codfish had to be brought from Massachusetts or Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey.

The salt came from Iodio or Syracuse. The spices in the cake came from the Spice islands in the Indian archipelago. The pickles and preserves came from London and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of $500,000,000 of capital and 5,000,000 men. Had he been compelled to have had everything for his dinner prepared and shipped to order the repast would have cost him $100,000.

SUNDAY, JULY 2.

BREAKFAST

Peaches and Cream
Oatmeal Mush
Beefsteak and Onions
Scrambled Eggs
French Rolls and Coffee

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Boiled Ocean Trout
Fried Chicken with Oysters
Mashed Potatoes — Creamed Turnips
Lettuce — French Dressing
Tapioca Custard
Coffee

SUPPER

Shrimp Salad
Brown Bread and Butter and Beer
Escalloped Oysters
Sliced Peaches
(That have been sugared and put in ice chest in the morning.)
Coffee — Cheese — Crackers

A MODERATE MENU FOR ANY WEEK DAY—BREAKFAST

Fruit
Shredded Biscuit — Sugar and Cream
Broiled Bacon — Creamed Potatoes
Rice Muffins — Coffee

LUNCH

Tomato Omelet
Orange Short Cake — Tea

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Calf's Liver, Larded and Baked
Mashed Potatoes — Spinach
Celery Mayonnaise
Wafers — Cheese
Peach Pudding
Coffee

A SWELL CLUB BREAKFAST

Eastern Oysters on Halfshell
Sauterne
Pompano a la Bob Eckert
Lamb Chops
Burgundy
Rum Omelet
Champagne
Crackers — Cheese — Coffee — Cigars

A MODERATE CLUB DINNER

Oysters on Halfshell
Cream of Chicken Soup
Olives — Lettuce
Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Giblet Gravy
Layer Cake — Ice Cream
Wines — Fruit
Cheese — Coffee — Cigars

LATE CLUB SUPPER

Manhattan Cocktail
Oysters on Halfshell
Porterhouse Steak and Baked Potatoes
Spanish Omelet
Burgundy — Coffee — Cigars

LOTS of men who have an aim in life lack ambition.

RETAIL MARKETS, SATURDAY, JULY 1

MEATS AND SAUSAGES

Prime Rib Roast	15c	Tenderloin	15@18c
Leg of Mutton	12½c	Sirloin	15c
Hind Quarter Lamb	$1.25	Round	12½c
Fore " "	75c	Mutton Chops	12½c
Pork Loin Roast	12½c	Lamb Chops	20c
Pork Sausage	12½c	Pork Chops	12½@15c
Hamburger "		Corned Beef	8@10c
Bologna "		Salt Pork	10@12½c
Weinerwurst "		Ham, best	12c
Liverwurst "		Bacon, best	12c
Porterhouse	22½ to 25c	Lard	12½c

POULTRY, FISH AND GAME

Broilers	40@65c	Rock Cod, lb	10c
Fryers	50@65c	Cockles, lb	2@3c
Roasters	70c	Shrimps, lb	15c
Hens	40@65c	Roe, lb	10c
Ducks	60c	Eastern Oysters, qt	60c
Turkeys, lb	20c	Morgan Oysters, qt	65c
Geese, lb	20c	Halibut, lb	8@10c
Squab, pair	35c	Yellowtail, lb	8@10c
Sea Bass, lb	10c	Salmon, lb	15@20c
Shad, lb	15c	Crabs, each	20@25c
Baracuda, lb	10c	Clams, lb	2@3c

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE

Butter, best, roll	55c	Pineapple, 4½ lb	85c
" tub, lb	25c	" small	45c
Eggs, doz	20c	Soft French Cream	10c
Cheese, California	20c	Sierra	10c
Cheese, Martins, N.Y.	20c	German Breakfast	5c
Imported Swiss	35c	Ohio Swiss	25c

VEGETABLES

Potatoes, lb	2½c	String beans, lb	5c
Sweet potatoes, lb	5c	Cabbage, per head	5c
Cucumbers, each	10c	Onions, lb	2½c
Egg Plant, lb	10c	Turnips, bunch	5c
Radishes, bunch	2½c	Beets, bunch	5c
Tomatoes, lb	10c	Cauliflower, bunch	10c
Green Peppers lb	10c	Mushrooms, lb	40c
Carrots, bunch	5c	Asparagus, lb	7½c
Peas, lb	5c	Watercress, bunch	5c
Lettuce, bunch	2½c	Mint, bunch	5c
Artichokes, doz	30c	Summer squash, lb	7½c

FRUITS AND NUTS

Apples, fancy, lb	8c	Strawberries, box	5@15c
Apples, cooking, lb	6@8c	Blackberries lb	10@15c
Oranges, per doz	10@20	Raspberries, lb	10@15c
Fancy Navels "	25@50	Loganberries, lb	10@15c
Tangerines	10@20	Cherries, lb	10@15c
Limes, doz	15c	Loquats, lb	7½c
Lemons, doz	10@15c	Guavas, box	5c
Honolulu Bananas, doz	25c	Figs, lb	25@30c
Rhubarb, lb	3@4c	Apricots, lb	10c
Grape fruit, each	5c	Currants, lb	15c
Eng. Walnuts lb	12½c	Gooseberries, lb	5@15c
Almonds, lbs	15@25	Olives, quart	25@40c
Pecans, lb	15c	Pineapples, each	35@65c
Mixed nuts, lb	15c	Cocoanuts, each	10c

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Amusements

HARRY WYATT has promised the people of Los Angeles Sarah Bernhardt this year or the one after. It is worth living for, for Sarah Bernhardt is the greatest actress that ever lived. The writer has seen this magician of mimicry in "Frou Frou," "Camille, "Feodora" and "La Tosca." Just eight years ago he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Jevne to a Chicago theater and saw the great French actress in the latter play. The charm of her artistic personality is felt from the first to the last. The wonderful voice, the faultless delivery of the lines, whether expressing the tenderness of love or the consuming fire of hatred and revenge, the amazing play of facial expression, never swerving a single instant from the situation, perfect everywhere in application, alike in the grace and lightness of the opening scenes, in the tense horror of the torture scene, and in the moment of swift and blasting vengeance, in all alike, the genius of the artist—that blending of the sensitive capacity to conceive with the amazing power to embody conception in expression —places before the auditor with a potency not to be described in words. In the power to seem absorbed in the impersonation, with utter ignoring of the presence of any save the dramatis personæ, Bernhardt is unquestionably without a peer in our time, and has probably not been surpassed in any time on any stage.

Beginning with the light of a happy love illuminating every smile and breathing in every tone of the voice, passing hence into the tortures of jealousy, and thence swiftly lifted to love and trust again; thence plunged into measureless grief and agony till she in spite of herself betray's her lover's secret; then struck suddenly with an unnameable horror yet resolving to sacrifice all for her lover's safety, a boundless despair whence she escapes through sudden bloody vengeance, only to be plunged at last into hopelessness and death—to depict these is the task, and they pass across the mobile face with bewildering celerity and intensity—every sound in every tone of the voice from the moment when every spoken syllable is a caress to that in which it harshens and breaks in desperate terror and horror. One can scarcely conceive that it is the same face, the same voice, seen and heard within such narrow space of time wearing such measurelessly separated meanings. The marvelous feature of it all, perhaps, is the celerity and the unerring accuracy of the transitions. One may be disposed to find artificiality in the extreme care shown in the details of placing the candles at the head and the crucifix on the breast of the beast Scarpia after she has killed him, and it is one of the strange things of the human mind that in moments of supreme trial it siezes tenaciously on little things, and the habits of a lifetime, and of heredity from countless progenitors, like the habit of a religion of observances in this woman, assert themselves automatically. It is all a marvelous display of insight and of power that reaches to every height nor disdains to finish in the first degree every trifle.

"La Tosca" is a play designed to afford Bernhardt an opportunity to display her tremendous intensity, her marvelous power of expressing in the minutest detail and without the suspicion of what is called rant the fiercest passions that torture and disfigure humanity. It is a marvel of structural skill in the delineation of the worst side of the worst type of humanity, merely touching a better side in order to deepen the shading of the bad.

But it is in "Camille" and "Frou Frou" that Bernhardt made her best impression. We believe she could pack the Los Angeles theater six nights with the latter play, as no person could resist going to see her in this tremendously popular and familiar play. Her acting in the third, fourth and fifth acts can never be described—only two other actresses have in the least approached her—Matilda Heron and Clara Morris—and these were way behind.

The great Frenchwoman is now playing Hamlet in Paris; and, according to French papers, she is in perfect health and, notwithstanding the stock jokes about her thinness, her bones, which are small, are well covered with flesh as pink and sound as that of a prize-fighter when he is in training. Yet in her girlhood Sarah had hard times. Her father was a faggot gatherer and when he had a leisure hour he invariably employed it in beating his two children. Finally the elder sister ran away to escape ill treatment, took up with a young man and was heard of no more. Bernhardt pere had then only one daughter to beat, but he gave her a double thumping. What little life was left in the girl at last rebelled. At the age of 14 Sarah was clothed in rags and covered with bruises, her dinner of crusts, her bed some boughs in the corner of the hut. Her father beat his record one day in beating her and she went out to seek her fortune, believing that if she would be no better off she could be no worse

A gay young artist was sketching in the woods that day, when this slender thing of shreds and patches and bruises came up beside his easel and looked wistfully at him.

"I want to go to Paris, or anywhere," she said. "Will you take me?"

"Take you!" he cried, in astonishment,

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"Mon Dieu! I don't make enough money to support myself. It is impossible."

Then the girl began that coaxing coquettishness in which she is now expert and finally the artist consented. Away went the strange pair to Paris. After a week or two the artist was turned out in the streets by his landlord and Sarah had to shift for herself. She was rescued by the sisters of a convent and, after more wonderful adventures than ever befel Sinbad, she was accepted as a pupil at the Comedie Francaise. Since that auspicious day Sarah Bernhardt has had no troubles that were not of her own making, and she is now at the height of her powers, her fame and her marvelous health. Sarah firmly believes she will die of consumption, but count less numbers of her present admirers shall have made their final exist long before the curtain falls on the greatest actress of any time.

THIS WEEK'S FRONTISPIECE

TO HAVE physical as well as facial beauty, a musical speaking as well as singing voice, personal magnetism, the art of dressing attractively, and, if necessity demands, to be able to sing a "coon song" and even do the "cake walk," are a few of the requirements the theater-going public demand of an actress in these exacting days of the dawn of the twentieth century.

The subject of our front page illustration this week, Miss Delia Stacey, is said to posses all these attributes, even including the "coon song" and "cake walk." Miss Stacey has had an eventful career. Born, you might say, during the turmoil of war and rocked in the craddle of the American army—for her father was the late Gen. Mac E. Stacey of the United States Army, and she spent her childhood days at various army posts throughout the country.

Her godfather was Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, and she has two brothers, both officers in the regular army, of whom she is extremely proud. One is at present in Porto Rico and the other in the Philippines fighting for the Stars and Stripes as her father did in years gonc by.

After her father's death she decided on a professional career on the stage and obtained an engagement with the late Augustin Daly, appearing in many of the successful adaptations at his theater in New York. She was the "Puck" in his last grand revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After two seasons with Daly's company she joined James Powers in "A Straight Tip" and later appeared with Peter Dailey in "A Country Sport."

Her first visit to Los Angeles was with what was then the greatest comedy success of the time, "Charlie's Aunt." Then followed a season at the New York Casino. Last year she played the leading part "Julie Bonbon" in E. E. Rice's musical comedy "The Girl from Paris." Thus, it will be seen, her experience has run nearly the whole gauntlet of the dramatic field from the sublime Shakespeare to the up-to-date farce comedy. Miss Stacey attributes her success in her chosen profession to the fact that she is always interested in her art and believes in doing whatever is alloted to her, no matter how small the part, to the best of her ability. Consequently she is constantly in demand by responsible managers. Her reputation as an artistic dresser is second to none. She will be seen next week at the Los Angeles Theater with Warde and Sackett's Comedians in "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," and will wear some stunning gowns over which the fair sex will undoubtedly rave.

POPULAR idols at the Orpheum this week are McAvoy and May, who most appropriately announce their act "a crazy conglomeration." McAvoy is an excruciatingly funny fellow in a clownish way and Miss May (when one don't know it is safest to say Miss) can't keep still long enough for people to see what she looks like. Houdini, the magician, has succeeded not only in overwhelmingly mystifying the public, but has annexed the entire police force to his advertising staff. Without doubt he is the cleverest man in the business today and his petite wife is a pretty assistant.

Los Angeles Theater—There are honeymoons and honeymoons, but the liveliest honeymoon that has come to public notice lately is John Stapleton's breezy farce "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," which will be presented at the Los Angeles Theater on Monday evening next by the popular players known as Warde and Sackett's comedians. "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" commenced originally at Hoyt's Theater in New York City last season, and kept the great metropolitan public in a happy humor for a number of weeks. It has also been seen in Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Denver, Minneapolis, Saint Paul, Detroit and various other points of the south, east and west, and always has been highly praised by the press and public and always plays to a very large business. Mr. Stapleton's play is strinkingly original in treatment and conception, the author having caught the happy spirit of the French and German farce writers in the brilliancy of his dialogue and development of his situations. As a laugh maker "A Bachelor,s Honeymoon" is unexcelled, and is strongly recommended as an antidote for the "blues."

As a dramatist, Mr. Stapleton has more than duplicated his marvelous success as a manager and stage director, his farce "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" being sufficient in itself to place him in the front rank of modern comedy writers. "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" was a revelation to the New York crictics, and they were unstinted in their praises of Mr. Stapleton, even going so far as to predict a new era of comedy and farce through his efforts. The play surprised the crictics, chiefly because it has all the brilliancy and dash of the French school, the thoroughness of detail which characterizes the German and the bold originality of the American. Every character in the farce is clearly and distinctly drawn and requires careful and skillful treatment by the actors. Mr. Stapleton has just completed a new farce which Messrs. Warde and Sackett who now control "A Bachelor'e Honeymoon" will produce next season.

Orpheum—The overflowing houses enjoyed by the Orpheum during the current week are eloquent testimony to the fascinations a fine vaudeville bill has for the multitude. The management promises a continuance of the excellent acts and well balanced program of the week. Four new features will be added to the bill next week. Houdini, the little wizard of the handcuffs and master of illusions, is to remain another week, and a number of new feats are promised from him. His trunk mystery will remain a feature of his act.

The Phoites troupe, a European aggregation of pantomimists, are among the new comers. Sacianu, the greatest female impersonator in the world; Francesca Redding and Carlton Macy, in "The Duchess of Devonshire;" Fred Niblo, a story teller, are other new people.

McAvoy and May, the tempetuous comedians, and the Wartenberg Bros., acrobats and musicians, complete the bill.

THE END OF THE YEAR AT. ST VINCENT'S

THE always interesting and impressive commencement exercises of St Vincent college this year surpassed all previous efforts in variety and excellence. As usual the week began with a solemn mass in which Very Rev. J. A. Linn preached interestingly upon the origin, duty and destiny of man.

In the evening the annual oratorical contest for the "Father Meyer Gold Medal" was held in the college hall, the honor being awarded to Frederick L. Gilbert, who delivered "Catiline's Defiance." George A. Le Doux and T. E. Stanton received honorable mention from the Judges, Senator Stephen M. White, Judge Winder, G. A. Dobinson, Jos. Scott, Esq., and I. B. Dockweiler. The orations were pleasingly interspersed with musical numbers.

On Wednesday evening a goodly company assembled at the Los Angeles Theater to hear the production of the tragedy, "Hermigild," or the two crowns, by the boys of the school. The old Spanish play received most excellent treatment at the hands of the youthful Thespians. Rev. F. X. McCabe had charge of the drama, assisted on the last by Claude Gilbert, of James O'Neill's company.

But the day of all was Friday, when the graduates received their diplomas and bade good-by to their Alma Mater. The commencement exercises were held in the Los Angeles Theater, where the following program interested the relatives and friends of the graduates:

Salutatory, Master Caesar Castruccio.
Oration, "The United States Navy," William J. Hanlon.
Oration. "Imperialism," T. Elwood Stanton.
Conferring of Degrees and Presentation of Medals.
Address to the Graduates, John G. Mott, LL. M.

The program was preceded and the numbers alternated with music, following which was the presentation of medals. Degrees were conferred on Frederick L. Reardon, A. B. '97, Master of Arts; Geo. A. Le Doux and T. Elwood Stanton, B. S. '98, Bachelor of Arts; Edward T. Dillon, '97, and Louis J. Mesmer, B. S. '97, Master of Science; Wm. A. Barnhill, Wm. J. Hanlon, Philip J. Kerr, C. Urban Mandis, Geo. C. Sabichi and James P. Whelan, Bachelor of Science.

Saturday evening the Alumni banquet was enjoyed at Illich's, where some of the old wheel horses of the commonwealth joined the young men in a pleasant evening, extending the hand of good fellowship and welcome to the work of the world. Following are the toasts:

Opening Remarks....W. H. Workman, Jr., President
Address..... Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery
The President—not of the Library Board.....
.....I. B. Dockweiler
"They're off"—a start in life.....P. J. McGarry
"Archipelagoes".....Hon. E. M. Burke
Politics—by one on the inside.....A. W. Francisco
The Younger Element.....A. P. Derkum
Quacks—from the barnyard.....Dr. C. W. Murphy
Remarks.....Very Rev. J. A. Linn, C. M.

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Taciana, the Clever Female Impersonator.
Fred Niblo, Refined Monologist and Parody Vocalist.
Houdini, the Mystifier, assisted by
Miss Beatrice Houdini.
McAvoy & May the Cyclonic Comedians.
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POMONA COLLEGE AND ITS COMMENCEMENT

AT the dedication of the handsome new building known as Pearson's Hall of Science (one of the buildings belonging to the group constituting Pomona College, Claremont) January 21st, 1899, Thomas R. Bacon of the University of California delivered an address entitled "Natural Science as a Factor in Education." In the course of his remarks this eminent educator said: "We have had at the University many students who have received a part or the whole of their undergraduate training at Pomona College. No class of students that we have shows better training, more well guided intelligence, greater moral earnestness than this. We have been in a position to apply to this institution the only test that ought to be applied in judging of the value of an educational establishment, and Pomona has not been found wanting."

That this distinguished man was correct in his estimate of the work this institution of Southern California is doing cannot be doubted for a moment by those who are familiar with the history of the college and what it has accomplished during the past school year just completed by the commencement exercises, the eleventh aniversary, which took place this week commencing Sunday and concluding on Wednesday evening. The following was the program:

Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon, 11 a.m., Rev. F. L. Ferguson, president.

Vesper Service with communion, 4 p. m.

Praise service, 7 p.m.

Address before the Christian Association, 7:30 p.m.

Monday—Dole prize debate, 3 p.m.

Choral Club Concert, 8 p.m.

Tuesday—Class day exercises.

Anniversary of the School of Music, 8 p.m.

Tuesday and Wednesday—Anniversary of the School of Art and Design.

Wednesday — Commencement Exercises, 10 a.m.

Annual dinner and toasts.

Alumni reunion, 4 p.m.

Annual reception, 8 p.m.

Additional comment on the Choral Club concert may be found on the Musical page of this week's WESTERN GRAPHIC.

In President Ferguson the college possesses a man who seems both energetic and resourceful, and has been instrumental during the past year in placing the financial affairs of the institution on a footing which will enable it in the future to reach out into a much broader and larger field of work than it has done hitherto.

The graduating class this year is a large one and the freshman class which will start in with the opening of the new college year next fall promises to be by far the largest ever known in the eleven years history of the college.

To those who associate the best citizenship and the consequent highest culture with a college education, a close observation of the development of such colleges as that at Pomona in our country will prove quite profitable. The New England States possess in Dartmouth, Amherst and Williams colleges institutions after which Pomona College and many similar ones throughout the middle and western states are modeled. The curiculum varies but little in its essential features in so far as compatible with the age and resultant facilities of these western institutions from the older ones above mentioned, and the faculty, as is that of Pomona, is largely made up of graduates of the New England colleges with usually one or two from the larger and more prominent universities of Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

The law, medical and newspaper professions throughout the west are filled today with graduates of these colleges, and ere many years have rolled by Pomona College graduates will doubtless be heard from in this coast region and our growing empire in the islands of the Pacific.

If there is any distinguishing characteristic which may be pointed out above all else for which Pomona College and those of its class are conspicuous it is the high standard of scholarship, the thoroughness of work required of the student, the patient attention given to the smallest details going to complete a good education.

As Mr. Bacon of Berkely further remarked in his address above referred to: "It has been a common characteristic of these institutions that they have not tried to do more than they were fairly capable of doing; they have preferred to do a few things well rather than to do many things superficially. They have not pretended to give that which they had not, and what they have given has been good."

HOLMES HALL, POMONA COLLEGE

What may perhaps seem most important of all to parents seeking for the proper place to give their children, who have thus far been properly trained, a higher education, in the location of Pomona College is an advantage which is paramount. Not only intellectually but morally the influences about this institution are the very best and there need be no fear on the part of the parent that because of environment, because of the too close proximity of a large city, his son may be sent out of college well equipped mentally but with a fondness for vices bred by four or more years familiarity with them that effort in later life shall render it impossible for him to shake off.

To the casual visitor at Pomona College there seems to be in the co-educational life of the institution an ever daily influence which tends toward making of the students ladies and gentlemen in the truest sense.

It was not the privilege of the representative of this paper to be present at all the exercises attendant upon the closing of Pomona College's year of '99, but what he did see impressed him favorably indeed.

The senior class consists of a body of ladies and gentlemen which would reflect great credit on any institution in the land. The remaining underclass men are bright and enthusiastic and the faculty earnest and efficient. The future of the college seems brighter than at any time in its career.

EMBALMED-beef-eating soldiers are glad that Armour is getting better a Carlsbad(?)

THE Training School for Nurses of the California Hospital gave its first annual commencement at Ebell Hall, 724 South Broadway, on Thursday evening last, and the following was the program:

Opening Prayer	Rev. C. C. Pierce
Trio, allegro	Fesca
Elizabeth M. Jordan, Arthur Marshall Perry, B. Bierlich.	
Address	Hon. W. A. Cheney
Trio, andante	Mendelssohn
Address and	Dr. F. T. Bicknell
Delivery of Diplomas	Pres. Board of Directors
Trio, andantino, allegro con fuoco	Gade
Benediction	Rev. C. C. Pierce

These were the graduates: Miss Althea F. Clark, Miss Lillian Simpson, Miss Susan A. Purdam, Miss Mary Sergeant, all of Los Angeles.

THE LADIES of the Los Angeles Free Kindergarten Association are to hold their annual Lawn Fete at the home of Mme. Caroline M. Severance, No. 806 West Adams street, Tuesday, July 11, from 2 to 6 p.m. A number of prominent educators from the East and abroad will be present.

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Western Graphic

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BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR

THE LATE STRIKES in Cleveland and Brooklyn take their places alongside the trusts and syndicates that are being created almost daily for the further enrichment of the rich and the further impoverishment of the poor; or, to put it more plainly, for the benefit of the luxurious class and to the detriment of the man with the hoe. Where it will end goodness only knows.

But to the trusts: what to do with them is problematic. The strikers are more readily disposed of for they always get it in the neck before the end.

But what to do with the trusts is a proposition that is being vigorously debated in the organs of both the leading political parties and nearly every one of them has a remedy that is believed to be effective. Passing of laws by state or national authorities does not seem to meet the case, for in spite of them all the creation of new syndicates go on with unabated zeal.

A number of papers advocate, as a remedy, that "in every case where the beneficiaries of a protective duty on any product or commodity have organized a combination of any kind to control the output and engross the market of such goods the duty should be wholly abolished," but it is by no means certain that such a course would meet the case. It seems to be the fact that trust-made goods do not need the stimulant of a protective tariff and that such wares can and do compete successfully with foreign-made goods in the foreign markets. The present purpose of trusts is to reduce the price of the product. Originally they were created to enhance the selling price of manufactured goods, but such a plan had only the effect of calling into existence new manufactories which competed with the trusts and compelled them to purchase such new enterprises to enable them to maintain the price and retain the market. But recently the purpose of the trusts seems to be to put the cost of goods so low that no new manufactories can be started to compete with them, and in this way they can control the market.

But the opponents of the trusts, while admitting that generally these combinations result in reducing the price of their product to the consumer, declare that the resultant benefits are more than offset by the reduced price that the producers of the raw materials that are used obtain for their product and that the trusts also control the skilled labor they employ and the wages it receives—in other words, that the power that controls the market and the output of a commodity can also control the price of both the raw material and labor that it uses and employs.

While trusts are frequently denounced as the crowning evil of the day, those who berate them with the most severity are at a loss to agree upon a remedy, which shows that there is something yet to be learned regarding them and their commercial effect. There are but a few who oppose the principle involved in these trade organizations who yet believe that their very increase will furnish a remedy and that overcapitalization or something else will eventually work the destruction of such as are opposing legitimate industry and regular commercial transactions. A good deal more must be learned of trusts than is yet known to enable either Congress or state legislatures to formulate a remedy that shall exactly fit the exigencies of the case without injury to legitimate business and industrial enterprises.

Even so profound a thinker and reasoner on most public questions as Senator John P. Jones is distrait. To be sure he lays some of the evils to the uppermost question of which Bryan is the apostle, but he admits his own perplexity as to what form of remedy shall effect the cure. Meantime strikes and trusts go hand in hand, and so long as the one fails so long will the other succeed. The time may come when the strikes may bust the trusts—quien sabe?

REALLY there does not seem to be need of a National Republican Convention next year, for Governor Roosevelt renominated President McKinley in his speech at Chicago a few days ago in unmistakable tones, and prominent men and newspapers all over the country are seconding Teddy's nominating speech. McKinley is just as good as elected, as he has brought the country out of a slough of despondency and despair, conducted some triumphant campaigns on land and sea, added lustre to our arms and to our flag, enlarged our possessions so that it takes two whole days to celebrate the Fourth of July, and generally won the confidence and admiration of the American people. He is the logical candidate and he has already been nominated.

THERE is a suspicion of unfair competition with the Orpheum in the actions of the heads of departments of our city government in the hares and hounds episode. Such a merry circus by dignified city officials has not been acted for many moons in Los Angeles. Think of our Mayor—broad shouldered, big hearted Fred Eaton—seated in the grand stand by the race track, surrounded by a retinue of coppers, submitting to the jibes of the patrons of dog racing and meditating on the undeserved anathemas of the anti-dog racers. Justice James little thought when digesting the law points on cruelty to animals in his snug little den on the fourth floor of the court house what a rumpus his elucidation of the statutes would stir up. From several points of view this row is unfortunate. Such affairs always involve others than those directly interested, oftentimes making enemies of bosom friends or at least causing sores that are easily torn open. From the dog racers' side it certainly looks like persecution that a man's business of two years' standing should suddenly become a mote in the eye of the law and be demolished in a night; but Col. Black has only himself to blame, for if he had restricted his sport to respectable limits it would probably have never been interfered with. And here the old epigram "give a man a yard and he will take an ell" is applicable and points a good moral.

As Black has thrown up his hands and like a true sport proposes to take his medicine smiling, it is hoped that the powers that be will stop stirring the mess and expunge the chapter from history.

THE multitude of admirers of Father Adam, without regard to religious or other affiliations, are planning a farewell banquet in his honor, which will take place some time in the near future. As a churchman and a priest Father Adam is a splendid example and above reproach, and as a gentleman and scholar he is of rare quality.

THE many friends of Captain J. H. Norton greatly regret the terrible accident which overtook him while he was setting off fireworks for the young folks in the neighborhood of his residence on the Fourth. Captain Norton is too good and too noble a fellow to be thus partially knocked out.

NOT the least valuable of the work done by the religious conventions held in various parts of the country during the present year is that devoted to the discussion of the condition of the colored people at the South and the relations that they sustain to the crime that is common in that section.

The assembly of the United Presbyterian church, lately held at Philadelphia, went to the subject with a commendable spirit and resolved upon the employment of colored teachers and the organization of colored congregations at the South. As a prelude to such action the question of the crime charged to negroes was investigated and it was reported that in one of the typical Southern states 66 per cent. of all the crime justly charged to colored men was perpetrated by persons under twenty-five years of age. It was brought out in the discussion that this condition of affairs was largely due to the fact that the younger generation was growing up with free access to the saloons, gaming houses and other disreputable resorts, which could only be counteracted by education and religious instruction. Lynching and drastic laws are powerless to bring about a change in present conditions, and this is recognized at the South as well as among those who have had the opportunity to study the prevailing conditions.

In such a movement as was outlined the Southern people will extend all the aid possible, for none recognize more than they what it means to have the rising generation of the colored race grow up as criminals as they have been permitted to do.

WITH a regular annual failure of its peach crop and only one senator, Delaware is in no mood to be trifled with.

Greater Los Angels

City and County

SOME thirteen years ago, while preparing a series of twelve articles on California wines for the New York Times, I received the following letter from a gentleman named Vignes, which reached me too late for my purpose, but which is of enough interest to use at the present time. It partly corrects an impression that prevailed for many years that Kohler and Frohling were the pioneer wine makers of California:

"I have the pleasure to receive your letter of yesterday, the 24th, 1886, and hasten to answer. The vine, as you know, was introduced into California by Spanish missionaries, and each mission grew a certain quantity for its own use. In 1830 my uncle, John Louis Vignes, bought a plat of land at Los Angeles where he immediately planted vines for the purpose of speculation, and as soon as the vines produced he made wines and brandies which he sold not only in Los Angeles but on the whole coast. When I rejoined my uncle in July, 1839, he possessed in the neighborhood of forty thousand feet of vines, a very good cellar, and good casks which had been constructed on the place and made from the oak of the country, cut by himself. In 1840 I took passage on the ship Mooson with a cargo of his wines and brandies for the ports of Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco, and I sold them at the good price of two dollars a gallon for the white wines and four dollars a gallon for the brandy. My uncle continued in this business up to 1885, at which period my brother and I bought of him the above mentioned property, called El Aliso, and we continued this business.

"In 1855 Messrs. Kohler and Frohling bought some grapes at Los Angeles and made some wine, and in 1857 they established a branch in San Francisco under the Montgomery Block, and my brother and I established our branch in the same year on the corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets. In this same year, 1857, I bottled fifty thousand bottles of champagne, and in the following year, 1858, I bottled one hundred and fifty thousand bottles. I continued at different periods and have bottled in small quantities here and at San Jose. In 1860 I sent a cargo of our different wines to New York, and in January, 1861, I established my cellar at No. 81 Cedar street of that city. Several months afterwards the agent of Messrs. Kohler and Frohling likewise established a cellar on Broadway, New York. As you see, Kohler and Frohling are not the pioneer merchants of California, nor even in Los Angeles, as Mr. J. Louis Vignes began twenty-five years before them. Wine making was his only occupation, and my brother and myself continued his business. Mr. Emanuel Requena at Los Angeles, as well as Don William Wolfskill, an American of the same place, made and sold wines and brandies beginning from 1840, cutting from their own vines. Mr. Louis Bouchet, a Frenchman of Los Angeles and proprietor of a vineyard, had also begun to make wine in 1837. Don Antonio Coronel, Don Volseo Tapea and several other Californians who had vineyards at Los Angeles, made and sold wines ten or twelve years before Messrs. Kohler and Frohling. Therefore you see they are very wrong in supposing themselves pioneers in this branch. Mr. John Louis Vignes was the first and all the others followed."

AN EDITOR'S IMPRESSIONS

SOME time ago Editor Daniels of the Alameda Argus had some business down this way. He recorded his impressions for the benefit of his readers. From his article we take a portion, which is quite interesting:

"The trip down was unusually pleasant. We breakfasted at Mojave at 9 on Sunday and rolled into the Arcade depot at Los Angeles at a quarter to two. The telephone soon located Frank Thompson at the depot of the Redondo Railway, and it was not a very great while until we were with friends and relatives at Redondo.

"What a genial sky it is down there! You do not experience, even on the ocean's edge, any of the harshness that we are accustomed to in San Francisco. When I awoke Monday morning my window looked directly upon the sea. I threw it open and was greeted with balmy airs, which invigorated and toned up. It was a different ozone that I inhaled, if there is any difference in ozones. The air was bracing, yet it was in no sense harsh, and I had not the least inclination to shut it out. I dressed, and got out of doors as soon as possible, put one of the incomparable carnations in my buttonhole and expanded my lungs. It was all so different that it was highly enjoyable.

"I understand now why so many people come to Southern California and think no other part of the State is worth living in. On their way in they pass through orange groves, with the golden fruit hanging on the boughs. That captivates them. They go no further. They get off the train as soon as they can and settle down."

GAMMA ETA KAPPA FRATERNITY

Frank Gillelen Victor Stewart Al. Cook
Vaughn Tomblin Philo Lindley
Robert Langsbell Fred Hambright Carl Tufts Will Nevin Russell Taylor
John Harris Clarence Hubbard
Tom Haskins John Posey Otto Brodbeck
Hugh Shinn Ben Harwood Harry Gregory Simpson Sinsabaugh

Answers to Correspondents.

STUDENT—Certainly, bookkeeping can be learned at home. All you have to do is not to lend them.

Reader—No, it is not an uncommon thing for the good to go to the bad; otherwise there would be no demand for missionaries.

Inquirer—Yes, there are bookcases made from lawsuits relating to copyrights, but we wouldn't recommend them for your library.

Sentiment—We don't know why the lily is recognized as the emblem of purity, unless it is because man has never been able to adulterate it.

Athlete—Yes, a porous plaster will sometimes remove the effects of a strain or wrench, but you'd better keep the wrench to aid in removing the porous plaster.

Medicus—The only thing new in diseases this season, as far as we have been able to ascertain, are neu-ralgia and pneu-monia.

Borum—No, you are not likely to take cold ventilating your theories, but there is some danger of your making other people hot.

Chauncy—Of course it is improper to smack your lips at the dinner table. It is also unwise to smack any other fellow's lips there.

Young Wife.—You have evidently been misinformed. Mock turtle soup is not made from tortoise-shell cats—or it shouldn't be, at least.

Police Commissioner—Yes, it is a dreadful thing to be reprimanded. But it beats suspension or losing a job every time.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1900

SECOND MEETING OF THE CALIFORNIA PARIS COMMISSIONERS

THE SECOND MEETING of the California Paris Commissioners was held on Friday and Saturday, June 23rd and 24th, at their quarters, rooms 55 and 56 Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, all the Commissioners being present. The GRAPHIC presented a full report of the first meeting of the Commissioners, being the only paper in the state that reported all the proceedings. It now presents the doings of the second meeting as follows:

The meeting was called to order at ten o'clock, June 23rd, and minutes of the preceding meeting read and approved.

The chief feature of the session was the report of Commissioner Runyon, who had just returned from the east, where he obtained the views of Commissioner-General Peck regarding the nature of the exhibition wanted from California, which was as follows:

I returned from my visit to Commissioner-General Peck, where I was received most cordially and found the Commissioner-General as well as the heads of the different departments very enthusiastic over the large appropriation that California has made, knowing that the products of this state are such as to make a very much better exhibit than probably any other state in the Union.

It is the Commissioners' idea to make a California exhibit in the departments of agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, mining, forestry and fishing. On account of the large appropriation made by California, Commissioner Pack cabled the French authorities as to whether we could have the privilege of putting up a state building in which to have a collective exhibit. The return cable came from Paris to the effect that the exposition was to be not an interstate but an international exhibition, and no state would have a collective exhibit. Should we have been given this privilege, however, we would not have had the time to send our California woods to Paris and erect a suitable building. After carefully looking over the situation the Commissioners thought it much more desirable to exhibit the products of California in competition with those of the world, which means that we will have our different exhibits together with those of the world; yet the catalogue will give credit to the different countries, states and individuals from which the exhibits have come.

F. J. V. Skiff will have charge of the mining exhibit. Professor Charles Richard Dodge of Washington has charge of agriculture, viticulture and horticulture. Willard A. Smith of Chicago will look after transportation. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean is director of forestry and fisheries. All of the gentlemen named assure us that California will be given sufficient space for its different exhibits, and all of the gentlemen are anxious that we should make as large an exhibit as possible, and assure us that every consideration will be shown our state.

By the comprehensive system of labeling which will be adopted the name and address of the contributor or exhibitor and the locality from which the specimen was derived will always appear and in the case of state or other association exhibits special descriptive placards neatly framed will be conspicuously placed in or upon the case in which such exhibits are installed in order that the contributor shall derive the fullest benefit from the exhibit.

Every exhibitor will receive the same consideration from the jury of awards as though he were exhibiting on a space allotted to him as an individual and covering many square feet in area.

H. J. Rodgers, director of education, is expected to visit California within a few days. Professor Dodge will also have two representatives from the east sometime during the month to confer with the California Commissioners regarding exhibits in the agriculture, viticulture and horticulture departments.

In view of the fact that the space available at Paris for the raw and manufactured products of agricultural and the animal industry is exceedingly limited, the exhibit must be collective. This means that no individual space will be allotted to an individual grower or manufacturer, corporation or association, local or state, though all will be invited to co-operate as far as limited space will admit, the fullest credit to be given for contributions, even to single samples, that may be contributed by farmers. The exhibits of a state, of the land department of a railroad company, or of an individual will be treated alike. The wheat samples will be shown in the wheat exhibit, which will represent the wheat interests of the entire country; the cotton specimens, from whatever source, will be classified together in the space devoted to raw textiles; and the collections of so-called breakfast foods will be brought together in one exhibit in the section devoted to manufacturers of farinaceous products.

The United States Commission will construct the necessary cases for the collective display of agriculture, horticulture and food products, these to be uniform in design and finish and elegant in appearance. All raw products needing preparation for exhibit such as the cereals, cotton, wool, etc., will be sent to Washington to be selected and prepared. In their preparation uniform glass jars and cases will be used.

Commissioner Truman moved that the thanks of the board be extended Commissioner Runyon; and Commissioner Foote in seconding the resolution paid a handsome compliment to the President of the Commission for the many things he had accomplished.

Letters were then read from chiefs of divisions under Commissioner-General Peck, all of whom have taken a great interest in California. Several of these communications were received from the superintendents of horticulture, fish and fisheries, forestry and agriculture departments, all relative to the gathering of the exhibits in these divisions of the general display.

Two representatives of the horticultural, viticultural and agricultural departments are already in California looking over the ground personally and they will determine upon the value of and the consequent space necessary for the display in this line in this state. They will be the guests of the California Commission during their stay. Mr. Rodgers is in Los Angeles and is being looked after by Commissioner Truman who was requested to make his visit agreeable in all ways.

A communication was received from the Governor of Colorado regarding a joint collective exhibit of the gold products of the two states. In view of the fact that no individual exhibits are to be allowed Secretary Varney Gaskill was instructed to notify the Colorado executive that no combination could be formed.

A communication from the Commissioner-General was read. The chief news in it was the designation of the shipping points for exhibits. They are Chicago, New York and Washington. All of the California exhibits must go by rail to these points where, with the material from the other states, they will be gathered at a central point, probably New York. From there the display will be sent to France free on a special transport. All the agricultural and horticultural exhibits will be taken to Washington and the viticultural and mining exhibits to Chicago.

One-third of the United States space in the forestry building has been promised to the California display and one-half of the space allotted for the wine exhibit of the United States, and as a consequence great efforts will be made to make this one of the prevailing features of the display from this state.

It will be the object of the Californians to secure as many individual and state prizes as possible. Much of the money appropriated by the state will be used in entertaining, in literature and printing and arranging the display so that it will each day present some new and attractive feature which will claim attention.

Commissioner Truman was appointed a committee of one to attend to all the printing and literary work of the Commission, and Commissioner Foote was chosen to look after the interests of the fish and fisheries of the State, and also to secure the models of the Oregon and Olympia, if possible, although these models are now in Japan.

All exhibits must respectively be in Chicago and Washington by September 30, and thereafter they will be cared for by the Commissioner-General, and they will be looked after as regards handling and climatic influences by the United States Commission. On this account Commissioner Truman moved that at the next meeting, which shall be held on the tenth of July, a superintendent of horticulture, superintendent of mining, superintendent of viticulture and director of exhibits be appointed, which was agreed to.

The United States Commission is of the opinion that by a system of cold storage, or other method, fresh fruits as they come along in 1900 may be exhibited some or all the months of the Exposition, and arrangements will be made for California to show its productions as well as for other states, all under the auspices of the United States Commission.

A telegram was sent to Commissioner-General Peck thanking him for his elegant treatment of Commissioner Runyon, and requesting him to set apart space in the United States building for headquarters of the California Commission.

After some desultory matters the Commission adjourned until Monday, July 10, unless earlier called by the President.

When Virtue Triumphed

THERE was a man who tried to do
  The very best he could;
He held that being rich was not
  As fair as being good;
Sly tempters tried to pull him down,
  Their schemes were all in vain;
He would not turn from righteous ways
  For power or for gain.

Full many a snare was laid for him
  By men of evil minds;
He passed unsmirched through troubled scenes
  Of many various kinds;
Where others would have faltered he
  Still held to honor's course,
Unhindered by chicanery
  Unterrified by force.

He was a good man through and through,
  A better never was;
He always scorned unlawful means,
  No matter what the cause;
With honor as his watchword he
  Pursued his righteous way,
And won out in the end, but ah!
  This man was in a play

Music and Art

To the Profession—A special feature of the Western Graphic is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short critiesms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of Western Graphic, Los Angeles.

IT IS not often that such a superb company as the Lambardi Italian Grand Opera Company can be secured twice the same season in a city the size of Los Angeles, but through the medium of a request from quite a number of patrons of opera in this city, the Lambardi Company, which goes east by the Southern route, will play a return engagement in this city at the Los Angeles theatre during the week of July 17. It will indeed be a pleasure to hear these prime favorites again in the creations of the kings of lyric music. The company comes in its entirety from San Francisco and will present a repertoire which includes a number of operas not yet given by them in this city, among them noticeably "Mignon," in which they achieved such a triumph in San Francisco, and "Un Ballo in Maschera," another favorite of music lovers. This probably will be the only opportunity during the season of 1899-1900 in which an opera organization of this character will be heard in Los Angeles, as there are no bookings to indicate that such a superb company of singers will come this way in the next twelve months. The sale of seats and the entire repertoire will be given later.

PROF. AREVALO

The commencement exercises of the Sisters' School, Boyle Heights, June 29, was especially attractive in its musical part, under the direction of Professor Arevalo, which showed high grade, correctness of style, and excellent talent. It is not, indeed, too much to say that no school has ever betrayed a greater degree of culture in music, which fact was emphasized by the spontaneous acclamations of the audience at the conclusion of each number. The editor of Graphic has known Professor Arevalo for nearly thirty years, socially and as guitar soloist and instructor. Native as he is of that land where the guitar is the queen of musical instruments his study of that instrument and its possibilities in the field of melody has been inspired by more than ordinary enthusiasm, and the result of his work speaks from his masterful handling of the magic strings. Perfect in technique, tone and correct fingering, his brilliant execution is an unending recommendation to those desiring to learn the best arts of guitar playing. His pupils have been widely complimented for the grace with which they handle the guitar, and for this accomplishment the Professor's lifelong study and ability as an instructor is responsible. Prof. Arevalo has been prominent in some of the most noted events in the history of this city to which the art of his profession has contributed. At the opening of the Cathedral he led the music and sang and has enjoyed audiences running into the thousands at several of his entertainments. Prof. Arevalo is also a vocal instructor of well known reputation and a soloist of marked success. He can be seen at any time at his studio in the Wilson Block, corner of First and Spring streets.

J. Bond Francisco has a nice bunch of sketches as the fruit of his trip to the mountains back of Redlands last week. Mrs. Francisco accompanied him and was much benefited by the cool mountain air.

Next Wednesday evening Blanchard Hall will be the scene of a reception tendered by the secondary and university factions of the N.E.A. by the local committee on secondary education and the high school faculty assisted

MISCELLANEOUS

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by W. L. Judson, Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Miss Flora King, J. Bond Francisco, Miss Florence Hyer and Miss Mary Belle Daily.

A DELIGHTFUL musical evening given by invitation to a few friends took place at the studio of Mrs. Frances Louis Hord in the Blanchard Building on Monday last about 8 p. m. Mrs. Hord, who possesses a beautiful soprano voice of magnificent range, sang a number of selections among which were "Prayer," Marchesi; "Sans Toi," l'Aordelot, and "O Light of Love," a new selection, composer's name not yet divulged. Miss Myrtle Canady, the charming and talented young violinist who has just opened a studio in the Blanchard Building, and of whom an engraving was published in a recent issue of the GRAPHIC, played two selections, one "Fantasia," by Leonard, the other "Prayer," by

MRS. FRANCES LEWIS HORD

Bazzini. Mrs. S. Cook, an excellent pianist from Toledo, Ohio, and who is to occupy the studio with Mrs. Hord a portion of the time, gave two selections from Chopin. The work of each of the artists was well received, so much so, in fact, that they all responded to requests to provide more selections than had been their original intention. Mr. Perry Porker, the polite and capable young man associated with the Blanchard Piano Company, acted as accompanist for the ladies.

AT its closing meeting for the year the Ebell Society elected the following named ladies to serve as officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Charles M. Flint; first vice president, Mrs Sumner P. Hunt; second vice president, Mrs. A. L. Danskin; third vice president, Mrs. L. W. Blinn; recording secretary, Mrs. A. P. West; corresponding secretary, Miss Frances Maurice; treasurer, Mrs. T. T. Knight; general curator, Mrs. Sydney P. Parsons; directors, Mrs. J. S. Vosburg and Mrs. W. S. Bartlett. Mrs. H. W. R. Strong was made an honorary member for life.

MR. BLANCHARD has secured to be on exhibition in the art gallery of the Blanchard Building during the next two weeks the magnificent painting, fifteen by ten feet in diameter, "Sampson and Delilah," the work of the famous artist, K. Pavlik. This picture was painted in 1887 and is truly wonderful to behold, the figures being not far from life size. It is owned in this city and has been procured for exhibition after a great deal of trouble and expense. During this period of time there will also be on exhibition in the hall about eighteen of DeLongpre's finest works, six by J. Bond Francisco, four by Prof. Judson, two by Miss Hyer, and a number by Miss King, Mrs. Hotchcroft-Hill and Mr. McCord of Chicago.

In the Gay Life

MR. AND MRS. J. G. MOSSIN of this city celebrated the birthday of Mr. Mossin on Sunday last at the Hotel del Coronado, and the occasion prompted the San Diego Union to say: "The event was celebrated in royal style, a dinner party being perhaps the most enjoyable feature. Special floral decorations graced the table set apart for the dining, and nothing was spared to make the occasion one to remember, for Mr. Mossin was the recipient of many presents, mirth-provoking, if not particularly costly or elaborate. He will save the gifts for decoration of a next year's Christmas tree at one of the Los Angeles Sunday-schools in which he is interested." Among those celebrating with Mr. and Mrs. Mossin were the following ladies and gentlemen from this city: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Nevin, W. G. Nevin, Jr., Miss Nevin, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Porter, Hugh Porter, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Holterhoff and Mr. M. L. Graff.

Mr. Arthur W. Fisher of 146 South Flower street was the host Saturday evening of an elegantly appointed stag dinner, given in honor of his brother, Mr. Emil Fisher, of Meriden, Conn., and had as his guests the members of the Monte Cristo Mining Company, of which Mr. Fisher is president. The table decorations consisted of a beautiful centerpiece and a tall vase supporting quantities of long-stemmed roses, forming an exquisite table setting. The mantel was banked with bright red geraniums and graceful vines, and in the spacious drawing rooms roses were used in profusion. At the conclusion of the dinner the guests occupied a box at the Orpheum.

MR. AND MRS. MINER took up their summer residence at the Arcadia, Santa Monica, on Saturday last and will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Jacoby of the Van Nuys have gone to Santa Monica for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark, accompanied by her son, left here for Butte, Montana, on Wednesday last.

Among the many visitors at Santa Monica Sunday was the veteran, T. D. Mott.

Hon. Erskine M. Ross and Mrs. Ross are among the permanent summer guests at the Arcadia, where they will stay until the Judge leaves for Portland a month or two hence. Their son is the author of a little poem which the editor of the GRAPHIC wished to publish, but the young gentleman said: "Poco tiempo."

Miss Echo Allen, a great favorite in Los Angeles society, who has been in New York and elsewhere in the East for six months, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. Van Nuys, who has been spending a few days at Redondo Beach, has returned.

Mrs. Milner and the Misses Milner are contemplating a month or more at Santa Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Newmark have arranged for a Hawaiian trip in September.

Mrs. W. M. Shore of Butte, Mont., is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. L Corson of 124 South Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Preuss are at their Santa Monica cottage for a few weeks, but will soon go to a pretty place in the Santa Cruz mountains for a month or more. Mrs. Preuss's many friends regret her departure as a positive loss of much sunshine, but the denizens of Ben Lomond will be the merrier as her infectious laugh reverberates through the giant redwoods, and her Santa Monica admirers will abide the sacrifice.

Mrs. Modini Wood is again a sojourner in the city of wild northwest winds, but will return in a few days.

Among the guests at the Arcadia are Captain McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, a daughter of General Sargent of Santa Monica. Captain McCalla is commandant of the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox and Mrs. Mary Longstreet, accompanied by Alfred Wilcox, will go to Santa Monica on the first of August to stay a month or more.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Newmark took up their residence for the rest of the summer at Santa Monica on Saturday last at the Woollacott cottage on Ocean avenue.

Mrs. Plater and Miss Waddilove will join the gay caravan of society people at the Arcadia on or about the fifteenth of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Cahn, who are enthusiastic admirers of Santa Monica over all other seaside resorts in America, took possession of their cottage there on Saturday last.

Among the functionaries who went down to Santa Monica on Sunday last to study up the Glass contempt case with Garrett of the Record, was Louis Vetter, who is a jolly good fellow, but a strict disciplinarian all the same.

Senator and Mrs. Bates, who have been the guests of their daughter, Mrs. O. W. Childs, for a month or more, departed for Tennessee during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and family have gone to Terminal Island—where they have a cottage—for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis left their Main street home for Redondo Beach on Thursday where they will remain until their fine mansion on Nineth street is completed.

W. C. Paterson and family have gone to Terminal and will occupy their cottage by the sea until October.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and family go to Redondo today and occupy their cottage two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt took possession of their cottage at Terminal last week and will remain until October.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gaffey have taken possession of the Baker cottage at Santa Monica.

MUCH of Kentucky is reported to be under water, and it may be taken for granted that the people down there not only feel injured but insulted.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

N. E. A.

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HARRIS & FRANK, Props.

THE COMING MAN AND WOMAN.

FROM a class of half a dozen that used to hold their exercises in the principal's room of the old high school on the court house hill twenty years ago, the graduating class of this summer, 1899, has reached the number of one hundred and twenty-five young men and women, ("boys and girls" they were then) with the commencement exercises, of necessity, in Hazard's Pavilion, the largest auditorium in the city. It is an interesting retrospect for those who were of the old high school to think of the transition from the days of "base" and "shinny" and "sides" to these days of grace with their tennis and golf and "frats." But reminiscences are not so material as matters of the present and a sight of the tiers of bright and handsome faces on the stage of the big pavilion a week ago Friday evening would have at once driven memories of the long ago from the head of the most confirmed opposite of "Looking Backward."

Banks and pyramids of flowers in bunches and baskets were piled about the stage in the greatest profusion, and the distribution of the fragrant blossoms to the members of the class was an item of the exercises that deserved a place on the program.

The High School Orchestra enlivened the proceedings with a number of excellent selections until at 8:30 the curtain rose and Prof. Housh introduced Prof. Duniway of Stanford, who delivered the commencement address with impressive earnestness.

Prof. Housh followed with a timely speech advocating increased accommodations for high school students which won him salvos of applause. President Davis spoke from the school board's point of view, after which the diplomas were awarded and the graduates bade goodbye to high school; some to go away to college or university, some to plunge into the work of the world, and others, of the fair sex, will ere long change their names and take up life's burden with mind and body equipped to make light of the struggle.

THE REVIVAL OF THE SANTA MONICA ROAD RACE'

IF ANYTHING could be devised that would cause more bruises and make men dirtier than a road race, those who witnessed the Fourth of July event over the new Santa Monica course would prefer to escape it. To stand in the jamming, seething crowd at the finish tape and look at the poor fellows as they came in panting and struggling, covered with perspiration, every drop of which had been converted into a correspondingly larger drop of mud by the addition of dust, was enough to suggest the terrors of a trip to hades. Still more surprising than that such intelligent young men should risk their heart-action and necks in the tremendous exertion of an eighteen mile race through ruts and dust was the fact that after a dip in the surf and a rub-down by their faithful followers they were the liveliest fellows in town—and it isn't a slow town by several points.

W. Phillips, with an eight minute handicap, was the first man to cross the tape, his actual time being 54:20, as against the lowest time, 52:04, made by A. C. Muff, scratch man. After the first man was in the others came along singly and sprinting in bunches at intervals of a few seconds to a minute, cheers and bravos encouraging them to a last supreme effort in the last hundred yards; but there were many of them that could not make their wheels track on the home stretch, an evidence of the terrible strain they had been under. This race being the first over the Ballona road course, there is no way of comparing the time with former runs to the city by the sea, but those who know say that it was a good race, good time, good management and good bye until next Fourth.

A strong sea breeze made the track races in the afternoon a tame affair, but the crowd was easily pleased and the contestants good-humored—and what more could be wished by those interested?

THAT was quick work of the New York legislature. The members were called together in extraordinary session on a Monday for the purpose of passing a franchise tax bill, which was done on Wednesday. Then a bill appropriating $75,000 for the entertainment of Admiral Dewey went through and the next night the session came to a close.

TEXAS democrats seem to have had a spasm of common sense. At a mass meeting held at El Paso, at which 2,000 are reported to have been present, a resolution was adopted which declared "that whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the proper ultimate disposition of the Philippines, we do earnestly insist that such question should follow the suppression of the insurrection," and they pledged themselves to support the Government until its rightful authority was established in the archipelago.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER McCREA, a brother of Major McCrea of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, has been advanced to his present position on account of his splendid services off Santiago, and has lately been appointed to a responsible position at the Washington Navy Yard.

THE Filippinos are a greatly surprised lot. When their Commissioners were in Manila they were astonished at the fairness with which they were treated by our peace delegates; when they are in line of battle they are astounded at the valor of the American troops. Between the form of government offered at Manila and the sharp prodding Gen. Lawton has given them at the front, they ought not to be long at in arriving a conclusion as to which they prefer.

LAMBDA THETA PHI SORORITY

Mabel Hill, Lucy Sinsabaugh, Louler Lord, Florence Field, Emma Widney, Marian Shinn, Florence Clute, Charlotte Teale, Phila Johnson, Isabel Godin, Shirley Jenkins, Jessie Knepper, Keturah Paul, Blanche Engstrum, Barbara Hitt, Ruth Bosbyshell, Katherine Thompson, Josephine Lewis, Margaret Cornwell, Helen North

DELTA IOTA CHI SO

Pauline Botts, Mary Jeanette Ridgway, Frances Coulter, Elizabeth Laux, Adele Brotbeck, Inez Moore, Rowena Joseph, Ruby Kimble

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

THIS fashionable seaside resort is nearly twenty-five years old, and is quite twenty-three this month; for it was twenty-three years ago this month—July 21, to be strictly accurate—that the first day's sale of lots took place here. The first lot sold was that corner where the Neptune Garden now is, and so on up Ocean avenue to Utah avenue. The first bid on this lot was $250, and it was knocked down to Sam Hellman for $380. It is now valued at about $9,000 without the improvements, and the occupants pay a rental of nearly $100 per month. The inside lots on Ocean avenue sold for from $400 to $500 each and lots on Third street brought between $150 and $250. Major Hancock, who then owned the Brea Ranch (he died many years ago), bid in a lot on Third street for $140. The late Judge J. S. Mallard bought three Third street lots for $800 a few months after they had been knocked down to a man for $450. The late Judge O'Melveny took in an Ocean avenue lot for $380, and the late W. J. Brodrick caught up one for $360. The auctioneer was E. W. Noyes, still a resident of Los Angeles; and his partner, a man named Jones, now dead, was clerk of the sale, and the first bid was offered by an Englishman named Bullock, now living in England. Tom Fitch opened the sale by one of his silvery speeches and there was an exhuberance manifested at the start. Jim Ayers was editor of the Express at that time, Joe Lynch edited the Herald and Ben Truman the Star. All three of these papers had given the project a good send off, editorially and in a business way, and their editors were on hand to report proceedings and indulge in barbecued meat, chicken and sandwiches and native wines and cigars provided by Senator Jones and R. S. Baker, the owners.

Building was commenced immediately, and in a short time afterward there was a number of hotels, a newspaper, a dozen stores, restaurants and a club house. It was not long before a railroad was running between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, and San Francisco steamers stopped regularly. The railroad was built by Joseph Crawford, now in the east, the lots having been laid out by a man named Jackson who died here in November, 1896. In 1876, one year after the sale, there was a population of nearly 700, not including 200 people at the hotels. Even in 1876 numbers of people came from San Francisco to Santa Monica to enjoy the beautiful climate. Crawford got up pony races, ball matches, tournaments and other attractions holidays and Sundays, and even at that early day a thousand or more people could be seen at the beach on such occasions.

In a short time new bathing houses were built, additional railway facilities were provided and the streets were graded and many miles of sidewalk were constructed. Then came the Arcadia Hotel, the great North Beach Bath house, the big wharf, other wharves, banks, the Santa Fe Railroad, then the Electric and many other improvements too numerous to mention, until now it is the most famous seaside resort south of Monterey and has more visitors on a Sunday in July than Monterey and Santa Cruz can register in all the Sundays in July put together.

Last Sunday may be said to have been the real opening of the season so far as a good big crowd was concerned, and the air and sunshine had conspired to present a perfection of atmosphere, and all who came were satisfied in every way. All were loud in their praise of the fine improvements made at the North Beach Bath House, which has been newly painted and otherwise renovated in every part. Potted palms and huge hanging baskets and shrubs and flowers make the interior extremely inviting. But, better than all, complete arrangements have been made with the new electric and power company to furnish light, heat and constantly changing warm salt water at all times—that is to say, there will be a big stream of water from the sea all the time; and so that no one may doubt it Roy Jones is going to have an arc light located under or near the stream so that all can see it pouring in at all times. Thousands of new suits of the latest pattern and miles of new toweling have been added to the plant, and all the showering booths have been arranged at the north end of the dressing rooms, so that one may boast of the North Beach Bath House as being the equal of any in the State in point of cleanliness, convenience and agreeableness.

Eckert & Hopf were up to their eyes and ears in work from ten in the morning until that hour at night, and many a hundred fish dinner was got away with.

The Arcadia took care of more than two hundred people at lunch and dinner on Sunday not to count the multitude that swarmed

TY

rpham
a Pollard
re
liet Phelps

Mary Isabelle Coulter
Elsie Leslie Kimble

PHI SIGMA FRATERNITY

Fred W. Forrester Hiram Tibbots Virgil W. Owen Hamilton Fay Edw. C. Bosbyshell
Olin Wellborn, Jr. Clarke Briggs Harry W. Walton Roy P. Hillman Dr. E. M. Pallette A. O. Martin Walter L. Krug
C. De Forrest Howry W. Davisson Geo. McLain Earle C. Anthony Lewis Everett John T. Cooper Sam. N. Bonsall

in and out of the new grill room which is in many respects the neatest and coolest and most delightful on the Pacific coast.

The music drew an immense crowd, and he electric road ran trains with trailers every fifteen minutes jammed each way from ten in the morning until late at night.

The celebration of the Fourth was more pretentious than anything of the kind ever attempted here before, and most of the places of business had been artistically decorated with flags and other national colors, so that the effect was highly patriotic. There was a fine procession at 1 o'clock, some of the floats and fire department truck being conspicuously attractive. The order of the parade was as follows:

Squad of police, City Marshal Max Barreto commanding
Grand Marshal J. J. Carillo and aids, mounted
Los Angeles Military Band
Santa Monica fire department, George B. Baxter, foreman
Mexican war veterans in carriage
City trustees in carriage
"Awkward Squad," Thomas Mobley commanding
American Fife and Drum Corps
Advertising floats representing North Beach Bath house, Heim Bros. and A. B. Benson
Home Guards, mounted

The aids to the grand marshal were George E. Williams, George Suits, T. H. Dudley, F. B. McComas, E. B. Hatheway, M. G. Burmester, John Connelly, Fred Chatfield, L. B. Osborn, W. L. Muller, H. X. Goetz and Jessie Yoakum.

Miss Atala Carrillo rode a fine horse carrying a flag representing one her grandmother helped to make in San Diego in 1846, and said to have been the first one made in California.

There were fireworks from two different places, and much music and merriment all day and well into the night.

The beaches for more than two miles were massed with human beings, and at about 12 o'clock the sight around the lunch tables and improvised boards was something that cannot be fairly described. Thousands went into the water either inside or outside the North Beach pavilion, and all the principal streets were crowded with merry makers throughout the day. It was really a great occasion for Santa Monica and way ahead of any other one not even excepting Crawley's whale day, which was a record breaker.

The finish of the road race caused a massing of people on Ocean avenue, between 9 and 10, and when W. Phillips came up the goal first and won the first prize a great shout rent the air. Phillips was allowed an eight minute handicap. The best time made was by C. A. Muff in 52:04. The third prize was won by B. R. Stanfield; time 53:10. The winners of the best and second time also won a gold and silver medal respectively. Over one hundred started and the contest was fine throughout.

Golf formed one of the Fourth of July features and an exciting game was played. The men players were Hugh May, C. E. Maud, W. Cosby. E. J. Tufts, R. H. Chapman, E. D. Silent, R. J. C. Wood, R. H. H. Chapman, Ross Smith, Guy Cochran, W. H. Young, M. E. Flowers, H. P. Anderson, A. W. Bumiller, M. G. Burmester, Fred Flint, E. Conde Jones, W. A. Tufts, J. Bumiller, J. H. Nichols, T. D. Connelly, M. T. Manning and D. J. Van de Van. The ladies were Mesdames Otheman Stevens, Upham, E. D. Silent, E. L. Waring, F. Flint, Guy Cochran, Connelly, Young, and Miss B. Crouch and Miss M. Jones. Mrs. Upham won, Mrs. Waring tied Bogy, Mrs. Silent and Miss Crouch played a tie. Hugh May won in the gentlemen's 18 hole handicap against Bogy.

FINISH OF THE FOURTH OF JULY ROAD RACE, OCEAN AVENUE, SANTA MONICA—W. PHILLIPS winning first place.

A tally-ho party which rode down from Los Angeles Wednesday afternoon and took dinner in the grill room at Hotel Arcadia consisted of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Halliday, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Jones, Mrs. W. A. Barker, Miss Chanslor, Miss Serris, Misses and Lila Fairchild; Messrs. John D. Mott, Charles Henderson, Horace Henderson, Fred Henderson, W. G. Chanslor, Ray Fairchild and John J. Fay Jr. After passing a pleasant evening at the beach the party drove back to Los Angeles.

REDONDO BEACH

THE informal hop given on the evening of the Fourth was the most noteworthy event at Redondo this week and was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. The younger guests entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the occasion and a number of Los Angeles society men were present giving zest to the dancing. The ball room was suitably decorated with national flags and the orchestra adapted national airs to two-steps and waltzes. The dance closed with a good old fashioned "Old Dan Tucker" in which all joined, and altogether it was the jolliest hop of the season.

Arrangements are being made for giving a grand open, handicap tennis tournament on the Redondo courts July 20, 21 and 22, including men's and women's singles, men's and women's doubles, and mixed doubles. Handsome prizes will be awarded in each

SANTA MONICA

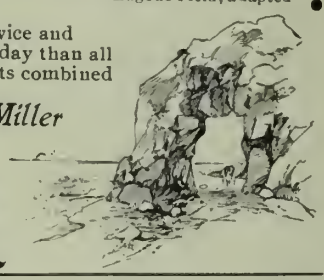
Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.
Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.
If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.
Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

Faster train service and more trains per day than all competing resorts combined

Frank A. Miller
Prop.



HOMES BY THE SEA
Ocean Park
KINNEY & DUDLEY TRACT
Santa Monica
Ocean front, Elegant beach, Water piped to tract. Electric light connection. Long lease, $10 to $25 yearly rental
The Best Opportunity Ever Offered to secure a Santa Monica Home
Ocean Air Ocean Beach Ocean Bathing
L. B. OSBORN, Agent
Office, terminus Electric Car Track, Santa Monica.

Fine Fish Dinners
No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.
THE PAVILION
ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

The North Beach Bath House
Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience. We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

event and the courts will be kept in readiness for practice and free to all intending to enter the tournament until it comes off. Entries should be made on or before the 19th—either at the hotel or with R. A. Rowan, 214 Wilcox building, Los Angeles, where all information in regard to the tournament may be found. There will be a full dress ball given in connection with the event Saturday evening, July 22nd.

Misses Marie and Alice Markham entertained at their cottage on the Fourth with a house party. Among the gentlemen present were Loyd Macey and Ed. Groenendyke of Pasadena, and Rob Kimball, Los Angeles.

The usual Monday evening plunge party was given for the guests at the hotel this week and the occasion was very festive as there are now so many young people here who are expert swimmers that the plunge parties are not only popular with them but afford an amusing spectacle for the uninitiated. A Dutch supper was served in the dining room upon the return to the hotel.

Mr. Alfred Solano, who has been in Arizona upon a business trip, returned Tuesday.

Among Los Angeles society men spending the week at Redondo are Fred A. Kimble and Homer Laughlin, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Acker of The Palms were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner over Sunday and expect to return later in the month for an extended stay.

Mrs. P. M. Page and son, who are occupying their summer cottage here, have gone to Pasadena for a few days and Mr. Page will from there make a trip into the mountains for fishing.

Mrs. J. B. Ridgeway and daughters have taken possession of the Teed cottage for the summer.

G. W. Parsons was the guest Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis at their pretty summer home.

The regular hop this evening at the hotel will conclude with a few figures of the german.

This week's arrivals include:

Mrs J E Buffington, James W Buffington, Mrs Jean G Donovan, Catherine Donovan, Miss Lewis, Mrs M E Gibson, Miss Cora Mulholland, St Louis; Mr and Mrs Robt D Osburn and daughter, Mr and Mrs E P Clark, Riverside; Mrs H M Dreer, Miss Dreer, Mrs Gardiner, F C Bolt, Miss Bolt, Dr and Mrs F C Mattison, Pasadena; Miss Elizabeth H Wainwright, Lee Armstrong, Mr and Mrs H Leonard, Walter Turnbull, San Francisco; Chas O Pratt, Santa Monica; Mr and Mrs C G Bentbye, London, Eng; Mr and Mrs S A Barrett, Patton; Mr and Mrs D D Acker, The Palms; W H Walby, Miss Walby, Adrian, Michigan; W E Mitchell, Philadelphia; Theodore Royer, Piqua, Ohio; Mr and Mrs R S Smith, Miss Doll Reynolds, Miss Jennie Sayre, Santa Ana; Dr R P Fox, Madison, Wisc; C M Love, W E Fergaden, N Y; Miss Anna Loda, Salt Lake; Mrs James Alger and daughter, Miss Carrie Cushing, Oakland; Mr and Mrs C W Blaisdell, Miss Head, F A Bradshaw, Dr Follingsbee, Raymond Moore, I Benton Van Nuys, Mrs I H Van Nuys, Dr and Mrs T Jeff White, Mr and Mrs G W Lincoln, Mr and Mrs Irving Hayes Rice, Fred A Kimble, Homer Laughlin Jr, Mrs James Fulton, H J Schroder, F I Herron, Mrs R H Herron, Mr and Mrs E R Kellam, Miss Dorsey, Miss Mullin, J G Easton, Sam Haskins, Cyril Wigmore, Carol Allen, Miss Bishop, Karl Klokke, Mr and Mrs Morgan Smith, Mr and Mrs Chas D Baker, Mr and Mrs W C Bailey, Los Angeles; Miss Helen Riordan, Flagstaff, Arizona.

TERMINAL ISLAND

THE new hotel at Terminal Island, known as the Gordon Arms, of which much has heretofore been said in this paper, was formally opened to the public on Saturday last, July 1, and was dedicated with a very swell party in the evening, which was attended by over two hundred of the most prominent people in Southern California.

Mr. S. P. Anderson, the wide awake, capable hotel man, who opened the Van Nuys for Mr. Potter, is in charge of affairs at the hotel, and already the first week of business promises a very bright future for the house and indicates that it will be one of the most valuable adjuncts toward assisting in increasing Terminal Island in popular favor as a summer resort.

Many who attended the ball on Saturday

Concluded on Page 15.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Santa Catalina Island

Three and one-half hours from Los Angeles
The Greatest Resort
The Loveliest Season of the Year
Climate near Perfection
Phenomenal Fishing and Hunting
The great Stage Ride

Modern Appointments HOTEL METROPOLE

Unique exclusive attractions
The Famed Marine Gardens as viewed from the glass bottomed boa s
The best and most picturesque Golf Links
Round trip every day from Los Angeles
Sunday excursions, three hours on the Island
See R. R. time tables

For full information, illustrated pamphle's and rates apply to

BANNING CO.
Tel. M 36 222 S.Spring St., Los Angeles

TERMINAL ISLAND

THE GORDON ARMS
Terminal Island, California

Hotel just Completed
Elegant Rooms and
Piazzas Looking Right out on the Ocean

Rates $3 to $4 a day
Special rates on application

Bath house in connection with hotel. Finest beach and surf bathing on coast. Golf links, yachting, fishing. Ten miles of fine roadway along beach for bicycling.

S. P. Anderson
Manager

The Attractive Route

To the Favorite Sea Side Resorts is the.....

Los Angeles Terminal Railway

Terminal Island, By the Sea
Catalina Island San Pedro
Long Beach, Are the favorite and most delightful places and only a short ride from Los Angeles, where can be found the finest Open Sea Bathing, Yachting and Fishing on the Pacific coast.

Information and Excursion Tickets on sale at Ticket Office, 214 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
S. B. Hynes, Gen. Mgr. T. C. Peck, Gen. Agt Pass. Dept.

REDONDO

HOTEL REDONDO
ONLY THIRTY MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles' Most Fashionable Resort

Finest and most Commodious Hotel on the Pacific Coast.

Frequent Golf and Tennis Tournaments.

Splendid Surf or Warm Plunge Bathing. Expert swimming teachers.

Here you may get the Finest Fish Dinners in the Most Beautiful Dining Room in all California.

Transient Rates $2.50 to $4.
Special Weekly Rates

H. R. WARNER, Prop.

To REDONDO
VIA
Santa Fe Route

Summer Time Table

Daily Service

Leaves Los Angeles	9.55 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.

Sunday Service

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10.35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7.40 p. m.
Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo			8.00 p. m.

Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.
Time Card

In effect June 1, 1899.
Depot cor. Grand Avenue and Jefferson Streets

Trains leave Los Angeles for Redondo

Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m.
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

City Office 246 S. Spring St. Telephone Main 1031
L. J. PERRY, Superintendent

BUNDY'S
Elsinore Hot Springs Hotel and Baths

Hotel, Bath House and Cottages Lighted by Acetylene Gas. Only Hotel directly at the Springs. Open all the Year : : :

E. Z. BUNDY, Prop.

Rates per week—$8, $9, and $10, including Hot Sulphur Baths. No Consumptives taken : : : :

ELSINORE CAL.

Table Pleasures

IT SEEMS to me that the bargain hunter makes a mistake when she doesn't turn her steps toward the markets in these days. For there are many things to be found therein that can be depended on to furnish a continuous performance gratifying to the palate and at the same time make no inroads on the reserve fund one has stowed away in the corner of one's purse.

To begin with there is poultry to be had at as low a figure as anyone with a spark of consideration for the farmer could wish. So it is a good time for trying new ways of preparing this commodity, don't you think? Suppose you give this suggestion a trial: Cut a chicken up as for a ragout and boil it in as little water as will cover it, seasoning the water with a small onion, salt, white pepper and a gill of sherry wine. When the chicken is almost tender enough, drain it from the liquor and let it get perfectly cold. Meanwhile have in a stewpan half a gill of olive oil with a pinch of minced onion and a little salt and pepper. When this is quite hot and the chicken quite cold, cook the chicken in it to a delicate brown. Dish the chicken when it is browned evenly and pour over it a sauce made by adding a gill of the stock in which it was boiled to the oil in the stewpan and thickening it all with the yolks of two eggs. This makes a most delicious dish and is well worth the trial. The frying in oil gives it its distinctive flavor, and makes it very different from fowl fried in butter; which is in France always called poulet sautee, to mark the difference.

And this same dish can be varied a little by using tomatoes with the chicken. After the chicken has been fried in the oil, lay it on fried tomatoes and then pour the sauce over all. Have the tomatoes as large as possible and not too ripe; slice them, dust them with salt and pepper and fry very, very slowly in a little oil till they are cooked; but don't let the slices get out of shape.

If you think you would prefer a roast of poultry, do try some of the ducks to be had now. Roast them in any way that experience has taught you is the best, but when it comes to making the sauce for them let me have a word to say. Mince two or three slices of bacon and a small onion and fry them together for five minutes; add to them the juice of an orange and a wineglassful of port wine, the drippings from the pan in which the ducks were roasted and a seasoning of salt and pepper. It's an ideal dish, that's what it is. And you might accompany it or follow it with another that is particularly seasonable, namely, broiled deviled tomatoes. First you mash the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, then you mix with them a saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of powdered sugar and mustard, and as much cayenne as your taste calls for; then stir in three ounces of melted butter, and when all the ingredients are well blended add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. At this stage put the mixture over the fire to reach the boiling point and stir in two well beaten eggs. When it has thickened a bit stand in hot water on the stove to keep warm while you give a little attention to the tomatoes. These must be ripe and firm. Cut them in half-inch slices, broil over a clear fire, place them over a hot dish, pour the sauce over them and there you are. This makes a really appetizing breakfast dish as well as a savory dinner course. Try it some morning, having with it crisp broiled bacon and some dainty rice muffins, and you will find yourself considerably above par with your household for the rest of that day at least.

And in a day or so follow up the good impression by having at luncheon tomatoes prepared in this way. Cut some round slices of bread and fry them delicately in butter till they are brown. Slice firm ripe tomatoes to match the sizes of the bread slices; broil the tomatoes just a wee wit, and then lay a slice on each piece of the French bread. Season them with pepper and salt, scatter grated Parmesan cheese over them, then spread them with a layer of fine breadcrumbs moistened with melted butter. Brown in a hot oven and serve piping hot. And if the man o' the house is the right sort you will get a vote of thanks in the shape of a monster bunch of carnations or La France roses. Try it.

SUNDAY, JULY 9

BREAKFAST

Strawberries
Pompano
Beefsteak and Onions
Coffee and Rolls

DINNER

Oyster Cocktail
Green Turtle Soup
Shrimp Salad Olives
Riesling
Lake Trout
Cold Turkey Cold Ham
Squabs Sweetbread
Asparagus Mayonaise Peas
Zinfandel
Roast Young Duck with Currant Jelly
Celery Lettuce
Orange Jelly Raspberries Ice Cream
Swiss Cheese Nuts Raisins Coffee

SUPPER

Meat Souffle
Nasturtium Sandwiches Berries
Crackers Cheese Chocolate

THE BOARDING HOUSE SHORTCAKE

Sing a song of shortcake,
Dough three inches through;
Four and twenty strawberries
For a hungry crew.

When the cake is opened
And is passed around
Just about one berry in
Each dry piece is found.

BITS ABOUT COOKING

FRANCE is called the cradle of good cooking, but Athens was the home of the best cooks that the world ever knew. Athenius called the cooks the first race of kings.

Cooking is largely a matter of taste, but the best cooks in the land today are men. Our own Southern colored women are real cordon-bleus; the black cooks of Cuba are peerless, and no traveler who has visited Constantinople or Algeria would take a chef if he could get a Moor.

Marc Anthony gave the cook who prepared the banquet he gave in Cleopatra's honor a city. Julius Caesar paid his cook $4,000 a year.

Empress Josephine ate most of her meals in her own apartment and rewarded the cook who prepared them with magnificently embroidered shawls, thread laces, hats that cost $50 apiece and silk slippers that sold for almost as much second hand.

Napoleon's table manners were very bad. He not only ate with his fingers but put them into the dishes in serving himself; made as much noise as a suction pump in drinking, ate with doggish rapacity, finished the biggest

RETAIL MARKETS, SATURDAY, JULY 8

MEATS AND SAUSAGES

Prime Rib Roast	15c	Tenderloin	15@18c
Leg of Mutton	12½c	Sirloin	15c
Hind Quarter Lamb	$1.25	Round	12½c
Fore " "	75c	Mutton Chops	12½c
Pork Loin Roast	12½c	Lamb Chops	20c
Pork Sausage	12½c	Pork Chops	12½@15c
Hamburger	"	Corned Beef	8@10c
Bologna	"	Salt Pork	10@12½c
Weinerwurst	"	Ham, best	12c
Liverwurst	"	Bacon, best	12c
Porterhouse	22½ to 25c	Lard	12½c

POULTRY, FISH AND GAME

Broilers	40@65c	Rock Cod, lb	10c
Fryers	50@65c	Cockles, lb	2@3c
Roasters	70c	Shrimps, lb	15c
Hens	40@65c	Roe, lb	10c
Ducks	60c	Eastern Oysters, qt	60c
Turkeys, lb	20c	Morgan Oysters, qt	65c
Geese, lb	20c	Halibut, lb	8@10c
Squab, pair	35c	Yellowtail, lb	8@10c
Sea Bass, lb	10c	Salmon, lb	15@ 20c
Shad, lb	15c	Crabs, each	20@25c
Baracuda, lb	10c	Clams, lb	2@3c

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE

Butter, best, roll	55c	Pineapple, 4½ lb	85c
" tub, lb	25c	" small	45c
Eggs, doz	20c	Soft French Cream	10c
Cheese, California	20c	Sierra	10c
Cheese, Martins, N.Y.	20c	German Breakfast	5c
Imported Swiss	35c	Ohio Swiss	25c

VEGETABLES

Potatoes, lb	2½c	Artichokes, doz	30c
Sweet potatoes, lb	5c	String beans, lb	5c
Cucumbers, doz.	30c	Cabbage, per head	5c
Egg Plant, lb.	10c	Onions, lb	2½c
Radishes, bunch	2½c	Turnips, bunch	5c
Tomatoes, lb	5c	Beets, bunch	5c
Green Peppers lb	10c	Asparagus, lb	7½c
Carrots, bunch	5c	Watercress, bunch	5c
Peas, lb	5c	Mint, bunch	5c
Lettuce, bunch	2½c	Summer squash, lb	3c

FRUITS AND NUTS

Apples, fancy, lb	8c	Strawberries, box	5@15c
Apples, cooking, lb	4@6c	Blackberries, lb	5@7½c
Oranges, per doz	10@20	Raspberries, lb	10c
Fancy Valencia, doz.	25@50	Loganberries, lb	7½c
Limes, doz	15c	Cherries, lb	15c
Lemons, doz	10@15c	Loquats, lb	7½c
Honolulu Bananas, doz	25c	Figs, lb	10@15c
Rhubarb, lb	3@4c	Apricots, lb	5c
Grape fruit, each	5c	Currants, lb	15c
Eng. Walnuts, lb	12½c	Olives, quart	25@40c
Almonds, lbs	15@25	Pineapples, each	25@50c
Pecans, lb	15c	Cocoanuts, each	10c
Mixed nuts, lb	15c	Grapes, lb	10c
Peaches, lb	5@7½c	Plums, lb	3@7½c
Pears, lb	10c	Canteloupes, lb	10@20c

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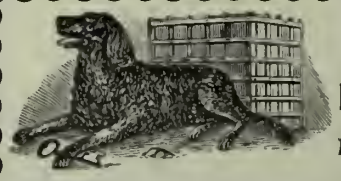
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meal in less than twenty minutes and expected everybody to follow him when he left the table.

FAVORITE DISHES

THERE was nothing Napoleon was so fond of as boiled mutton with onion sauce, and he frequently indulged his taste to such an extent as to make himself ill.

George III also loved boiled mutton and turnips.

Queen Elizabeth made her breakfasts and suppers off of salt beef and ale. In contrast, Mary Queen of Scots, whose tastes were French, had a most dainty table and was luxurious in the extreme.

James I liked a Scottish dish, cockie-leekie. Charles, his son, entertained lavishly. He kept two dozen castles always open and ready for him and would have hundreds of guests to dinner. Five hundred dishes were always served.

The famous Dr. Johnson liked overdone boiled pork, veal pie, with raisins and sugar, and plum pudding, covered with lobster sauce.

Plants in the Philippines

THOUGH the Philippines are an agricultural country they do not produce enough food for the consumption of the inhabitants, and it is the custom to draw upon rice-producing countries such as Cochin-China.

Eighteen thousand acres, or one-ninth of the area of the islands, is devoted to agriculture, and with better methods the productiveness of the soil will be very much increased. Rice is the most important food grown, more than a hundred varieties being raised, the annual production being 36,000,000 bushels.

Maize and sweet potatoes are next to rice in importance as Philippine foods. Fruits, especially bananas, grow abundantly. Sugar is grown in quantities, but the manufacturing methods are crude and the marketable result is inferior.

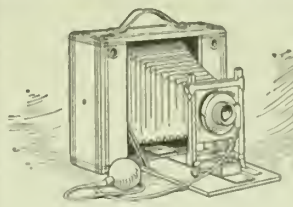
Indigo used to be an important product. Coffee does well, but is not of extra fine quality. Of course, tobacco is grown, and while spices and medicinal plants thrive the natives do not know much about them.

FRANCIS TRUTH, the healer who fled from San Francisco, leaving many of his "patients" in the lurch for fees advanced, explained the matter at Keene, N.H., where he was found, by saying that his customers would lose nothing, as he proposed to give them "absent treatment." The patients are to be congratulated that services will be continued at old rates, $5 a month.

VARIOUS learned doctors told the pure-food convention lately held in Chicago that borax is one of the healthiest things known to man; that it acts as a disinfectant to the blood, causes cessation of germ life, aids digestion and is in general worth anybody's eating. It seems a pity, with borax so cheap and so abundant, that these things were not known before. Borax a la mode with potato pancakes, roast borax with onions, borax fricassee with green peas and borax pie will doubtless become essential additions to every restaurant bill of fare, and no banquet will be complete without a magnificent joint of juicy borax smoking in the center of the table.

IN the London Daily News' "memorial edition of the Dickens novels" there is given in detail the money the author received for his early works. For "Pickwick" he was paid £2500 outright. Chapman & Hall were, however, liberal publishers, and at the expiration of five years they gave Dickens a third share of the copyright on the condition that he wrote another novel for them, and so "Nicholas Nickleby" was produced. For each monthly part of "Nicholas Nickleby" Dickens received £150, making in all £3000. After five years the copyright reverted to the author.

BUFFALO'S new union railroad station, to cost $6,000,000, is to have a waiting room 80x235 feet, said to be the largest in the world. The other accessories and the train shed arrangements are to be on the same liberal scale.



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Amusements

AFTER several weeks of dismal darkness the Los Angeles theatre began another season of activity with the refreshing comedy "A Bachelor's Honeymoon." The play is characteristic of author Stapleton in its rapid changes of situation, and the company is evenly balanced and legitimate in its work. There are some bright lines in the dialogue and some plays on words that are most daintily risque. Miss Delia Stacey carries the burden of beauty in the comedy and besides being a handsome woman has a piquant, hearty manner that wins her way. Altogether it is a pleasant entertainment and with Clay Clement next week will prepare Los Angeles theatre patrons for another season of Italian opera.

IMPRESSARIO WYATT says he did, and Walter Morosco says he didn't, and they both emphasize their remarks by going into print about it. Well, nobody but the aforesaid gentlemen care a balcony coupon whether the lords of the pass books succeed in impeaching each other or not, just so they bring along some good shows and lock the doors during each act. No one would like to shy any cold water at Mr. Morosco's try at the managerial end of the Burbank, but everyone is anxious to see what luck he will have in the theatre lottery of Los Angeles.

SEVERAL of the later favorites of the Burbank are making their marks in divers parts of the world. Miss Ada Palmer Walker of Wakefield Opera Company has become prima donna of the San Francisco Tivoli stock company. Nance O'Neil is playing in London and the English critics are crediting her with an unusual talent.

THOSE who are fortunate enough to hold membership tickets in the N.E.A. will have the opportunity to enjoy a novel entertainment next week in the Chinese theatre. The company which is to present the highest type of Chinese romantic drama is said to be the best organization of celestial Thespians ever brought to this country. There will be sixty performers in the cast besides a complete Chinese orchestra, and when the whole outfit gets in active motion the Midway Plaisance will be double discounted.

THERE is a young woman in town who insists that when Mme. Houdini stepped into the cabinet for the trunk trick she wore a diamond sun burst, and that when they took her out of the sack after the mystifying transposition of husband and wife the sunburst had not only changed to a bar pin, but that madame had increased her avoirdupois by at least five pounds. If it is a fact that Houdini was obliged to marry twin sisters to accomplish his wonderful trick, how many Los Angeles young men could be induced to become prestidigitateurs under the same conditions? McAvoy and May still make things howl at the Orpheum, McAvoy thinking of something new and funny every performance. This week's comedy is "The Duchess of Devonshire" by Francesca Redding and Carlton Macy. It is the old story of a frisky husband and an innocent, indiscreet wife. But Miss Redding is a stately woman with a pleasing personality and Mr. Macy acts the inebriated husband with experienced finish. Fred Niblo is the new monologist. He induces a ripple of laughter from start to finish and reminds one somewhat of Geo. Golden. The Phoites in pantomime are a small edition of "Fantasma," the spectacular that took theatre goers by the ears a few years since. They close the bill and are appreciated most by the children.

Los Angeles Theater—Mr. Clay Clement in his delightful comedy "The New Dominion" will be the attraction for the week commencing Monday night at the Los Angeles Theater. Manager Wyatt offered special inducements to secure this organization for the Teachers Convention week inasmuch as it is one of the most appropriate plays that could be presented, being a wholesome type of American drama by an American author and a life-like picture of Southern life.

Five years ago Mr. Clement presented "The New Dominion" in this city and made such a strong impression that his return is eagerly anticipated by all amusement lovers. Last season Mr. Clement presented the play in San Francisco and scored a triumph.

Mr. Clement will be supported by a coterie of artists who have won the unstinted praises of press and public for their portrayals of his characters Among the members are Mrs. Clay Clement (Karra Kenwyn) Miss Phosa McAllister, Miss Nellie McEwen, Miss Gertrude O'Malley and the Messrs. Harry Duffield, Geoffrey Williams, Chas. Mack and Thomas O'Malley. The engagement is for the entire week with Saturday matinee.

Orpheum—Chas. Schimpf, secretary of the Orpheum corporation, who has been in the city during the week, says that the bill for next week at the Orpheum is one of the most attractive ever put together by the men who arrange the acts of a vaudeville program. Schimpf should know—he has seen most of the features in the north and so speaks by the card.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne head the bill with a New Hampshire episode put into a thirty minute sketch called "Grasping an Opportunity." Cressy was the original Cy Prime in "The Old Homestead," and Miss Dayne was Ricketty Ann in the same great play. A treat is anticipated in their vaudeville comedy for which they carry a special stage setting and scenery.

Melville and Stetson, a high salaried duo of handsome young women who do a singing, dancing and character imitating turn; the Four O Learys, acrobats from Europe; the Great American Biograph, with ten new views from life; the Phoites Troupe of nine pantomimists; Francesca Redding in a new comedy, "A Forgotten Combination;" Tacianu, the famous female impersonator, and Fred Niblo, entertainer, are included in the bill.

What They Say

LEN BEHYMER—The ballet girl is very handy with her foot.

Bob Eckert—The flounder is a fish that requires plenty of seasoning and even then it is flat.

Mose Hamburger—The most graceful girl in Los Angeles cannot try on a pair of shoes without putting her foot in it.

Ed Tufts—No, a gun can't do great execution when it hangs fire.

Hancock Banning—The crying need in navigation is a marine Koch who can cure the ravages of coal consumption.

Al Levy—A waiter may not know how to deal a pack of cards but he can easily raise the deuce by dropping a tray.

Louis Vetter—I am told that billiards and matrimony resemble each other to this extent, that kisses and scratches are common to both.

Guy Barham—Ice cream melts more feminine hearts than hot words do.

Abbot Kinney—You can pick out fools by the questions they ask and wise men by their answers.

Harry Wyatt—Beauty isn't everything; the butterfly makes a great show, but it's the homely little bee that makes the honey.

Tommie Rowan—But few men are sunstruck by the sunshine of prosperity.

Nordlinger—The diamond is the hardest known substance—to get.

Parson Jeffries—You have doubtless observed that small men seldom insult large ones.

Jack Griffith—The goat is the butt of many a poor joke.

John F. Francis—When you lose a friend by lending him a small sum of money you get the best of the bargain.

Charlie Willard—People who are given to conceited fault finding imagine it is intelligent criticism.

Sam Dewey—When a man gets too lazy to work he becomes a lofty idealist.

Griffith J. Griffith—The cyclone can raise anything on the farm except the mortgage.

Frank Miller—Two men trying to entertain one woman are a pretty good example of a silent majority.

Hugh Vail—You never see a lucky fisherman sneaking up a side street—except—at Santa Monica.

Billy Rowland—The man who serves his friends never lacks employment.

Charlie Monroe—The man who smiles if called an egotist will get mad if called a crank.

Captain Overton—Any man who has had any dealings with an Indian is fully convinced that he is a red-"skin."

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Continued from Page 11.

evening remained at the hotel and on the island over Sunday, and the glorious Fourth also brought its full quota of visitors.

Among those who were the first patrons of the Gordon Arms and had the honor to inscribe their names on the register during the past week were:

Mr and Mrs T E Gibbon, Mr and Mrs J A Jevne, Mr and Mrs P Tucker, Mr and Mrs Bernard Rice, Mr and Mrs Geo O Fitch, Mr and Mrs H E Wood, Mr and Mrs C A Sumner, Mr and Mrs W D Woolwine, Mr and Mrs Sumner P Hunt, Mr and Mrs C D Willard, Mr and Mrs Waterman, Mr and Mrs Thomas R Gordon of Pasadena, Mr and Mrs E P Bryan, Mr and Mrs H Jevne, Mr and Mrs J H Braly, Mr and Mrs James Swan of Pasadena, Mr and Mrs F. B Silverwood, Mr and Mrs R S Crombie, Mr and Mrs James Hill, Mr and Mrs I N Richards, Mr and Mrs M L Osler Mr and Mrs G C Holloway; Mr T F Carvell and daughter of Los Angeles, Mrs John W Dobbins of San Gabriel, Miss Jones of San Gabriel, Mrs H L Graham, Miss Jennie Graham, the Misses Josephine Gordon and M E Gordon of Pasadena, Miss Lillie Wellborn, Miss Lillian Buckingham, Mrs A C Patterson, Miss Hazel Patterson, Miss Daisy Cross of San Francisco, Mrs L A Ellis of Pasadena, Mrs Hortense Fisher. Miss Pearl Fisher, Miss A Dewey, Miss Mabel Osler, Miss Malter of San Francisco, Miss Henriet Milner; Messrs John B Bushnell, I N Carson, C R Holterhoff, J B Lankershim, Walter J Wren, W P Larkin, H P Randal of Pasadena, Walter C Fisher of Pasadena, D S Groesbeck of Pasadena, James P Eaton, L M Macy, Homer Laughlin Jr, Russ Avery, Burdette Jevne, J W Thayer, Geo H Robinson of New York, A Newman of New York, H P Wendt, Harry Cunningham, Frank H. Jackson,

CORONADO

BISHOP MONTGOMERY of Los Angeles was noted among Coronado's distinguished visitors of the early part of the week. A large congregation listened to a most eloquent address delivered by the Bishop at the Coronado Catholic Church Sunday last, the only regret being that the smallness of the chapel kept away numbers who were anxious to listen to the reverend gentleman's sermon.

Miss Belle Smith, prominent in San Francisco social circles, is the guest of Miss Cecelia O'Conno, of San Francisco, who is spending the summer on the beach.

Mrs. Sands W. Forman and Miss Forman of San Francisco have returned to Hotel del Coronado for another season.

Mr. and Mr. John Vance Cheney of Chicago were noted among visitors to the beach and at Hotel del Coronado during the past week.

Mrs. Ehrmann and Miss Carrie G. Sachs of San Francisco, guests of the hotel, caught 130 fish during two afternoon outings early in the week.

It would be a difficult matter to say what was the leading pleasure giver of the season so far. Yachting is attracting many, with rowing parties as an honorable second. Fishing losses nothing as time advances, the pier being beloved of the angler. An athletic season is assured by the presence of many men and many maids devoted to tennis and golf. Golf jackets dot the view in number. The links and club house know no such word as lonesomeness.

LONG BEACH

SAILING and fishing parties have been the fad the past week, the pleasure fleet having been kept on the go continually since the Fourth, that date usually marking the time when the great influx of summer visitors really sets in. Every year the crowds which summer here keep growing larger and larger, and notwithstanding the hundreds of new houses which have gone up since last winter, there will not be enough to go round. Last season 10,000 visitors passed the summer here, and that was the biggest season we ever had, but that it will be surpassed the present season is evident from the immense number of people already here, there being now almost as many as at the most crowded part of last season.

The new bathing establishment under the wharf is the most popular place on the beach, the arrangements for the comfort and accommodation of patrons being most complete; all the appointments and appliances in use in fashionable modern seaside resorts are found here, the place being run up to date in every particular.

Mrs. Henry C. Ludlam and daughter, of Monrovia, are at the beach, the guests of Dr. W. L. Cuthbert and family.

Mrs. Frank Curtis of Indio and Miss Teresa, her daughter, are summer guests of Mrs. R. D. Curtis, their relative, on Pacific avenue.

Miss Minnie Murray of Los Angele was the over-Sunday guest of Mrs. D. J. McCarthy at the Pine Hotel.

Mrs. D. Blerkee and son, of Pasadena, are at the beach.

Mrs. G. C. Horton and daughters, Marion and Helen, of Pasadena, are spending the summer here.

Mrs. Strong and daughters, of Albuquerque, N.M., have taken the Montgomery cottage on second street and will stay a month.

Mrs. G. C. Craw, who has been visiting relatives in Boston, returned on Wednesday.

On Monday afternoon next, July 11, a lawn fete will be given at the home of Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, 806 West Adams street. It will be for the benefit of the Los Angeles Kindergarten Association, and is under the auspices of some of the most charming entertainers of the city. The handsome grounds that surround the Severance residence have been offered for the use of the association on this occasion, and it is generally acknowledged that a more delightful spot for an out-of-door entertainment could scarcely be found in Los Angeles.

CHARLES W. OTT, AN INVARIABLE TIME WINNER, STARTING AND TIMING HIMSELF.

Contrary to expectations, Mr. Ott did not start in the track races Tuesday, and the rumor that he was disqualified is refuted by his statement that his best time for one mile is 2:16 2-5 and that he never made that distance in 2:07 3-5, paced by W. G. Furman, as has been stated. Mr. Ott says he will admit not being anxious to ride scratch with A. C. Muff, but the real reason he did not enter was because he preferred to patronize Uncle Collis.

THERE was a noticeable sprinkling of Eastern visitors at all the beaches on the Fourth, and Santa Monica was no exception. Teachers were conspicuous among this class, and in many cases each bore his or her kodak, which was snapped with alarming frequency in the neighborhood of the unsuspecting bathers, and will no doubt bear back to "the East" as souvenirs of "life as she is lived" in gay California.

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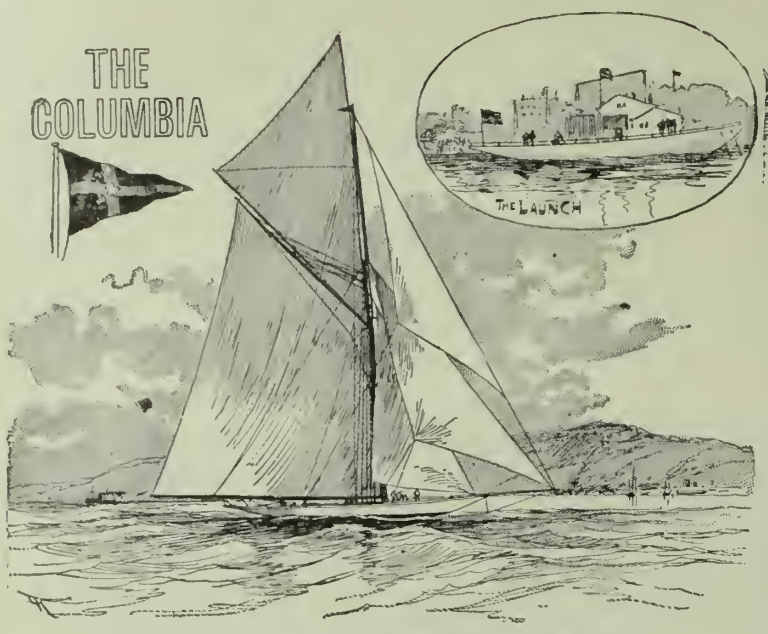

THE NEW CUP DEFENDER, COLUMBIA.

The new cup defender, Columbia, which was launched at Herreshoff's, Bristol, R. I., on Saturday, June 10, has a length over all of 131 feet 6 inches, load water line 89 feet 6 inches, beam 24 feet and draft 20 feet. Her sail area will be 13,500 feet, which is 15 per cent greater than that of the Defender, the American champion of 1895.

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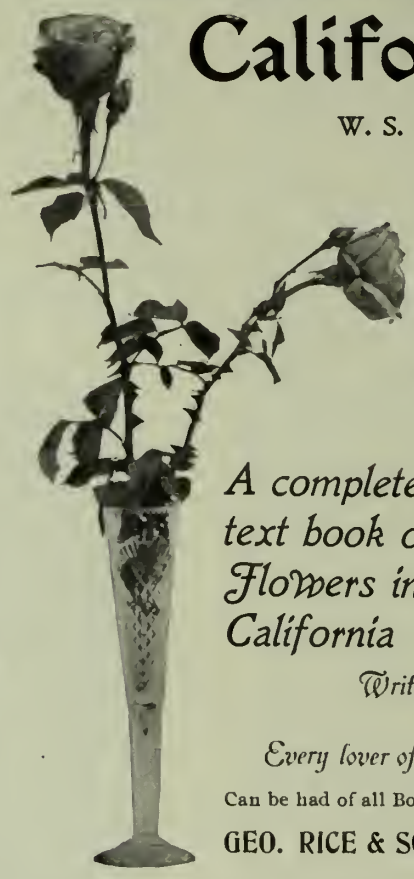

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 3

Los Angeles, Saturday, July 15, 1899.

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10 Cents a Copy

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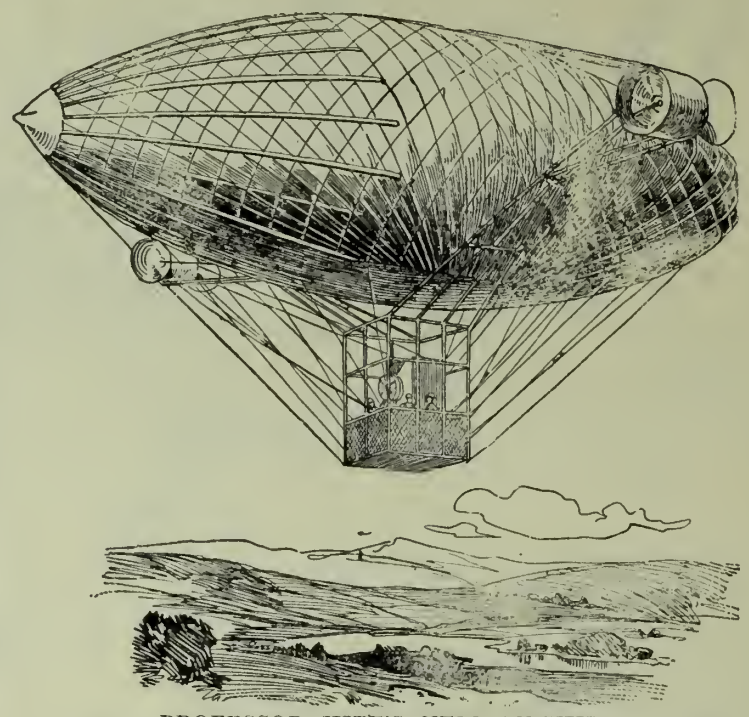

PROFESSOR HITE'S NEW AIRSHIP.

Professor Charles E. Hite, of Philadelphia, is the latest. H's airship is a balloo in the shape of an egg, inflated with hydro-carbon gas and driven through the air b means of fans operated by an engine as a s'ip is driven hro g h the water by pr'ro'le Professor Hite's airship was built at Trenton, N. J.

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR

MR. BUCKLE tried to teach us that every form of civilization was the natural product of the climate, soil, food, and the general aspects of nature. That a scientific expert could tell as soon as he read a book or glanced at a picture whether the author lived under a tropical or wintry sky. This theory may seem plausible but is open to a good deal of suspicion; for instance, Mr. Bagehot says "that emigrants might live a thousand years in Australia or Tasmania and never become like the natives of those lands;" that in short race has something to do with the shape and quality of civilization; that blood will tell. Be this as it may, we feel sure there are more potent and subtle forces at work in molding individual habits and conduct than any that comes from geography, climate or natural scenery.

Some one asked the manager of the London Times how it happened that one man was able to write all the articles that appeared in that paper, as they all appeared so much alike in trick of thought and style. "Oh," he replied, "there is always some one the best contributor, and all the rest copy him." We have here in this curt reply the philosophy of nearly all the great changes in art, literature, drama, the pulpit, and the rage for any special fashion and novelty which may hold sway for a season and then turn away to make room for another. Many of us can remember when nearly every young man in college had something Carlylish in his style and thought, and when the sophomores aped the habit of Lord Byron, wore big shirt collars turned down, without neckties, and affected a wild stare, that seemed to say to their doting mothers, you had better hide the knives and razors or your young hopeful may do some mischief.

The author of "Eothen" gives a pleasant description of the way that every Englishman, no matter how wise and shrewd he may be, after being a while in Oriental lands, falls into the belief of witchcraft, and avers there must be something in it. He may admit that he has seen nothing strange himself, but then he has seen so many who have that he gradually begins to believe that they cannot all be mistaken. He lived in an infectious atmosphere and quite unconsciously caught the prevailing superstition.

None of us are aware how much the imitative instinct has had to do in silently shaping our thoughts and coloring our conduct. Who can tell just when and how he came into possession of his present religious or political opinions? They are in the air, and we catch them as the children do the measles, and like the measles we never catch the same set of ideas twice. We have here an explanation of the fact why crime and suicide are often epidemical. When the trial of a criminal is made a sort of public drama, his words, attitude, and even pictures become a salable commodity in the market, it is not strange that worthless scoundrels, streaked with an inordinate egotism, may often be smitten with an almost irrepressible desire to enjoy being the object of such a sensation.

"WHY does not the City Council adopt the suggestion of the GRAPHIC," said a business man a few days since, "and meet the City Water Company folks?" The same remark has been make a great many times. The present owners of the stock of the Water Company are all citizens of this city, are easily approached, are public spirited, and have done much towards the advancement of our city. They spend their dividends and invest all their surplus right here and should be personally consulted and the business of the Water Company's interest talked over in a business way.

Is it not a mistake for this city to undertake to force some of her own citizens to give up a property by applying the law, which so far has all been on the side of the Water Company, instead of mutually agreeing upon an amicable settlement? The city has taken steps towards voting $2,000,000 bonds, which they expect to sell to foreign capitalists, and after receiving the money to tender a little over half of it to the company for their interests, the balance to be juggled with in repairs, etc. It has been shown by financial and legal men that it is more than possible—almost certain—that even were the bonds voted and sold and the money realized, that it would be years before the Water Company could be compelled to accept it for their interests, if at all. The result of bonds would be an additional tax of about $100,000 a year for eight or ten years while the courts were deciding a matter that WESTERN GRAPHIC believes could be arrived at by a joint meeting of a committee from the Council and one from the Water Company.

WHEN Lord Macaulay pictured the Tasmanian of the future as standing on London bridge and viewing the ruins of a faded civilization doubtless he was not more than half in earnest. Certainly the majority of his readers have accepted his forecast as merely a jest. Yet according to certain scientific predictions that have been made recently there is more than a probability that the grim jest will some day become a sober reality, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The basis of the prediction is the fact that the world's supply of coal is being rapidly exhausted, it being declared on high engineering authority that "with the exhaustion of its coal not only will the power and influence of a nation decline but even its existence will be imperiled."

Coal, it is urged, is the foundation stone, so to speak, of modern civilization. Eliminate coal from the world today and what would become of our civilization tomorrow. Nearly all our factories would cease to work; our ships would lie helpless on the seas; our railway systems would become mere avenues for the creeping traffic of horse cars—in a word chaos would supervene in our present social structure. But what of electricity, what of compressed air, what of gas as fuel you say. All these, as at present utilized, are but products of the consumption of coal, and as the case stands today it needs no practical reservation that the work of mankind is done by the energy which is stored in coal and which is liberated and made available when coal is burned.

AMONG the other distinguished persons who took a kindly hand in welcoming the teachers from all over the country now in Los Angeles was Governor Gage who has been in the city and at his ranch and at Coronado for two weeks. The Governor made the instructors a very pretty little speech which was as finished as it was short and appropriate. He gave our guests a right royal hand of good fellowship and made a fine impression on all present. The Governor is looking as well and as natural as usual and is in extremely high glee over his superb success in extricating the University of California from a tax that would have cast an odium over the whole state.

SOME six or seven years ago a cynical Englishman, who had forgotten Trafalgar square, wrote a book entitled "If Christ Came to Chicago"—and then he dilated severely upon the vices of the city that gave embalmed beef to the brave soldiers of the nation. Now, when we saw old man Brink—whose oysters on the halfshell are superior to many of his athletic fakes—on a balcony seat alongside of Jeffries, the prize fighter, behind four cream white horses in the midst of nearly six thousand people, we were reminded of the Chicago book and the fact that not long since Moody, the greatest evangelical preacher since St. Paul, rode up from the depot on a street car and that later General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, came to his lodgings with an escort of a single hundred of his legion. Truly, if Christ came to Los Angeles he wouldn't be in it with the low down pugs that are hailed by cream white horses and escorted to palatial hotel suites by bands of music and thousands of admirers amidst the acclamations of multitudes. Poor Nazarene! Glory be to Jeffries!

STATISTICS have been taken in France of the spread of the habit of smoking and it has been discovered that within the last year the cigarette and even, astonishing as it may appear, the pipe have found an enormous increase in their female votaries. The fashion of smoking among women is no longer confined to the secrecy of a private room. The Duchess de Uzes and the Marchioness de la Rochefoucauld now publicly take a cigarette after dinner and whatever these ladies permit themselves may safely be taken as a sign of the highest bon ton. The statistics alluded to show that 807,000,000 cigarettes are yearly consumed in France. Those who are fond of sums may rejoice to learn that the cigarettes consumed during the year in France, if placed end to end, would go around the globe 514 times.

Greater Los Angeles

City and County

WE ONCE heard the late lamented J. de Barth Shorb say that the time would come when Southern California would ship five thousand carloads of oranges. Not five hundred carloads were being shipped at that time, and all present simply laughed or expressed themselves in syllables not complimentary to Mr. Shorb's judgment. He once said to the editor of this paper: "I may not live to see the day, but the time is not far distant when Southern California will send away, principally to the East, eight thousand carloads of oranges annually. The orange business cannot be overdone, for three reasons: In the first place, all children are fonder of oranges than any other fruit; and it is my observation that whatever children like well grown people take to readily. In the next place there is only a small area of land in our country where oranges can be grown successfully, while the demand, like our population, will rapidly increase. Besides, there are many uses that the orange may be put to besides placing them on the table as they are taken from the tree." No man ever prophesied more truly. In the first place, quite twelve thousand carloads have been shipped out of Southern California in a single season, and the demand, like the population of our country, is on the increase. And not only nearly twelve thousand carloads have been shipped from Southern California the present season—which is four thousand more carloads than the brilliant Shorb ever dreamed of—but at prices higher than ever obtained before.

By the way, as an article of fruit-food oranges stand at the head of the list, and have never been known to hurt children or grown up people when perfectly ripe and uninjured. The value of oranges as an article of food is becoming better known. "I buy them by the box," says a mother, "and let my children eat them constantly in lieu of candy and other prized children's dainties. I consider that I save money by it." At some of the inebriate asylums oranges have proved an efficient substitute for alcohol, patients sucking the juice of them abundantly every time the thirst for liquor comes upon them. This fact is so well recognized that often at temperance coffee stands piles of luscious oranges are also kept.

And now another benefit is alleged for them, says the New York Times. Some famous French beauties of former days, it is asserted, secured and preserved their marvelous complexions by a free diet of oranges. One in particular lived almost entirely on the fruit. A dozen each at breakfast and luncheon made up these repasts; at dinner a dozen more, with a crust of bread and one glass of Burgundy. Doubtless an orange fad is threatening—for the pursuit of a complexion is a very absorbing one to women.

IT is hardly three years since Professor Lowe undertook to go further up into the Sierra Madre heights with his wonderful aerial railway, and since its completion to its present terminus and the building of th Alpine Tavern tens of thousands of enraptured tourists have traveled over it, and today it is one of the best advertisements Los Angeles has, because multitudes come to this section on purpose to "go up over the Mount Lowe Railway." This marvelous railway in the skies now reaches more than half way to the loftiest summit, and the writer was one of a party who took a ride over the new piece of work just before it reached the Tavern, and he remembers it as delicious beyond description. It is about four miles from Echo Mountain to Mount Lowe Springs, and, with the exception of a piece of trestle-work here and there, the wonderful thoroughfare takes its way over a bed of solid granite as everlasting as the heavens. There were twenty-two ladies and gentlemen along, and the Professor was in a high state of enthusiasm and felicity. The night was balmy and odorous; the moon was lustrous and full; the woods were muiscal with soft sounds; and ever and anon the powerful rays from the searchlight illuminated the summits of the highest mountains and the depths of the lowest canyons, and the entire party was entranced by one of the most public spirited, noble, picturesque, stupendous and audacious enterprises ever undertaken by man.

We were up betimes on Sunday as we had been bidden to repeat the trip while the great orb of all was flinging his unsubdued splendors over the land, and when every outline of dome and chasm and leaf and tree and rock and ledge stood out distinctly and so that every curve and grade and trestle and viaduct might be impressively portrayed on the mind. In addition to the party of the night before there were other ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were profuse in their expressions of admiration over this electric aerial marvel of the Coast range.

No visiting teacher should omit this enchanting side trip from his itinerary, for what the Rigi railway is to Switzerland, the Mount Washington system to New England, the Vesusivus cog road to Italy, so is the Mount Lowe Railway to Southern California, and surpassing all others many times, except, perhaps, the Rigi.

A Few Bright Thoughts

THE sunsets of the Pacific are beautiful beyond compare. Down in the city's heart we, looking upward, catch a glimpse now and then of glories that seem almost too bright to last—here a purple cloud with silver lining, there a crimson banner of ethereal drapery, or a canopy of azure trimmed with a golden fleece; but the celestial phenomena are best observed from the summits of the hills, from which at times the heavens appear as if roofed with beams of gold and silver inlaid with precious gems. For the lover of aerial scenery there is always something to be studied in our Western skies. Clouds, says a recent writer, form one of the most beautiful studies in nature. More gorgeous than the flowers, grander than the forests, mightier than the rivers, gentler than the zephyrs, they change from gloom to glory, from leaden unto gold, as silently as the passing away of a soul. No eider down was ever so light; no fleece was ever so fair; granite and grim today, Tyrian and mother-of pearl tomorrow. In the morning, a breath that a seraph in full song might have breathed; at night, a bank the world's red roses might have grown on. Pleasure clouds, rain clouds, clouds of an hundred guns. This one might have been issued from the chimney of the old homestead at a winter sunrise; that is as grand as the pillar of flame that went before the host in the Wilderness. Mountains covered with snow, crags dipping chrysolites, plains sowed with gold, vales full of night; breath of a sparrow, song of the stars; waves of the sea, walls of alabaster, marble of Carrara; pennons of princes, banners for armies, mantles for tempests and robes for the dead. Moulded by the fingers of the wind, they blossom in the sunshine, petals of the flower-cup of heaven.

We build our castles of the granite of cloud, and we stand on the ledges that grow under the sandals of day, as it steps from cliff unto cliff into heaven. Palettes whereon Evening paints the gone morning "from memory;" the visible song of the Day that is dead, ships of the sea of heaven; quarries out of which we hew paradise, are they all. When we think that the morning cloud is like life we are sad; but when we see it waiting in royal array in God's western gate, we are glad again, for we think how beautiful may we be a dying.

ANENT the peace conference, the most significant utterance yet made is that of ex-Premier Crispi, who in a late article published over his own name says that the safety of Europe "lies not in disarmament, but in the substitution of united states for divided states." He would have it the "United States of Europe."

Two teachers met, laughing, at Broadway and Third,
And one asked the other, in tones like a bird:
"Say, where are you staying, do tell me, please?"
"Why, dearest, I'm staying at the Hotel Van Neese."

Along came another, with shirtwaist so gay,
And said: "I am perfectly at home where I stay.
I'm rooming with a Boston girl just straight from Suez,
And we're having a good time at Hotel Van Nuez."

And there still came another, with pompadour puff,
And spake of her lodgings and of other good stuff.
Says she: "Those bookeis were uncommonly wise
To pack so many of us in the Hotel Van Nyse."

And just at that time the "bookie" came 'long,
Humming "After the Ball," or some such song.
And he said to himself, "Ah! I knew my biz
When I packed all those butes in the Hotel Van Niz."

THERE was a young man from Pomona,
Who vowed he'd eat yards of Bolona;
The coroner now has the body in charge—
For dead is the man from Pomona.

AN OLD FAVORITE, APPROPOS OF JULY 14.

The Fall of the Bastile

"What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin tails?

"The princes that day pass'd before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At Her Majesty's opera box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette;
And so smiling she look'd, and so tender,
That our officers, privates and drummers
All vow'd they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars;
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath
No more to such tyrants to kneel;
And so, just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drumm'd down the Bastile!
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine;
Come, comrades, a humper we'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine,
And the glorious Fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thundered,
As onward our patriots bore;
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis,
He heard it as calm as you please;
And, like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We show'd our republican courage,
We storm'd and we broke the gate in,
And we murder'd the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lamhesc and his squadrons stood by;
They never stirr'd finger or thumb;
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing!
The day of our vengeance was come;
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August;
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the pikeman of Paris,
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches,
March'd onward our dusty battalions;
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
A million of tatterdemalions!
We storm'd the the fair gardens where tower'd
The walls of his heritage splendid;
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,
His nobles and knights by his side,
At the foot of his ancestors' palace
'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.
But no; when we burst through his barriers,
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought him,—
He had turned like a craven and fled.

* * * * * *

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall;
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnish'd and gilded the base is;
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the cities of France on their thrones.
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there,
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom,
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the Mere Guillotine
Cared little for splendor or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess;
Each morning her table we deck'd
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flock'd around,
As she sat at her meat and her wine:
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And call'd for the head of a king!

"She call'd for the blood of our king,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance;
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,
Away from his jailers he broke,
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And linger'd, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum;'
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of Saint Louis was dumb."

William Makepeace Thackeray.

Henry Watterson has drafted a new policy for the democracy which treats the question of money and expansion as settled and provides for legislation against trusts, for tariff for revenue only, for the recovery to the people of all public franchises and for "such reorganization of the judical systems as will remove them farther from the influences of the rich and make them more accessible to the poor." It will be observed that Mr. Watterson continues to reserve the right to do his own thinking.

Good Luck and Bad

The belief that Friday is a day of bad luck arose from varied reasons One superstition is that it was on Friday Adam and Eve ate the fatal apple, and then it is agreed that Christ was crucified on Friday. It is believed to be bad luck to cut the finger nails on Friday, and manicurists say their business is lightest on that day.

One cannot be too careful regarding the wedding day. There is an old saw which everyone knows: "Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all!" May is supposed to be an unlucky month to get married in and June the luckiest of the twelve.

Scores of things children do in play are relics of savage superstition. Puffing a dandelion flower is one of these and the crossing of the fingers in the game of tag to secure immunity comes from the use of the Christian symbol to ward off evil spirits.

The breaking of a looking glass to most people is an evil omen, and they cannot be persuaded out of the belief that some member of the family will die before the year is up. It is said the cracking of a mirror hanging beside a picture of Josephine led Napoleon to regard her as a doomed woman, and that he then began to consider a second wife.

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IN THE GRAND CANON OF THE COLORADO
"Where all is wild and soul inspiring in its grandeur."

Through the army and navy department of the Young Men's Christian Association some one who desires to remain unknown has just subscribed $50,000 to be used in providing shore homes for sailors and marines in the United States service in Brooklyn, Boston, Norfolk, Key West, Galveston and San Francisco. The only condition imposed with the gift is that $100,000 be added to it by other friends of Uncle Sam's sea-fighters. Rear Admiral Philip, Captain Merrill Miller, Captain McCalla, Commander Stockton and other naval officers have the matter in charge.

Music and Art

To the Profession — A special feature of the Western Graphic is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short criticisms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of Western Graphic, Los Angeles.

THE musical horizon is not very thickly dotted with approaching events, but, contrarily, the retreat of many of the musicians to the coast and mountains causes a feeling of lonesomeness among the ultra-musical set. Then everything must give way this week to the N.E A., and no doubt many revelled in the harmony of the overture at the Chinese theater.

Next Tuesday evening the Woman's Orchestry will give a program at Blanchard Hall, and from the excellence of work at the rehearsals the concert will prove a treat. The ladies have worked hard to make a success of this event and a recognition of their efforts is meet.

The "new school" of music will be more than interested in the following note on Siegfried Wagner's "Der Baerenhaueter" by Signor Lucchesi in the Wasp, who lately received the score of the new opera: The lucky son of his illustrious father seems to have succeeded in dressing the comic and light subject with music very suitable to the situations. The paternal influence is plainly seen. It is a continued research for new effects very often falling into exaggeration, and breaking that wonderful balance which is one of the greatest values in Richard Wagner's music-dramas. The "Waltz of the Devil," although beautiful, shows such fault. The best number seems to be the introduction to the third act, which is worked out with undeniable mastery and grandeur. Of course, my impressions, derived only from reading the vocal score, are subject to modification. The chances of our hearing such an opera being rather slim, it is to be hoped that the officers of the San Francisco Symphony Society will endeavor to secure for the coming season at least some orchestral excerpts from the "Baerenhaueter," and be sure that Fritz Scheel, our only possible symphony leader, will give it that happy interpretation which has helped so much to render popular among us the most noted orchestral morceaux of Papa Wagner.

On Friday evening the old soldiers at Soldiers' Home and quite a number of outsiders enjoyed a musicale given in the Ward Memorial Hall on the grounds by Miss Susette L. Sullivan, soprano, assisted by Mrs. F. Rigdon Williams, pianist; Miss Angela Louise Anderson, reader and impersonator; Mrs. N. C. Clark, M.D., soprano; Mrs. W. D. Larrabee, accompanist. Such entertainments are greatly enjoyed by the old veterans and as the admission is but ten cents, barely sufficient to cover expenses, a great many of them are enabled to receive their share of the sunshine of life.

Blanchard Hall was an ideal place for the sessions of the music department of the N.E.A., which began Wednesday afternoon. The hall was crowded at every meeting and many interesting papers were read and discussions indulged in on musical topics, of course principally as applied to school work.

During the Wednesday afternoon session of the N.E.A. at Hazard's Pavilion Miss Myrtle Canady brightened the program with a violin solo, and was complimented by an enthusiastic encore.

Mrs. J. G. Scarborough gave one of her delightful "at homes" Wednesday afternoon at her home on Constance street in honor of Mrs. Genevra Johnstone Bishop. It was a musical afternoon and a fine program included numbers by Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Mrs. Orr Harralson, Mrs. C. Modini-Wood, Miss Mary O'Donoughue, H. Russell Ballard, Harry S. Williams and Mrs. Scarborough. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Harralson assisted in receiving.

Effect of Music

Just as music has different effects on different natures, so it acts differently upon animals of varying species. Weird music is more successful in attracting the attention of animals than that of the louder and harsher instruments. The blare of a trumpet only infuriates them, while of the coronet and flagolet they take not the least notice. Bagpipes and the violin are afforded attention and interest.

When a whistle was played for the benefit of a cage of monkeys it was found the green-bonnet monkey sat with hands and feet tightly drawn together, as though he controlled himself by the utmost effort. Another monkey dropped his jaw and made horrible faces at the musician.

Eagles when played to become serious and sedate and listen patiently with evident enjoyment.

Lionesses are affected most by the bagpipes. They crouch half frightened and then dash madly around their cage as though scared. Captive coyotes when music is played will range themselves in a half circle and listen with the greatest attention.

Snakes like the bagpipes played softly, and will sometimes coil up with raised head and gently sway to and fro. Perhaps the most surprising effect is that of music on the alligator. When the experiment was tried the big brute rose from the water and actually smiled with his great teeth exposed.

Yale college has at last elected a president, the successful man being Prof. A. T. Hadley, a member of the faculty and a leader in Eastern educational thought. The presidential vacancy has existed for some months, during which time nearly every prominent scholar in the country has been "mentioned" for the place.

Iowa is out of debt and it is expected that the state will have a big surplus on hand by the first of the year. In addition to having no debt, Iowa must have a shortage of professional politicians.

NEW MUSIC AT BLANCHARD'S

Piano: "An Album Leaf," Camillo Engel; "Concerto," C sharp minor, Scharwenka. Voice; "Daffodils," Abbey A. Ford; "A Bye-low Song," W. J. McCoy.

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In the Gay Life

SOCIETY'S equipages have been wending their way—and a truly delightful way—for many Sunday afternoons past through the fine old grounds of Judge Silent's home which has recently been opened as a public avenue from Adams street to Twenty-third street. To the tenderfoot the very swell looking gateways are an interrogation whether entree is public or not, but a short observation of the travel coming and going soon lays the question as to thoroughfare and tender-pedals enters. The view thus opened whether to tender vision or not is truly one of the choicest bits of semi-tropic scenery to be found anywhere in this region. In fact the broad avenue bordered in beautiful palms set in clusters of bright flowers might lead a poor wanderer to believe a bit of Ceylon's spicy isle or one of Calcutta's choicest drives had been transplanted hither for his surprise and pleasure. The only one fault is the drive is too short, and if the truth is told the equipages aforesaid swerve round before reaching the Twenty-third street end, the Mecca of all this pilgrimage being the peculiar red and pink sandstone building which is being put up by the Posey's—and imposing it is,—as a residence. The fates forbid this chronicler's attempting a name for the style of this odd structure; let it be Mecca. The yellow, reds and salmon pinks surely belong to something Mohammedan. The Poseys, by the way, are making Coronado their summer home.

Opinion is divided this year which is to be the swell resort of the summer. It seems, however, that Santa Monica would win. With the Wilcoxes, Miners, Trumans and others of that set, friends of the Joneses, and the San Francisco contingency, which is soon to follow this lead, it would seem that Santa Monica would pick up the popularity that was so summarily swept off the boards two years ago and be what it should be, the leading, as it is the most charming resort on the coast. Mrs. Otheman Stevens among others went down last week, making her home at the Arcadia.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis are helping things at Redondo, which is still the favorite summer home of many Angelenos. Terminal Island is forging ahead and it is said the Gordon Arms will entertain any number of swells this summer.

In town the past week small hospitalities have been rare. The two daughters of Mr. Heinzeman, Miss Henrietta and Miss Augusta, were tendered a betrothal supper on Wednesday evening by Mrs. J. W. Krause. The nuptials, with Mr. Edwin H. Clark and Mr. James Cashin as respective bridegrooms, will take place some time in September. The brides to be are very charming young ladies and are the recipients of hosts of congratulations. The guests at the supper included Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz, Miss Milner, Miss Hattie Milner, Miss Kurtz, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Norton, Mr. Edward Heinzeman.

Among large affairs the lawn fete given by Mrs. Caroline M. Severance at her home on Adams street was the most prominent, although disappointing in a way. Modjeska was to have lent her presence, a knowledge that of course drew increased crowds of guests. But she did not come although the leading daily papers had her artistically arranged somewhere with Professor Starr Jordon on one side and Miss Estelle Reel on the other. The trouble was her train was delayed and although many of the guests lingered over softened tutti-frutti until the cool of the afternoon and until long after the musicians had bound up their instruments and the moving van had come for the piano yet the expected actress did not appear and the company dwindled away one by one, which goes to show however worthy a work of benevolence, and the Free Kindergarten in particular may be, the human structure seeks to draw in some return for doing its duty. Who would blame in this case, for even the poor scribe hoped to glean some news in the ways of stunning toilette or perhaps a useable word from the great actress' lips.

As it was, the afternoon was a pleasant one and drew a number of guests of the cultured classes and visiting scholars, to have been expected with such a veteran enthusiast in educational matters as Mme. Severance. Dr. Jordan of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend of Hawaii, Prof. Charles H. Keyes of Massachusetts, formerly of Throop, Pasadena; Mrs. Rachel Dresser, a noted kindergartner, and many others lent their presence, not forgetting Miss Reel, national superintendent of Indian schools, who with her little band of fifteen young Indian girls who played in mandolin chorus, attracted a great deal of attention. The fete had the patronage of a large number of society women, and assisting in extending the "gracefuls" were Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Ira O. Smith, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. E. G. Howard, Mrs. C. C. Williams, Mrs. Kate Lennant Woods, and the Misses Zella Fay, Helen North, Wyman, Currey, Isabel Godin, Myra Lindley.

All of society in town was out in force to honor Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop last Wednesday afternoon at a reception tendered her by Mrs. J. G. Scarborough. All the honor was not on one side, however, for entertainers and guests had the pleasure of hearing again the singer's magnificent voice on several numbers of a most enjoyable program, which had beside such talent as is well known from Mrs. Modini-Wood, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Miss Mary O'Donoughue, Mrs. Orr Harralson, the hostess, Mr. H. Russell Ballard and Mr. Harry S. Williams. The affair was the most noted of the week of a purely social nature.

Dr. Titian J. Coffey, a graduate of the Los Angeles Medical College who has lately finished a post-graduate course at the University of Pennsylvania, has assumed the practice of Dr. Jarvis Barlow for the year or more that he will be in Europe. Mr. Coffee has many friends who will welcome him back to the land of sunshine.

Tuesday afternoon—Spring street—Father and son are discovered in a listening attitude. "Father, what is the Times' whistle blowing for; do you suppose Otis has been made secretary of war or is it N.E.A. enthusiasm?" Father (with a withering glance at the youth) "Neither, my boy, that infernal racket is a simon pure advertisement for the Times."

In the Spring School Division of the N.E.A. work is an exhibit that has attracted a great deal of attention, both among the home visitors as well as those from the East. It is the Brownsberger Home School of Shorthand and Typewriting, a most unique and pleasing exhibit of the unaided efforts of the present membership of this school.

THE Japanese have been called the "Yankees of Asia," and as the Yankees of the United States have in nothing been more famous than in their clock making industries the same faculty ought to appear in the kingdom of the Mikado to make the comparison a just one. And it does.

THAT is a peculiar system of law now in force in Utah which permits a condemned criminal to choose his own method of quitting the country for his country's good. Abe Majors, who on Tuesday was convicted for the murder of a police captain at Brigham City selected the rifle ball and he was sentenced to be legally shot.

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MAINE GIRL—Don't tell all you know; keep a little for seed.

New Hampshire Maid—The trouble with the person who doesn't know anything is that he is always telling it to others.

Vermont Maiden—It is a physical impossibility for hearts to break, but there are lots of cracked brains in this world.

Massachusetts Teacher—Many school children are like pins, no good when they lose their heads.

Rhode Island Woman—Women are naturally foolish because they were made to match the men.

Connecticut Principal—I shall be called a California liar when I get home.

New York Tutor—Some men can hear the ring of a silver dollar farther than that of a church bell.

New Jersey Educator—At three score and ten we have accumulated enough wisdom to enable us to acknowledge our ignorance.

Pennsylvania Fair One—When a man's love grows cold he should put his arm around her and warm her up.

Delaware Instructor—These Southern California peaches are very fine—very fine—but——

District of Columbia—I am in ecstacies over everything.

Maryland Charmer—These California oyster cocktails are very appetizing.

Virginia—The '99 wheel of fortune will be a chainless.

West Virginia—The smaller the hole an unruly scholar gets into the louder he bowls.

North Carolina—Modesty never shows up to good advantage in the dark.

South Carolina—The sharper a man is the harder it is to make a fool of him.

Georgia—I cannot help praising your fine watermelons—but——

Florida—These late Velencias are delicious, but——

Alabama—No, I have never ridden a bicycle, but I go my best hat on a single Wheel-er.

Mississippi—It is such a good place I shall always call it the Van Nice.

Missouri—I shall not forget that Chamber of Commerce elephant.

Louisiana—Your sugar is excellent, but our cane-beet all.

Kentucky—A long pedigree doesn't prevent a horse from being the last of his race.

Tennessee—Veni, Vici, and I want to stay forever.

Ohio—I don't see the man with the hoe to any great extent.

Illinois—The white man's burden is just lovely round here.

Indiana—Southern California is good enough for me.

Michigan—I want to sell my round-trip ticket and remain in Los Angeles the rest of my life.

Wisconsin—Maier & Zobelein's pale pilsener puts me in mind of my own Milwaukee potables.

Iowa—Good-bye to cyclones. I'm not going back.

Minnesota—I find there are other places than our own where good flour may be obtained.

North Dakota } So say we all of us.
South Dakota }

Colorado—Man is made of dust, at least some wives think their husbands are.

Kansas—There is no place like home, yet I would not mind staying in Los Angeles another week or two.

Nebraska—I have arrived at the happy land of Canaan at last.

Arkansas—I wish some young man with an orange grove would propose to me.

Oklaboma—No, we never teach the young idea how to shoot in our country.

Indian Territory—Even your Cherokee rose is finer than ours.

Texas—Too many young men empty their sand boxes on the first grade.

Idabo—The miner cannot hope to succeed unless he gets down to business.

Oregon—No matter what a girl's political belief is she always wants protection.

Washington—Travel often broadens a person's mind and especially if it takes him to Los Angeles.

Alaska—When it comes to going to Southern California it is a cold day when I get left.

Hawaii—And we too are in it.

Guam—We too.

Porto Rico—We too.

Philippines—We too.

California—Thanks, awfully.

Beatrice Snow John Bowler Stella Schmidt
Harry Walton Roy P. Hillman William Hunter
Helen North Clinton Judy
Rowena Moore Earle Anthony

If not N. E. A.'s, it can be truthfully said that these young men and women were N-ever E-xcelled A nywhere for brains and mettle. They are the editors of "Blue and White," the '99 annual of the Los Angeles High School, which redounds to their credit from cover to cover. Now witty, now serious; now sentimental, now severe, it is an interesting epitome of a year's school life, and in years to come will be a priceless treasure to the members of the Summer Class of '99.

New Mexico—The poet who writes poor verses is apt to accuse the editor of having poor judgment.

Arizona—Why, dont' you know we heav no paper called the Arizona Kicker?

Wyoming—How glad I am I came.

Nevada—The silver lining to our cloud doesn't amount to much nowadays.

Utah—The woman who thinks all men are angels had better remain single and nurse the delusion.

Montana—The only way to convince a girl that all men are not angels is to let her marry one.

THE well known Ottinger's Railway Ticket Office has established an office in this city at 212 South Spring street. Under the management of Mr. Magnus this office can give patrons the benefit of its connections with the San Francisco and Portland branches and business relations with ticket brokers' offices in all parts of the United States. They book to all parts of the world and are agents for several of the best known steamship lines. Their motto and guarantee is to save money for travelers, and their guarantee is as good as gold.

A LOST ART

THE mere reminder that we are incapable of matching today the giants of the pen, the brush, the chisel, the lyre and so forth, who flourished before our time, would be chastening enough by itself, but there are those who do not hesitate to assert that we have lost the social arts as well. They refer us back to the studied elegance and charm, the wit and sparkle that characterized social intercourse, on its higher planes, but a few generations ago and protest that the lost art which there is greatest cause to lament is the art of conversation. What remains, they ask, of the faculty of dainty badinage and ready repartee that once contributed so much to the building up of social reputations? What of the once sedulously cultivated skill in the turning of polished phrase and graceful compliment? Where are these accomplishments to be looked for among a generation that would be aghast at the very idea of talking for talk's sake and that restricts its interchange of ideas mainly to a comparison of notes about its social engagements, its ailments and its bicycles?

We may deny that the loss of the "elegant" conversation of a more artifical period is in any way a subject for regret; but the fact that it is lost admits of no dispute. People do not meet nowadays to "exchange ideas" and entertain one another with elaborate compliment and displays of conversational agility. They simply chatter, more often in the perfunctory discharge of the obligation to say something than because they have anything particular to say. So generally recognized, indeed, is the conversational barrenness of the time, that some well meaning hostesses have positively been attempting of late to come to the rescue by providing each pair of their dinner guests with a supplement to the menu containing proposed topics for discussion during the repast. They have forgotten, however, that to bring a horse to the water is not necessarily to induce him to drink. Even when the subjects thus provided did not happen to be hopelessly unintelligible or uninteresting to those to whom they were offered the efficacy of such a recourse must needs be little enough, so long as the once cherished art of talking remains generally neglected and anything beyond the spasmodic interchange of perfunctory gossip and superficial opinion is shunned as "old-fashioned" and tabooed as a bore.

This is, however, distinctly an age of revivals, and it has been proposed that there be established a school for the purpose of teaching the youth of the land how to get back into the fine old style of our ancestors. There is no denying that the present young people talk in a careless, slangy strain, altogether too loose in thought and expression to lay any claim to excellence. While it would be difficult to convince the boys and girls of today that they are in any need of improvement in the line of talking it might be possible to make the repartee so sharp, the compliments so quaint, the phrases so well turned that they would charm from their originality alone.

THE dashing autotruck may come,
The horseless carriage, too;
The elements may do the work
That horses now must do;
But as long as men keep striving on
For fortune or for fame
You'll find that money'll always make
The "mare go" just the same.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

SANTA MONICA is now in the midst of its season and there is no day nor evening that great crowds do not come down to enjoy the precious wind and wave. Sundays are the great days, though, and there can have been few under ten thousand here on Sunday last. There are no such things as hot nights at Santa Monica, and it is without doubt the best all the year round sleeping place in the world.

Surely Santa Monica is on the march of improvement this year, and much has been done to make the place attractive to all. The beaches and bath houses are all in splendid order, and the fishing is very good from both wharves.

One of the public-spirited residents here—Mr. Gillis—has lately purchased a lot of land on the beach north of the bathhouse from Mrs. Baker and contemplates laying out some of it in pretty cottage sites upon some of which he will build summer places for renting. In this connection it is worthy of remark that nobody ever bought land in Santa Monica and held on to it that did not make money by the transaction. At present Santa Monica is a lovely little city of from three thousand to thirty-five hundred inhabitants. The residences are of a substantial order, and in some cases, as in that of Miramar, the residence of United States Senator John P. Jones, they rise to the dignity of downright splendor. The grounds of even the least pretentious residences are always bright and attractive.

Schools and churches abound on all hands, most of the leading Christian denominations being represented. A new power house supplies an unfailing demand for electricity and a new sewer system has recently been completed. Well equipped hotels are here, and the Arcadia, conducted by Frank Miller, is one of the handsomest and best kept hostelries on the Pacific Coast. Mine host Eckert makes his place a favorite resort for all who want fish dinners and the like. Santa Monica has broad and well shaded streets, the leading thoroughfares being well sprinkled. A well stocked public library assists the visitor in whiling away the time.

Of course, with such a beach, the bathing appointments, both those of the Hotel Arcadia and those of the North Beach, are superb. The latter is supplied with enormons tanks, in which multitudes disport themselves in heated water. It is equal to anything of the kind on either the Atlantic or Pacific Coast, as it has added many improvements during the past few months.

It is simply impossible to exaggerate the attractions of the climate of Santa Monica. It is a much mooted question as to whether its summer or its winter climate is the more agreeable. The Duke of Sutherland and the celebrated Dr. Russell, the latter the famous war correspondent of the London Times, pronounced it the best beach they ever saw, a judgment which Dr Russell reiterated in his book in very strong terms. It is indeed hard to say enough of the charm of the surf bathing in Santa Monica.

Take it for all in all there is no place on the American continent where one can spend all the months more pleasantly than at Santa Monica. We have forborne to dwell on the

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

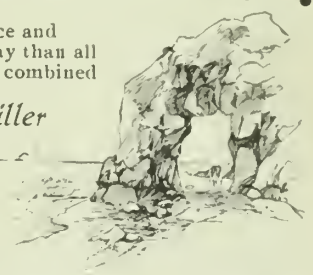
Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

Faster train service and more trains per day than all competing resorts combined

Frank A. Miller
Prop.



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Ocean Air Ocean Beach Ocean Bathing
L. B. OSBORN, Agent
Office, terminus Electric Car Track, Santa Monica.

Fine Fish Dinners

No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.

THE PAVILION
ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

The North Beach Bath House

Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

poetical charms of the place. With a spread of water as beautiful as the famed bay of Naples, the place has a climate which is nowhere rivaled in the Riviera. There is no month in the year in which bathing in the ocean may not be enjoyed by a person in ordinary health. The society is all that could be desired at all seasons of the year, while in summer, particularly, it is the Mecca of many of the fashionable flock of Southern California.

TERMINAL ISLAND

WE of Terminal Island feel that we have a right to luxuriate in the wonderful change that has transformed a sand spit into one of the most fashionable and popular resorts on the southern coast. With the opening of the Gordon Arms Terminal takes its place with the best of them and not the least alluring feature of our attractions will be the weekly Cinderella hops at the hotel, which were inaugurated with a jolly crowd last Saturday evening. Cottagers and their friends and a number of the butterfly set of this city and Pasadena made the evening a gay one and Cinderella thoughtfully set the clock backward, "for just this once, you know."

Mr. W. D. Ainsworth entertained a party of twelve at luncheon on Sunday.

Many enjoyable fishing, yachting and bathing parties have been indulged in during the past week by the guests of the hotel.

The Indian Band of World's Fair fame, played on the veranda of the hotel during luncheon on Sunday.

The Misses Gordon of Pasadena are spending a few weeks at the Gordon Arms.

Miss Adale Anderson of Chicago is a guest at the Gordon Arms.

Among the guests registered at the hotel during the past week are James W. Macdonald, Mrs. Easton, Misses Easton, Mrs. Mullins, Miss Bean, Mrs. J. G. Easton, Mr. Lang Easton, Mr. Lon Pratt, Mr. Lane Haskins, Dr. Brook Alexander, W. D. Ainsworth, W. G. Young, L. Ogden and wife, Charles C. Judson and wife, C. W. Judson, Miss P. L. Judson, L. M. Kelsey and wife and daughter, W. H. Holmes, G. M. Nortman, C. L. Ruggles of Philadelphia, Dr. Lemuel Willard of Chicago, Miss Mary F. Willard of Chicago, R. D. Bronson, Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, W. P. Cole, Mrs. J. H. Jones, Mrs. H. Scott, Mrs. Chas. Winters, Dan P. Jones, J. W. Hughes of Pasadena, D. L. Groesbeck of Pasadena, E. M. Latham and wife, Miss Spellan of San Francisco, D. M. Thomas, A. Sturtevant, Frank K. Wilson and wife, Carl Newberger, Herman Kobbe, R. L. Reynolds of Pasadena, K. C. McFarran and child from Durango, Mexico.

REDONDO BEACH

THE principal topic of interest in Redondo social circles is the open handicap tennis tournament which will be held on the Redondo courts Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. Entries are already coming in fast and should all be made by Tuesday. Any information in regard to the tournament may be had by applying to R. A. Rowan, 214 Wilcox building, Los Angeles, or Hotel Redondo. The full dress tennis ball Saturday evening will be one of the leading social events of the summer season and is delightfully anticipated by the young society people of Los Angeles and vicinity.

The hop last Saturday evening was very enjoyable and was closed with a few figures of the german skillfully arranged by Mr. Wm. Watson Levett of Los Angeles. The four couples leading were Mr. and Mrs. Levett, H. B. Ainsworth and Miss Waddell, W. R. Norris and Miss Sargent, Mr. Terry and Miss Loring.

The guests of the hotel enjoyed their regular swimming party at the plunge Monday evening and F. C. Bolt and Miss Margery Bolt of Pasadena made a pleasant addition to the usual number.

Miss Laura Solano succeeded in breaking the ladies' golf record on the Redondo courts before her departure last Monday by making the nine holes in 47.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Miss Solano and Miss Nelson, who have been spending several months at Hotel Redondo, have returned to Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. Solano will leave almost immediately for a European trip. Miss Nelson will accompany them. Miss Solano will spend the summer in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis of Los Angeles who were at their cottage here for the summer have been obliged to return home on account of the ill health of Mrs. Lewis' mother, Mrs. Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis arrived this week to remain at the hotel for the rest of the season.

Among prominent Pasadena people at the hotel for an extended stay are Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bolt, Mrs. E. F. Bowler, Miss Stickney, Mr. and Mrs. James Swan, Miss Franc Bolt and Miss Margery Bolt.

C. R. Holterhoff, Jr., was among last Sunday's visitors at Redondo.

There has been a large party of members of the N.E.A. dining at the hotel every day this week frequently to the number of forty.

CATALINA ISLAND

ON every Saturday's steamer comes the "over Sunday" crowds who dance and fish and swim and get red faces for a night and a day and spend the rest of the week in the hot city toiling and peeling and trying new brands of face lotion, all the while looking forward to the next Saturday night when they may again hie themselves to the delightful little lump of dirt caressed by the waves of the Pacific. People will do more hard work in their ecstacy of enjoyment than could be got out of the army in the Philippines with a promise of a chicken dinner.

Great crowds of shirt-waisted school maams and a few lonesome men availed themselves of the excursion this week, and those of us islanders who consider ourselves summer fixtures felt like a drop in a bucket but did our best to entertain them. Among the late arrivals at the aquarium are two large Poet Jackson horned sharks, two drum fishes, the drumming of which can be heard across the long building. These fishes are remarkable for a series of mother of pearl spots along the sides in double rows. The light from their luminous organs is decidedly noticable. Another interesting addition is an eel nearly five feet long which was caught by J. H. Holbrook Tuesday. It is about the most repulsive thing that could be imagined and made a regular circus when a crowd of men and boys were putting it in the tank. One young man remarked that if it was anything like that the boys saw he would confine himself hereafter to milk shakes and "teakettle tea."

The biggest fish of the week was, of course, one that was not caught, but F. S. Gerrish and E. L. Doran fought him for four and a quarter hours and were towed about eighteen miles.

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Climate near Perfection
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Special Weekly Rates

H. R. WARNER, Prop.

TO REDONDO
VIA
Santa Fe Route

Summer Time Table

DAILY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	9.55 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10 35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7 40 p. m.

Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.

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Trains leave Los Angeles for Redondo

Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5 45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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ELSINORE CAL.

Town Talk and Prattle

SINCE GOLF became popular the costumes of the golfer and the cycler have been almost identical, but this year the two sports seem to have come to a fork in the road where their paths diverge and henceforth each class will have a distinctive style.

It will not be the wheelman to change, for he is very well satisfied with his garb, but the man who gets his fun out of pounding a little gutta percha ball with long sticks with odd-sounding names has made up his mind to switch styles and the result will be almost a new dress for the golf enthusiast.

The bicycle rider will stick to his swell-cut knickerbockers, the only change being that they will be cut a trifle different. Instead of wide, baggy trousers, ending up with golf bands at the knees, his tailor will make them on a sort of taper, like riding breeches, and instead of golf bands will substitute the old-fashioned buckle which did duty when N. H. Van Sicklen, the Chicago rider, imported the first bloomer suit ever worn in this country by a wheelman. This has been found to give better satisfaction than the other style, for with the buckle there is no binding at the knee, and the tailor can turn out a better-looking garment.

But the golf band will not be discarded entirely, for there are those who will stick to this style. There will be modifications to the old style, however, and in place of a band some six inches in length and made of stiff cloth, there will be small bands just long enough for two buttons. Then there will be bands made of the same cloth as the rest of the trousers, being simply a continuation of the leg, with buttons to fasten with.

Checks will continue to be popular for the nether garment, although some of the ultra-swell will stick out for trousers of the same material and color as the coat. This combination makes a jaunty suit and one that will suit the most quiet taste.

In the matter of caps there will be some change. There have been changes in head-gear every spring for the last five or six years and now the manufacturers seem to have struck the right thing at last. Formerly it was the proper caper to wear a small cap, just large enough to stick on two or three hairs on the crown of the head. Then the Stanley cap had a run and now the cap fashioned after the golfing style finds favor in the eyes of the wheelmen. Not the huge headgear flopping down over the ears, but a neat-appearing cap, with a reasonably sized peak and generally made of the same material as the trousers. One of the latest conceits in this line has been adopted from the golfing world and is a silk cap made of fancy-colored Scotch plaid and so light and airy that one has to feel twice before he is sure that he has any cap on at all. Of course a new thing costs money and as much as $2 can be invested in such a cap.

Neglige shirts will be far more popular than the sweater. This latter garment will be used more for long country runs and in cold weather than for city riding. For early summer wear the plaited-front shirt will have the call, the bosom being stiff enough to keep out the chilly breezes. As really hot weather approaches these plaited fronts will be discarded, and in their places will come the regulation neglige. With these shirts will go collars and cuffs of the same color as the body of the shirt. There is something new in the way of collars, a neat turn-down with rounded edges. These collars will be most comfortable as well as adding to one's appearance. The cuffs will be attatched or detatched according to the will of the purchaser.

For ties those who desire to cut a swell will use English twilled silk string or washable ties of Madras or Oxford.

There will be a variety of styles in coats, with no marked preference. The box coat will continue in favor and in most cases be blue to accompany the checked trousers. Vests will not be worn except for morning or evening riding, when the weather is so chilly as to demand the extra garment.

Among the cycling clubs there is not so much talk of club uniforms as in the past, and the chances are that this summer there will be few clubs to adopt such a costume, leaving the matter of dress to the discretion of the members. Club uniforms were all right in the early days of the sport, but at present time the club member does not like to wear such distinctive clothing. Another reason for the falling off in demand for uniforms is the fact that if a club does have a neat uniforms it is not long before every Tom, Dick and Harry in town has one like it, so that the purpose for which it was adopted is lost sight of. In the eastern cities, however, the uniform continues in popularity.

Getting down to the question of proper dress for golfers it will be found that a most radical departure in style has been made this year. Knickerbockers have been given the go-by and discarded by many as not being as suitable for the sport as the new dress adopted. In place of the short trousers there will be long ones, which is said to be most suitable, because the golfer is with the ladies so much, and there is no reason why the long trousers should not be worn.

With the long trousers to be worn by the gentleman golfer will go a tight-fitting jersey jacket, with silk sleeves, in red, green or a combination of the two colors. The silk sleeves are for the purpose of allowing more freedom to the arms. When a coat is worn it is generally of the same color as the trousers. White flannel will be in demand. With the flannel suit will go the white flannel cap. The new gold golf cap of fancy colored silks will also be worn.

The woman who finds enjoyment in golf will wear the tight fitting jersey jacket, with silk sleeves, a white pique skirt and a jaunty little white cap of the same material.

JUST issued from a Los Angeles press is "Arizona and Its Resources," a quarto publication of seventy-six pages filled with fine half-tone illustrations and comprehensive letter-press upon subjects suggested by the title of the work. J. M. Reuck is the promoter of the publication, with whom have been associated A. B. Rich and John Isaacs, editor.

HOW SILAS WENT A-FISHING

"OH, Si! Si! Silus! Silus! Why don't thet feller answer? I know he's nigh here fer I jest seed his shadder pass the door this minit."

The speaker was addressing herself. She was tall, angular and had a set determined jaw that bespoke the disposition of one born to rule.

"Silus, ef you don't answer this minit I'll make it mighty interestin' fer ye."

"Yesum," came a coarse heavy voice from outside of the open cabin door. The voice was deep and heavy, but its tones were placating.

"Come in this minit, I say."

"Yesum," came the deep bass voice again, and the speaker followed the answer through the open door.

Si was scarce five feet tall. His hair was red and long. A two week's growth of reddish beard covered his face, which was shaded by a wide brimmed felt hat that at one time had been of a soft grey, but was now of a streaked pattern outlined by grease and dirt. He wore a dirty blue blouse and overalls. A corncob pipe, which had been blackened with long service, was sticking from his mouth.

Si stood in the middle of the cabin floor and looked appealing at the woman who had stationed herself by the table which stood under the window. The soiled dishes from the noon-day meal were piled upon the table.

"What do yer want Sallie?" queried Si, in the same deep toned placating voice.

"Whut do I want? Silus Quimby, I'm sprised to hear yer ask sich er fool question. What do I want? Well, did yer ever? Do yer spect I'm a standin' here a yelling my lungs out er callin' fer yer ef I didn't want nuthin'? Uv couse I don't want nuthin'; I'm perfectly happy, I is," and she sat down in the nearest chair and heaved a sigh that betokened good lungs.

"Yesum," replied Si.

"I haint never wanted nuthin', end I needn't ever spect nuthin' nuther. Here I am jist ez sick ez I kin be, end you sittin' out thar in ther sun a sunnin' yerself jest ez lazy ez a lizard, end with no more thought fer eny one then a lizard. Silus Quimby, you er the orneryst man ez ever drawed ther breth uv life. Yer no sooner git the dinner end eat et but whut yer skin out'n the cabin a hopin' I'm a goin' to slave fer yer end wash up the things. Eny great big husky man ez kin swaller his vitlus like you kin orter be eshamed uv hiself end not let his poor little sick wife hev ter fuss over his dirty dishes. Now yer git in end wash 'em up this minit, for I kaint stand ter be fretted all ther time."

"Yesum," came the same deep monotone.

Si filled the dish pan with water and proceeded to wash and wipe the dishes, and the manner in which he went about the work showed that he had had long practice in the art.

The woman rose from her chair and crossed over the room to an old rocking chair that had only one arm, and which creaked and squeaked in a complaining tone under her weight as she rocked to and fro.

"Now Silus Quimby, yer aint a goin' fishin' this evenin' ef I know myself; end I think I do," and her head gave a decided jerk and toss as she snapped the words out of her mouth.

"Yer thought yer wuz purty cute this here forenoon arter yer got though with yer breakfust things end went er sneakin' end er slippin' up ther holler en ther tall willers a grubbin' up fishin' wurms. Now yer needn't try ter lie out uv et, fer didn't I go out end see with my own two eyes thet the grub hoe wuz gone, end didn't I foller yer up there through all thet wet end slush uv the swamp to jist see whut yer wuz up to, end didn't I see yer a grubbin' end a grubbin' fer them thar nasty squirmin' wurms, end didn't I see with my own two eyes my husband, Silus Quimby, a havin' uv a tin eyester can a pickin' uv the nasty, dirty things up end a puttin' uv 'um in thet can. Yes, I did. End me, a poor, sick, little woman thet kin scursly eat a full meal uv vitles, a sittin' on a log er watchin' her husband fur a hull hour; end me with wet feet et thet. Oh, dearey me, whut will ever become uv me?"

Back and forth went the rocking chair faster than ever, creaking and groaning, keeping time to the motion of her waving hands.

"Yesum," came the monotone, and the rattle of knives and forks went on as Silas washed and wiped.

"Whur did yer put them wurms, Silus?" asked the woman in a quick firm tone.

"Whut wurms, Sallie?" replied Silas.

"Whut wurms? Yes, whut wurms? Silus, aint yer ever a goin' ter learn thet a liar ez bound ter be found out? You know whut wurms I wuz referrin' to, end I want yer ter know rite now thet yer can't fool me. Yer may be a thinkin' thet I'm a gittin' simple arter bein' sick en suffering so long en much, but I kin foller yer trail all day end never lose ther scent. Silus Quimby, I wuz a referrin' to ther wurms you wuz a diggin' this mornin' arter yer got through with the dish washin'. Now speak up mighty smart. Where did yer put them wurms?"

"Yesum. I put 'em in en eyster can."

"Silus Quimby, I haint a goin' ter have no foolin'. Where did yer put ther can?"

"Yesum. I put ther can en a hole."

"Silus Quimby, yer aint a goin' ter lead me estray by yer cunnin' answers. Where wuz thet hole?"

"Yesum, ther hole wuz en ther ground."

"Silus, I alers said yer wuz the provokinest human critter ez ever walked on two legs. Now answer me right to ther pint. Whur wuz ther ground thet ther hole wuz in?"

"Yes'm, ther ground wuz out in ther willers."

"Silus, you know ez how you is a tryin' to deceive me, a poor, trustin' woman, with one foot almost on the very aige uv ther grave, and yer won't tell me the truth. Yer know thet them willers runs fer miles up end down this canyun, end I caint ever find them wurms unless yer tell me jist whur them is. Whut part uv ther willers did yer put them in ther hole in ther ground? Now thar, answer me quick; quick, I say, er et'll go harder with yer."

"Yes'm. I put 'em out in the thick willers, Sallie."

"Now Silus, ez yer hev get them things all slicked up, yer jest patter right out thar end get them wurms end bring 'em right in here end I'll see thet they don't ketch no fish."

Si pulled his hat down over his eyes and went out of the cabin. He started up the creek bottom on a slow walk and he was evidently studying deeply.

"Silus, Silus!" called Sallie from the cabin door. Yer needn't try end fool me, end yer hed better bring every one uv them wurms down here. Yer kaint save a one uv 'em, so don't yer be a lookin' fer enuther can to put part uv 'em in; jist bring 'em all along with yer."

"Yes'm," replied Silas, and he quickened his gait.

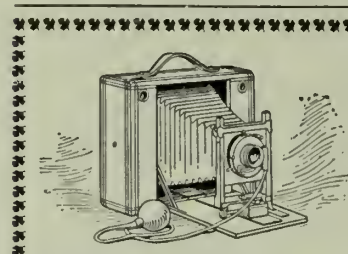
He soon came back with the oyster can half filled with the wriggling and squirming worms. Sallie took the can and looking into it gave a shudder and gasp.

"Oh, Silus Quimby, how kin yer ever, ever be so low minded ez ter ever tech one uv 'em. Now yer jist foller me end we'll see how much fishin' yer a going to git out'n these wurms."

She marched out of the cabin with a stately tread to the corral where the busy hens were scratching around looking for their mid-day meal.

Swish, and all the worms were thrown down in a squirming mass before the astonished and hungry fowls who at once devoured the last one of them.

"Now, Silas Quimby, the next time yer try to deceive me in this shameful kinder way yer goin' to git sarved jist ther same way. Now, ez I hev hed ez much ez I kin stand fur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one day, I'm a goin' to lay down en try end git sum rest."

"Yer take the hoe and go end hoe them taters good, end git 'em ready fer irrigatin', too."

"Yes'm," replied Si, and his eyes were riveted upon the ground, while one toe of his enormous cow-hide shoe was working at a small stone in the ground as though to loosen it.

Sallie returned to the cabin door, and before entering she turned and as a parting warning said: "Ef I git sum good sleep end feel well enuf whin I wake up I'll cum out end see how yer a gittin' long hoin' by-end-by."

Silas picked up his hoe and started for the potato patch. The trail led along side of the running brook, and its laughing, jumping waters held forth such a winning invitation to sit and rest beside their banks and listen to their tale of joy and freedom.

A squirrel with great bushy tail climbed an alder and with bright beady eyes sat upon a limb barking and scolding at Si as much as to say: "See how free am I."

A bird with bright yellow upon his breast sat swinging upon a bending bow, singing as though his very bosom would burst for joy unless he could tell the world how free he was.

Down through the potato patch Si walked and upon reaching the lower end he stuck the hoe in the ground and walked on down into the willows that bordered the stream. As he reached the edge of the willows he stopped and looked up the trail towards the house. "No, I reckon she won't come for a while yit," soliloquized Si.

He pulled out his knife and cut a long, slim willow and carefully lopped off the ranches and extracted from his pocket a fish line and hook which he fastened to the end of the pole. The bushes parted and Silas disappeared from view. He had gone a-fishing.

The afternoon sun had sunk low down toward the mountains in the west. The sound of mate-calling quail came from the hill sides. Twittering birds were flitting from tree to tree selecting their resting places for the fast approaching night. The low moo of a cow came from up the canyon as she was waiting at the pasture bars for the master to come and let her through for she was impatient to see her calf which had spent the day carefully locked in the corral.

The hoe stuck in the ground just where it landed when Si left it.

The bushes parted and Si came into view with a string of pretty trout. He cautiously looked all around about. Seeing nothing to hinder him he walked over to the hoe, picked it up and started for the house.

He reached the upper end of the potato patch when his eyes caught sight of a sunbonnet through the boughs by the creek. He quickened his steps and met Sallie before she had reached the edge of the clearing. The string of fish was hung over his back and was not visible from the front.

"Si, I jist thot I'd cum end see how yer wuz gittin' on," remarked Sallie as she gave him a searching glance which seemed to take him in even to the fresh earth upon the hoe blade. "How did yer git on, Si, with ther hoin'?"

"Purty well, Sallie," replied Si. "I'm er guessin' I'll git dun 'ith 'em termorrer."

He faced Sallie and seemed to be waiting for her to take the lead for the return home. She seemed to wait for him to go first through the narrow trail. He shifted from one foot to the other. He glanced up the trail and down the trail, looked at the tops of the mountains and at his feet. His eyes roamed all over. Drops of sweat commenced to ooze from under his hat band. Sallie noticed his confusion and said sternly: "Silas Quimby, git fer home and git the cow milked this instant. Whut hev yer been er doin'?"

Si started up the trail and Sallie fell in behind. Her eyes caught sight of the fish.

"Silus Quimby, I thot I hed fed all uv them fishin' wurms to the hens. Did you go end dig sum more uv 'em arter all I dun end sed?"

"No, mum, I haint a been a diggin' eny more since yer took 'em frum me."

"Silus, whar did yer keep ther wurms hid frum me? Answer me this minit."

"I hed 'em in my pocket, Sallie."

FRANCIS M. TOWNSEND.

LAST year the people of the United States used about 71,000,000 pounds of tea, which cost $10,000,000. The Secretary of Agriculture favors another attempt at raising this commodity in this country. Several efforts have been made to grow tea in the Southern states, but the only thing that has been demonstrated is that it costs about ten times as much to grow it here as it does to purchase it abroad It is more profitable for us to raise cotton, manufacture it into fabrics and trade it for the native teas of China and Japan.

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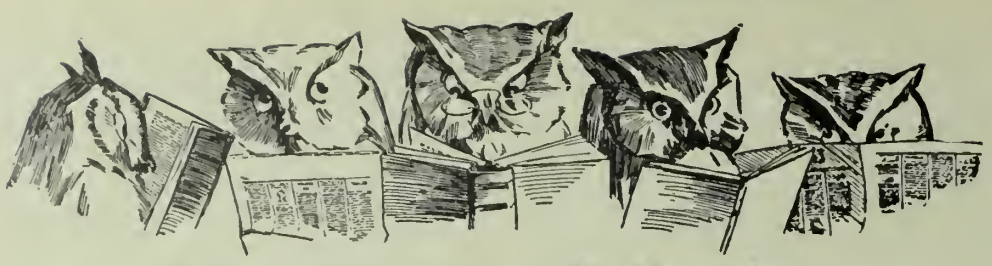

Observations of the Owl

HOW many have been one of a group the evenings of this week, swapping reminiscences, working out family resemblances, digging up "baby pictures," exhibiting heirloom trifles, urging others to come out here and settle, and otherwise deporting themselves as is natural when entertaining friends and relatives who were left behind years agol There are some curious flashes of latent pbases of human nature brought to the surface during this wholesale invasion of easterners. There is a pretty nice home near Westlake that taxes the ingenuity of the master and mistress severely keeping up appearances on an eighty-a-month income. And on Monday in swoops an even half dozen of Iowa aunts an l cousins who had siezed the opportunity of their lives to see California. S) far, so good, for a little extra "skimping" bad made resources available for their proper entertainment, and the week's visit had been anticipated quite pleasurably. But my lord of the ranch in his exuberance of hospitality expressed the wish (which is always a good bluff) that they could stay a month, at which the cousins and aunts as sincerely expressed tbeir regrets that they had round trip tickets. The next day at lunch, in a perfect gale of delight, aunt Jermima announced that she and cousin Delia and aunt Meg had successfully interviewed a ticket scalper and would stay until just before the fall term of scbool opens back east. The poor man is now negotiating a ninety day loan and is as downcast as a twice discovered offender.

THE demulcent climax of the police department imbroglio was a sore disappointment to the cabal tbat has long hoped for the dethronement of the big chief of police, who will not yet awhile remove his generous physical and official personality in order to create an ample vacancy for some one of the numerous aspirants to attempt to fill. The reprimand that was administered perfunctorily, and received with no very marked evidence of contrition, did not carry with it a conviction that the police commissioners themselves are so far imbued with an idea of their own infallibility as to be beyond condoning an unfortunate and ill-timed display of temper on the part of the chief, whom they choose to consider a subordinate officer. One of the few illustrations that the chief admits the subordination of his office to the authority of the commissioners was given when he consented, at the board's request, to stand while the written reprimand was read to him. What adds an element of bumor to the hroil of the department is the faith that some persons, not thoroughly posted, had in the power of the police commissioners to remove or severely discipline Chief of Police Glass without the consent of the City Council.

I AM reminded of this incident:

"Sir," said the judge on the bench, addressing the lawyer; "I fine you $20 for contempt of court!"

"Your honor must be a mind reader," replied the lawyer. "I did not know that I had expressed my feelings."

WHILE Colonel John R. Berry has been offering a whole regiment of Southern California volunteers to the President with poor chance of acceptancy, the lieutenant colonel of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C., has made a proposition involving a less numerous and yet an important factor calculated in suppressing tbe troublesome Filipinos. Lieutenant Colonel Schrieber made application for a commission as a field officer of United States Volunteers. Unlike some other persons with stronger pulls he did not get what he wanted but received the appointment of a captain. From lieutenant colonel on horseback to captain on foot is not a promotion when only the sound of the titles is considered, but to some persons, including Colonel Schriebe an empty title is outweighed by an opportunity to accomplish something for one's self and for one's own country. As one way of making amends for the shabby treatment of the Seventh Regiment, whicb, on its way to the Spanish War was side-tracked at San Francisco, it would be eminently proper to commission such of that organization's officers as may yet wish to go to the front.

The story that Colonel Berry and Lieutenant Colonel Schrieber bave been, figuratively speaking, at swords' points fcr some time seems to be disproved by the magnanimous endorsement the Colonel gives to tbe appointment of tbe officer next in command in the State Guard, and the expressing of a belief that Schrieber deserved no less than a major's commission.

WHEN tbe Times' siren whistle blew so long and loud Tuesday afternoon a great many people in this city tbought it was tbe announcement that Brigadier General H. G. Otis had been made Secretary of War. Not until they learned that all the whistles and bells had been turned loose in bonor of the N.E.A. were those deluded people undeceived.

THE great facility witb which Los Angeles has stowed away and lodged, without crowding, the 10,000 N. E. A. visitors that were promised has shown that this city can easily handle conventions two or three times as large. Though a great convention hall sbould be provided for future gatherings in this city there is no urgent need of more hotels and lodging houses, not even to house a crowd four times as great as the one attracted by the N.E.A. convention and the cheap railroad rates.

FEW people not in touch with current events have any idea of the progress that is being made toward perfecting a general campaign against tbe saloon interests in this city —a campaign that is ostensibly intended to compel the enforcement of the ordinances as they exist, but wbich is expected to result in making this a probibition city. Though private opinions may be divided on the subject of the propriety of enforcing prohibition in a city of this size and cosmopolitan character there is not the slightest doubt that the church party can accomplish what it desires when once it shall set about it. Time alone will show how true are tbe misgivings of those that choose to think that the enforcement of prohibition will result in dullness unbearable.

A PECULIAR circumstance that hovers around the city hall like an electric cloud is that though the city council arose on its collective dignity and called down the city engineer for changing the Third street tunnel specifications so as to permit the use of Colton cement in place of the imported and more expensive, tbe change was made and it sticks —whether tbe cement does or does not. There is a mystery over the true reason for changing the specifications for the advantage of tbe contractor, and none seem to be inclined to cast any light upon the subject.

AN expectant public awaits with anxiety tbe outcome of the pending disagreement between City Assessor Ben E. Ward and those banks that object to paying taxes upon the amounts assessed to them by the city officer. The poor widow who paid her taxes on the sewing machine with which she ekes out an existence and the laborer who was assessed for his tools and those other unfortunates who have nothing but their heads to pay tax upon, are watching the outcome of this attempt to get what is due from those that are possessed of much.

"EDUCATION in California," by ex-State Superintendent of Schools I. G. Hoitt, is the leading article in May "Sunset." Written by an authority and handsomely illustrated with halftone engravings of California educational institutions, it is of special value to all interested in California's school facilities. Every teacher should have a copy. The Mission series of articles is continued, and Prof. J. N. LeConte contributes a valuable and well illustrated article on Kings River Canyon, before long to be one of California's great resorts. There are several other interesting features in the number, which, five cents forwarded to box 2328, San Francisco, will seure.

A SCIENTIFIC young man may take his best girl out automobile riding, but the romance of the buggy ride is gone. In tbe automobile carriage the young man's two hands and arms are kept busy managing the machine. The moonlights are the same; but conditions are not as they were when a nice young man could drive his horse with one arm and hug his best girl with the other. The good old days are going away.

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Amusements

THEATER-GOERS who read San Francisco papers must have had feelings of regret that Los Angeles did not have the first chance to see T. Daniel Frawley's new company, which opened this week at the California with some new plays, a lot of new, pretty and popular women with a corresponding lot of new and beautiful costumes. Then there are many who "went to see the Frawleys at the Burbank once out of curiosity" who would now do homage to Blanche Bates, who returns with fame for beauty as well as an actress of talent and triumphs. But we shall no doubt see the company ere long in "The Dancing Girl," "London Assurance," "Madam Sans Gene" and other plays.

ALWAYS fascinating are the stage stories of the south with their delineation of a southern girl's idyllic love, an old Virginian's chivalry and honor, the ever-present hot-headed southern scalawag, and the indispensible old negro. "The New Dominion" is one of the prettiest of comedies, fresh and crisp with wit that lingers pleasantly. Clay Clement sustains the part of Baron Hohenstauffen with artistic fidelity, and as a beautiful southern woman Mrs. Clement is a picture of queenly grace.

AS IF in recognition of the N.E.A. visitors the Orpheum bill this week is one of unusual excellence, and from the Phoites, who tickle the children, to the Biograph, which fascinates everyone, it is a show that deserves the big houses that have been the rule. I often wonder if people stop to think what a wonderful machine is the biograph. This week it takes us on a walk around the ruins of the Windsor Hotel in New York and a few minutes later we stand on a float in Belfast harbor, Ireland, and witness the launching of the Oceanic, the largest steamer now afloat; then another short interval of darkness and the audience takes a seat on the fender of a Brooklyn bridge cable car and is whirled across East river with so much realism that it inclines one strongly toward gripping the arms of the chair.

What a refreshing glimpse into the New Hampshire hills is the little one-act comedy, "Grasping an Opportunity," so artistically played by Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, both of "Old Homestead" fame. It is a delightful blending of pathos and bathos, and along with the laughter at the situation there is a glistening of the eye to see the old New Englander being skinned down to the patch in his money sock. With an exceptionally fine stage setting it is undoubtedly the finest bit that has been dished up in vaudeville for a long time.

Janet Mulville and Evie Stetson "make good" with their dialect "Jack and Jill," but have fallen into the error of making jokes on Miss Stetson's embonpoint that are not only old but on the wrong side of the footlights.

The Four O'Learys have hit upon a pleasing diversity in their Turkish costumes and two of the troupe do some brilliant tumbling.

THE interest shown by the visitors for the forthcoming Chinese theater exceeds the liberal expectations of the entertainment committee. Since the work of distributing the tickets began last Tuesday afternoon, room 5 of the Chamber of Commerce has been crowded throughout each day by applicants for the precious papers that give them the right to see a section of the celestial kingdom's Thespian life.

One unusual feature will be the presence of a Chinese actress, one of the two in this country. She is a woman who has been trained to her work from childhood, and when she had acquired the degree of proficiency to rank as a star she was bought by a man who recognized her ability for the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars and was brought to this country. When it is considered that the Chinese women are usually valued at from five to twenty-five dollars her histrionic ability may easily be estimated.

Arrangements were definitely completed for the introduction of a bazaar and tea garden to be given during each matinee and night performance Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Guests at each performance are privileged to view the products of the Chinese on exhibition and to partake of the golden beverage brewed by the natives of the Celestial land.

Los Angeles Theater—Probably the most gifted author on the coast on the history of the ancient Assyrians, Babylonians and Egyptians is Dr. Voorsanger of the Temple Emanu El in San Francisco. He is considered among the authors and writers as one of the strongest authorities on the Semetic language and literature in the United States. It has been several years since Dr. Voorsanger appeared before the public of Los Angeles; at that time he gave a series of lectures for the benefit of the Associated charities of this city. It is very gratifying to the Los Angeles public as well as to the friends and admirers of this well known divine to announce that on Monday evening, July 17th, at the Los Angeles Theater, Dr. Voorsanger will deliver his celebrated lecture entitled "A Night with the Ancient Assyrians, Babylonians and Egyptians." For the past several years Dr. Voorsanger has been importuned by his legion of friends and admirers to make a tour of the coast and deliver this lecture which is conceded by intelligent and literary people to be a most remarkable one in its construction and the manner in which it is illustrated.

Orpheum—It is with a face wreathed in smiles that Manager Myers assures all comers that "business was never better" with the Orpheum. The house has hardly been able to hold the crowds of the present week and "standing room only" has been the cry at every performance of the week.

Four new acts, of the same clean, bright character so noticeable in this week's program, are promised to be added to the bill next week. There will be four acts held over, among these being the popular biograph with new views.

The Three Gardner Bros., expert musicians and comedians, whose work is said to be similar to Waterbury Bros. and Tenny, head the bill. Others are the Farrells (Willie and Billie), champion cake walkers of the world; Morie, a famous juggler; Mae Cressy, a sweet contralto singer; Melville and Stetson, character impersonators; Cressy and Dayne in their great New Hampshire sketch, "Grasping An Opportunity;" and the Four O'Learys, cleverest of comedy acrobats.

Orpheum

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale, No. 32146.

J. M. Elliott and H. T. Lee, as Trustees for Jessie P. Church, plaintiffs, vs. Minnie S. Serrot, the said Minnie Serrot and J. W. Gillette and W. W. Widney, as Executors of the Will of Charles E. Serrot, deceased, Marcus Serrot and Thomas Serrot, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

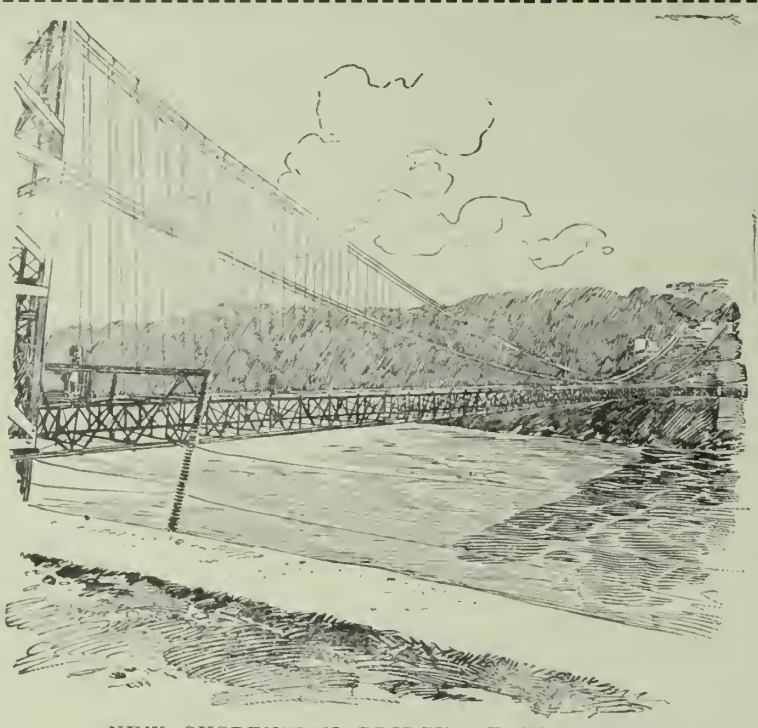
Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 13th day of July, A.D., 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein J. M. Elliott, et al., the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Minnie S. Serrot, et al., defendants, on the 27th day of June, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Seventeen Hundred and Fourteen and 40-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 30th day of June, A. D 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 85 of said Court, at page 4, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the county of Los Angeles, state of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot Thirteen (13) of Hodgkin's Subdivision of Lot Eighty-seven (87) and Eighty-eight (88) of Watt's Subdivision of part of the Rancho San Rafael, according to the map of said Hodgkin's Subdivision, recorded in Book 5, page 576 of the Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California. Together with Ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Sycamore Canyon Water Company of San Rafael, Los Angeles County, California.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 13th day of July, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN Deputy Sheriff.
Messrs. Lee & Scott, Plaintiff's Attorneys.



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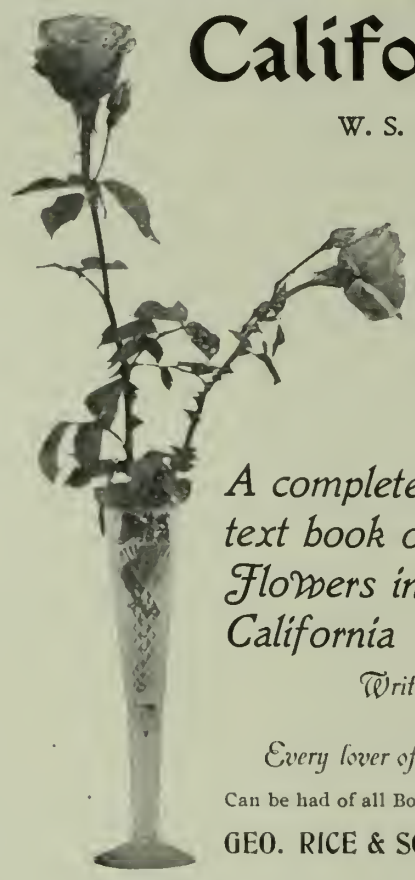

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 4

Los Angeles, Saturday, July 22, 1899.

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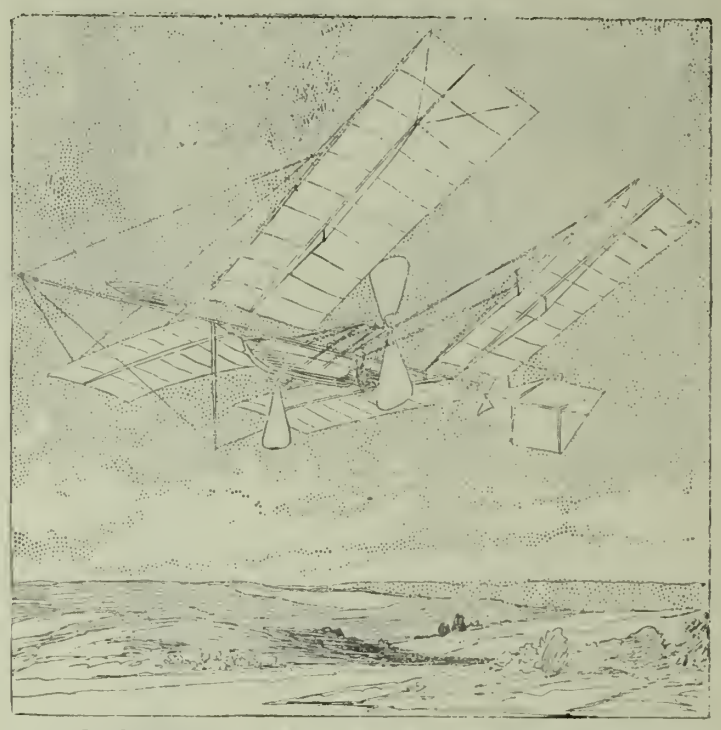

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale, No. 32146.

J. M. Elliott and H. T. Lee, as Trustees for Jessie P. Church, plaintiffs, vs. Minnie S. Serrot, the said Minnie Serrot and J. W. Gillette and W. W. Widney as Executors of the Will of Charles E. Serrot, deceased, Marcus Serrot and Thomas Serrot, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 13th day of July, A.D., 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein J. M. Elliott, et al., the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Minnie S. Serrot, et al., defendants, on the 27th day of June, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Seventeen Hundred and Fourteen and 40-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 30th day of June, A. D 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 85 of said Court, at page 4, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the county of Los Angeles, state of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot Thirteen (13) of Hodgkin's Subdivision of Lot Eighty-seven (87) and Eighty-eight (88) of Watt's Subdivision of part of the Rancho San Rafael, according to the map of said Hodgkin's Subdivision, recorded in Book 5, page 576 of the Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California. Together with Ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Sycamore Canyon Water Company of San Rafael, Los Angeles County, California.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 13th day of July, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN, Deputy Sheriff.
Messrs. Lee & Scott, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WESTERN GRAPHIC

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR

AUTOMOBILE is the talismanic word that means much more in the transportation world than we are at first inclined to give it. The experimental stage in this comparatively new method of locomotion has been passed and its practicability conclusively demonstrated. A few years ago there were not a score of self propelling carriages in the world. One year ago there were not more than two dozen in the United States, while today there are nearly one hundred manufacturing concerns with an aggregate capital of $338,000,000 engaged in building carriages, omnibusses, tallihos, delivery wagons, trucks, tricycles and other vehicles of utility. Even with this enormous capital invested the demand for the various vehicles cannot be met, notwithstanding that many of the concerns are working day and night. The means of power is not confined alone to electricity, stram, compressed air and gasoline, but other methods of propulsion are being used.

The best modern automobile vehicle must be practically noiseless, odorless, free from vibration and absolutely safe—and these points are claimed by nearly all the manufacturers. The prices seem high but it is asserted that within a very short time an ordinary runabout or buggy can be had at a most reasonable figure. The cost of maintenance is claimed to be much lower than that for a team of horses. For an electric wagon complete, costing $2250, as compared with a wagon $375, team $250, and harness $75, total $700, the interest at 5 percent on each, the cost of electricity, horses maintenance, the actual expense for the year is $412.50 for the electric as against $525 for the horse outfit. This is where the power is bought at current rates, but if the current is generated in a private plant the cost of electricity will be reduced to the minimum sum of $22 a year.

The cost of operating a gasoline motor vehicle is placed at one cent per mile, and it has many advantages over other machines, though they require more care and attention, have more or less vibration and give off odor. Compressed air motors have as yet not reached the perfection of either electricity or gasoline.

An eminent attorney, Mr. A. B. Hotchkiss, is authority for the statement that "the ordinance of intention to acquire possession of improvements, section 1, coupled with the intention to construct a new system as set out in section 2 of the ponderous ordinance, No. 5856, are void under section 223 of the city charter.

"This section limits the right to increase the indebtedness of the city to over $2,000,000 as follows: Provided that for the purpose of acquiring or establishing a system of water works, (not both acquiring and establishing), for supplying the inhabitants of the city with water or of establishing and constructing a system for the collection and disposition of the sewage of the city a further indebtedness may be incurred by the issue of bonds for that purpose under the provisions of the constitution and general laws.

"The city is conceded to own a system but is out of possession, owing to an alleged lien; the charter does not allow bonds to pay debts accrued in previous years, that would not be under the provisions of the constitution and general laws as we have shown.

"The language of the charter limits on indebtedness by bonds to sewage matters by the issue of bonds for THAT purpose, if it had intended to cover water bonds it would have said for THOSE purposes.

"The mode prescribed by the charter is the measure of power of the city to act."

The probable result of the entertainment of some fourteen thousand eastern visitors for the past two weeks is a pleasant subject to ruminate upon. The veriest pessimist could not have wished for a more delightful fortnight climatically and the wisdom of careful and thorough preparation was exemplified in the expedition and comfort with which the crowds were taken care of. There were some mistakes and oversights as would be inevitable in the preliminaries of even a Sunday school picnic; but there is no pardon for the persons responsible for the "sample orange orchard," for it is only those fortunate ones indulging in side trips through the orange centers, who will be able to efface from their minds the memory of that hot and dusty "treat" to scarce and smutty oranges.

But all and all California hospitality has won many thousand friends in a few days and for the next twelve months at least "a trip to California" will be the topic of a story to several hundred thousand willing listeners.

Insulting questions to degrade witnesses, where it is manifest that the examination is not for the purpose of proving immorality but to prejudice the jury and humiliate the witness is considered by the State Supreme Court as an error sufficient to reverse the case in this county of Frank D. Crandall, convicted of murder. The trial will have to be gone through with again at a great cost to the county. It is not a reversal of the facts that convicted, but a technicality that may give the prisoner the much desired time, in which the material witnesses can not be found or have died, and thus secure the final acquittal of the murderer. "The error of the court in permitting such a course to be pursued," says the Supreme Court, "is sufficient grounds for the reversal."

It has become a notorious fact that a few attorneys at the bar of this county make it their special practice to grossly insult the witnesses as well as the court in any and all cases in which they appear. It seems that their course is followed to secure notoriety and advertisement, such as it is. When will courts sit down on these methods and put the precocious pettifoggers in the county jail for contempt, or entirely disbar them?

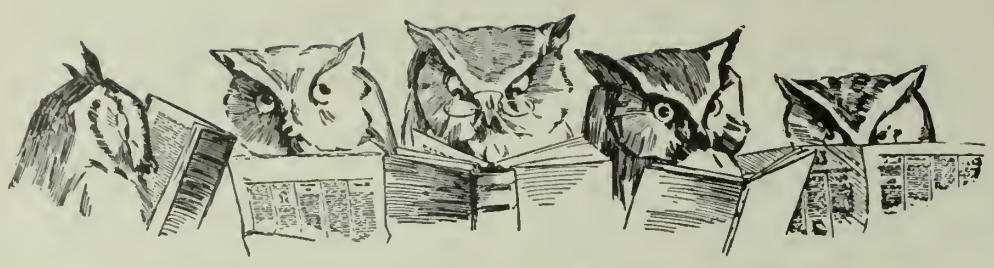
It was a spectacle for gods and men to see and listen to R. A. Bird on the stand in his own behalf this week during his trial for forgery. The bar-room wit he was allowed to indulge in was a peculiar exhibition by a man whose liberty was in jeopardy. His childlike attempt at nonchalance by forcing a yawn at short intervals during attorneys' arguments served but to expose his self-consciousness. But of all the displays of venomous vindictiveness within the knowledge of the writer, the attempt of Bird, by innuendo and direct statements, to besmirch the name of the man who took him up when the prison doors had spat him out was the most cold-blooded and ungrateful.

A number of pages of this enlarged issue of WESTERN GRAPHIC are devoted to an illustrated description of Terminal Island and its advantages as a coast resort. It is truly a marvel of growth, and like many places of similar life the surprise is that a location of such merit should have for so long remained unexploited. The transformation of this barren sand spit into a veritable Brighton Beach is but one of hundreds of like opportunities in Southern California awaiting enterprise and capital to repeat in degree the success of Terminal-by-the-Sea.

What a perfect delight it will be after August first to write "ex-Secretary Alger" when referring to the disgraced embalmed beef and harbor obstructionist member of the cabinet.

The majority of the daily press of the United States is now writhing under the alleged censorship at the Philippines, and in columns of valuable editorial space is belaboring Maj. Gen. Otis for incompetency, gross negligence and any other military crimes that the respective editorial writers can think of. It does not seem that the abuse avails much for the yellow journalists, which adds correspondingly to their frenzy of wrath, already at the foaming stage as a result of the war correspondents' "round-robin." If it were not for the viciousness of many of the papers abusing the head of the Luzon campaign, the howl against the censor at the cable station would be positively humorous. It suggests most strongly the situation of a lot of bad boys who had abused a privilege with the resulting punishment by being kept in the house. Free speech and a free press are two magnificent stones in the foundation of our country, but they are so often abused that more is the pity martial law could not oftener be exercised in the tempering of the methods of those newspapers that would wreck a man, a business or a community for self advertisement.

How many of our citizens stop to think that this issue of the GRAPHIC (20 pp.) is as large as was Harper's Weekly a few years ago? Some of our Eastern exchanges size up Los Angeles as a great town to support such a paper as we are issuing. We wish your appreciation as well as your subscription.



Observations of the Owl

THE manifold troubles that heretofore have beset the paths of the councilmen will dwindle into comparative insignificance beside the tribulations that are yet in store for those statesmen who have just entered upon the most dangerous stage of their career by meeting as a board of equalization. Now, everybody knows that the duties of a board of equalization should be to equalize. That is, the board should increase the tax assessments of those persons that escaped too easily and to prune down those valuations that may be shown to be extravagant. Boards of equalization do not often increase the valuations but they have been known to help out very wealthy people occasionally by lopping off figures, with resulting economy to the objecting taxpayer. It is confidently asserted that some heavy taxpayers who should by rights pay even more will strive most strenuously to save money through the kind offices of the equalization councilmen. To withstand the influences that will be brought to bear, and to support the efforts of the city assessor will require in the councilmen a degree of firmness that may and may not fail to materialize.

If readers of the daily newspaper reports of a criminal trial that is now going through a second hearing in one department of the superior court sometimes confuse the prosecuting witness with the defendant at bar it is little wonder. If the same readers shall one day make up their minds that it is really the prosecuting witness who is on trial for giving park land to the city or for being out late with club friends or something of that kind, it will not be surprising, in view of the fact that the original object of the trial is frequently lost sight of in the court room hilarity that follows a sally of wit from the defendant. Now, if a former trusted employe is being tried for the alleged forgery of his employer's name to checks that were readily cashed at bank it is one thing; if the employer is on trial for an excess of confidence or for liberality of libations it is quite another. An amended complaint should forthwith be drawn to make plain who is the defendant.

Abbot Kinney is in his element this week. He is associating with men that can justly appreciate his rare attainments in knowledge of not only eucalypti, but other trees. In the American Forestry Association that met here this week are men of national reputation who have, like Mr. Kinney, devoted many years of intelligent study to the subject of forestry, which in this western country is one closely connected with the vital problem of irrigation and reclamation of arid lands. To properly appreciate what forestry really means one should look out on this beautiful Southern California and realize that, practically every tree in sight, excepting those upon the mountains and the rare clumps of live oaks in the valleys, was set out by human hands, and nearly all of them in the present generation of man. The unthinking public does not realize that but for the law of compensation observed by man in planting trees in the valleys while denuding the mountains of their noble pines and cedars this would be a barren waste, unlovely. To save the trees upon the mountain slopes and thereby prevent the gradual destruction of the country's water supply, is one great object of the Forestry Association, whose motto should be a paraphrase of the old specification of good citizenship—"Rear a child or plant a tree."

One fact that has during the past few days been made evident with crushing force is that in all future wars the newspaper power must be considered in the estimation of a belligerant potency. It may be a good plan, as suggested by an army officer in Washington, to shoot all newspaper correspondents that dare to disagree with the existing military powers, but such salutary measures are not practical. Not that newspaper correspondents are any better than Filipinos, but the people who in this free country are not dominated by martial power, would not stand it. Besides it is evident that the great American people really relish the truth and will hail with delight the day when readers here may actually know what is going on elsewhere. If the Island of Luzon is too small for both Major General E. S. Otis and his journalistic critics it is plain that either the general or the correspondents must get out. If the correspondents tell the truth, and it is wonderful how many persons rely upon their veracity at this moment, then the major general should be laid away with other ante bellum relics. If theirs is a fairy story then, say I, hang every mother's son of them. I would take my chances on hanging with them.

Army and Navy

The British war office has decided that immediate steps shall be taken to provide an extensive swimming bath for the use of the troops at Aldershot. It will be erected in a central position, and it is hoped to make it more or less self-supporting.

The German emperor has been trying a new weapon in the shape of a sort of rifle revolver based chiefly on Mr. Maxim's principles. It resembles the Mauser revolver in all important points, has a length of a foot, and the magazine contains ten catridges like the Mauser revolver. The pistol fits into a wooden frame which, together with the butt end proper, forms the shoulder rests and gives the revolver the appearance of a magazine rifle.

The armory at Springfield has been allowed an extra $400,000 in the appropriation bill for next year so that it may be able to run at its full capacity. The $350,000 worth of machinery for Rock Island allowed in the same bill will permit the manufacture of 175 small arms a day. The following statement shows the number of guns and mortars that will be completed and emplaced in our seacoast fortifications when existing appropriations, not including the amount in this bill, have been expended, July 1, 1899: mortars 312, twelve-inch 80, ten inch 118, eight inch 91, six-inch 62, five-inch 32, rapid fire 172; total, 867.

The value of the improvements at the military posts in the United States not abandoned is estimated at $22,371,548.47. Of this amount $10,938,201.64 has been expended on posts constructed since 1885. The improvements at each of the following posts are worth over $1,000,000, viz.: Fort Sheridan, $1,417,071,21; Fort Riley, $1,200,000; Washington barracks, $1,000,000; Jefferson barracks, $1,000,000. The following have cost $500,000 or more: Presidio, $800,000; Fort Crook, $722,805.01; Fort McPherson, $719,299.43; Fort Thomas, $702,119.08; Jefferson barracks, Plattsburg barracks, Fort Brady, each $700,000; Fort Logan, $621,942.38; Fort Sam Houston, $600,000; Fort Ethan Allen, $590,714; Fort Slocum, $500,000; Madison barracks, $500,000,

Four Old Things

To prove at what date the first umbrella was made is a seemingly hopeless task, but we find records of their use among the Greeks and Romans, not only as a protection from sun or rain but as a distinguishing mark of royalty. By the time of Queen Anne's reign they had become quite common, simply as a protection, but they were all imported until about 1802 when the manufacture of them was begun in England.

To trace the history of a thimble carries us back to 1684 when Nicholas Van Benschoten, a young goldsmith, designed and made the first one to protect the finger of his lady love.

The needle, as we have it, in various shapes and sizes, is the result of inventions and improvements covering centuries of time. Two and a half centuries ago needles were first made in England and today one city employs in its needle factories 20,000 people and manufactures over 100,000,000 needles every year.

Pins were first made in England in the fifteenth century and it was an expert artisan who could make 500 in a day as the work was all done by hand. In 1824 Lemuel Wellman Wright invented—in the United States—the first machine for the manufacture of pins. Now the number made is almost beyond belief.

Some people do not like this world,
They sigh, they are unhappy, and
Find things, with few exceptions, here
To have been miserably planned;
The weather never suits them, they
Are always raked with sorrow,
And sigh for things of yesterday,
Or dread things of tomorrow.

Some people find this world of ours
A place of pure, serene delight;
To them the weeds are fragrant flowers
And unto them all days are bright;
They wonder at the gifts that God
To men is ever giving;
They seem to live to spread abroad
The joyousness of living.

Nay, they are not the rich who smile,
Nor are they always poor who sigh;
The servant oft is happier than
The master who in state goes by;
There's always cheer in plenty here
For those who care to take it;
And the world is glad or bright or sad,
As each one tries to make it.

ASSISTING THE GOVERNMENT

BY HOGABOOM

EARLY this spring the United States department of Agriculture, with the aid of Senator White, succeeded in placing in my hands a number of small packages of various kinds of garden seeds. The affair was conducted throughout in so delicate and systematic a manner that my suspicions were not even aroused, and I deliberately prepared, with my own hands, a small patch of ground in the back yard and actually planted those seeds.

Calmly reviewing the affair now I can see how the whole diabolical plot may have been concocted in Washington while Senator White was there ostensibly attending to his labors in the Senate. Every step, down to the very time when I was approached by a third party and induced to lug the seeds home, was evidently taken with extreme caution. The newspapers contained, from day to day, what appeared to be genuine accounts of the proceedings of Congress, in which Senator White was repeatedly alleged to be taking an active part, and I had no reason then to believe that such was not actually the case. I was living a calm, uneventful life and taking only a passing interest in the affairs of the nation.

When I first brought the packages home I did not notice that they had printed upon them a line requesting me to report to the Department of Agriculture the results of my trial. I recently made this discovery, however, and hastened to prepare and submit my report, earnestly hoping that the delay had not seriously discommoded the department or interfered in any way with the conduct of the affairs of the government.

I trust it will not be considered a violation of any confidence if I present here a copy of my official report, for the benefit of those who do not desire to await the slow procedure of the government in placing the valuable information before the public. The report is as follows:

Hon. James H. Wilson,
U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly accept apologies for my unseemly delay in forwarding report upon trial of seeds, as per your request? At the same time permit me to say that I never, in all my life, have seen a finer lot of seeds than those you so kindly sent me. They were simply the acme of perfection in seeds. When I first opened the packages and looked upon the contents I thought they were the cutest little garden seeds in all the world. They were just too cute for anything. My mouth fairly watered, and as my imagination pictured the results I was going to get from them I could almost taste it.

I somtimes think that too much imagination is a bad thing for a person to have, and yet were I lacking in imagination I do not see how I ever should have been able to make this report. Do you not think that imagination is a bad thing sometimes, too?

Now, as to the methods employed in handling the seeds—though first while I think of it permit me to say that I noted with satisfaction the fact that your packages do not give pictures, on the labels, of the things that are supposed to be grown from the seeds they contain. That is right. How very discouraging to a tiny seed it must be to think that all the time it is lying in the ground, and when it is sprouting in the warm, moist earth, and when it springs up into the glad sunlight in the shape of a tender little vine or plant, it is living a deliberate lie. What sadness the seed must feel to think that it can never hope to resemble, in any way, its advance picture. The tiny seed must feel something like an actress does when she tries to look like her pictures in the magazines. But pardon this digression.

Your directions for the culture of the seeds proved most valuable. For instance, instead of planting the Yellow Strasburg onions in trenches two feet or so deep, and covering them up with ashes, as my first intention was, and waiting several years, perhaps, for them to come up, I sowed them in drills, one foot apart, as directed. You state that after they are up they should be thinned out. This advice is excellent, no doubt, but I did not thin out mine for the reason that only two of them ever came up, and an old speckled hen, who came off several days later with eight chicks, thinned out one of them. I did not consider that the other one needed thinning out. If I did wrong in not thinning it out please advise me at once. You say this onion is of mild flavor, good size and flat shape, with white flesh. Perhaps it is just as well that no more of them came up. I have never yet come face to face with an onion of mild flavor, and, being naturally of a delicate constitution, the surprise and consequent shock to the system might have been too much for me.

Your directions for sowing the Pomeranian White Globe turnip stated that two pounds were sufficient for an acre. In trying to figure out from this basis how much to use on a patch of ground four feet by six I brought on a severe attack of brain fever, from which I am scarcely recovered at this writing, as you have doubtless already surmised. As a compromise measure I sowed the whole contents of the package on the patch when I was able to be about again. Evidently I was off in my calculation. Either there was not enough ground or else too much seed. Would it be asking too much of you to see the commissary general or the secretary of war for me in regard to putting in a bid for furnishing the army with turnips this year? If everything goes right I expect to be able to furnish what few turnips will be used in the United States and Canada this season, and have plenty left for my own use, too. Already I am beginning to be known as the "turnip king" out here.

The French Breakfast radish, according to the information on the package, is a quick-growing variety, brittle, crisp and tender. Your word is sufficient, of course. I sowed in drills, as directed, covering half an inch deep. In due course of time something did actually come up, but I was never able to identify it as a French Breakfast radish. It may have been a Norwiegan after-dinner cucumber, for all I know to the contrary. It died young. My pronunciation of the French is something quite out of the ordinary, anyhow, and we never seemed to understand each other. I was never able to make it feel at home. It seemed to pine for the vine-clad hills and flower-scented valleys of sunny France. Possibly it overheard some of my French and thought it was in the wrong pew.

I have never used radishes for breakfast, anyway. I am satisfied, though, that they would be bad for the digestion. Turnips are far better. I think turnips should be eaten at least three times a day. They are excellent for the complexion, and have even been known to start hair growing on a bald head. They are good for children who are cutting teeth, too. They are coming to be quite the fashion.

I have no doubt the Eclipse beet is all that you claim for it, but I haven't yet got it clear in my mind just what it aims to eclipse. Those you sent me never seemed to want to eclipse anything. They seem to be easily discouraged. I have done everything I could think of to make it pleasant for them here, but they do not seem to like the country.

This is a heavy-yielding beet, you say, and produces smooth, globular bulbs. Up to the time this report was prepared mine had not produced a single, solitary globular bulb. I think you have been imposed upon. Who ever told you that they would produce globular bulbs, anyway. No less an authority than my wife tells me that they produce greens. I even doubt that, at times. All they have succeeded in producing so far has been a certain tired feeling, which I have every time I look at them. As far as globular bulbs are concerned, I wouldn't know what to do with them if I had them.

It seems to me that if a person has all the nice Pomeranian White Globe turnips he wants he doesn't require globular bulbs, anyhow. Turnips make a fine table dish. They seem to take the place of most everything, and in case of sickness they are almost invaluable. If variety is desired they may be eaten either raw or cooked.

The Perfection tomatoes did nicely at first. I think canned tomatoes are plenty good enough, though, and they are so much easier to raise. I planted the seeds in a box of rich earth, as directed, and they came up beautifully. At the proper time I transplanted them, and still they thrived. One day, during my absence from home, a neighbor's hen flew over into the yard, as near as I can judge, for when I returned there was nothing left of the Perfection tomatoes but a few bare and unsightly stalks sticking up out of the ground in a dejected sort of way, and numerous hen tracks in the soft earth around them, to tell the tale. Unfortunately I am unable to furnish you with an accurate description of the hen, but I can tell you what I think of her, if you care for it.

If I might be permitted to supplement my report with a suggestion, I would say that what the Department of Agriculture seems to need, as much as anything, is the advice and encouragement of the neighbors around here. I have found it almost invaluable. Most of them buy their vegetables of a Chinaman, but they know more about how to grow vegetables in one minute than the Department of Agriculture knows in a month of Sundays. And the best part of it is they are perfectly willing, and even anxious at times, to part with their knowledge. They don't think any more of giving away knowledge than I would of giving away turnips.

If the department should decide to make use of them, and considers it advisable to call any or all of them to Washington, I would request that there need be no hesitancy in doing so on my account. The turnips have now reached the stage when they can do nicely without any advice whatever, and I will try to worry along myself, somehow.

And now, in closing this report, kindly allow me to state that I shall not be at the disposal of the government another season. I would be pleased to privately suggest the names of several people whom you might try it on. There are several people whom I should like to see have a whack at it, though I am not naturally a vindictive person.

I am well, but have been having some trouble with corns lately. Hoping this will find you the same, I remain,

Yours truly,
HOGABOOM.

Music and Art

To the Profession. — A special feature of the Western Graphic is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short criticisms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of Western Graphic, Los Angeles.

An event that was a dream of loveliness was the reception and recital given by the Woman's Orchestra at Blanchard Hall Tuesday evening. It was a summer crowd that filled the auditorium, and fair woman in her most bewitching, fluffiest gown with transparant sleeves occupied four chairs to the man's one; for it was at the bidding of the Woman's Orchestra that they were out for the evening, and what could be more natural than that the fair sex should greatly predominate. Be it said of the wisdom and generosity of the ladies of the orchestra that the affair was purely invitational and from hall rent to the post-concert refreshments the entire expense was defrayed by the organization. It was wise in that not even the most bloodthirsty critic could indulge his spleen on the rendition of a private musical program, and generous because it was a treat to hundreds of friends of the orchestra to not only hear them in a number of selections, but to meet and chat with them over a glass of punch. It was a well selected, though heavy, program and the to be-expected nervousness of the performers was but slightly apparent. The program was: "Grand March from Tannhauser," Wagner; "Vorspiel to fifth act of King Manfred," Reinecke; "Overture to Don Juan," Mozart; Contralto solo: "The Violet," Miltonberg, Miss Adelaide Loring; "Paraphrase on Melody in F," Rubinstein; "Berceuse," Gounod; Hungarian Overture, "The two Hussars," Doppler. Miss Adelaide Loring showed a very sweet contralto and responded to an encore with a pretty little song from "The Giesha." She was accompanied by Miss Ross.

Musicians are by nature active people and when there is a dearth of things public demanding their talents they must find an outlet for their energies in private parties and musicales. One of these was the high tea and reception given by Mrs. Grace Henderson Mathewson at her home on Lovelace avenue Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop. The menu cards were pictures of the different old missions of Southern California, and the decorations were of the national flower, the goldenrod. After tea came an informal musical program: Mrs. Wheeler recited a New England sketch; Mrs. Bishop sang the "Jewel Song" and "Le-par-la-te-da" from Faust; G. A. Dobinson read two poems from Kipling, after which Dr. Merritt E. Gates of Washington related some anecdotes concerning the writing of the verses, he having been a personal friend of Rudyard Kipling; Miss Anna Virginia Metcalf sang two pretty ballads and the hostess sang one of Marzial's songs; Mrs. W. D. Larrabee was at the piano. The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Buell, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Plater, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pettigrew, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Baumgardt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frasers, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Larrabee, Mrs. Ella Ballard Hanna, Mrs. Wheeler, Dr. Merrill E. Gates of Washington D. C.; Dr. W. LeMoyne Mills, Miss Nora Sterry, Miss Jane Perley, Miss E. Louis Clark, Mr. Guy Hill, Miss Augusta Heinzeman, Mr. Edwin Clark, Mr. Herbert Clark, Miss Virginia Metcalf, Miss Anna Mills, Mr. Charles Forman.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw is at last to sing in opera and Sir Arthur Sullivan is writing especially to suit her phenomenal voice.

Owen Foster returned to his organ at St. Paul's pro-Cathedral Sunday, after having spent some weeks in San Diego directing the presentation of a new opera written by himself.

Miss Beresford Joy, who has sung contralto in the Calvary Church choir, San Francisco, has resigned that position and will leave for Chicago August first to take a position in a choir there.

M. Paul de Longpre, the painter of flowers, who is known as "le roi des fleurs," was in San Francisco last week for a few days en route to Shasta. He put up at the Palace Hotel and was royally entertained by M. H. de Young at his San Rafael home "Meadowlands."

Mrs. E. A. Movers of South Bonnie Brae street has had the pleasure of entertaining two distinguished ladies in music and art circles the past week: Miss Mary Linck, whose delightful contralto voice was heard in opera at the Los Angeles last season, has just completed an engagement with a New York opera company and is visiting her friend until the last of the month when she begins an engagement in San Francisco. On her trip to Los Angeles she was accompanied by the distinguished sculptress, Mrs. Lulu Movers, who is also a guest of Mrs. Movers.

NEW MUSIC AT BLANCHARD'S

Songs: "Sea Dreams," Frank L. Moir; "I Dare to Love Thee," F. Paolo Tosti. Piano: Bartlett's "A Dream," transcribed for piano by Heinrich Kiehl; "Marcietta," P. Supessi.

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In the Gay Life

I WONDER why it is that whenever I see Mr. Blanchard I want to call him Mr. Fitzgerald and when I see Mr. Fitzgerald it is just the other way! Not that the gentlemen are the least twin-like—quite the contrary. For while the one (which one now?) is distinctly blonde, the other is distinctly not. However, the one (either one) is distinctly amiable and the other is—distinctly—also. For the other evening after the entertainment given by the Woman's Orchestra in the new Blanchard Hall, I was speaking to the one (which one, did you say?) fully an hour and a half, hoping the while some good fairy would chance along and address him by name, and when no one did, of course, and I finally rose to the occasion with that finesse which some mortals possess, by asking him, without any abruptness at all: "Is this your hall?" He answered in the best natured way imaginable: "Why, yes, now whose did you think it was?" "I did not know but that it was Mr. Fitzgerald's," I said most naturally in the world. I was going to make up how I next met Mr. Fitzgerald but it isn't necessary. This preamble is sufficient to say the two names are synonymous for many things in Los Angeles of which the least of these is amiability, and the greatest—that music which has gained the stronghold it has in Southern California is due to the untiring efforts of these two gentlemen. Now Mr. Blanchard has added art to his other muse—but enough. "Puffs" are pouring in on all sides from newspaperdom here as it is.

Mrs. Blanchard, by the way, is at home again after spending some seven months in the east, mostly in Boston, and the Fitzgeralds have been quartered at the Van Nuys since their trip north.

The entertainment of the Woman's Orchestra passingly alluded to was deemed particularly fine by a large audience of spectators and listeners. Society had turned out very well and the patronesses and "aides," many in evening dress, gave the affair "quite a tone." Mrs. Sheldon Borden looked particularly attractive in a ravishing pink, gauzy gown, run with narrow ruchings of pink satin ribbon. The reception, which was part of the program, seemed very enjoyable. Ices were served in abundance, and a dance, probably impromptu, came in quite appropriately at the close.

Some honored guests, visitors in Los Angeles who have been considerably feted of late, have been Miss Nellie McFarland of Ohio who has been visiting her grandfather, Mr. Albert McFarland, and who was given a large lawn party recently; Miss Mabel Stoddard of Savannah, Ga, the guest of Mrs. Shirley Ward, the recipient of dinners, etc., given by Miss Irene Stephens, Miss Beatrice Chandler and others, and Miss Mattie Scott of San Diego who is visiting her relatives in the Baker Block and who has received many little attentions from a large circle of friends here. Miss Scott will go to San Francisco for a time before returning home and it is whispered, though ever so softly, that an announcement of interest is on the tapis in which this charming young lady and a gentleman whose name sounds like a business block of Los Angeles are to be the principals. And this recalls an old romance. Miss Scott is a niece of Mr. Cave Coutts, a Spanish gentleman and a descendant of the famous old Bandini family, and Mr. Coutts one time last summer told a story with the most unspeakable naivete of "how we boys used to tease mother for proposing to father."

There were three daughters of the old Admiral Bandini, all very handsome, and the father the prisoner of the dashing young Colonel Coutts of the American army—which is all historical. Now the Colonel, as Mr. Cave Coutts slyly remarked, found it extremely necessary to visit his prisoner every day, sometimes three times daily, and he found that he loved all three of his prisoner's daughters, each for a charm of her own. He could not really decide which he loved best until one night on one of his country's errands the one daughter that escorted him to the gate playfully threw her lace mantilla over his head. The grace of this movement so captivated the young colonel that in that instant it was clear to him which he loved best. "And this daughter was my mother," said Mr. Coutts. Mrs. Coutts is still living and is to a great extent the senora of Helen Hunt's Ramona. Mrs. Jackson visited Mrs. Coutts here some time before writing her novel and has drawn much of her narrative from incidents relating to Mrs. Coutts' home and family. Mr. Cave Coutts is the Filipe, and he really was the one whofell and sprained his ankle in that famous sheep shearing time. But now I am giving away too much for nothing.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Photo by Schumacher

JUDGE WALDO M. YORK

In his cosy cottage at Terminal Island he spends not only his summers, but many hours at other times when judicial duties allow

The week has been full of pleasant hospitalities. Mrs. John E. Plater gave a card party in the Baker block one evening. Mrs. Carl Kurtz had an afternoon on Wednesday under the same hospitable roof. Miss Urquiza entertained a number of her friends very charmingly on Thursday evening at her home on Santee street

Mr. Byron Erkenbrecher gave a luncheon on the 17th in honor of Gov. O. N. Murphy of Arizona. His other guests were F. K. Rule, ex-Mayor Snyder, W. G. Bluett, G. J. Griffith, F. B. Silverwood, T. E. Gibbon, J. Ross Clark, Frank Thomas and C. A. Sumner.

Mrs Johnstone-Bishop was tendered another high ociety ovation on Monday, then entertainer on this occasion being Mrs. Grace Henderson Mathewson of Lovelace ave.

Mr. J. Cohn was given a farewell banquet at the Maison Doree one evening last week, prior to a trip of some extent through Europe.

Santa Monica is having the additions of Mrs. Plater, Mrs. Waddilove and the Fosters for the summer.

Mrs. Dan McFarland among others is to have open house at Redondo during the tournament, and her young daughters are to have a share in doing the honors.

Artist Will E Chapin will leave the last of the week with A. A. Newell, chief U. S. hydrographer and J. B. Lippincott, resident hydrographer on a trip into the high Sierras to investigate the available water supply with a view of locating sites for government storage reservoirs.

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Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

EVER since the world was inflicted with woman she has been the victim of many a "josh" about her dress, at least in the later centuries for her extravagant weakness in that direction, and I must admit I see very little indication of any moderation along those lines at present. I take it our reader is one of our "happy-go-lucky, end-of-the-century" girls who will pardon me if some of my remarks appear a little broad perhaps. Speaking of the end of the century girl reminds me of one of the funny remarks I have accidently overheard during the last two weeks since our Angel City has been hostess to our many eastern guests. An old gentleman (I took him to be a Hoosier) was patiently waiting for his car at one of the down town corners with his wife and her six maiden sisters —by the way, why didn't they bring more brothers along, too—when two elegantly gowned ladies swept by in all their beruffled and lacy billowyness, dragging a generous amount of it after them on the pavement, and old Rube says to ma: "Waal, I believe if it was the fashion for women to push a wheel barrow down the middle of the street those two would be the first to start it." Now if that dear old man had only known how much truth there was in that remark and how flattered those ladies would have been if they had heard it; for every up to-date woman prides herself on being among the first to introduce a new style.

I wonder how many of my readers saw the picture of the hand in one of our eastern papers last week illustrating the evil effects of the long, heavy skirts. It shows how the muscles of the hand and wrist are enlarged to ugly proportions and produces a very ungainly appearance. They call the enlarged wrist the "petticoat wrist."

It is easy to see what we are coming to very soon, at least some of us, now that the automibiles are on the way. The faddish girl has had to content herself with tennis and golf, and at times it has seemed that the stock of new fads was ebbing rapidly, but now there will be no end of opportunities for a capricious summer girl to invent new fancies, for in the east everything is "automo." It is automobile parasols, automobile stick pins and automobile gowns; but I must tell you that the automobile has been the salvation of the brunette, for everything is automobile red.

There has never been a summer before when the outdoor girl has had such opportunities as this summer of 1899. She is no more the timid, nervous girl of the past, but she has now learned how to enjoy a summer and she will plan most enjoyable outings. She knows how to dress comfortably for sports, stylishly for yachting and bewitchingly for evening. She will not only have dancing and flirting, but these will be interspersed with yachting, rowing, tennis, golf and even bicycle riding, for if the automobiles are coming her muscles must be in the finest trim to handle the brakes, etc. By the way, it is not such an easy thing to do.

Hajarlis

I loved Hajarlis, and was loved—
Both children of the desert we;
And deep as were her lustrous eyes,
My image ever could I see.

And in my heart she also shown,
As doth a star above a well;
And we each other's thoughts enjoyed,
As camels listen to a bell.

A Sheik unto Hajarlis came,
And said: "Thy beauty fires my dreams;
Young Ornab spurn! fly to my tent!
So shalt thou walk in golden beams."

But from the Sheik my maiden turned,
And he was wroth with her and me;
Hajarlis down a pit was lowered,
And I was fastened to a tree.

Nor bread nor water had she there;
But oft a slave would come and go;
O'er the pit bent he, muttering words,
And aye took back the unvarying "No!"

The simoon came with sullen glare!
Breathed Desert-mysteries through my tree!
I only heard the starving sighs
From that pit's mouth uneasingly.

Day after day, night after night,
Hajarlis' famished moans I hear!
And then I prayed her to consent—
For my sake, in my wild despair.

Calm strode the Sheik, looked down the pit,
And said: "Thy beauty now is gone;
Thy last moans will thy lover hear,
While thy slow torments feed my scorn!"

They spared me that I still might know
Her thirst and frenzy; till at last
The pit was silent! and I felt
Her life—and mine—were with the past.

A friend that night cut through my bonds;
The Sheik amidst his camels slept;
We fired his tents, and drove them in,
And then with joy I screamed and wept,

And cried: "A spirit comes arrayed,
From that dark pit in golden beams!
Thy slaves are fled, thy camels mad—
Hajarlis once more fires thy dreams!"

The camels blindly trod him down,
While still we drove them o'er his bed;
Then with a stone I beat his breast,
As I would smite him ten times dead.

—RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

Ironical Ifs

If a man has no dust his name is usually mud.

If a man has horse sense he should know when to say neigh.

If the cat scratches you it is always the sign of the Maltese cross.

If a man would follow the advice he gives to others he would soon be perfect.

If canes were to go out of fashion some young men would have no visible means of support.

He lay and dreamed of silvery bells,
He heard celestial harpists play;
The clock was ringing the alarm,
But it merely helped him dream away.

HER SONG

She sang: "When Jack comes home again,"
And wept at every note;
Ah, could she have been guessing
That, as so often in the past,
When Jack came shuffling in at last
He'd be as tipsy as a goat?

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CASE

Jack—There is nothing so interesting to a woman as a man's love.

Maude—Oh, I don't know! Sometimes there is nothing so disgusting.

Jack—For instance?

Maude—When he is in love with some other woman.

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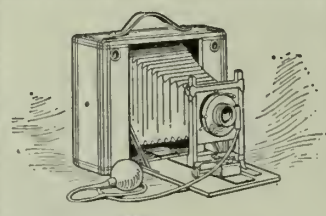
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Wheel Chairs sold or rented.

Terminal Island

The Brighton Beach of Southern California; a Seaside Resort of Such Sudden Life that a Complete Realization of its Manifold Attractions is Just Being Awakened.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

** ** ** **

EVERY beach has its admirers, but the confirmed Terminal Islander is the most enthusiastic and uncompromising of all. One gets the impression from the general trend of his argument that the only service of real importance accomplished by the great Pacific Ocean, as it washes the shores of three continents, is to provide Terminal Island with the means for boating, bathing and fishing. There may be other beaches, he says; indeed he has a vague impression that he once heard or read of names like Santa Monica, Redondo and Catalina—and Long Beach he passes every day — but what are these to him but mere out-lying stations in purgatory leading the way to the real heaven? And a reference to heaven recalls the story that is told of one of the Island's most fervid admirers who recently told his friends of a dream in which he found himself transported above to the realms of the blest. It was an unusually vivid dream, and he was able to describe in detail what he saw and heard—the golden streets and the glorious music of the spheres.

"Well, how did you like it all?" he was asked.

"O, it was grand, sublime and gorgeous beyond my wildest expectation—although it did not come up to Terminal Island."

The joy of the Terminal Islander in his possession of a few square yards of flat and barren sand may be surprising to those who have merely passed over the Island in the cars on their way to San Pedro or Catalina, but it seems entirely reasonable and proper to anyone who has spent a summer on the Island. The special merits of the place lie in the fact that it has still water for boating, in addition to the surf for bathing; and it is within convenient distance from Los Angeles. Terminal is no longer an island but a peninsula, low, narrow and long, lying between the ocean of San Pedro Bay and the calm waters of the Wilmington Lagoon. In former years it was surrounded on all sides by water, but the Terminal Railway Company, when it purchased the property from the Dominguez family and built a railway line the full length of the Island, cut off the flow of the tide water at the eastern end by an embankment, and one may now walk to the Island dry shod. There is a charm about the very expression "the Island," which will cling even after the shore line is built up into a solid phalanx of houses from East San Pedro to Long Beach.

THE ONLY STILL WATER, OPEN SEA BATHING PLACE ON THE SOUTHERN COAST

AS THE SAN PEDRO SHIPPING LOOKS FROM TERMINAL ISLAND

The beginning of Terminal Island as a popular summer resort dates back about three years. Prior to the spring of 1897 there were only three residences and a few boarding places on the Island. Chief of the former were those of Mrs. Boschke, who might be called the earliest settler, and of Frank J. Thomas, the well known attorney. In the spring and summer of 1897 something like a dozen houses were built, and among the new comers were Judge Waldo M. York of the Superior bench, F. W. Wood, the manager of the Los Angeles Railway system; Dr. J. Ross Kirkpatrick, Horace G. Miller, Lee A. McConnell, Sumner P Hunt, the architect; C. S. Walton, former secretary of La Fiesta; Percy A. Wilson, the attorney; C. D. Willard, Ernest K. Foster, formerly of the public library board of Los Angeles, and W. F. Bosbyshell.

The next year there came a number more to build houses, among them C. A. Sumner, F. K. Rule, H. M. Sale, Chas. Nordhoff of Redlands, J. M. Elliott and Frank A. Gibson of the First National Bank, W. D. Woolwine of the Los Angeles National Bank, T. M. Wadsworth, Dr. W. W. Hitchcock, Lin Helm and J. E. Waterman, attorneys, Major E. W. Jones, and George J. Denis of the Code Commission. Since then houses have sprung up with a rapidity that it is difficult to follow. A few more owners may be mentioned, W. C. Patterson, president of the Los Angeles National Bank, J. A. Graves, attorney, A. W. Armstrong of Pasadena, W. H. Holabird, Dr. Houston of Pasadena, Miss Clark of Pasadena, C. B. Boothe, Dr. H. M. Pomeroy, Dr. S. H. Tolhurst.

These houses for the most part front directly on the ocean, but a few feet distant from the waves, and they are much more substantial and commodious than the structures that are generally to be found at beach resorts. The original projectors of the colony, the Terminal Railway and the real estate firm of Silent & Sumner, were wise in laying out the lots on a frontage of fifty feet instead of twenty-five. There are only two cases of "split lots" in the whole line, and several residences take up seventy-five feet. Most of the architectural work of the Island, perhaps more than half, is by Hunt & Eisen, although Haley has some pretty houses, and also Morgan and Brown. There are no "beach shanties," and tents are not allowed, except at the lower end of the Island back some distance from the beach. The houses average in cost somewhere about $1,500, many of them running to $2,000, $3,000 or even $4,000 and more. The majority of them have their living rooms done in wood instead of

Pierce Photo.

PANORAMA OF TERMINAL ISLAND FR

A TERMINAL TRAIN UNLOADING HALF A THOUSAND BEACHERS AT THE SEVENTH STREET STATION

Terminal Island

Outer Bay

Terminal Depot

GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF TER

THE END OF THE PLEASURE WHARF

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

PART OF THE CROWD HALF AN HOUR LATER

Dead Man's Island
Entrance to Inner Harbor

NAL ISLAND AND SAN PEDRO HARBOR

plaster, which allows for artistic effects in decoration. Good taste for the most part prevails both in the construction and the furnishing of these summer homes.

The occupations of the summer residents of the Island cover a somewhat wider range than may be found at places of less opportunity. There is good fishing at the wharf, and at high tide one may throw in a line almost from his front doorstep and pull out a whiting or a halibut. The best fishing is to be had from boats either in the kelp in the harbor or out at sea. Notable catches are made of barracuda, bass, yellowtail and bonita. Yachting in the Bay of San Pedro is a delightful sport, and in the summer time races are occasionally held. On the smooth waters of the lagoon the boating is perfect, and most of the residents have row boats, and some of them have power launches. The Terminal Island Boat Club has a charming little club house on the inner bay, and the Catalina Yacht Club has a handsome home on the ocean front. The bathing in the surf is as nearly perfect as one could imagine. The water is warm and the waves are seldom high enough to be troublesome. The bay is so sheltered by Catalina Island and by Point Firmin that it is, as a rule, almost as placid as a small lake. The shore is a gentle slope, where one may wade a hundred feet before coming to deep water. Children play all day long in the waves with no risk of drowning. A competent instructor, Mr. Adolph Kahn, teaches swimming to all who wish to learn, and great numbers of ladies and children have acquired the art under his care.

There is a wide plank walk running the full length of the Island, brilliantly lighted by night with electricity. It is a popular promenade and is thronged with people in the afternoon and evening. The hard sand of the beach is admirable for driving or bicycling, and the flower-covered hillocks, or dunes, are beautifully adapted to the form of conversational art that is in vogue among young people passing the summer at the beach—places that are at once properly public and satisfactorily secluded. There is a golf club, and links are in process of construction. There are several interesting places to visit near the Island—San Pedro, Wilmington, Deadman's Island and Point Firmin among the number.

The principal hotel on the Island is the "Gordon Arms," which is owned by Mr. F. S. Gordon and managed by Mr. S. P. Anderson. It is a handsome structure, designed by Mr. Haley, and it is situated on the ocean front. Although it has been in operation only a short time, it has already proved itself one of the most popular of the ocean resort houses. The Saturday night hops attract numbers of young people from Los Angeles, and many social clubs make it their rendezvous. It is a first-class house, run in elegant style, but with fairly moderate rates. The "Gordon Arms" will remain open during the winter, and with its beautiful sun parlor will doubtless prove a favorite resort for Eastern people.

At the lower end of the island stands the Terminal Tavern, where one may get a good fish dinner or other refreshment.

On Sundays and holidays the Terminal Railroad brings great numbers of day visitors down to the beach. Music is provided by the Mexican Band; everybody takes a dip in the ocean and then lies down on the clean, warm sand. The air is generally cool—invariably so in the shade—and for the city resident, who is unable to spend any length of time at the beach, this is the best possible substitute.

The present season at Terminal Island is one of the liveliest the Island has ever witnessed. All the cottages are filled, and they are for the most part occupied by their owners. An admirable train service has been established by the railroad, with six trains a day each way. The hops at the Gordon Arms have been most delightful affairs; and although the social life of the residents is decidedly calm, as most of them come to the Island seeking rest and quiet, there is nevertheless a good deal of informal entertainment constantly in progress.

The standard by which an ocean resort is to be judged is not the amount of style it puts on or the social prominence of its guests, but the real comfort and enjoyment of those who pass their summer on its shores. Tried by this standard, Terminal Island is all that its admirers claim for it, and its sudden building up is a decided gain to Los Angeles and Southern California.

A tribute to Terminal Island that comes from the heart of a proud father is the statement of Chas. S. Walton that he attributes the life of his child to the salubrious and benign climate of the western Brighton beach. Mr. Walton has a charming cottage in the row and is himself one of those genial men whom every one likes to meet.

Each and every resort has special attractions, but few can truthfully claim as many as can Terminal, one of the newest to be fully recognized and appreciated on account of its many merits. The sun rise at Terminal is directly in front of the long line of summer homes, or for that matter all the year round homes, as many who sought out Terminal as a summer resort have found it to be an ideal home place in winter as well. This peculiar frontage to old ocean is one of the strong points in favor of this beach, thus avoiding the glare of the afternoon sun that becomes so disagreeable and trying to visitors at many other resorts. The absence of breakers and freedom from undertow makes bathing absolutely safe. The absolute freedom from harsh winds is a desideratum to whatever one is doing, be it bathing, boating, strolling or at home. The nearness of the still waters of San Pedro harbor for bathing, boating or fishing are very desirable and alone would be much preferred to many resorts of boasted advantages. Terminal probably has one of the best all-the-year-round climates in the world and enjoys one of the most equable temperatures of any resort known. The mean average difference between cold and heat as recorded for Terminal in July and January is only 14 degrees. San Diego's boasted average, one of the most even in the world, is 15 degrees; Los Angeles, 16 degrees; Sacramento, 27 degrees; Mentone, Italy, 33 degrees.

THE GORDON ARMS—A CHEERFUL HOTEL BY THE SAD SEA WAVES

S. B. HYNES
General Manager of the Los Angeles Terminal Railway Co.

Terminal Tavern

CLOSE by the main depot at Terminal and just across the wharf approach from the pavilion is Terminal Tavern, the pioneer hotel and restaurant of the island, of which McCament, the well known Pasadena caterer, is proprietor and manager. The place has been thoroughly renovated since Mr. McCament took charge and the improvements have been recognized by a constantly increasing business. The Tavern has a limited number of rooms that are always in demand, and on this account the management caters principally to the crowds of day time beachers whose refreshment is provided for according to their needs.

One can have a nice table d'note dinner for fifty cents, or indulge their special tastes a la carte from twenty-five cents up, a specialty being made of fine fish and other sea foods. Then there is a lunch counter where the picnicers supplement the contents of their hampers (though they are fast recognizing that it is far more agreeable to buy their entire lunch) with coffee or sandwiches, either of which cost but five cents, or a dish of ice cream. There is also a fine soda fountain in connection. On Sundays the Mexican Philharmonic band playing in the pavilion opposite makes the lunch and dinner hours most delightful. A fine stock of wines are kept on hand and altogether the Tavern is one of the best of seaside hostleries.

T. E. GIBBON

IT IS fitting that in connection with extensive information concerning Terminal Island there should be mention made of T. E. Gibbon, vice-president and general counsel of the Terminal Railway Company, and due credit given to the man whose brains have been called upon for much of the grand success in the upbuilding of the place. Mr. Gibbon is a man of lofty ideals, though practical in the extreme, and while Terminal Island with its manifold natural and artificial advantages is an achievement at which most men would be satisfied, Mr. Gibbon is not content but has a stake set for future work that is as far from the vision of the average man as the present delightful town appeared impossible but a few years since. He is an enthusiast on the possibilities for Terminal and his rosy views of the future would reform the

T. E. GIBBON

worst pessimist, could one be found on the Island.

Mr. Gibbon has also made a lasting name for himself in the San Pedro Harbor fight and it is due largely to his efforts that rock is now being dumped into the sea within hearing distance of the residents of Terminal. He has been a resident of Los Angeles for eleven years and by indefatigable energy and his thorough knowledge of law has built him a niche in the commonwealth envied by many but begrudged by none.

TERMINAL ISLAND NOTES

DEMOLISHED bouquets, the "nubbins" of pink candles and several rows of empty Sauternes and Mumms in the glass breakfast room of the Gordon Arms were all that was left Sunday morning to tell the tale

FERD K. RULE
Who through his large interests in the Terminal Land Company is a moving spirit in the progression of the Island.

of the lavish and jolly entertainment of Saturday evening provided by Ferd K. Rule for a party of prominent N.E.A. people. After the banquet, during which a number of speeches were made, the visitors added their presence to the regular weekly Cinderella dance.

There was a large number of Saturday nighters down and the popularity of these hops grows every week.

One of the most charming features of the entertainment of Mr. Rule's party was a trip

THE STEAM PLEASURE LAUNCH—J. C. ELLIOTT

on the J. C. Elliott Sunday morning. Sky, wind and water vied with one another to charm our visitors and all declared that nature had saved her choicest prize for Brighton beach.

Among the guests registered at the Gordon Arms during the past week are Dr. and Mrs. Hendrix of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and daughter of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Furlong of Pasadena, Ferd K. Rule and wife, Mrs. C. M. Baker and children, Robert Aitken, Oscar Lazansky, W. K. Crawford, Berkeley, Cal.; J. C. Brainard, D. S. Grosbeck, Pasadena; Miss S. M. Wilson, Mrs. A. L. Mann, Dr. A. C. Winstup, Miss Kate Fay, F. P. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Taylor, Miss Marie Taylor, J. M. Greenwood and wife, Josephine Hermans, Mr. and Mrs Irwin Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lane and two daughters, Chicago.

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134 So. Broadway, Los Angeles

THE GORDON ARMS

ONE of the important points in the growth of a seaside resort is the time when its natural advantages allure capital to provide a first-class hotel. The growing popularity of Terminal Island among others than those owning their own cottages finally demanded hotel accommodations, and in July of this year the Gordon Arms was opened to the public by Mr. Frank S. Gordon—a modern, comfortable, all-the-year-round home. It is a place to spend a day or a month—yes, a lifetime.

THE GORDON ARMS
TERMINAL ISLAND CAL

The broad verandahs open right on the smooth, white beach; the large, airy rooms are close to the gentle rippling of the waters on the sands, so soothing to the tired brain and weary body.

For the comforts of the inner man, the bright, sunny dining-room, with its elegant table service, affords pleasant surroundings for the enjoyment of the excellent cuisine. The spacious halls and parlors, luxuriously furnished, make indoor comfort superb; but it is the life in the open air that makes a season at the hotel a panacea for the run-down person and a delight in its wholesomeness for the hearty pleasure seeker.

Within a few steps of the Gordon Arms is a substantial pleasure wharf with a convenient landing float from which safe and easy transfer may be made to pleasure boats. And this is an ideal water for boating and yachting, squalls being unknown and the sea so uniformly smooth that rowing in small boats is perfectly safe. The finest of fishing is to be had from off the wharf or in boats.

The beach is a delight to the bather, especially women and children, and the sands slope gradually with never a "hole"; there are no breakers and consequently no undertow, so that "learning to swim" is possible in the open sea. The absence of seaweed and other litter is also a pleasing advantage. A bath house in connection with the hotel affords every convenience for bathers.

The beach is lighted by electricity at night and broad wooden walks make evening strolls delightful. Bicycling, riding and driving on the beach are next things to flying.

FRANK S. GORDON

Near by is dead Man's Island, an interesting pile of rocks with a history, and across the bay it is but a short distance to the lighthouse and much wild scenery around Point Firmin. Fine golf links have been laid out at considerable expense for the accommodation of guests.

Any further information as to rates, etc., may be obtained by addressing S. P. Anderson, manager, Terminal Island, Cal., or the Los Angeles office, at Tourist Information Bureau, 207 W. Third St. C. A. Hubert, agent.

It is meet that due credit should be given the two Los Angeles real estate firms whose experience and prominence have done much in the handling of the lands of Terminal Island. C. A. Sumner and Co., 134 South Broadway, and Edward D. Silent & Co., 212 West Second St., are the agents for the property of the Terminal Land Company, and as such take an interest in the welfare of the place far greater than from a mere business standpoint. While this section is but one of the many they respectively represent they infuse a degree of force into pushing the interests of the Island that would credit the owners of a property. See them for further information.

SOME THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET RESIDENCES IN AHERN TRACT

A CHARMING RESIDENCE TRACT

SITUATED in the southwestern portion of the city in a region which, while it may be termed a new part of Los Angeles as compared with the older and more thickly settled neighborhoods, is the Ahern tract.

T. C. PECK
The genial General Agent of the Passenger Department of the Terminal Railway Company

Mr. W. J. Ahern the owner of this tract is a gentleman thoroughly alive to the interests of his city and a progressive, enterprising citizen. He is a pusher in every sense of the word and is one of those people who believe heartily in the full force of the meaning conveyed by the expression, "we must now be up and doing," etc., etc.

With an eye ever intent on the development of the city as a whole and the southwestern, the direction in which the residence section is tending, in particular, he has plated and placed the Ahern Tract on the market.

This tract is located in what is commonly spoken of as the University district, and as that suburb, by recent vote of its residents, was lately formally taken into the fold and made a part of us the popularity which it had always enjoyed as a place of fine homes has been much enhanced.

A car line, the University extension of the Traction Company's line passes along the eastern boundary of the Ahern Tract, and one can take the car at the corner of Third and Spring streets, their time for leaving that point being every seven minutes, and in a very short fifteen minutes find himself at Mr. Ahern's office at 3215 Vermont avenue near the corner of Thirty second street, on the eastern boundary of the tract. With rare foresight and a determination to have his tract fully up to the requirements of a fashionable residence section of a flourishing American city, Mr. Ahern has laid out and graded beautiful wide street and excellent cement sidewalks, and to insure a desirable class of improvements stipulates in the deed to every lot or bunch of lots purchased that such residences as are to be erected on the same shall not fall below a minimum cost of $2500. While a number of fine houses have been erected there recently it is Mr. Aher's intention, within a very short time, to have dozen a or more new ones constructed.

There are many features which render the Ahern Tract peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the suburban home seeker. As has been before remarked in this article it is not only contiguous to the finest car line in the city but it possesses the richest soil suitable for raising all sorts of garden produce and attractive lawns, while the finest mountain water is piped throughout the tract. The glorious scenery of the Santa Monica foothills and Sierra Madre range of mountains from this section of the city cannot be surpassed.

S. P. Creasinger

ON the evening of Thursday of last week one of the most entertaining receptions to the National Educational Association visitors was given by Mr. S. P. Creasinger in his well-appointed offices at 218 South Broadway. The hospitality manifested by the courteous and genial host on that occasion might well be regarded as an index to the ever cordial manner in which everyone alike is received by him at all times. Mr. Creasinger regarded the evening's reception simply as a duty to his city as a public-spirited citizen, and the hundreds who were in attendance pronounced it a most charmingly conducted affair. There were many ladies and gentlemen assisting in receiving the constant incoming of guests. The flower and fern decorations, together with delightfully pleasing strains of music rendered by one of the city's best orchestras, and refreshments on passing through the several beautiful offices, on the walls of which hang rare paintings, brought forth exclamations of praise from the lips of the throng who were so grandly received. Every guest was presented with a souvenir.

The occasion marked what a business man of Mr. Creasinger's extensive lines is capable of doing in the social scale, and the successful event characterized this man's private life.

In financial and business circles generally he has become so well known throughout the United States that descriptive detail of his excellent character, methods and phenomenally successful business career is unnecessary in this writing.

Mr. Creasinger is a keen and far-sighted business man, whose quick perception and shrewd judgment gainsay his remarkable achievements. That he is a man of his word is borne out in the numerous everyday dealings with those who enjoy commercial intercourse with him. His care and consideration for the interests of others who have relations with him mark the sterling qualities possessed by him, and which are infused into the conduct of his affairs.

Mr. Creasinger is a judicious advertiser, undoubtedly the largest in this commonwealth, and it is to printers' ink that he modestly attributes the upbuilding of his monumental success in the business and financial world. All credit, however, is unquestionably due to the masterful generalship exercised in the handling of the business he has so well in hand and to the fairness dealt to each and every patron. One never hears of other than broad-gauged treatment at his hands and which is evinced on all sides of his dealings with those who come in contact with him. It is by reason of this character of dealing that Mr. Creasinger has had thrust upon him many of the greatest opportunities for profit to himself, because the people at home and abroad recognize that he is safe to deal with.

The business offices are systematically conducted, with departments for the various branches of business, and an able corps of intelligent men are employed who carry out instructions to the letter—the entire business being under Mr. Creasinger's personal supervision. There is a steady flow of people calling at his office throughout the day, quite after the manner of patrons of a bank, and it is generally known that many sound propositions are carried to Mr. Creasinger for quick disposition which would require time and delay at other places.

He has proved himself "the friend in need the friend indeed" to many business men, who themselves impart this intelligence, while Mr. Creasinger imparts nothing of others' affairs. It has been said that "confidence is the safe in which men often deposit rich treasures," and when this broad-minded capitalist is placing confidence in good people to mutual advantage, a confidence in him is engendered which has not been misplaced.

With this man's accumulated wealth, owning more than fifty beautiful ranches in California and in nearly every Western State, besides extensive gold and copper mining interests, he contributes thousands of dollars to charitable and benevolent purposes.

His frugality from boyhood should serve as an example for young men to follow.

If you want to gain wholesome and bright business ideas, with profit to yourself, call upon or write to Mr. Creasinger, at his offices, 218 South Broadway, and the result will please you.

AN UMBRELLA TREE ON ONE OF MR. CREASINGER'S RANCHES

INTERIOR OF PRIVATE OFFICE

The illustration gives a very good view of one of the leading real estate offices of the city, which is patronized to its fullest capacity and is tested to its utmost every day. Among the well-known real estate and "money to loan" men, Mr. Creasinger justly occupies a conspicuous place. No one who has lived in Los Angeles for any length of time can have failed to notice the rapid success which has crowned Mr. Creasinger's efforts. His "den" takes rank as one of the most unique and elegantly fitted up private offices in the city. It is inordinately expensive, showing the good taste and comfort consistent with the general characteristics of the owner, and impossible to describe adequately, even in the excellent half-tone above, which fails to reproduce the beautiful tones in coloring, which cannot fail to please and rest.—*Los Angeles Times*, Jan. 1st, 1899.

ORCHARD AND TRUCK WITH HORSES

A LEMON RANCH NEAR COVINA, CAL.—You will see two heavy truck teams gathering a load of 150 boxes for the market; about 10,000 pounds are gathered monthly. Property of S. P. Creasinger.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

WHEN papa leaves the hotel for the city in the morning with an extra collar in his coat pocket it is a sign that a big crowd will come down to escape the heat and closeness of the streets of the metropolis. Bathing is in its prime now and the crowd of early morning plungers is growing larger day by day.

Notwithstanding that for many years the "center of the circumference" of Santa Monica has been at some neutral point between the North Beach Bath House and the Arcadia, the improvements and increasing popularity of Ocean Park have compelled us to move said geometrical point some distance south. Messrs. Kinney & Dudley are pushing their tract with vigor and we are proud to have them in the family.

The Saturday evening hops at the Arcadia have become a Southern California fixture and a whole bunch of people think that the ride down on the electric, a dance or two, refreshments in the Grill room or at Eckert & Hopf's and back again on the last car is about the nicest way to spend a summer evening yet thought of.

CORONADO

AFTER visiting all the beauty spots in California Ian Maclaren thoughtfully remarked that "unto California much had been given and much would be expected of her in return." During the past few weeks the generosity of California has been pretty thoroughly tested and in not even the slightest degree found wanting or selfish. At least such is the verdict rendered by N.E.A. visitors and tourists, and as they are the lord high executioners in this case their opinion must stand.

Since Los Angeles, San Diego, Coronado and Mexico have been the touring grounds of Eastern as well as California tourists.

Guests at Hotel del Coronado of the early part of the week, who are recognized as crowned heads among the great educators of America, were Dr. Nicholas Murry Butler, dean of philosophy at Columbia University, New York City; Newton C. Dougherty, an ex-president of the N.E.A. and superintendent of public instruction at Peoria, Ill.; Nicholas Murry, librarian at Johns-Hopkins University; Dr. F. Louis Soldan of St. Louis; Prof. J. H. Phillips of Birmingham, Ala.; Wm. Dick of Philadelphia and President Baker of Colorado University at Boulder.

J. A. Miner of Salt Lake City, accompanied by his daughter, is enjoying an extended stay at Hotel del Coronado. As justice of the Supreme Court of Utah Mr. Miner has troubles of his own, and knows something of Mormonism.

Miss S. E. Sirwell of Minneapolis is the guest of Mrs. E. S. Babcock.

Miss Edwards of St. Louis, Miss Baker of San Diego, also W. R. Staats of Pasadena and Mr. Van Winkle of San Rafael have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Graham E. Babcock at their beautiful Coronado home during the past week.

Walter G. Smith of the San Francisco Chronicle staff and family are summering at their cottage on the beach.

E. Oram Lyte, president of the N.E.A. during the past year, Mrs. Lyte and children, after a sojourn in Los Angeles, are registered at Hotel del Coronado.

Secretary Irwin Shepard of the N.E.A., accompanied by his wife and sons, also Miss Elmer of Winona, Minn., will spend some time at Hotel del Coronado.

Golf is the game that catches every lady this season. Let other sports be what they may, everyone plays it. The links at Hotel del Coronado are never lonesome.

"The days may come and the days may go" but life is ever gay at Coronado. The greatest trouble is that the days go all too rapidly, reminding mortals that "time was made for slaves."

REDONDO

THE past week has been unusually gay at Redondo owing to the crowd of young people who have been at the hotel and have formed delightful house parties at the various cottages on account of the tennis tournament which opened here on the hotel courts Thursday.

Every day large parties have come down from Los Angeles and Pasadena and the ball this evening promises to be one of the most elaborate functions of the summer.

Golf has divided the honors with tennis and two very interesting tournaments were held this week, one Saturday and the other Wednesday. The Saturday entries were Mesdames F. H. Seymour, H. R. Warner; Misses Seymour, Waddell, Bean, Ella Bean, Perry, Palmer; Messrs. Pridham, Osburn, Anderson, Perry, Peters, Haskins and Norris. Miss Anne Bean carries off the ladies' prize with a score of 76, handicap 20; net score 56. Robert Osburn, Riverside, won the men's prize; score 89, handicap 5; net score 84. The men made two rounds of the links, the ladies but one, but in Wednesday's tournament both made two rounds. This included the same players with the exception of the Misses Bean and the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dick, Miss Bumiller and Mr. Hallet. The prize winners in the second tournament were Mrs. H. R. Warner, score 120, handicap 20, net 112; A. T. Anderson, score 104, handicap 16, net score 88; Miss Waddell and I. Anderson were second.

The latter part of the week has been devoted to tennis and the play has been brilliant and the success of the affair largely due to the efforts of R. A. Rowan of Los Angeles and Robert D. Osburn of Riverside. The entries include a number of crack Los Angeles players among whom are Clay Gooding, Wm. Nevin, Harry Bingham, Harold Bray, R. A. Rowan, Paul Rowan, Fritz Overton, Tro Hendricks, Milton Chadburn.

Santa Monica is represented by L. L. Oliver and D. D. Acker; Pasadena by Miss Shoemaker, John Daggett and the Misses Sutton; San Gabriel by Miss Gabriel Dobbins, Garvanza by Misses Orilla and Blanche Donnell, Redondo by Mrs. F. H. Seymour and Miss Seymour, Riverside by Mr. Osburn. Among the ladies who entered is Miss Julia Taylor of Detroit, Mich.

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

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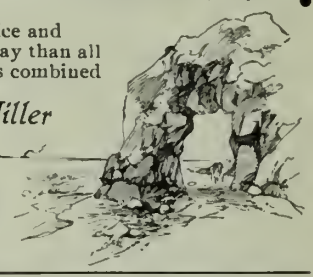

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Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redo do	9.10 a. m.	10 35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7 40 p. m.

Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.

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Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11,00 a m	4.15 p m	5 45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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ELSINORE CAL.

H. B. Ainsworth left Thursday for a business trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. Dan McFarland of Los Angeles has been entertaining a house party here this week as well as Mrs. J. W. Ridgeway, Mrs. M. L. Sargent and others who have had guests interested in tennis.

Mrs. G. F. Granger and Miss Elizabeth Hubbard of Pasadena have taken a cottage on the bluff for the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Taylor of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hickey and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Van Aylstine of Prescott, Ariz., are among this week's arrivals for the season.

Among prominent Los Angeles people who are at the hotel for an extended stay are Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert F. Gay and son, Mrs. C. Bumiller Hickey, Misses Stella and Edna Bumiller.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Powers, well known society people of Kansas City, are at Redondo Hotel for several weeks.

Dr. Alfred C. Crofton of Pasadena was among Wednesday's arrivals. Among Pasadenans still at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bolt and family, Mr. and Mrs. James Swan.

CATALINA ISLAND

NOT even a deaf, dumb and blind person could avoid catching the feeling of jollity that is even in the salt air here at Avalon. A chubby young matron boasted this week that she had reduced her weight over ten pounds through constant activity and is now anxiously awaiting the coming of a gripful of '97 summer gowns which she had thought were doomed to the rag bag. And you know clothes of any vintage are all right here, for people don't have to put on any more agony than they want to.

The ball room of the Metropole was filled with hotel guests and campers Monday evening to enjoy a musicale given under the direction of Hyman Meyer. It was a greatly enjoyed affair and the following men and women contributed numbers: Hyman Meyer, baritone solo; F. Smith, 'cello solo; Claude and Fred Gilbert, Quarrel Scene from "Julius Caesar;" Fred Scott Garrish, banjo solo; Mrs. M. C. Olcise, song; Miss Mabel McKenzie, violin solo; W. H. Leimert, prestidigitateur; Dave Rosebrook, cornet solo; Hyman Meyer, coon song.

An exciting fish story concerns J. H. Wood, Harry Elms and Frank W. Rider, who relieved each other for over fourteen hours playing a big tuna which finally broke the line and got away. Mr. Wood hooked the monster fish while out fishing with his wife and son.

The United States Consul at Yokohama reports that clocks are manufactured in various parts of Japan to an extent that has nearly driven out the foreign made articles. At Nagoya there are seven clock factories, the largest of which has an output of between 7,000 and 8,000 time pieces a month. Kyoto produces 5,000 clocks monthly; Osaka, 5,000, and Tokyo has two manufactories which make 5,000. He estimates that more than 30,000 clocks are made in Japan each month. He adds: "Everything pertaining to a clock is made here, except the springs, which come from America. Up to two years ago these springs were largely imported from Germany, but since that time they have been imported from the United States on account of the superior quality and cheapness of price offered by our country." The Japanese clocks are as good, as low in price and as varied in style as those of American make.

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Amusements

SOME things in the theatrical business have been a puzzle to me ever since the wheels first began to revolve in my think tank, especially on the vaudeville stage. It so frequently happens that some really clever person appears on the boards with a partner that appears to be good for little or nothing, unless it happens to be a woman, who sometimes looks pretty and by face and figure is entitled to half the salary. But this week the climax is reached at the Orpheum in the three Gardner brothers. One of them is a little fellow who sings fairly, dances very well, does the "drum-major act" brilliantly, and otherwise proves himself a versatile kid; while his big brothers show little talent and less energy for anything. Not a few patrons of the show this week have suggested that they should be ashamed of themselves. Of the other two new numbers on the bill, J. Morie has elaborated upon the feats of later-day jugglers and originated some novel tricks himself. Housewives quiver with tremulous apprehension at the apparently reckless way in which he throws real china plates and water pitchers around in the air.

ENTHUSIASTS on Italian opera now wish there was some way to hang onto the Lambardi Opera Company since it is once more filling the Los Angeles Theater with entrancing and brilliant melody. It has been suggested that we arrest the whole out-fit on some trumped-up charge and make them work their fine out in Mignon, Lucia, Trovatore, etc. But a more practical plan is suggested by the management of the theater, which is that the aforesaid enthusiasts keep coming to the show and bring their friends. The members of the company have not forgotten how to sing during their northern tour and the pleasure of listening to their magnificent voices is not a whit less than during their first engagement, even in familiar roles.

I HAVE wondered that Tom Garrett has not filled a few columns this week with criticisms of the subsidized Kin Fung Yee company that has held forth at Hazard's pavilion. Aside from the fact that it is a disgrace to be subsidized there is no doubt that Wun Lung displays a very faulty method in passing from head to chest tones. It may be that the celestial mummers' name suggests the cause of his apparent ignorance of the true Italian school and Mr. Garrett considerately overlooks a point which must at least perforate his corduroy coat. Then Miss Hip Sing did not sing at all; but as she only appeared in a scene that was laid in about 8147 B.C., it is obvious that it would be inconsistent for her to warble after the styles of Sostegni's and Rossi's. I would also point out to my versatile friend of the Record that the wind and brass were magnificently balanced in the orchestra, though not as cleverly as Morie handles plates at the Orpheum.

WRECK OF THE N. E. A. EXCURSION TRAIN AT NEWMAN, CAL.
Photo by Robert Farvis, who was a passenger on the wrecked train

Lambardi Opera Company—The Italian songbirds are again with us and the brilliant work done by them at their former visit is being repeated, if anything in a more pleasing and artistic manner. After learning the demands of the American public and singing to American audiences for a series of weeks they feel more at home and more at ease, knowing better how to please than when singing to southern American audiences and in the Republic of Mexico. The last three nights and matinee of this week has been a round of triumphs for the favorites who have returned in new roles, as well as a repetition of some in which we have seen them before With such singers as Signorinas Sostegni, Repetto, Barducci, Rossi, Pollettini, Uberto, Marchetti, etc., and Signors Russo, Badaracco, Ferrari, Petrovich, Bergami, Travaglini, Bergami, Vizzardelli, Bugamelli, Rataggi, etc., and a competent chorus and orchestra, surely any music lover should be satisfied with any bills presented since their return. Delighted with the successes of this week's business, arrangements have been completed in which an entire new series of operas will be given for next week, opening Monday evening with Verdi's spirited tragic opera Ernani. On Thursday evening Bellini's opera, I' Puritani, will be given; Wednesday evening, Rossini's opera bouffe, The Barber of Seville; Thursday evening, Verdi's Un Ballo in Maschera; Friday evening, Bellini's serious opera, Norma; at the Saturday matinee, by request, Ambroise Thomas' charming opera comique, Mignon; Saturday evening will close this memorable week of opera by an elaborate production of Marquetti's tragic opera in four acts, Ruy Blas.

Orpheum—The folks who believe that "to laugh is to grow fat" will find a splendid prescription ready for them in the new bill at the Orpheum next week.

It is strictly a comedy program, built for laughing purposes, with just enough in the way of music and novelty to give zest to the menu.

Hayes and Lytton, two great fun makers, are to present Geo. Cohan's cleverly written skit, "A Wise Guy;" the piece is said to be exceedingly funny and as Hayes and Lytton are known to be accomplished comedians, a tid bit may be expected.

Other notable acts will be, The Rixfords, head to head balancers; Millian and Shields, tragic burlesquers; Gardner Bros., musical artists; The Farrells' colored swells of the stage; Morie, the expert juggler; and the biograph with new views.

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WEDNESDAY EVG.....ROSSINI'S "BARBER OF SEVILLE"
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"No, I do not accept any commission from the house I buy from; all discounts go to my clients, who pay me. I buy regularly from certain houses; for instance, I buy largely from the Coulter Dry Goods house and have done so for years. Why?—because from a long experience I have found they are entirely reliable, that their goods are sold at a reasonable profit to themselves and that they buy new, fresh, up to-date goods, the best for the money, and buying from the manufacturers they are enabled to sell at as low a price as the making of the material will warrant. Is not that fair? It is worth so much to produce an article, it is worth so much to place it on sale at retail, and who should think of doing better or who should want to do better? I bought goods over twenty years ago from Coulter's here in this city for myself and one other family. I am now buying and assisting to buy for just an even dozen families; and as I said before, in the lines carried by Coulter I buy almost entirely of them. I have always been satisfied and the family I first bought for is still one of my clients, and two of that family are heads of new homes and I shop for them. Oh! I'll tell you more some time. Just advise the women to let bargain counters alone."

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Papa—I guess it's because wheels are seldom found revolving in long or flat places.

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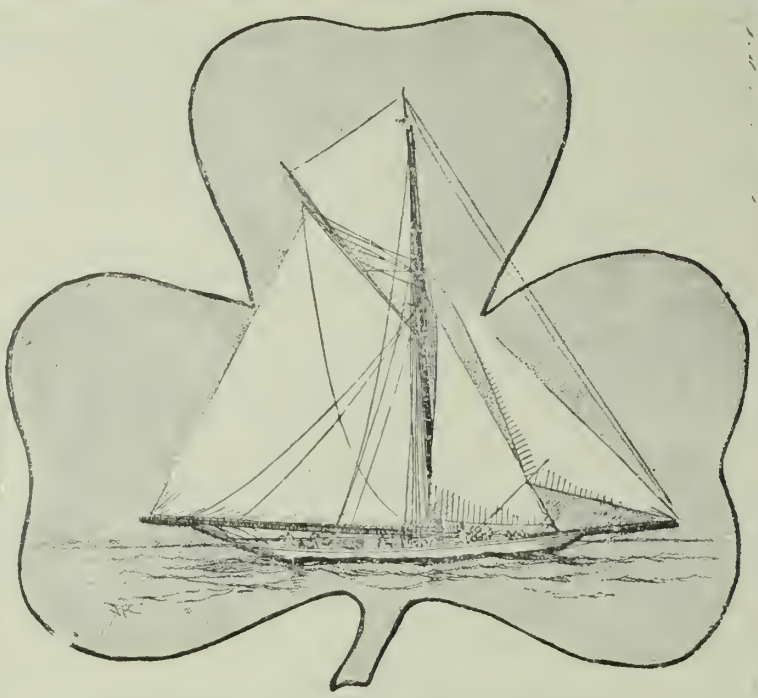

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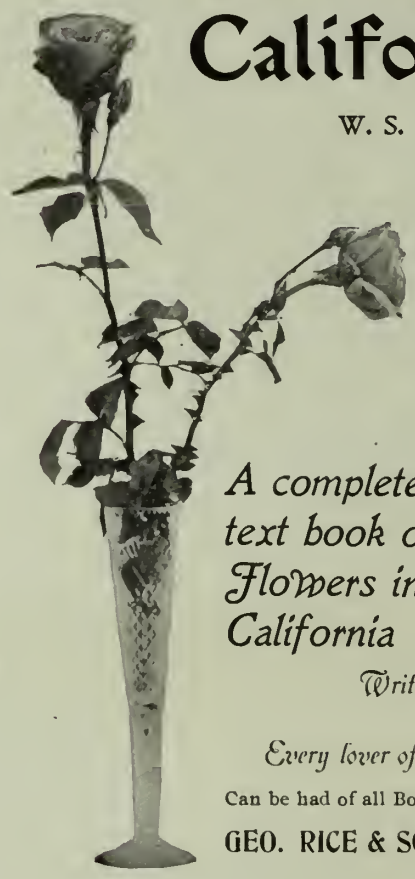

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 5

Los Angeles, Saturday, July 29, 1899.

Edition de Luxe
10 Cents a Copy

MISS LYELA EDELMAN
Whose Engagement to Hugo Brandeis of Omaha, Nebraska, was announced this week

Photo by Marceau
Eng. by Mausard-Collier Co.

McCall's Fashion Magazine, 5c.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

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9½ x 9½-inch Hemstitched Center Pieces.....$1.75
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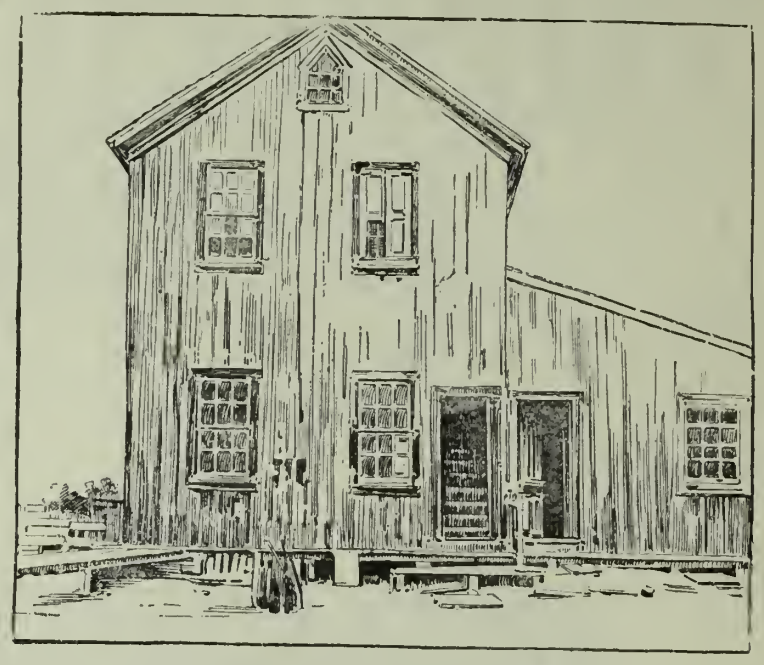

ODDEST SCHOOLHOUSE IN NEW YORK.

At a time when New York is adding several fine buildings to her school facilities this illustration is interesting. It is made from a photograph of the schoolhouse on Barren Island, which became a part of the Greater New York at the time of the consolidation. It is not quite up to the standard of the greater metropolis. Barren Island is situated in Canarsie bay, about seven miles southeast of the city hall.

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale, No. 32146.

J. M. Elliott and H. T. Lee, as Trustees for Jessie P. Church, plaintiffs, vs. Minnie S. Serrot, the said Minnie Serrot and J. W. Gilette and W. W. Widney, as Executors of the Will of Charles E. Serrot, deceased, Marcus Serrot and Thomas Serrot, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 13th day of July, A.D., 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein J. M. Elliott, et al., the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Minnie S. Serrot, et al., defendants, on the 27th day of June, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Seventeen Hundred and Fourteen and 40-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 30th day of June, A. D 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 85 of said Court, at page 4, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the county of Los Angeles, state of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot Thirteen (13) of Hodgkin's Subdivision of Lot Eighty-seven (87) and Eighty-eight (88) of Watt's Subdivision of part of the Rancho San Rafael, according to the map of said Hodgkin's Subdivision, recorded in Book 5, page 576 of the Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California. Together with Ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Sycamore Canyon Water Company of San Rafael, Los Angeles County, California.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 13th day of July, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN Deputy Sheriff.
Messrs. Scott, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WESTERN GRAPHIC

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GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR

TEN thousand additional endorsements of our Southern California hospitality and climate have been added to the already long list which has gone forth to tell of the most delightful land in the world. The thousands of N.E.A.'s will probably tell their half million pupils in the schoolrooms all over the United States of "when I was in California—." The words of commendation and praise will be carried home and discussed at the fireside, and thus the rising generation will be educated as to the beauties and advantages of the wonderland, Southern California.

One Million Good Opinions

The winter climate of this land of sunshine has been fully endorsed by the travelers of the world who seek a refuge from the icy cold of the north; now our summer days will be praised as a haven to which to flee from the sultry, torrid weather of the East. Verily are there any other worlds, in the orbit of delightful health-giving climates, for us to capture?

What is your choice? Or will you go all of them? Bonds for this, bonds for that, and still there's more to follow. On August 22 you can vote—

You Pay Your Money

For or against high school building bonds	$220,000
For or against general School bonds.....	200,000

The next day, August 23, citizens will cast their ballots

For or against city water bonds	2,090,000
A grand total of	$2,510,000

After these, what? There are many improvements to be made in this city that are imperative, that can not be made except by issue of bonds. The question is a serious one. Business men are becoming alarmed. Capital is asking if it is to be driven out of Los Angeles by excessive taxation.

Schools are absolutely necessary and everybody certainly favors the proposition to educate our children, and that requires school buildings, and there is no other way to provide them but to issue bonds. It seems that the School Board had a doubt as to the utility of a new high school building, by dividing the question, so that bonds to build general or grammar school buildings can be voted and the high school building defeated. It would seem that a high school education should be given all children who will avail themselves of it, but— this leads us into deep water. There is evidently two sides to the question of high school education, for it is being discussed by the people most earnestly. Again, the general system of education in our public schools comes in for a great deal of discussion and much criticism—a question, however, that does not enter into the issuance of bonds.

After the school bonds, the greatest of all questions, the one that will bring out a full vote, is the water bonds. On this subject the GRAPHIC will take the side against bonds and will endeavor to fully elucidate its stand on the issue before election day. We have favored the coming together of the City Council and the Water Company people and see if they cannot agree on terms that will settle the question and thus avoid the tremendous expense bill the city is now piling up against the taxpayers in accomplishing nothing.

The resort to violence by the eastern street car strikers, even to the extreme of the destruction of property by dynamite, is the expected but appalling result of a disagreement between a corporation and its employees. Without entering into a discussion of the right or wrong, or the mitigating or untenable circumstances of the strikers' position, such lawlessness is a disgrace to the executive officers of the law and a state of anarchy that in a European country would be put down with irresistible force. There may be wrongs with the law but there are just as important rights under the law, and it is the sworn duty of the heads of government to uphold the wrong with the right, else there is no law. With every succeeding epidemic of strikes the local authorities, in whatever part of the country the trouble occurs, pursue the dilatory course of "waiting until the rioting is beyond their control" before asking state or federal assistance. It is during the interval between the end of municipal efficiency and the appearance of a stronger protector of the peace that lives and property are sacrificed to the indulgence of sympathy.

Eastern Street Car Strikes

Speaking from a private soldier's point of view is very much the same as from an officer's standpoint when the commanding officer is criticized. The commander of an army is usually governed by the power at the capitol, and in this country, that means the President and his cabinet and "the power behind the throne" of which politics is chairman.

The Private Soldier's Point of View

The private soldier is often more capable to command his company than the commissioned officers, and the same might be said of his natural ability and bravery, in many instances being superior to the regimental officers. The are private soldiers in the ranks who are as capable, with experience added, as the brigade commander. Many instances are known (though they are not allowed to go on record) when in reality the brigade commander received his inspiration in time of battle from his orderly, who also carried the messages and gave the necessary commands to lead the brigade on to victory. It was the bugler, who found himself alone in the thickest of the fight at San Juan, who was on the spot and could see the critical situation, who took it upon himself to sound the charge and thus saved the day. The private is nobody, is not supposed to even think, if we are to believe the talk of some brigadiers. But they are generally the boys who do the fighting. Should they have an opinion? Should they express it? There is a time for all things and the "high private of the rear rank" of the GRAPHIC believes that the boys returned from Manila have the right now to express the opinions they have had ground into them by experience. The consensus of their opinions of the general condition at Manila, whatever it is, is correct and history will prove it.

Of course there is the croaker in the army as well as out of it, whose opinion is cheap and not worth the price, but the verdict of the citizen soldier of America is final, as far as history is concerned.

Like the evening sun, as it drops into a tropical sea, the life of Robert G. Ingersoll went out in the heighth of his glory. There was no cloud, no twilight; all that was earthly of this man, who towered above men, returned from whence it came. Like a few his name will go down to time; like a tree his body returns to the elements; his soul—who knows. His whole life is mirrorred in the following passage from his works, which was read at his funeral:

The Death of a Man

"My religion—To love justice, to long for the right, to have mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits, to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty and wage a relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature; to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, with the noble deeds of all the world; to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy; to fill life with a splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words; to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm before the storm and dawn beyond the night; to do the best that can be done and then to be resigned—that is the religion of reason, the creed of science; This satisfies the brain and the heart."

Ingersoll is dead. Long live Ingersoll!

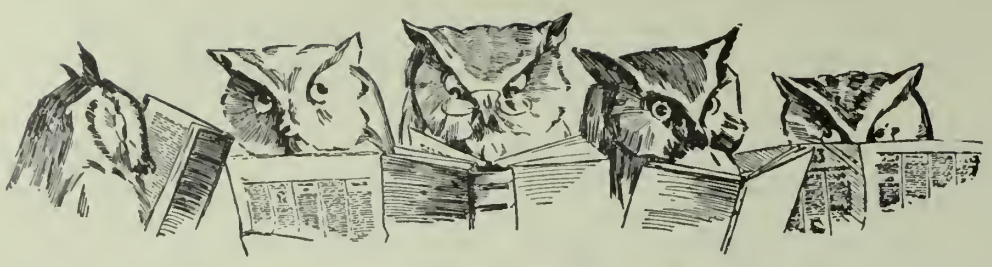
On Wednesday morning the newspapers of the country contained a quarter-column telegram headed, in many instances, "Alger Bids Farewell." Now this has a tearful sound to those ignorant of his identity, but the feelings of every man, woman and child in Southern California toward the ex-secretary were very much as Frank Daniels expressed himself in "Little Puck"—"Oh, I'd like to give you a real good kick."

Some Would Use Both Feet

The horror of the cold-blooded murder of a young woman by a senile wretch old enough to be her father assails the sensibilities with an indescribable loathing for the monster, who has all but succeeded in removing his offensive presence from the earth. A civilized mind is not capable of entertaining a punishment adequate to the fiendishness of the offense, and we can only extend sympathy to the girls parents, whose hearts are heavy with a most terrible sorrow.

The Long Beach Tragedy

There is vindication for G. J. Griffith and confusion for the friends of R. A. Bird in the jury's verdict again convicting him of forgery.



Observations of the Owl

HEALTH Officer Powers wants the city to provide him with a bacteriological laboratory, which he says is essential to place the department on an equality with similar branches of the public service in other cities.

A Bug Department Wanted

Most of us who have had reason to know what has been done by Dr. Powers in the past year will agree that he ought to have almost anything he asks, though we can not accept the implication that the health department of Los Angeles is not already equal to that of any other city. A bacteriological laboratory is where the expert microscopists find many new and unexpected things without traveling far in search of them. The bacteriologist finds and classifies the various microbes that prey upon man. That he does not at the same time discover how best to destroy the cocci is unfortunate, but time is yet young and all things are not learned in a day. Lest occasion should be given for a discussion on the actual value of the discovery of certain bacilli the technicalities of the subject will here be dropped.

If a new bacteriological laboratory will assist the health officer in enforcing the law against the sale of impure and adulterated food it should be forthcoming instanter, but even a comparatively primitive assortment of microscopes, test tubes, lactometers and other kinds of meters can, by the expert, be made to discover the startling fact that purity in food products is now nearer the exception than the rule. That dairymen and restauranteurs and others every little while suffer arrest for dispensing milk that comes not up to requirements, proves only one thing, and that is that the ordinance is not actually a dead letter.

One pernicious evil that the milk men may practice without fear of the law appears to be growing, unchecked. The use of preservatives in milk and cream is doing

Danger in Embalmed Milk

much toward the enrichment of dairymen, but it is causing a danger that gives no little concern to those physicians that really have at heart the best interests of their fellow men. The use of an antiseptic drug to keep milk from spoiling for a period of twenty-four to forty-eight hours makes the milk valueless as food, and to invalids and children the doctored lacteal fluid is positively dangerous. Milk that is drugged so it will not sour will not digest. Milk that will not digest can cause much mischief in the human stomach.

A great hue and cry was long ago raised about "embalmed beef," and many who loaned their voices to public clamor were at the time using, and still use, "embalmed milk." That one preparation widely used in the preservation of milk is formalin, will not seem so surprising to those persons that have detected in their coffee the odor that became familiar to them during the recent visitation of smallpox. That formalin should be a good germicide and be efficacious in time of epidemic is not proof that it is healthful to take with draughts of milk. Almost every milkman in this city will admit that he uses some kind of preservative, and though all may not use the pungent disinfectant known to druggists as formaldehyde—otherwise formalin—he is nevertheless imperiling weak stomachs and young children with his "embalmed milk."

Now no bacteriological laboratory is required to discover the presence of preservative in milk. Any ordinary nose may smell it and most palates may taste it. The health officer knows of the practice and deplores it, but the men who dose the milk do not thereby violate the written law relating to murder.

One example of how a deliberate body may sometimes be led astray by its impulse was presented by the city council, which came

It Would Have Been a Silly Thing to Do

very near passing an ordinance to prohibit the carrying of young children upon the handle bars of bicycles Any legislation that is designed to protect life is commendable, but a city council that would essay to prohibit a father from carrying his child with him on a bicycle that was built for one might go further and establish a penalty for taking the little one out for a buggy ride in a vehicle pulled by a horse or pushed by nurse or fond relative. No parent needs a law to keep him from endangering the life of his own offspring, though all require protection from the other fellow. Few parents take less interest in their own babies than the city fathers express for all infantile humanity within the corporate limits, and the man that chooses to take chances of calamity by carrying in proud display his child upon a bicycle handle bar should be permitted to take the chances, as he submits to the greatest risk.

There is a delicattessen and meat market on Second street in the window of which is a Hebrew sign which presumably calls attention to the Rabbi's seal on every cutlet and chop. A distinctly Irish pair were attracted by the odd looking characters, and after eyeing the stems and tails for a moment Mrs. Mulligan inquired of her husband, "Can you read it, Mike?" Mike cocked his head to one side and with his eyebrows raised replied, "No-o-o; but if I had me flute I could play it."

The bicycle bell ordinance is another matter. As it is open to discussion, and viewed from some standpoints, is ludicrous, and

Rather be Killed than Scared to Death

as people are competent to form their own conclusions from their respective positions as bicycle riders or as pedestrians there is little to be said. That some persons get run down because there is no warning bell and that others suffer in like manner because there is one to alarm and befuddle them, are arguments pro and con.

The N.E.A. delegates that went away last week will be sorry they did not stay to experience that creepy sensation of "assisting" in

The Earthquakes too Late for the N.E.A.

an earthquake. Even a series of light temblors would have served to illustrate future geography lessons in Eastern schools. To put a few thousand Eastern strangers "through" one of our so-called earthquakes and then defy the visitors to find any ruin in the seismic wake would be to cast confusion into the ranks of those persons that play with the word of awful import and seek to mitigate, by comparison, their own cyclones, tornadoes and blizzards that leave their trail of debris and death.

The kissing bug can never hope to be as popular as the "kissing bee," for which so many us retain a pleasant memory.

It is strange how a few warm days will stimulate business. During the last brief

Weather for the Seaside Bonifaces

heated term the Owl tried to find a number of professional men at their offices and was greeted by many little placarded notes on the door saying that Mr. So-and so had an engagement elsewhere for the day. As "elsewhere" might mean any of the beaches the search ended right at the office.

There is a pretty good story on half a dozen Pasadena men being kept dark with the usual success. It seems that on the morning of the Fourth two or three congenial spirits met in Johnnie Wood's drug store, quite accidentally, and incidentally opened up a bottle or two of—seltzer water—as an appropriate and innocent celebration of the day. The occasion was rendered especially auspicious by the presence of Will Leithead, who was not familiar with the vintage and who was down from Riverside for the day, and when Dr. H. J. Macomber dropped in he was easily persuaded to celebrate also.

Festivities were at their height when without the slightest warning Dr. Harry drew out his revolver and began wildly shooting into the crowd. There was a general stampede, a crashing of bottles, and before five shots had been fired the agile proprietor of the drug store had scaled the light partition and dropped into safety on the other side. Leithead had escaped into the cellar while the others of the frolicsome party had taken refuge among the unwashed and messy bottles under the various counters and Macomber had possession of the place.

Opinions varied as to the cause of the outbreak. The milk-raised Pasadena men never doubted that the seltzer water had gone to the doctor's head and intoxicated him, but Leithead (who spends a great deal of his time at San Berdoon) decided the excitable gentleman had suddenly gone crazy and telephoned for Marshal Lacey, while H. H. Rose, with commendable zeal, rang up the fire department.

The response from both quarters was prompt, but before help could be secured the practical joker had explained he was only having a little fun with the boys with blank cartridges.

Thereupon they set 'em up all around again, and it being plain seltzer even the genial marshal joined them, but the chief of the fire department ungraciously said he had plenty of water in his line of business and he'd go home and celebrate. Johnnie Wood, beginning to get into the spirit of the day,

In the Gay Life

SOCIETY sleeves I see are having the proper droop. "Elbowing" should now be played wittily in some form only I can't think of anything, and besides I do not like elbows. Does anybody? What elbows were made for I cannot think. Elbows hove spoiled more thon one graceful situation. Take Romeo and Juliet. Every Juliet I have ever seen (and that has been two) has spoiled the balcony scene with those horrid crooks half way down her arms. When Maude Adams was doing that 19th century school girl Juliet of hers lately in New York, those elbows she used nearly killed me. Why, I wonder, wasn't the balcony built lower down or Maude's anatomy built higher up to let out some of that kink of 90 degrees? But then Maude was the rage just then among women especially, and what woman does not bow down to an angular another? But let those corners and all the rest of it be properly dimpled over and where would feline or rather feminine sympathy be? In this case, however, poor Maudie, who will have a gold statue of herself at Paris by her native state (I have forgotten which) "is so delicate you know. Has consumption. Can't live two years, the doctors say!" Oh, dear!

Schumacher Photo Mausard-Collier Eng.
MISS EDNA H. BIRD—SOLO PIANISTE AND ACCOMPANIST

Don't you like to hear people always talk-about where they have been and what they have seen. I do. Especially when it is all about clothes—especially society's clothes. What a comfort it is that in all one's trials and tribulations, as long as there are clothes to think of, there is still something to live for! Now speaking of Maude, the theater and New York, reminds me of how beautifully women do dress in the east when they go out to places of amusement in the evening. Take even plain old Philadelphia! There was one evening when Nordica, Emma Eames and two or three men (it does not matter about their names) were singing in the Academy of Music. The first balcony in the Academy, you know, has just recently been converted, English fashion, into one immense circle of private boxes, and how perfectly stunning the house did look, the women in perfect evening dress with their white fur cloaks thrown back over their chairs, looking like some mythological characters rising out of great sea shells. Then the dressing was not confined to those particular boxes. The whole house to the roof was in special attire, even the woman who felt happy to listen to the divine music notwithstanding a seat on the stairs, finding it incumbent upon herself to appear in a fancy silk waist and proper evening gloves.

Now in Los Angeles, as a rule any old shirt waist will do, and to appear in a boxwith a veil tucked under the chin and a shopping parcel in hand is quite permissible.

Preserve us! There are, however, small cliques of society here who appear at the theater properly clothed and in their right minds. While they have not the courage, it seems, to appear in "full" evening dress, yet their gowning is of the most elegant and fashionable description and they are truly a godsend in the relief they furnish to the general appearance. There have been a number of evenings at the theaters lately when the boxes have been enlivened by parties with such leaders of up-to-date gowning as Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Wilbur Parker, Mrs. Wm. Garland and the two Miss Winstons, who always seem to me the most correctly dressed young ladies in Los Angeles.

Catalina will soon have its innings. August usually sees this unique resort full of people and full of entertainments.

Governor Gage and family spent a few days there last week, quietly it is true, but finding plenty of enjoyment within the confines of their party which included Mr. and Mrs. George Denis, Mrs. Wells and Dr. E. A. Bryant.

The McCreas are, as usual, summering at Catalina, which means an overflowing house party at "The Tycoon," their island home, most of the time. Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Salisbury who always take their children to Catalina for their vacation went over last Wednesday, the doctor to remain two or three weeks.

It looks as though Redondo had all the young folks the past week—raison d'etre—the ball. I see Miss Overton is quite in the thick of it down there and presume she has stepped back into the niche she left when she departed six months ago for that Mexican and eastern and what-not trip. Now Miss Overton was always a favorite. She is clever "smart" and her dark eyes can be everything, therefore anyone might be pardoned for wondering whether the "niche" included the very handsome and very gallant young churchman of St. Paul's who saw a great deal of sweldom by her side last year—in fact, so much—that is to say, so much by her side that society smiled—approval, of course.

Mrs. R. Garner Curran of 1659 West Eleventh street entertained at luncheon Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Robert W. King of Chicago. The dining room was decorated in pink carnations and maidenhair ferns Before returning home Mrs. King will visit Mrs. Peyton Smith in San Francisco.

Mrs. C. Charles Travers was the hostess of a reception given Monday evening at her home on Downey avenue, Miss Anna Bragg being the guest of honor. The house was most artistically decorated throughout with flowers and foliage and the piazza was made inviting by divans and growing plants. Dancing was enjoyed and later there came an informal musical program. Piano solo, Miss Jessie Richie; Miss Frances Aylesworth played Moszkowski's Serenade on the violin. Mrs. Grace Henderson Mathewson sang some selections from Aida and the "Arditi Waltz;" and the hostess sang the "Gypsy Song" from Carmen. B. Harwood Travers presided at the piano. Miss Brag left Tuesday morning for San Francisco, and after a short stay there she will return to her home in the east.

Thursday evening a pretty wedding occurred at 758 Wall street, when Miss Bessie Bedford was made Mrs. Charles F. Luken. Mr. Luken is an employee of the WESTERN GRAPHIC and the best wishes of a score of associates go with his bride and himself in their new happiness.

The banquet given Father Adam on Thursday evening at Illich's by the Newman Club was an event as heartfelt as it was convivial, and was replete with incidents of wisdom and good cheer. No divine that has ever lived in California carries away with him so many excellent characteristics and such a registry of sublime church work as the distinguished guest, who for more than a quarter of a century has been a radiant chieftain in all the duties entrusted him. The mould in which he was made has been destroyed.

Melba is not coming to the United States next season. She will visit South America. She is now singing in London and will appear in Russia and Germany before the South American season. We shall greet her again in 1900.

MISCELLANEOUS

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Sketches in the Philippines

Impressions and Observations Gained During the Busy Life of a Campaigner

WHILE the following letter was written some seven weeks since, there is much interest in the plain statements of a soldier boy, unvarnished by a journalist:

Though we are now located at Quingua, I will tell you of the Filipino congress building at Malolos before describing the beautiful town of Quingua. The capitol or congress building is about centrally situated in Malolos. It is a large church with yellow and white front, converted into a large assembly room, with little to suggest its original significance. It was decorated with wreaths and chains made of flowers and vines. High up and near the ceiling were the names of the members of congress painted on white card in gilded letters. The name of Jose Rizal, the Filipino patriot, who died at the hands of the Spaniards on the Lunetta, occupies an honorary position. The floor is of polished inlaid stone. At the entrance is a large heap of six and eight inch shells, rendered ineffective by withdrawing the charges and explosives. Of course the president's desk, secretary's chair, etc., were not there, although the benches were. Seeing these things one cannot help thinking them sincere and we would doubtless call them patriots but for the faet that the name insurrectionists sounds better at this time.

The Filipino Capitol

We now come to Quingua. Of all places we have yet been in this is the most picturesque. The town is orderly, contains many substantial houses and has a massive cathedral which at present serves as our quarters. We came here only a few days ago, relieving Company M of the Twenty-second Infantry, the regiment taking a new position at Baliwag. All was reported quiet and we have had peaceable times since our arrival.

Picturesque Quingua

Our detachment numbers fifty men of H Battery, under Lieutenant Boutelle. The remainder of the battery is still camped beside the railroad track at Malolos. Battery L is quartered in the congress building, K in the open field, and G is still at Calumpit guarding the bridge there. Duty is not hard, and with commodious quarters this part of the army at least is once more reconciled to soldier life.

The inhabitants of this place appear to be an industrious and thrifty folk. Business is becoming somewhat awakened. Many families have returned, and to judge from the numerous burials of little children here, it seems that exposure to all conditions of weather and insufficient nourishment have taxed the strength of the little ones beyond endurance. We find in a number of homes sueh a luxury as a piano, but the performers have room for improvement.

The cathedral is the finest I have seen outside of Manila. The main hall is fully two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. The altar and interior of the building are finished so they quite resemble marble, with gold trimmings. The same is true of the pulpit. The chandeliers are of pretty design, the cut glass and silvery spheres being in harmony with the splendor of the interior. The eonvent, a spacious two-story building, forms the right wing. The apartments are in part elegantly finished.

The Cathedral of Quingua

The Rio Quingua flowing through here is a fine stream. The current is swift and water clear. It is used for domestic purposes. The tree-lined banks and bluffs afford beautiful landscapes, and as far as the eye can reach the dense vegetation bespeaks the fertility of the soil. Bathing once a day in this stream is keenly enjoyed.

The agricultural outlook is also at its best here. In nearly all the fields we see the natives busy cultivating cane, planting corn, harvesting their sweet potatoes, or tilling the soil preparatory to planting a new crop. Rice is ripening. Fruit is being gathered and laid away to ripen; bananas and mangos are some of the fruits treated this way. In the harvest field the entire family often helps papa. Crops may be seen in all stages. Corn may be just coming up or ready to harvest. The fruit trees may have both blossoms and ripe fruit. This may sound as though a tree did not have common sense. Coffee bushes are often seen and they are well laden with fruit. One may find berries of various kinds but the flavor is not good.

Native Tillers of the Soil

With our modern facilities for transportation and tilling the soil, one cannot help feeling that the crude methods tax a man's patience and require his strength to a much greater degree, with far smaller results, than we are accustomed to. When the Filipinos are awakened to this fact we will have a good market here. One thing worth a passing notice is the tandem water buffalo teams attached to heavily laden carts with wheels of solid wood, only a little opening being made to admit the axle.

I have not yet seen growing hemp and tobacco. The interior doubtless contains many novelties.

GEORGE ODEN

Volcano at the Coming Exposition

There will be innumerable interesting novelties at the Paris exposition. One of the most popular will undoubtedly be the artificial volcano. Few people are lucky enough to see a real volcano in action and will weleome the chance to view its counterfeit. It will be built, says the Scientific American, at Grenelle on the banks of the Seine; will be 328 feet high and 485 feet in diameter. From the figures one sees that it will be in reality a small mountain visitors will have the privilege of climbing.

The sides of the mountain will be provided with shady roadways and footpaths, so as to make the trip to the top very agreeable. The framework of the volcano will require no less than 18,000,000 pounds of iron and steel, and the earth that covers it will be real turf. A roadway twenty-five feet wide will wind spirally up a level of 240 feet, and will be decorated with climbing plants, bowers and trees. One hundred and twenty feet from the bottom there will be a circular platform, 1000 feet in circumferenee, called the "Alley of the Twentieth Century."

Vegetation will be arranged upward from the bottom so that visitors will pass from the flora of the Mediterranean to the stunted shrubs usually found at the craters of volcanos. Paths will lead to various restaurants and concert halls and there will also be a reproduction of Dante's "Inferno."

In the evening the summit will always be surmounted with a cloud of smoke, three eruptions will take place at fixed hours and an imitation lava flow will prove interesting.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

ONE often grows tired and ashamed of the perpetual vaunting of woman's "emergence" and "emancipation" by numerous reformers of the present day, and it is this disgust which prompts the following remarks.

It is the common boast of the modern woman, or perhaps I might say muscular reformer, that now for the first time we are women, free to use our long down-trampled powers, free to come and go and compete in many ways with the sterner sex; but if the truth were only known we are in no way nobler, finer or more suited to the sphere of woman than the women who have gone before us quietly and honorably fulfilling their share of toil and suffering, their meed of pain, in the struggle which has brought us to the present stage of progress.

The New Woman is Overdoing

Woman in her highest uses and essentials is unintelligible to the muscular reformer, and for this reason I contend that the muscular reformer must be rejected as a guide to women. It is the delight of exerting these powers that has been the cause of the present degeneration in women.

This may sound a little ambiguous to my reader, but if you have ever noticed the poor little knock-kneed, degenerate creatures whom mothers make spectacles of daily and stop to think that without doubt that mother is one of our outdoor, robust, handsome, muscular persons, who is an adept with her tennis raequet, a zealous cyclist and an all-round "good fellow." I don't mean that it necessarily follows that the offspring of every athletic woman is knock-kneed or cross eyed, but in every case it is inferior, if not physically, certainly in mental quality and human charm to my womanly woman's babe. It seems that the prevailing ambition of the muscular reformer is to do things that men do, whereas her true value lies in doing things which men cannot do. The woman who has assumed or cultivated the masculine variation may be a very useful member of society but as a human creature she is a failure, and although it may seem more appropriate for fiction than a serious article, it is true that it is the ambition of every womanly woman to be the inspiration of some man's soul, and to be the mother of the offspring of that inspiration is the highest goal. But the excellent good fellow, though her mate may be deservedly attached to her, will never sound the highest keynote of his nature or fan into flame the soul and chivalry and finer tenderness whereof the most apparently commonplace man may be capable.

If we watch the development thwarted by athletics in women we will surely find, not regeneration as some of us suppose, but degeneration. Instead of physical enrichment there is physical impoverishment. She loses the charm of girlhood without gaining the natural charm of womanhood; she becomes instead muscular, coarse, stout, and altogether it is this type which is increasing so rapidly among our modern women.

The clamoring reformer has for the most part done no more than set obstacles in our way, the obstacles of ridicule and hostility consequent upon her methods, and if we fol-

low in her footsteps, instead of cherishing our womanliness and nobler attributes as our very highest possibilities, we may do all that progress and the nobler women who have gone before us have achieved.

The Fallacy of Fads

"How the common people kill fads in Hungary" is the heading of a very interesting article I ran across somewhere not long ago, and I just thought if it had only been "How fads are killed in Los Angeles." Most fads are, in truth, expensive and are intended for the gratification of their ultra fashionable originators. But in this day of cheap and shoddy imitation nothing short of steam yacht, private race course and automobile fads will save the pleasure of their indulgence to the people of wealth. Beauty pins were first very dainty affairs of solid gold set with diamond chips, etc , but now their imitations can be had for six for a quarter and are an article of common utility. Likewise the pompadour comb, which was originally seen on state occasions worn by a few who had five or ten dollars to indulge their fancy with; and now every servant and shop girl has one.

The article referred to described how certain ladies in Hungary adopted the habit of taking to the theatre huge plush bags of loud colors, in which they carried all their miscellanecus belongings, such as opera glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs, smelling bottles and sweetmeats. These bags they were accustomed to hang over the ledge of the dress circle, with a picturesque and not wholly unpleasing effect.

The fashion spread among the lower classes and soon every servant girl in the street appeared with a plush bag in her hand.

A short time ago the officers of a regiment quartered in the town for several successive nights bought up all the front seats in the dress circle and turned up at the performance carrying on their arms an ordinary forage bag, which they slung over the ledge in imitation of the ladies.

The joke created no little amusement, and roars of laughter shook the house when the officers produced from their bags opera glasses, sweets, handkerchiefs, and here and there a tobacco pouch or a snuff box. Since then the plush bags have disappeared from the horizon.

Another convulsion of saintliness has struck San Francisco and a late superior court decision has stirred up public opinion on gambling to an extent that the future promises to add the thousands of slot machines of the windy city to those from Los Angeles that have found floor space at pleasure resorts and country stores.

A banker to foot the bills, a judge to censor the bear stories and three physicians to prescribe proper doses of snake medicine is certainly an ideal crowd for a month's hunting trip. They left last Sunday for Oregon where they will visit the Cascades, Crater Lake, Diamond Lake and Pellican Bay, and their names are Doctors W. W. Hitchcock, M. L. Moore, E. R. Smith, Judge R. H. F. Variel and J. J. Fay.

PEORIA's lodge of the Modern Woodmen of America has put a ban on duck trousers as a part of the marching uniform. No particular reason is given, hut it is presumed that such garments make the men webfooted.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

HE WHO is not a golf player is indeed a lonesome individual nowadays, for with the informal weekly tournaments, the projected organization of a Southern California Golf Club Association this week, and the Santa Moniea club tournament on Friday and Saturday the air is redolent with Scotch. Messrs. J. F. Sartori of Los Angeles and C. E. Maud of Riverside are the gentlemen most actively interested in the formation of an association and it is expected that hy the time this issue of WESTERN GRAPHIC is in the mails the cementing of the interests of golfers will have been effected.

The Santa Monica club links on Nevada avenue are in fine condition for the play, and today (Saturday) will be one of the biggest days for golf since the first stick was flourished in the county.

Things will change in a few weeks in favor of tennis, for on August 14th begins the association tournament at the Casino courts, and already the bizarre costumes of the golfers are decimated with the more pleasing flannels of the racquet wielders.

The first heat of the swimming race takes place next Sunday afternoon, and it is expected that several new swimmers will make the event very interesting for past champions.

Last Saturday afternoon some two score golfers and their friends assembled at the Ocean Park links for a sociable game, after which Mrs. G. L. Waring served tea and Mmes. Abbot Kinney and T. H. Dudley distributed prizes to the winners in the play, Mrs. Waring and Messrs. M. G. Burmester and W. H. Young.

Major Ben C. Truman returned Saturday from San Francisco where he was attending another meeting of the Paris Commissioners. Miss Georgia Truman accompanied him.

Among other Angelenos who are here for a season are William Bosbyshell and family, who occupy one of their cottages on South Ocean avenve, and L. H. Carpenter and family who are domiciled in the Pastime cottage at Ocean Park.

People used to call croquet an old maid's game, hut here in Santa Monica it became necessary to have some relaxation from the everlasting round of golf so the old-fashioned game with mallets and wooden balls was seized upon and the Santa Monica Croquet Club is the result. It fills the bill and besides provides opportunities for delightful social afternoons in garden dress. Tuesday the weekly gathering took place on the beautiful lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Robertson on Nevada avenue, corner Third. Mrs. T. H. Dudley was the hostess and poured tea.

A jolly party of Pasadenans, properly chaperoned, enjoyed a trolley party Monday evening. After sniffing the salt air on the heach for an hour they indulged in a fish dinner at the Arcadia grill.

Among the season's guests at Hotel Arcadia are Prof. Ferguson and family of Pomona College, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Haskell, he the editor of the Pomona Progress; Mrs. S. R. Hemingway, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark, Riverside. It is a great week for editors, Mr. Clark being an editor of the Riverside Press.

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

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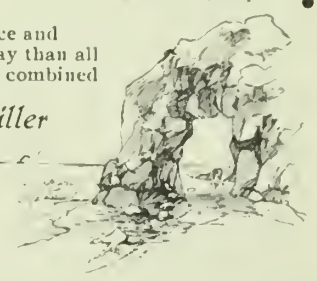
Frank A. Miller
Prop.



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Ocean Park
KINNEY & DUDLEY TRACT
Santa Monica
Ocean front, Elegant beach, Water piped to tract Electric light connection. Long lease, $10 to $25 yearly rental
The Best Opportunity Ever Offered to secure a Santa Monica Home
Ocean Air Ocean Beach Ocean Bathing
L. B. OSBORN, Agent
Office, terminus Electric Car Track, Santa Monica.

Fine Fish Dinners

No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.

THE PAVILION
ECKERT & HOPF, Props

Championship Swimming Race at Santa Monica.....

A half-mile race in the open ocean, for good purses. Best two in three heats. First heat Sunday, July 30, 1 p m. The course may be seen from the verandahs of the North Beach Bath House. The plunge is emptied and cleaned thoroughly every night. The water is kept at 82 degrees. The beach is at all times clean, quiet and orderly, and has more permanent attractions than any other resort. Everybody is remarking the great improvement over all preceding years.

The continual round of events at the Arcadia this week has kept the guests busy. Tuesday evening Mrs. E. M. Ross was score keeper at progressive whist in which Miss Rose Hardenburg, 29, and Dr. Cunningham, 36, were leaders.

Wednesday evening Mrs. J. C. Drake surprised her husband with a birthday dinner. Pretty decorations and a delightful menu were in harmony with the jolly party the wife had bidden: Mrs. A. C. Miner, Lieut. and Mrs. Randolph Miner, Miss Margaret Winston, Prof. Von Neumayer and Miss Daphne Drake.

Miss Whitlock of Altadena, who is on the eve of returning to England, entertained with a dinner in her apartments the same evening, the guests being Mrs. S. F. Lowther, Miss Hugus, Miss Annetta Hugus, Messrs. Hugus, Neff and Harris.

The juvenile cake walk Wednesday evening was pronounced the success of the season, the little folks being perfectly fascinating in their fancy costumes. Margaret Woollacott was dressed in brown overalls as a boy and with Clarice Stevens won the cake. The other misses and masters were Tilly Baruch, Violet Whitlark, Dalphne Drake, Evan Kahn, Newton Todd, Jack Whitlark, Chamblis Lowther, Alexander Lowther, Gale Larkin, James Woollacott.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Noble, a palmist of national reputation and a pupil of Cheiro, gave a lecture and reading in the parlors.

Friday evening the Los Angeles Ladies' Quartette, conducted by Madam Crawford, charmed the guests with some choice selections in the drawing rooms.

Ocean Park is booming. A street is being opened from South Second street to the tract, a postoffice has been established with L. B. Osborne in charge and Messrs. Kinney & Dudley propose planting the sand lots to trees.

CORONADO

AT NO time during recent years has Coronado been so crowded with summer residents and visitors. Life in the cottage community seems particularly pleasant this season and the visitors are a merry throng, thoroughly enjoying the various attractions of the beach. Fishing is always popular and a never failing source of pleasure and full strings.

Guests at Hotel del Coronado are putting in the fleeting days with the skill of old hands at enjoyment. Yachting parties have been popular during the moonlight evenings of the past month. The usual trip is a voyage to Point Loma and return with luncheon and music to increase the pleasure of the outings.

While numbers are partial to the plunge and swimming pool the waters of the bay attract others. There are many fine swimmers among the young ladies and the bay possesses charms for them.

Wednesday's fish catch broke the record of the week, 1090 members of the finny tribe answering the call of rod and reel. Of this number 410 were barracuda, 120 albacare, 200 halibut, 140 sea trout, 40 mackerel and 50 sea bass.

F. W. Braun of Los Angeles is becoming famed among the fishermen guests at Hotel del Coronado. During the past week he has brought in some of the best catches as regards number and size of fish also.

Mrs. Wm. Bagley accompanied by her sons, Wm. Bagley, Jr., also Master Charles Bagley and nurse of Los Angeles, are among the summer guests at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun and little Miss Braun of Los Angeles are spending their eighth season at the hotel.

Clarence L. Cory, professor of engineering at the California State University, and H. T. Cory of Columbia, Mo., are resting and enjoying a stay at the hotel beside the sea.

Mrs. Dwight Whiting of Los Angeles is enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. Mary Kirby of Coronado.

Mrs. H. R. Lacy and Miss Lacy of Pasadena are spending some time at the hotel.

Mrs. Alfred Abbey, dramatic soprano of San Francisco, and Miss Baher have engaged apartments at the hotel for a somewhat extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington of San Francisco and their charming daughter, Miss Edith Huntington, will extend their sojourn at Hotel del Coronado through the month of August.

Miss Kirby of Coronado gave a bicycle party Tuesday evening. A trip by moonlight was made the length of the boulevard and along the smooth peninsula road. Following the ride a Welsh rarebit party was given at Miss Kirby's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin and Miss Laughlin of Los Angeles were prominent guests at the hotel the past week.

J. G. Oxnard and Henry T. Oxnard of Oxnard are recent arrivals devoted to golfing and swimming and yachting as well as to the handling of rod and reel.

Coronado Comfort and Luxury

The Society Resort of the Pacific Coast is HOTEL DEL CORONADO. The rates are the most reasonable known.

Weekly rates as low as $17.50 for fine outside rooms and best table on the coast

Baggage taken FREE from San Diego Depot to and from HOTEL DEL CORONADO. Passengers in 'bus charged only 25c each way.

Temperature at CORONADO lower by 10 to 20 degrees than this city.

CORONADO CLIMATE, as well as HOTEL DEL CORONADO, is the finest on EARTH.

A Study in Temperature.—The following figures, taken from the United States Weather Bureau reports, show the maximum temperatures of Los Angeles and San Diego for the first twenty one days of July, 1899:

July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Los Angeles	84	82	78	76	84	84	90	88	92	84	78
San Diego	66	68	67	67	76	76	74	73	75	68	70
July	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
Los Angeles	80	80	78	76	76	76	82	92	90	84	
San Diego	68	70	67	66	68	69	71	75	78	74	

Coronado is about 3 degrees cooler than San Diego.

CATALINA ISLAND

HOW things to "go" in Avalon! One can enjoy himself to the limit of his endurance, and only this morning a young lady came tripping up the Metropole steps, flushed and bubbling with the excitement of an early morning row, and declared that she "had fun twenty-five hours a day," which remark was enthusiastic but just a bit indiscreet, as her chaperone is responsible for her getting the regulation eight hours' sleep.

Of course we "copy-makers" for the Los Angeles papers have an awful lot to do besides earning our board, and on account of the rush to get our letters on the boat cannot be blamed for occasional errors in facts or grammar; but there is too good a joke on one of them, whose paper printed that H. G. Sutton saved a man from a glass bottom boat. It will now be in order for one of them to catch one of those ferocious boats for the aquarium. By the way, the family in the glass tank has been increased by the addition of two big eels, two Port Jackson sharks, two dog sharks, three devil fish and a million or so baby crabs.

LOS ANGELES PACIFIC R.R.

The Scenic Route to Santa Monica....

LEAVE FOURTH ST., Los Angeles, every thirty minutes on the hour and half hour from 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.

LEAVE BAND STAND, Santa Monica, every half hour on the quarter and three quarter from 5.45 a.m. to 7.45 p.m., 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

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Three and one-half hours from Los Angeles
The Greatest Resort
The Loveliest Season of the Year
Climate near Perfection
Phenomenal Fishing and Hunting
The great Stage Ride

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Unique exclusive attractions
The Famed Marine Gardens as viewed from the glass bottomed boats
The best and most picturesque Golf Links
Round trip every day from Los Angeles
Sunday excursions, three hours on the Island
See R. R. time tables

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THE GORDON ARMS
Terminal Island, California

HOTEL JUST COMPLETED
ELEGANT ROOMS AND
PIAZZAS LOOKING RIGHT OUT ON THE OCEAN

Rates $3 to $4 a day
Special rates on application

S. P. Anderson
MANAGER

Bath house in connection with hotel. Finest beach and surf bathing on coast. Golf links, yachting, fishing. Ten miles of fine roadway along beach for bicycling.

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Terminal Island, By the Sea
Catalina Island San Pedro
Long Beach, Are the favorite and most delightful places and only a short ride from Los Angeles, where can be found the finest Open Sea Bathing, Yachting and Fishing on the Pacific coast.

Information and Excursion Tickets on sale at Ticket Office, 214 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
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REDONDO

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Finest and most Commodious Hotel on the Pacific Coast.

Frequent Golf and Tennis Tournaments.

Splendid Surf or Warm Plunge Bathing. Expert swimming teachers.

Here you may get the Finest Fish Dinners in the Most Beautiful Dining Room in all California.

Transient Rates $2.50 to $4.
Special Weekly Rates

H. R. WARNER, Prop.

TO REDONDO
VIA
Santa Fe Route

Summer Time Table

DAILY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	9.55 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10.35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7.40 p. m.
Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo			8.00 p. m.

Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.
Time Card

In effect June 4, 1899.
Depot cor. Grand Avenue and Jefferson Streets

Trains leave Los Angeles for Redondo

Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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L. J. PERRY, Superintendent

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Hotel, Bath House and Cottages Lighted by Acetylene Gas. Only Hotel directly at the Springs. Open all the Year. : : :

E. Z UNDY, Prop.

Rates per week—$8, $9, and $10, including Hot Sulphur Baths. No Consumptives taken : : : :

ELSINORE CAL.

One of the most novel and entertaining exhibitions, and one which could only be be given in Avalon harbor, will be the working of a diver in regulation armor securing specimens for the aquarium from the bottom of the bay. No doubt an interested audience will gather about in boats to witness the descents.

A number of new members have registered at the Avalon Golf Club house the past week.

There is someone going around the links during most every hour of daylight. A tournament is to come off beginning August 9, when more of the cracks are expected over to play.

REDONDO

THE tennis tournament ball given last Saturday evening was a brilliant function and the largest dance at Hotel Redondo as yet this season. An elaborate collation was served in the small dining room throughout the evening and the moonlight and soft night breezes enticed many of the dancers into the tropical courts and bypaths outside and on the sheltered verandas, and still the ball room was crowded to its full capacity with dancers. Among handsomely gowned Los Angeles ladies were noticed Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. W. H. Hallett, Mrs. W. A. Hendryx, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. Wm. Garland, Miss Bumiller, Miss Stella Bumiller, Miss Edna Bumiller, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Misses Brotherton, Gwendolin Overton, Carpenter, Victoria Carson, Lucy Carson, Florence Jones, Irene Stephens, Ridgeway, Mrs. F. W. Flint Jr. and others.

The social event of interest this week will be the cotillion which will be given this (Saturday) evening at Hotel Redondo in which twenty-four couples will participate, several of the Los Angeles society people being included in the number. The favors and figures will both be novel and especially suitable for the occasion, and it is expected Mr. Wm. Watson Lovett of Los Angeles will lead if he returns from his camping trip in time, having now been absent some ten days.

R. H. Shoemaker Jr. of Pasadena spent Sunday here with his sister, Miss Fannie Shoemaker, who took part in the tennis tournament and put up a remarkably strong game. Miss Shoemaker has recently returned from an extended visit in the East and took part in the tournament where Miss Marion Jones won the U.S. ladies' championship.

Miss Carpenter of Los Angeles gave a sailing party on the Bonnie Bell Wednesday, and R. A. Rowan was among guests from the city coming down to participate.

Col. and Mrs. F. H. Seymour entertained with a dinner party at their cottage here Friday evening, a number of the tennis players being their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin and the Misses Sabin of San Francisco are among distinguished visitors at the hotel.

John L. Truslow, general agent of the Santa Fe lines west of Albuquerque, was a guest here during the week.

Preparations are under way for a golf tournament which will be given early in August and for which there will be a large number of entries.

Among the Los Angeles people registered at the hotel this week are Miss Bumiller, Eugene Overton, Harold Braly, A. E. Bell, Paul Rowan, Edward L. Mayberry, George D. Blake, Miss Carson, Miss Lucy Carson, Harold Janss, Henrietta Janss, Mrs. A. M. Stephens, Miss Stephens, Adele B. Hambrook, Mr. and Mrs. Wellborn, A. Hendryx, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly, Dana Burks, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. W. Stephens, Wm. Young, Miss Brotherton, Miss Florence Jones, Fowler Shankland, Gurnsey E. Newlin, Gregory Perkins Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Eugene Germain, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Garland, R. A Rowan, Earl B. Rowan, W. R. Wheat, Herbert Peat, E. M. Boursland, Mrs. M. M. Haven, Miss Nell Deering, A. L. Fuller, Mrs. Goodrich and child, Miss Ethel Goodrich.

G. S. Chambliss and M. A. Guyder, well known society men of Pasadena, registered at Hotel Redondo Wednesday.

TERMINAL ISLAND

ALL those who enjoy seeing a jolly crowd should have been at the Gordon Arms Friday evening when the Sunset Club stormed the island, dipped in the Pacific, causing a tidal wave, and made things so thoroughly jolly that even old Earth himself has been shaking with mirth ever since. We poor unfortunates not belonging to Sol's crowd flattened our noses against the glass and crouched in rheumatic positions around the keyhole in our endeavor to hear the speeches, but the self-satisfied smile of the speaker was all that we could catch. That nothing could exceed the eloquence of those speeches we feel assured from the wild, enthusiastic applause which penetrated even glass and plugged keyholes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nordhoff and Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt gave the Sesame Club a dinner Saturday evening at the Gordon Arms, and a most delightful excursion on the water was afterward participated in by the entire party, who enjoyed to the full the beautiful moonlight night. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Willard, Mrs. Chas. Nordhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Judge Enoch Knight, Dr. and Mrs. Shelley H. Tolhurst, Mr. W. C. Patterson, Judge L. A. Groff, Major and Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Poindexter, Miss Caroline Seymore, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, Miss Fannie Wills, Miss Graeme, Miss Mary Belle Elliott, Miss Kate O'Donoughue, Miss Jane Collier, Miss Mary O'Donoughue, Miss Jennie Winston, Miss Brotherton, Mrs. H. B. Wing, Dr. H. M. Bishop, Dr. Davidson, C. C. Davis, Homer P. Earl, Dr. Samuel Willard, Miss May F. Willard.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, Mr. H. K. Edwards and Miss Hazel Edwards, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. Brainard of Pasadena, are among the Gordon Arms guests for a season.

The islanders greatly appreciated the fine special Terminal Island edition of WESTERN GRAPHIC, and your correspondent knows of several cottages which are to contain framed copies of the double-page panoramas.

Judge Enoch Knight was a guest Saturday and Sunday of the Gordon Arms.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Follansbee, M.D., is spending a few days at the Gordon Arms.

The usual Saturday Cinderella dance at the hotel was a great success, many Angelenos taking advantage of the special train put on for the occasion, to enjoy the dancing, as well as the unusual magnificence of a full moon and flood tide.

Father—"Who is the best writer in your class, Bobby?" Bobby—"Jack Bulger; he writes the excuses for every feller in the class." —Judge.

About the House

UTILIZING paper bags has engrossed the attention of some economic writer who dilates on the impossibility of keeping one's hat clean in a railway carriage and divulges his way of overcoming the annoyance of dirty headgear. A humble paper bag, obtained from the nearest grocer, is the god of the machine. This is folded compactly and stowed away in the pocket (in the hand bag or purse if the traveller is a woman and pocketless). Before the cars start the bag is opened, the hat placed therein, the bag pinned across its mouth and the whole laid in the rack. Thereafter, until the destination is all but reached, the traveller need have no thought of his headgear for no dust or cinders can reach it. It will be found in the best of condition upon opening. So simple is this device that it is a wonder it was never thought of before.

A Plebian but Handy Hat Box

Some remarks that apply as well to old and young housewives are directed by Marion Harland at the back-number cooks who refuse to learn anything new. When one is too old to learn anything then his day of life is virtually over so far as usefulness to his kind goes. Given a sane mind in a sane body and learning should go on indefinitely. The man or woman of mature years leaves school, because he or she chooses to get out of the habit of study. The prejudice against old cooks—said by one authority to be either drunk or crazy, as a class—is founded upon this disinclination to learn new methods. She who honestly aspires after excellence never thinks that she has reached it. When in saying, "That is not my way," a cook believes that she has put an end, not only to all controversy, but to any suspicion that the world may have moved an inch or two since she learned her trade, she registers herself among the incurables.

Learn to Cook Something New

The mistress who yields to the earliest manifestation to draw the dead line in housewifely progress is weakly indulgent or blindly foolish. In one wealthy family not a hundred miles from a great city, "a valued old servant" played the tyrant for over a score of years. Little by little the employers, mindful of her long term of faithful service, admitted her pleas that this or that new fangled way was opposed to her habits and inclination, until family bills of fare were monotonous to boredom, and the style of serving that of a preceding generation. At last Eliza died, and was buried at the master's expense.

"It's dreadful, I suppose," piped the youngling of the long suffering band on the way home from the funeral, "but it ought to be some comfort that we won't be obliged to have rice pudding three times a week any more."

Faithful Eliza had her epitaph.

Nothing is more solemnly and sadly sure in this rushing age than that he who does not keep up with it will be thrown down and trampled out of sight. It is a trifle apparently when a woman tabooes oil in salad dressing because she "has never been used to putting it in," when she thinks mint sauce a "trashy" accompaniment to roast lamb, and "won't hear of hot sauce with cold pudding," or whipped cream as an accompaniment to ice cold raw tomatoes; when the vegetable dishes must be all set on the table with the meat, "as she had always had them," and the lettuce cut up and dressed in the kitchen at the cook's convenience instead of being served crisp and cool from the deft fingers of some member of the family who is "up in salads."

Each protest is a sympton of decadence which is willful, not inevitable. She has stopped learning because she has stopped. In time mental muscles become stiff, but disuse is the cause of the change.

"I account that day lost in which I have learned no new thing," said an aged sage.

Our housewife may lay the saying to heart. If there be a better way than hers of doing a thing—from making picklette to giving a wedding supper—she should be on the alert to possess herself of it. It is not true that it is easier for young people to keep themselves and their houses abreast of the times than it is for their elders. The first step that counts in the downward road is the tendency not to take any step at all. To stand still is to be left.

RETAIL MARKETS, SATURDAY, JULY 29

MEATS AND SAUSAGES

Prime Rib Roast	15c	Tenderloin	18@20c
Leg of Mutton	12½c	Sirloin	18c
Hind Quarter Lamb	$1.25	Round	15 c
Fore " "	1.00	Mutton Chops	12½c
Pork Loin Roast	15 c	Lamb Chops	20c
Pork Sausage	12½c	Pork Chops	12½@15c
Hamburger	"	Corned Beef	10c
Bologna	"	Salt Pork	15c
Weinerwurst	"	Ham, best	20@25c
Liverwurst	"	Bacon, best	20c
Porterhouse	22½ to 25c	Lard	12½c

POULTRY, FISH AND GAME

Broilers	30@40c	Rock Cod, lb	10c
Fryers	50@65c	Cockles, lb	2@3c
Roasters	60c	Shrimps, lb	15c
Hens	40@65c	Roe, lb	10c
Ducks	65c	Eastern Oysters, qt	60c
Turkeys, lb	20c	Morgan Oysters, qt	70c
Geese, lb	20c	Halibut, lb	8@10c
Squab, pair	35c	Yellowtail, lb	8@10c
Sea Bass, lb	10c	Salmon, lb	15@ 20c
Shad, lb	15c	Crabs, each	20@25c
Baracuda, lb	10c	Clams, lb	2@3c

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE

Butter, best, roll	65c	Pineapple, 4½ lb	85c
" tub, lb	25c	" small	45c
Eggs, doz	20c	Soft French Cream	10c
Cheese, California	15c	Sierra	10c
Cheese, Martins, N.Y.	20c	German Breakfast	5c
Imported Swiss	35c	Ohio Swiss	25c

VEGETABLES

Potatoes, lb	2c	Artichokes, doz	30c
Sweet potatoes, lb	10c	String beans lb	5c
Cucumbers, doz.	15c	Cabbage, per head	5c
Egg Plant, lb.	10c	Onions, lb	2c
Radishes, bunch	2½c	Turnips, bunch	5c
Tomatoes, lb	5c	Beets, bunch	5c
Green Peppers lb	10c	Asparagus, lb	5c
Carrots, bunch	5c	Watercress, bunch	5c
Peas, lb	7½c	Mint, bunch	5c
Lettuce, bunch	2½c	Summer squash, lb	2c

FRUITS AND NUTS

Apples, fancy, lb	5c	Strawberries, box	5@15c
Apples, cooking, lb	4c	Blackberries, lb	5@7½c
Oranges, per doz	20@40	Raspberries, lb	10c
Fancy Valencia, doz	25@50	Loganberries, box	7½c
Limes, doz	10c	Cherries, lb	15c
Lemons, doz	10@15c	Loquats, lb	7½c
Honolulu Bananas, doz	25c	Figs, lb	7½@10
Rhubarb, lb	3@4c	Apricots, lb	4c
Grape fruit, each	5c	Currants, lb	15c
Eng. Walnuts, lb	17½c	Olives, quart	25@40c
Almonds, lbs	15@25	Pineapples, each	25@50c
Pecans, lb	15c	Cocoanuts, each	10c
Mixed nuts, lb	15c	Grapes, lb	10c
Peaches, lb	5@7½c	Plums, lb	3@7½c
Pears, lb	10c	Canteloupes, lb	10@20c

THE practical joker who said Emperor William would be assassinated if he went to Egypt has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Germany may be behind the times in a great many things, but she can give the world several pointers on what to do with practical jokers.

Jests for the Table

"This is the littlest fifty pounds of ice I ever see," said the kitchen lady. "Permit me to inform you, madam," said the high-browed iceman, "that the apparent smallness is due to the intense cold to which we subject our ice in the process of manufacture, thereby producing contraction."

"It ain't any trouble to get along in Europe, whether you know the language or not," said the man who had been on a "personally conducted." "Take Germany, for instance. One day I wanted a drink, and I went into one of the gardens and said to the waiter: "Look here, old man, I'm dry; do you understand? Dry!" and the next minute he came back with three beers."

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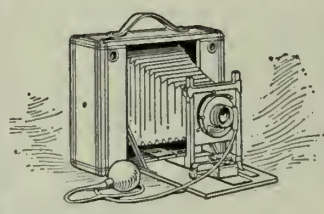
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The New York Times lately had an article on what New Yorkers eat, from which we take the following:

"The siege of Paris lasted only four months, yet before two of these had passed rich and poor knew what hunger was. With the exception of milk and a few very perishable things it is estimated that New York City could stand at least a four months' siege, the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits easily lasting that long if they were properly distributed.

"In the old times surplus supplies of eggs, vegetables and fruits were absolutely wasted, but since the cold storage system has come into such universal use the over production of certain seasons may be saved till times of scarcity, thus equalizing the price more nearly for the whole year around. More than $100,000,000 a year on eggs and other perishable food is estimated to be saved by this modern process.

"During the year 1898 90,000,000 dozen eggs were consumed in New York, the customers paying $15,400,000 for them. The hens of New York state, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri and Kansas contributing most of them.

"New York eats 70,000 bushels of wheat flour a week and the supply averages 975,000 bushels—leaving a goodly supply in case of sudden cutting off from the rest of the world. Ten thousand bushels of corn meal are used in a week and 65,000 sacks of buckwheat flour are gotten rid of in the winter. Six thousand bushels of oatmeal a week furnish the breakfast tables of Gotham, while the supply on hand is enough for six months.

"At the gathering of the bean crop from 100,000 to 150,000 bushels are sent to New York and its suburbs—four times as much as Boston demands. The vast amount of 24,000 bushels of potatoes are used every day in the year, the product of 90,000 acres of land. The consumers in New York pay about $13,000,000 a year for their plebian tubers."

I kissed her lightly on the cheek,
Her face blazed up, as I could see;
I thought in scathing terms she'd speak—
She turned the other cheek to me!

The entire number of deaths to the American forces since the opening of the war with Spain, both on land and sea, through fighting and the result of sickness, amounts to 6,209, a little less than half the soldiers killed in the three days' fighting around Chattanooga thirty-six years ago.

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Amusements

THE return of Blanch Bates to San Francisco has served to stir up some interesting reminiscences among the old timers, and Town Talk relates some of the yarns of the gossips. They were veteran theater-goers who could tell you all about the plays that were produced at the old American theater in Sansome street and of the mummers that appeared at the Metropolitan opera house in the days when dramatic companies came from New York to San Francisco by water. And it came about that the name of Sallie Hinckley came into the conversation because Blanche Bates called Sallie "Auntie" and it was largely to the generosity of the ex-actress that the present Frawley star owes the thoroughness of her education, which included not only ordinary branches of learning but extended into drama and music. I am told that Signor Lucchesi says of his former pupil that she would have made name and fame on the concert stage had she not chosen to adopt a dramatic career instead. Sallie Hinckley and Blanche's mother have been friends from girlhood's days and the former was as solicitous for the wellfare of Mrs. Bates' daughter as if she had been in reality the child's aunt. She was herself a mother, having a son by the husband with whom she had eloped at the age of sixteen, Roundey by name, but in Blanche Bates she took an almost deeper interest than in her own child. Possibly she saw in Blanche the makings of the fine actress that the girl has since become.

Now there are not many people who remember Sallie Hinckley or any of the incidents in her romantic career. Sallie was one of the most popular of early Californian actresses and she was a woman of many personal charms combined with all the dash and coquetry of a Parisienne. When she exhibited her ravishing curves in the role of Mazeppa, the men-about-town of the period were plunged into rapturous admiration. And when Sallie Hinckley got through entertaining the public there was no entertainment too expensive for her and there were men by the score willing to provide it. The swath that she cut was a wide one indeed. She could have had half the town if she wanted it. A banker chaperoned her to New York and spent a fortune to exploit her in "The Black Crook" and he lost his money but not his ardor. And there were others as gallant and generous as the banker. A pretty woman was a rara avis in San Francisco in those days and Sallie Hinckley queened it for a while, but she could not retain that divine figure forever. Adipose tissue came with years and when embonpoint asserted itself Sallie Hinckley left the stage and opened a lodging house in Montgomery street.

THE Orpheum management have considerately put the Gardner brothers the first on their programe this week, so the chronic late-comers at least do not have to endure the sight of one small boy making a living for his elder brothers.

Milian and Shields do some rip-snorting comedy, but the best of the bill is the Hayes and Lytton company in "A Wise Guy." Such a lot of nonsensical nonsense and continual fun has not been seen in Los Angles in many a moon and the reception of the farce amounted to a tribute to George M. Cohan, the author. By the way, I would buy two seats to see Cohan do his eccentric dance again.

Manager Myers has been making his adieus this week and leaves Sunday for his new post at Omaha. As each succeeding head of the Orpheum has been a bit jollier and agreeable fellow than his predecessor, Mr. Myers will not take it amiss if I anticipate the advent of his successor, the while wishing him the best in the box at the city by the Missouri river.

THERE are a number of faithfuls who never miss a night of the Italian opera, and they are but to be envied, for the grand aggregation of superb voices in the Lambardi company is a never ending source of comment among music lovers. "The Barbar of Seville" is a new opera in their repertorie, first sung in Los Angeles last Saturday evening. A noteworthy point in that melodious score of Rossini's is the absence of chorus, an opening male chorus being the only one in the opera. But it is full of pretty airs that one can hum without full orchestra accompaniment and the wonder is that it is not oftener sung on the American stage. "Mignon," another opera presented for the first time during this engagement, is as a lace dress. It would seem the dainty music would break as it falls from the lips of the artists, while the bars of dramatic color are of a brilliant character, a pride to Americans in the American composer. Another opera new to Angelenos was "Un Ballo in Maschera," the last of Verdi's Italian operas, presented Thursday evening. It plainly shows the influence of modern composition, is highly dramatic and has a tragic climax in the assassination of the colonial governor at a masked ball. A pretty incident of the evening was the presentation of a handsome bouquet to Madame Modjeska, who occupied a box. The tribute to the great actress was from the hand of Manager Wyatt, who thus expressed his admiration with courtly grace.

Now that the Lambardi Company are going there is no praise unsaid for the members, individually and collectively. To many people it has been the opportunity of a lifetime. It is true there have been some incongruities in costuming and other minor points that might be criticised in any other company, but these have been counterbalanced, even lost to the critics, in the overwhelming flow of melody, the grandeur of the human voice in its highest perfection, the incomparable beauty and richness of the art of these men and women from sunny Italy.

American Eng Co. — A LOS ANGELES BABY — Photo by Steckle

Orpheum—Minnie Palmer, one of the most famous actresses in the country, and a recent acquisition to vaudeville, heads the new bill at the Orpheum next week. She will present a new comedy, from the French, in which she assumes two roles, that of a sister of mercy and a music hall artist. She pleads for her lover's pardon, as a sister of mercy, before one of Napoleon's marshals, and, entreaties failing, resorts to the blandishments of a stage coquette. In the latter role, Miss Palmer is to introduce the dancing specialties that were famous in "My Sweetheart" years ago.

Geo. Wilson, the ex-minstrel king, of "Waltz Me Again" fame, is booked for an important engagement, beginning next week. Kilpatrick and Barber, trick cyclists; Les Brownes, one legged performers, male and female, with a sensational act; Hayes and Lytton, in "A Wise Guy;" the Rixfords, head and hand balancers; and Millian and Shields, knock-about comedians, will all be on the bill.

"I thought," said the disappointed friend, "you told me this election was going to be a walk-over." "Well," answered the former candidate, "it was. I was the doorstep."—Washington Star.

Work on the pier extension at Coronado is full under way and progressing rapidly. The great pile driver is attracting much attention as the days go by.

Orpheum MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater

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Francis Jerrard, in the One-Act Play, "Rose Pompon."
George Wilson, Premier of all Monologue Artists.
Kilpatrick and Barber, Scientific Trick Bicyclists.
Les Brownes, Acrobats, Jumpers, Dancers, Instrumentalists
Hayes and Lytton, in the Farce Comedy "A Wise Guy."
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Millian and Shields, the Tragic Comedians.

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National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

GREAT interest is being taken in the formation of the new volunteer regiments by members of the National Guard. The Thirty-fifth U. S. Volunteer Regiment, which is being formed on this coast, is taking a large number of its officers from Southern California. There have been appointed three captains and one lieutenant who served with the Seventh California Volunteers. Among these are some of the best officers in the state, Capt. Schrieber being without doubt one of the best tacticians in the country in National Guard circles. His long service in the Seventh Regiment, N.G.C., has made him a most popular officer with both officers and enlisted men and he will be heard from in a manner that will reflect great credit upon himself and the regiment he came from.

Captain Lawrence of the Signal Corps, who has been in the Philippines in the volunteer service for the past year, returned home last Tuesday morning. He was met at the depot by a large number of relatives and friends. Thursday evening the Signal Corps gave him a reception at the armory and on Friday evening they banquetted him at Jerry Illich's. Some day next week the officers of Brigade propose to banquet the captain in royal style. Captain Lawrence is one of the most popular officers in the First Brigade, and during his campaign in Luzon showed himself to be made of the right metal. He will probably be mustered out of the volunteer service in a couple of months, when he will again take command of the Signal Corps.

Regimental Orders, No. 1, have just been issued. It is a voluminous document containing all of the discharges for the past year and the appointment of non-coms in the various companies. The order is a very interesting one and we notice a number of changes amongst the old-timers. J. H. Keller, sergeant major of the Second Battalion, was discharged on account of removal. Sergeant Keller was one of the oldest members of the Seventh Regiment.

Louis S. Chappelear received notice of his appointment to a second lieutenancy in the volunteer service last week. The appointee is first lieutenant in Compamy F, Seventh Regiment, N.G.C., and served with the Seventh Volunteers during the late war with Spain, being detailed as regimental commissary. He was formerly a military instructor at the Whittier Reform School.

Companies E and H, of Santa Paula and Ventura respectively, failed to report for duty and have been mustered out of the service and all members, with the exception of Captain A. W. Browne of Company H who has been retired, have been honorably discharged. This leaves a ten-company regiment which was accepted as a regiment in General Orders of June 30th.

The Orpheum management donated fifty per cent of the net proceeds of last night's performance to the Medal Fund. This fund is being raised by the Native Sons for the purpose of presenting each volunteer from this state with a medal. The house was well filled. Company A attended in a body as the guest of their commanding officer, Captain "Bob" Wankowski.

Captain Samuel R. Langworthy, who received a captain's commission in the Thirty-fifth Volunteer Infantry last week, began his military career at Riverside in Company M in 1890.

Major Prescott of Redlands made a flying trip to the city last week. Colonel Berry and the Major had their heads close together for a long time and it is expected that much good will result to the regiment from the consultation.

A recent order of the war department permits the immediate family of a volunteer soldier on foreign duty to purchase fuel and subsistance stores at cost prices for family use.

Commissary Sergeant Ray Follmer, the popular sergeant major of the Seventh Volunteers, is doing some lively hustling for a volunteer commission.

Lieut. Bradbury of Company A has been tendered a major's commission in the volunteer service, but declined it on account of his personal business needing his attention at home.

Chaplain A. S. Clark and Lieutenant Joy Winans of Company F, failed to report for duty within the prescribed time and have been discharged.

The newly elected officers of Company C failed to qualify on their first examination. They will be given a second examination next week.

History of the Harbor Contest

"The Free Harbor Contest" is the title of a 200-page volume from the pen of C. D. Willard, recently editor of the Express. Mr. Willard was an earnest and tireless supporter of the people's side in the long struggle for a deep water harbor at San Pedro, and was in constant touch with every move in the battle. This coupled with his talent as a graphic and felicitous writer are the qualities that have enabled him to make not only an accurate history but an interesting story from the records of the fight. The volume is prettily bound and portraits of the principal characters concerned are interspersed.

The Truth About the Kissing Bug

The paragraphers and funny men have all had their innings on the kissing bug, but it has remained for Prof. W. H. Ashmead, entomologist of the Smithsonian Institute to enlighten us scientifically on the melanolestes picipes, which is the company name of the nocturnal Hobsonia. Mr. Ashmead says that in the larvæ state these creatures resemble somewhat the common bedbug. In fact, in the States of California and Texas and in all the southwestern country where considerable annoyance and suffering are caused by its depredations, it is commonly known as the "Great Big Bedbug." Moreover, it is a ferocious insect, though it only preys upon warm-blooded animals during seasons of unusual abundance of insect life, when its attacks upon slumbering maidens are more of the nature of an accident.

The Mocking Bird

HE IS THE MOST FINISHED ARTIST OF HIS KIND

But no such saving clause is demanded in commending the skill of the cat bird's cousin, the mocking bird, says Lippincott's. In him we recognize the finished artist. His imitations are almost exact reproductions in every particular and cause the cat bird's efforts to appear by contrast broad caricatures. And they are delivered with all the confidence and self reliance of a master. Mounting to the top of a tall tree, he will amuse himself by the hour, pouring forth the notes of one bird after another with evident enjoyment of his own talent.

I quote from my notebook a description of one of his matinee performances before breakfast (the proper time for a matinee), which I attended by creeping under the tent curtain. I was sitting at the foot of a tree on the top of which he was perched, unconscious of my presence. "He gives an imitation of one of the notes of the guinea hen, a fine imitation of the cardinal, an exact reproduction of the note of the phoebe and some of the difficult notes of the yellow-breasted chat. Now I hear a young chicken peeping. Now the Carolina wren sings 'cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.' Now a small bird is shrilling with a fine insect tone. A flicker, wood-peewee and phoebe follow in quick succession. Then a tufted titmouse squeals. To display his versatility, he gives a dull performance which couples the 'Go back!' of the guinea fowl with the plaint of the wood peewee. [Two more widely diverse vocal sounds it would be hard to select.] With all the performance there is such perfect self reliance and consciousness of superior ability that one feels that the singer has but to choose what bird he will imitate next."

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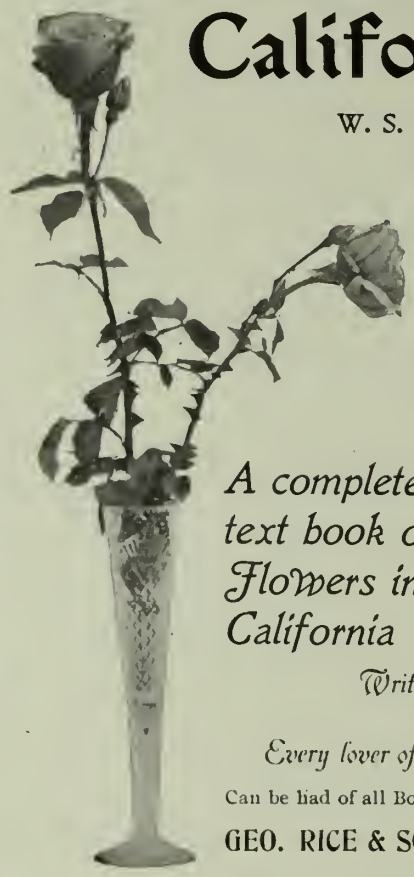

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Number 6

Los Angeles, Saturday, August 5, 1899.

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10 Cents a Copy

A MODEL CALIFORNIA ROAD—SEE PAGE 8

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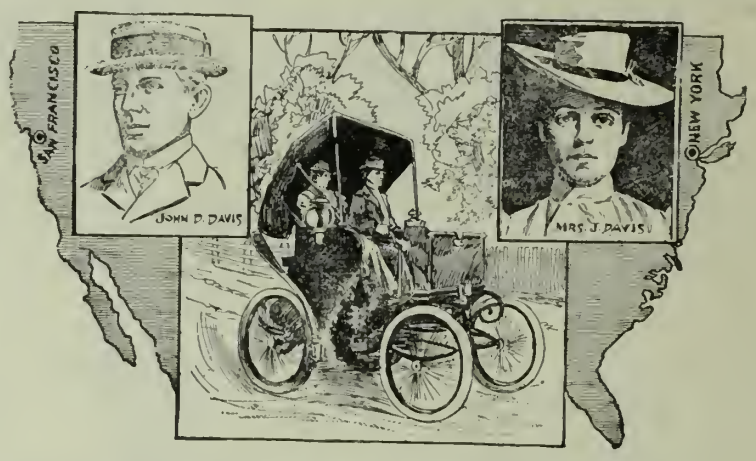
FROM NEW YORK TO FRISCO BY AUTOMOBILE.

Frenchmen think they are automobilists because they have traveled 621 miles in a horseless carriage. American pluck and enterprise is to show them their mistake. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis are on their way across the continent from New York to San Francisco in an automobile. They will travel 3,700 miles before reaching the end of their journey, and some of the roads they will encounter are far from good, while in



France all of the highways are excellent. The automobile used by Mr. Davis was especially constructed for the trip. It derives its motive power from gasoline. The progress of this first attempt at a long journey by automobile in this country will be watched with great interest. That the horseless carriage has come to stay no one doubts, but before it comes into general use proof must be furnished that it will be available for more than short pleasure outings on highly improved roads. The Davis tour may furnish the desired proof.

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale, No. 32146.

J. M. Elliott and H. T. Lee, as Trustees for Jessie P. Church, plaintiffs, vs. Minnie S. Serrot, the said Minnie Serrot and J. W. Gillette and W. W. Widney, as Executors of the Will of Charles E. Serrot, deceased, Marcus Serrot and Thomas Serrot, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 13th day of July, A.D., 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein J. M. Elliott, et al., the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Minnie S. Serrot, et al., defendants, on the 27th day of June, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Seventeen Hundred and Fourteen and 40-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 30th day of June, A. D 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 85 of said Court, at page 4, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the county of Los Angeles, state of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot Thirteen (13) of Hodgkin's Subdivision of Lot Eighty-seven (87) and Eighty-eight (88) of Watt's Subdivision of part of the Rancho San Rafael, according to the map of said Hodgkin's Subdivision, recorded in Book 5, page 576 of the Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California. Together with Ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Sycamore Canyon Water Company of San Rafael, Los Angeles County, California.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 13th day of July, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPH N ALDEN, Deputy Sheriff.
Messrs. Scott, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WESTERN GRAPHIC

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Los Angeles, Saturday, August 5, 1899.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR

IT has been a prolonged business this war with the insurgents in the Phillipines. The results of the campaign, practically closed for the present, by reason of the rainy season, do not come up apparently to the expectations of the people of this country, who seem to be impatient, that Aguinaldo and his followers have not been summarily squelched before that.

The Phillipine Situation.

Now having at last succeeded in their laudable efforts in disposing of the Secretary of War Alger, let us hope that the other individual across the water, will also see the necessity of ceasing his persistent efforts to wear out the patience of the American people and like the late secretary himself, even that of his own party.

That there is somewhat of unreason in the conclusions of the public at this time, goes without saying, considering the obstacles the forces have had to encounter in operating in an unknown country, unprepared by experience, and against unfavorable climatic conditions. Chasing the insurgents would seem pretty much like trying to corral a lot of monkeys in a forest, that scatter and disappear as soon as you get near them only to bob up serenely and grin at you elsewhere.

As the Presidential campaign is apparently one of more absorbing interest to the public, everything unfortunately at this time has the tendency to run into politics.

To try and rush matters in the Phillipines merely for political effect would be neither a proper nor a prudent course in those who have the conduct of affairs.

The prosecution of the war in those islands in which the honor of the country is involved, is not a question of party, and must have the support of every loyal citizen of the United States, irrespective of politics, until brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The disposition of those islands is another matter, susceptible of discussion in time. But every true American must stand on guard to protect his country's honor, until that end is achieved.

There can be no doubt that reinforcements are imperatively necessary by reason of the withdrawal of the volunteer forces and to ease the strain upon the troops remaining there, who, already debilitated, more or less, by fatigue and exposure to the elements, have yet to face the wet and unhealthy season and the hospital, throwing still harder work upon the balance who are fit to do what fighting there may be before the arrival of the reinforcements, now called for, and the dry season to wind up the business.

But to carry out the policy of complete subjection of the insurgents in the island of Luzon, is a matter of time. Time is the essence of the undertaking.

It has to be done carefully and systematically, and with as little sacrifice as possible of the forces by unnecessary exposure. As you destroy the power of the insurgents and the Aguinaldos for future mischief you have also to build up something more solid in its place. The work of law and order has to go hand in hand with the suppression of lawlessness and rebellion.

All that is necessary to be achieved can be achieved more effectually and satisfactorily without undue haste. Uncle Sam is there to remain until order is established, in spite of the rabid ravings and disloyal utterances of anti-expansionists for party purposes.

There is one thing they cannot find fault with, and that is, the bravery, dash, and devotion of the American soldier and the volunteer forces more particularly, which cannot but have forcibly impressed itself upon the the Filipinos themselves whether in favor of, or opposed, to the rule of the United States over those islands.

By this time they have learned to honor the stuff Uncle Sam's people are made of, and that will have its effect in due time, as law and order is gradually restored throughout the country.

The bulk of the population outside of Manila have not comprehended the situation to its fullest extent. But they are past doing so. Once that important fact is projected into their understanding, that they are not dealing with Spaniards by whom they have been so often deceived, and can put faith in the expressed intentions of this country, all will be well. But that requires time.

It is a hard thing to impress any heathen or christian, savage or civilized, with the laudable nature of your intentions and benevolence, when he is being chased from pillar to post all over the country with a sharp stick, without giving him at least time to assume a proper posture of mind, as well as body, to absorb the situation.

The let up of the campaign during the rainy season may now possibly furnish the Filipinos with the desired opportunity and perhaps enable the Aguinaldos to understand the impossibilities of their position in endeavoring to wage war with the United States.

There is a field for profound study in the unknown suicide this week and the opportunity for philosophical deductions is as large as the phases of the subject. A few years ago self-destruction was universally considered a moral crime, and in many States a crime under the law, an unsuccessful attempt at suicide being a felony. Today only two States have such statutes in force, and the term "self murder" is rarely applied in the prints. Are we gradually accepting voluntary death as a modern expedient? Even the element of disgrace attaching to a suicide's family is being eliminated, and many of these sensations of the hour are dismissed with, "It is better so." Then the nonchalance with which some suicides seek death would read as fiction a decade since. It is a remarkable state of mind when a man devotes the week preceding the date he has set for his demise to sightseeing, writing poetry and even penning a brief criticism of a book he has read. We cannot call such a man a coward. He completely hides his identity, presumably to save his friends and relations the slight disgrace still clinging to a suicidal act. He leaves a cheerful message to the public which to an extent militates against the horror of his taking off. He evidences his uselessness on earth, and tells of his physical misery, Surely, such a case brings to us the right to say—it is better so.

It is Better So

Judge York of the Superior court of this county, recognized as one of the ablest jurists and lawyers of the State, has been often mentioned as a suitable man to fill the vacant senatorship in this State. The judge has been urged by his friends to become a candidate for the position, but in his dignified way has declined to enter into any unseemly scramble for this or any other office. Judge York would be a strong man and would make an ideal representative for California in the upper house of Congress. His splendid bearing would command attention, his earnestness would insure consideration, and his indomitable industry in committees and high councils would secure for California proper recognition.

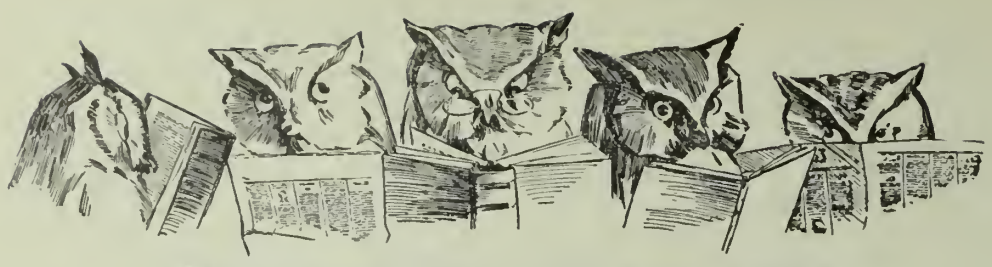
Available for Senator

City Auditor Carson provides an interesting document in his elaborately detailed estimate of the expenses of running Greater Los Angeles for the current fiscal year. The grand total exceeds the amount allowed last year by about $12,000, some items being increased slightly, others decreased. That an "off" political year is a decided saving is shown in the estimate of $2,500 for election expenses, against $10,000 last year. Verily, politics come high, but we must have them. Another revelation in the document is the astonishing one that there is newspaper competition in this city of Angels—why else should the item of advertising melt from $7,575 to an even $4,000 in one year. One of the largest cuts from the department estimates was in the health department budget, $24,590 being lopped off, leaving $10,830, with a twenty-two thousand dollar deficit. The fire department will have nearly twenty six thousand more to spend than last year, while the police department only gets a raise of two thousand dollars. This latter item will probably be a source of considerable discontent, as the department estimate had provided for twenty-five extra men to cover some of our annexed territory, which increase was neatly amputated by Auditor Carson. Altogether the cut from the suggestions of department heads amounts to $165,418.98.

A Year's Expenses

The rumors that Eagan will be re-instated and that Alger will be given a foreign mission are simply rot. McKinley is the logical candidate before the coming National Republican Convention, and he is not going to commit any downright foolishness meanwhile.

McKinley is Still Sane



Observations of the Owl

THAT an epidemic of suicide is prevalent hereabouts is a fact much less deplorable than it might be. But for the quotidian self-murder the daily newspapers at this season would be soporific with their plethora of church news, seaside personals and roasts of Alger. That no felo de so has yet left a written record of his desire to help out the newspapers on a dull day is not prima facia evidence that some such unselfish motive may not have had something to do with prompting him to pull the trigger, mix the potion or turn on the gas, the discovered result of which would in due time give occasion for black scare heads and the now familiar outcry of the newsboy. Whatever profits the newspapers may derive from sending broadcast the details of some wretched creature's self-undoing, it is certain that society loses little by the pruning process. Is a moping misanthrope worth the space he occupies on this earth, which is already becoming overcrowded? Is a hopelessly incurable, pain-wracked invalid merciful to himself and to his associates by clinging to a life that can be no better? Can a murderer better escape the hangman than by hanging himself? Of such are most suicides. Few of those that have of late voluntarily made of their bodies causes of discordant strife among local undertakers could, had they previously been asked, have shown any good excuse for living at all. Wherefore should they be deterred from laying violent hands upon a God-given but mis spent life? It is the man who for less excuse seeks through the gates of death a refuge from cares that fall with doubled and trebled force upon those that stay upon this side of the dark river, that deserves upon his grave stone the epitaph: "This was a coward."

The Suicide As a Coward

The city board of education made up its collective mind to economize and then did it. Retrenchment in public expenditure is, as a general thing, most commendable, but for some reason the people do not seem to be applauding the result of the school board's efforts to protect the interest of taxpayers. The board found by a process of reasoning with some figuring that the condition of the available funds was such that the school year must necessarily be shortened or the salaries would have to be cut, especially as cooking and sewing are to be added to the curriculum. To tide over the difficulty the board reduced the salaries of the principals. The principals of ten-room schools suffer a loss of $12.50 a month and those of other buildings are affected in proportion. And all feel it. The total saved by the cutting of the principals' salaries is $6000 which is enough to pay the expenses of the Los Angeles school department about three days The principals that feel "out and injured" find little solace in the assurance that the board, realizing its mistake, gladly would restore the old schedule if such restoration could legally be done; but salaries for the year must be fixed before June 30th. The principals find equally cold comfort in the declaration of some members of the board that a tacit agreement had been made in caucus to order a horizontal cut all along the line, but when the subject came up in open board meeting all the members weakened on the proposition to reduce salaries of teachers and officers, and rallied only on the proposition to take from the principals the amount considered necessary to help out the deficit and to pay for the cooking school. Therefore the principals for the coming year will be compelled to pay the salary of the new cooking teacher from Boston or Minneapolis and to pay for the groceries that will be spoiled in guiding the infant hands to mould the toothsome doughnut and to mix the "bla monge."

Principals Pay the Freight

The spectacle of a public officer confessing that he had erred in judgment and providing a proper remedy for the consequences of the acknowledged error, is seldom witnessed in these days, when mistakes of officers, like those of doctors, are too often buried. Councilman Toll of the Fifth ward learned what many people learned before, that the purchase of an inaccessible lot at an exorbitant price, for an engine house site, was a mistake of the guardians of the city. As he was blamed for the selection of the lot with the fancy price, Councilman Toll has caused the piece of property to be advertised for sale at the price the city paid, and he binds himself to find a purchaser. If in securing a buyer for the overvalued triangle Councilman Toll shall suffer pecuniary personal loss it will be much regretted by his friends who, even in the face of his mistaken judgment, have no less an opinion of his integrity.

He Did the Squealing

An unwritten law accords to all the municipal officers who have their habitat in the city hall the right to obtain flowers from the public park gardens and greenhouses. That councilmen and attaches of the street superintendent's department and the engineer's office and other branches of public service send occasional great bouquets of carnations and chrysanthemums in season to actresses and songstresses and others of the fair sex that appear not so publicly is not necessarily an indication of extravagance, though the floral tributes probably create as good an impression as though they had cost dollars at the florists. All that is necessary if a city attache has need of a bouquet of any portable size, is to speak for it to the "park department." This prerogative applies only to cut flowers, for even the mayor himself will not by virtue of the authority in him vested, cause the transplanting of a root. It is told that one of the best known citizens of Los Angeles, a man well able to buy all the flowers he could use and who, besides, is not attached to the city except in the merely perfunctory capacity of taxpayer, asked Mayor Eaton to give to him an order on the park superintendent for a lot of nice flower plants to put in the citizen's yard. Mayor Eaton wrote the order, and, would you believe it? The citizen did not like it. In fact, he took sore offense at it, all of which goes to show how hard it is for men in high places to please everybody. There was nothing in the order that the Mayor indited that should offend anybody. He only wrote something like this to Superintendent Garey: "If you have any old plants that you don't want and you have no earthly use for, and that are only in the way in the park, please give them to Mr.——."

Nice Flowers So Cheap

Whether or no the Third street tunnel contractor really intends to complete the big bore it is quite evident that he has made a bluff. That the tunnel can be constructed for the contract price even the city hall people have ceased affirming. That the contractor's bond will be drawn upon for any penalty for non-fulfillment of conditions therein nominated no one seems for one moment to believe. The idea seems to be to let things go in a free and easy way, and some day, after the Filipinos shall have been all pacified, perhaps the hill dwellers may be able to make, through the perforation, a short cut to and from town.

On the dock at San Francisco 25,000 pounds of beef furnished by Schweitzer & Co. for shipment to the Philippines on the transport Indiana was condemned on the ground that it could not stand the voyage. Though other beef shipments went through all right there seems to have been some wrong aroma in the Schweitzer case.

Sea Voyage for Sick Beef

"What does this mean?" asked the new assistant telegraph editor the other night as he came to this fragment of the market report in a sheet of other news by wire: "Pacific Coast hops two fifteen." "Oh, put it in the earthquake department," said the boss; "and fill it out 'two feet and fifteen inches.'"

How Much It Moved

The people that are wondering that ex-Congressman James McLachlan should accept the office of treasurer of the Whittier reform school would do well to remember that the income will be just like finding $50 every month. The duties of the office do not interfere with the regular business of the incumbent, no matter what his regular business may be. The appointment has a significance disproportionate to the amount of salary.

Just Like Finding Money

Dan Burns on Monday last, after two weeks' fishing off Santa Catalina, captured an immense sea bass weighing 218 pounds. He had a great fight with the monster and landed him after a tussle of an hour and forty minutes. The genial Dan was highly elated over his catch and couldn't have seemed more pleased had he attained the senatorship. By the way, the thousands over at Catalina who had only the newspaper cartoons of Colonel Burns in their minds, were greatly surprised in finding the victim of so many lampoonings so quiet, pleasant and unassuming a person. The Colonel and his family have been enjoying the excellent attractions of Santa Catalina for two or three weeks and came back to Los Angeles on Wednesday last.

Dan Burns Catches a Monster

WEIR AT HEAD OF CANAL
PICKING VALENCIA LATE ORANGES
ELECTRIC LINE ON THE FAMOUS MAGNOLIA AVENUE

MAIN STREET

SCENE ON MAIN CANAL
PALM AVENUE
RAISIN DRYING

WHERE WATER IS KING.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S famous climate is made so by its dry weather, its lack if rain. It happens sometimes, as during the past two reasons, that there is too much of this lack of moisture. All of which goes to prove that our fertile lands are only valuable where water for irrigation goes with the land; in fact, where the title to a good irrigation head of water is indisputable and always on tap at the wish of the owner of the land. The lesson of this dry season is one that will be learned by those who have found out by actual experience that water should be the first consideration and land secondary. The accompanying snap shot views illustrate some of the results of a first-class water right and an almost perfect irrigating system as in vogue at Riverside, the great orange growing center.

Several of the illustrations are made from kodak views taken by one of the GRAPHIC'S agents during the past week, the others are from photos taken last October and correctly represent in a small way what can be done with a full ditch of water.

Many inches of water have been developed during the past few months, thus adding greatly to the value of the lands of Southern California. Next after water with which to irrigate comes thorough cultivation, which has received more attention this summer than ever before, and much to the advantage of the orchards. Fruit growing in all its branches has become most profitable when followed as a business, but with all the attention the warning to the new comer is, first water and land afterwards.

Largest Flower in the World.

With the expansion of our domain we add to our national wonders and now it is claimed that the largest flower in the world is a native of a United States possession. It was first found on the island of Mindora, one of the Philippine group, by a German botanist and explorer. It is a five-petalled blossom nearly a yard wide. At a distance the buds look like giant cabbage heads. A single flower has been known to weigh twenty two pounds. The natives call it the bolo. Specimens sent to Eu-Europe were recognized to be of the species Rafflesia, a plant discovered in Sumatra, and named after the English governor of that island—Sir Stamford Raffles. The bolo is only to be found in the neighborhood of Apo, one of the highest volcanos in the Philippines, or about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. As far as we know no specimen of this giant flower has ever been sent to the United States.

"Look here! Are you the man I gave a square meal one cold, bleak February morning?" "I'm de man, mum." "Well, do you remember you promised to shovel all the show out of my backyard, and then sneaked off without doing it?" "Yes, mum, and me conscious smote me. Dat's de reason I tramped all de way here t'rough the blazing sun to finish de job."—Chicago News.

Sunday-school teacher—"Who was the wisest man, Johnny?" Johnny—"Solomon." Sunday-school teacher—"That's right. Now, Willie, who was the strongest man?" Willie—"Jonah." Sunday-school teacher—"Wrong; but what reason have you for believing Jonah was the strongest man?" Willie—"'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."—Detroit times.

Music and Art

To the Profession — A special feature of the Western Graphic is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short criticisms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of Western Graphic, Los Angeles.

MUSIC has a hard time of it in summer. It is now that the muse must watch her disciples from many points. The masters wander to their studios from force of habit; but it is lonesome and ere long they may be seen on the sands by the sea, reading or planning for the winter.

Some mix business with pleasure and there are several concerts on the tapis at the different seaside resorts. Next Friday evening a musicale will be given at the Gordon Arms at Terminal in which numbers will be given by Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, soprano; Miss Lila Fairchilds, contralto; Harry H. Barnhart, basso; Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue, pianist. Many friends and admirers of these musicians will avail themselves of an opportunity for a jolly time. A feature of the event will be a special excursion by steam launch from Long Beach.

Miss Minnie Johnson, a concert singer of some note, of Chicago, is spending a couple of months in the city. She is the guest of Mrs. W. F. Anderson of 123 Carr street.

Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mrs. Justin Kay Toles and Miss June Reed will spend part of their month at Catalina.

AT A MUSICALE

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Characters: Frank Purson, Miss Gushe, and one other. (After the solo.)

Frank Purson—Who was that?

Miss Gushe—I don't know. Some vocalizer. No temperament.

F. P.—He might be covered with it and I wouldn't know. But I think that no singer can afford to be without it long, nowadays. Though a man have the voice of an angel and have not temperament, it profiteth him nothing.

G.—Why, that's in the Bible, isn't it?

F. P.—Something very like it. I wonder who it was that sang. I liked his voice.

G.—Oh, it wasn't anybody in particular (listens). Oh, I heard Mrs. Chattington say it was Zhan Derewski of the opera.

F. P.—I was right in liking him.

G.—The dear man. Wasn't it lovely. Not so much the voice as the way he used it. What temperament!

F. P.—Yes, he seems to have had a supply after all. His temperament seems to grow on you, don't you think?

G.—Oh, I do wish he would sing again.

F. P.—Yes, so do I, now that I know who he is.

G.—Oh, he's going to sing an encore. How adorable. (The man sings again.)

F. P.—Ah, wasn t that delicious? (Sighs.) Oh, those Poles! They seem to be born with divine voices and charms of person that generally come only after much hard work.

G.—I can never tell whether you are joking or not, you look so serious. Sometimes I think you don't really like music.

F. P.—Oh, I adore it when so valuable a singer interprets it.

G.—Oh, there's Mr. Dagby! Didn't Zhan sing divinely? What a lovely tenor voice.

Mr. D.—He will when he sings. He's going to now. That man who just sang is a baritone. I forget his name—hasn't much of a one yet—pupil of Solfari. Now Zhan begins. Shh!

F. P.—(In a whisper.) I take back all I said about his temperament. Of course he can't have acquired it if he's only a pupil. I like his voice, though.

G.—I don't. He's positively an impostor. —Demorest's.

They Do Say

County Clerk Charlie Bell—A waitress should always wear a fetching costume.

G. J. Griffith—A man seldom forgets his place if he has a good one.

Mayor Eaton—Many good examples are set, but few of them are ever hatched.

Dana Burks—Men glance at the past—if she who passed is young and pretty.

Jigadier Brindle Otis—It's alway hard to please a man who doesn't know what he wants.

HARRY H. BARNHART
Whose rich basso will be heard in concert at The Gordon Arms, Terminal Island, next Friday evening.

Frank Miller—Lots of people are too selfish to assist others in having a good time.

Guy Barham, Joke No. 1,218,609—A girl's conversation is naturally flowery when she talks through her hat.

Billy Hammel—The right man in the right place often adds to the number of the sheriff's boarders.

Frank Hicks—Life insurance is no doubt a good thing, but what some men need most is insurance against fire.

Bob Eckert—I have my opinion of a man who eats mustard on pompano.

Prof. Fishay—Slang and baseball talk are the nearest some people ever come to speaking the English language.

Justice James—The bridegroom is never of as much importance as the bride, and she is of less importance than her dress.

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

MME. GENEVRA JOHNSTONE-BISHOP
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In the Gay Life

THE engagement is announced of Miss Anna Mullins of this city and Mr. H. B. Ainsworth of Redondo. This denouement to a very pretty romance has occasioned a great deal of interest socially for both "parties," if one may be forgiven this ortracized word, are very well known here in more ways than one. While both are members of what is known as "good" society, meaning, naturally the giddy whirl, yet both are likewise leading characters of that small and select circle, of which every city owns its own, in which intellectual culture and pursuit of the higher pleasures of life, are paramount to that elusive and fleeting class of gaiety which is usually supposed to be the sole aim of the 400. Miss Mullins is happily a member of a music loving family and a daughter of Major G. G. Mullins, a highly respected resident of Los Angeles. Mr. Ainsworth's name is not among the "new" ones of this coast and hardly needs a comment other than that the present possessor is everything that is implied in "an all round good fellow." It might not be premature to state that the nuptials of this well favored pair are said to take place in the early fall.

It is quite the fad in the east and has been for some time to call one's trap or most anything on four wheels "a wagon." It sounds rather smart to hear a young lady have her wagon ordered round, don't you think so? At any rate a vehicle of this description, looking very small is frequently seen about town these days and conveys as its fair occupant one of the most popular of society's maids—Miss Bird Chanslor, who, while she does not hold the ribbons herself, looks just as smart as if she did. Miss Chanslor possesses many little accomplishments and is perhaps one of the most eagerly sought after members of the younger set of society today, her particular trick of manner and conversation making her frequently an indispensable guest at dinner, luncheon or house party. She has just come up from a visit at Mayor Eaton's at Santa Monica and will probably hie herself to the social pleasures to be found in San Francisco, before very long.

Another popular society maid and one that will be very much missed when she takes that European tour, is Miss Lila Fairchild. It was not every one that knew Miss Fairchild possessed that very charming voice she does, and her appearance in public at a charity affair lately was quite a surprise to a great many. Miss Fairchild has had things pretty much her own way here socially for some time and when hereafter she adds the graces that always follow with travel and the additional charms of a cultivated voice, a fact assured with such tutelage as that given by Madame Johnstone-Bishop with whom she is to travel, where, oh, where will she be, or rather where, oh, where will everybody else be?

The first week in August sees some more flittings to the pleasure resorts. Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs go to Coronado today, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Parker are in San Francisco, Mr. John T. Griffith and family are off to Santa Monica for four weeks, and the Fred Griffiths are occupying their cottage there as usual. Judge Chapman's family are also putting in their three months' stay at Santa Monica. Mrs. Judge Gooding and her daughter went to Catalina on Wednesday and the Hollidays expect to go over next week. Mrs. Holliday, by the way, is getting to be quite an enthusiast on golf and was one of the leaders in the tournament at Santa Monica the other day.

Mrs. Goodwin of Figueroa street will spend a portion of August at Avalon.

Mrs. Fulton of Ninth street is spending a week or two at the Arcadia.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon have gone east to remain a month.

Mrs. Arcadia Baker went to Santa Monica Thursday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gaffey.

Miss Alice Graves, who started on an European tour with Miss Hubbell and other young ladies some three months ago, is at Oxford, England, from which place she has written a highly descriptive letter to her parents.

Mr. Jevne is whiling away a few days at the Patterson cottage, Terminal Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wigmore and family have taken up their summer residence at the Norwood, at Santa Monica, moving down on the first instant.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis, who are at Redondo, are contemplating a sea trip to San Francisco, for the stimulating effects of a few days on the bounding main, first spending a short period at Santa Monica and about the the same time at Terminal Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan R. Scott and family went to Santa Monica Tuesday to remain a month or more.

The Cosmo Morgans are preparing to go to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Salisbury have taken the Tolhurst collage at Terminal and Dr. and Mrs. Tolhurst are back in town for a short time before taking another flitting.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Blinn were the guests of Dr. Cunningham at dinner at Santa Monica one evening last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Willard are enjoying things quietly at Terminal.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Barker will go to Catalina next Saturday, making a party with the Hollidays for the golf tournament.

Mrs. Orr. Harralson is at Alpine Tavern.

Miss Christine Kurtz spent several days last week at Terminal, the guest of Miss Hitchcock.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine of the famous Irvine Rancho are in town and are stopping at the Van Nuys Broadway. They are accompanied by Miss Becktel and Mrs. Plum of San Francisco.

MISCELLANEOUS

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About the House

COTTAGERS at the beaches especially will be interested in an authority's instructions on the preparation of lobsters. Mary S. Lincoln gives the following valuable hints in a New York paper to those who enjoy preparing this favorite summer food: Have a large kettle over the fire, with sufficient water to immerse the lobster; allow two tablespoonfuls salt to four quarts water. When the water is boiling plunge the lobster head first into it, cover and boil about twenty-five minutes for a two pound lob-ter. Too long cooking will make the meat dry and tough.

A Chapter on Lobsters

The sense of touch and some idea of weight are the surest guides in making your choice. A large sized lobster, with thin shells, and which gives out something of a rattling sound when shaken, will not contain as much meat as a small one which is firm and heavy in proportion to its size. Try them in your hand and you can readily detect the difference. Then the freshness of the lobster may be determined by the tail, which is usually curled over toward the body. If the lobster is alive and in prime condition when it is put into the pot for boiling the tail will spring back into place when you bend it back. But if it stays back and seems flabby the lobster is stale and unfit to eat. To select before boiling those that are lively, full of motion and of medium size will be the best.

When cold enough to handle wipe off the scum adhering to the shell, twist off the large claws, and, if the shells are thin, cut off a strip from the sharp edge, using a strong, sharp knife; then break the shell apart and take the meat out whole.

To Open a Boiled Lobster

If too thick to cut in this way, hold the claw on the edge of the table and break it with a mallet, being careful not to crush the meat. Pick out the meat in the joints. Then twist off the small claws and lay them aside for garnishing. With a sort of sideways twist break the tail away from the body, thus avoiding any spattering or loss of the liver. If the tail shell is to be used, cut through the inner portion and remove the meat, but if not needed for this purpose simply lay the tail on one side and crush it with your hand. This will snap the inner shell and allow you to remove the meat easily.

Lay the outer muscle back from the middle and remove the vein, sometimes plainly seen by its dark color, sometimes almost invisible, but always there, running the whole length and terminating in a sack at the end.

Stand the body on its head and insert both thumbs into the opening, with the right hand against the back shell and the left against the under side, and gently pull it apart, leaving the stomach or lady in the right hand shell. Shake out all of the green liver and scrape out any of the thick white juice. On the sides of the body portion are some feathery appendages, which are gills or lungs. These should be carefully removed. Break the body through the middle and pick out all the meat between the fine bones, only a tablespoon, perhaps, but the choicest morsel in the lobster. If there is any coral save it for garnishing.

THE COLONEL'S STORY

"I CAN think of no circumstances," said young Johnson, "where a deliberate suicide could be otherwise than wrong; a violation of the great editorial principle—'Thou Shalt Not Kill!'"

Young Johnson prided himself of his hard sense. It was hard sense he had. Hard to change. He was somewhat set in his opinions.

The Colonel hadn't been taking part in the discussion. The Colonel was older than most of us. But this remark of young Johnson's seemed to start him thinking for he broke in here with—

"I don't quite agree with you," he said, and a long argument ensued. The Colonel waxed eloquent in defending his case, but most of the company were against him. Then he took a new tack—

"You have heard of John Savage, boys," he said. "He was a little before your time, I know, but did you ever hear the story of his life?"

There were none of us who had, as I remember, so the Colonel had to tell it. He began:

"John and I were boys together. I was his best man when he married. He was in love if ever a man was, and, well, she liked him pretty well, too. They were just as happy—as married folks can be."

You see the Colonel was married himself and thought it his duty to speak cynically of married life before other people.

"John wanted to spend his honeymoon in a new way, so they planned it for an out-of-the-way resort up in the country, and there they went. There was only one railroad anywhere near the place.

"We heard from them while there. They were in paradise. Which is a way young people have," said the Colonel in an aside.

"But John's vacation came to an end; they had to return. They missed the regular train back to the city, and had to take a slow old accommodation instead. Some fool left a switch open or something, and the train ran off the track and over an embankment!

"There were very few passengers in the dilapidated old passenger coach, but there might just as well have been a hundred so far as John was concerned, for the first sight that met his eyes as he picked himself up out of the dirt was his wife pinioned under the wreckage of half a dozen cars. You can imagine his frantic grief as he saw her lying there with a heavy truck crushing her down, and on top of this a great pile of twisted wood and iron. Her head and arms were free, but the rest of her body held fast.

"The trainmen were to the rescue in a moment. They worked like heroes and began to clear away the wreckage, but, with a warning sound, it settled, and a groan of stifled pain from the unhappy woman told them they had better stop. Meanwhile the wrecking crew at the nearest city, some twenty miles away, had been telegraphed for, but the men said it could hardly arrive in less than an hour.

"All this time Savage was at his wife's side comforting her as best he knew how. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Poor woman! she evidently knew she had little longer to live. Then there was another ominous sound and the wreckage settled still further, and with a moan she fainted.

"John's grief knew no bounds. He tore around like a madman. He cursed the trainmen one moment, the next implored them most piteously to help him. They, poor fellows, felt his sorrow, too, and tried every means to help him. They found a spare rail alongside the track, a pile of cross-ties was placed under one end of it, and with it as a lever, after several attempts a portion of the wreckage was raised. Relieved of the pressure upon her, Mrs. Savage opened her eyes, just for a moment. But that moment, and the expression of those eyes was enough to inspire every man to do his utmost. They bore down still more heavily on the level, when—horror! one of the cross-ties slipped out of place and the wreckage dropped down again with a crash!

"Screams of agony burst from the unhappy woman's lips. It was an awful thing just to listen to them. The men stood dumb. They could do nothing. But John was at her side in an instant.

"'Oh, John!' she cried, 'can't you put an end to this? Can't you put an end to this? It's killing me! The pain is killing me! Put me out of my misery, John! My John, I beg of you, kill me! Kill me! I am dying by inches!'

"It was torture to stand helpless by. It would have been a kindness to have relieved her of the agony by killing her. But he could not think of such a thing. She might not be fatally injured. There was the hope of the wrecking train. She might yet be rescued.

"'I can't! I can't!' he groaned.

"The agony of the situation increased. The wreckage, disturbed by the lever, with a sudden lurch settled again. Another scream of greatest pain was heard. It was a living death for his wife, and again and again she begged to be put out of her misery. There was nothing that could be done but wait. But her anguish? Could she stand the strain, the pain?

"You have read about such things, gentlemen, but you cannot realize the anguish of John Savage at that moment. He felt for the revolver in his pocket, but his hand drew back abhorrently. Yet the screams of his wife continued to ring in his ears.

"'John, dear, darling John!' she pleaded, 'I can't stand it. I can't stand it. Oh, John, put an end to this. Kill me! Kill me! It would be God's mercy to kill me!'

"It seemed as if a shadow ran over his body. He was trying to nerve himself. Something desperate had to be done. He could not stand that his loved one should be in such misery. He was suffering almost as much as she. He had been sitting near her trying to keep her cries of distress out of his ears, but of a sudden he arose, before anyone could judge what he was doing, took his pistol from his pocket and gave it to her. 'I cannot do it,' was all he said.

"'Kiss me, John, dear John,' was her reply.

"With almost frenzied passion he threw his arms about her. She drew him even closer to her. There was one long, lingering embrace, a word of love—and then—then Mrs. Savage was out of the reach of the pangs and pains of the world forever."

The Colonel paused a moment to collect himself, and then continued:

"Not a word was spoken. The trainmen stood as if dazed. Then the husband bent down and picked up the still smoking revolver. It was but the work of an instant, before anyone could interfere, to place it against his own temple—and John Savage had gone to join his wife."

Again the Colonel stopped and felt for his handkerchief. It was rather warm in the room.

"That is the story," he said. "And I don't think there was anything ethically, morally, or religiously wrong about it, either."

And the rest of us, not even young Johnson, had not a word to say.—The Criterion.

GOOD ROADS.

THE sight-seer in England often has his attention called to the old Roman roads, which, though built over 1800 years ago, still show the wonderful care and masterly engineering ability displayed by these empire builders. Thus we see that the subject of good roads was agitated some few years ago, by people who had but little use for them excepting for military purposes. How much more far-reaching at present are the benefits to be derived from smooth hard roads, which must be considered as one of the vital points in a nation's economy. It has been predicted that the horseless period is confronting us; that the compressed air, liquid air, storage battery and gasoline automobiles will supercede the noble animal in all transportation. Even if this is to be so, there is all the more need of good roads, but it is contended that in suburban and rural districts, the horse will always be appreciated as he is today.

There has been a good deal of work done in this state during the past few years which points to an active concern being manifested by the various bodies having the highways under ther jurisdiction; some of this work is good, but a great portion shows a hap-hazard, let-it-run-itself management, and thousands of dollars have been thrown away. The GRAPHIC presents on the front page this week a photo-engraving of what may well be termed a model road. Stretching out nine miles from the city of Fresno to the Kearney property, this road has been turnpiked, gravelled and rolled, and is lined with palms and shade trees. When its attractiveness becomes better known, it will rival the famous Magnolia avenue of Riverside. Here in this county, the best piece of road making outside of the city is between Arcadia and Duarte. This road was cheaply built with decomposed granite, which is spread evenly on the soft soil, well rolled and wet down. Two years of heavy traffic have not injured this road in the least, and although it has not been sprinkled all summer, it is hard and free from dust. In startling contrast to this road is the one through the San Fernando valley. Here the gravel has been dumped from the wagons on a steep turnpike, making a strip about ten feet wide—and then the road was complete. As a result in two weeks it resembled a letter W, and the under soil is working into the strata of gravel, so that when the rains come, what is left of the sand will be carried down the steep sides—and it will all have to be done over again. One-half mile of good road could be made each year in a township and kept in condition. We advocate the "half-a-loaf" proposition, but believe that the small portion should be of good quality.

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

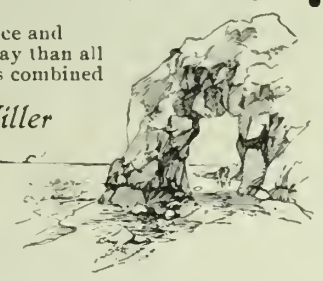
Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tween't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

Faster train service and more trains per day than all competing resorts combined

Frank A. Miller
Prop.



HOMES BY THE SEA
Ocean Park
KINNEY & DUDLEY TRACT
Santa Monica

Ocean front, Elegant beach, Water piped to tract. Electric light connection. Long lease, $10 to $25 yearly rental

The Best Opportunity Ever Offered to secure a Santa Monica Home

Ocean Air Ocean Beach Ocean Bathing

L. B. OSBORN, Agent
Office, terminus Electric Car Track, Santa Monica.

Fine Fish Dinners

No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.

THE PAVILION

ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

Championship Swimming Race at Santa Monica.....

A half-mile race in the open ocean, for good purses. Best two in three heats. Second heat Sunday, Aug. 6, 1.30 p m The course may be seen from the verandahs of the **North Beach Bath House.** The plunge is emptied and cleaned thoroughly every night. The water is kept at 82 degrees. The beach is at all times clean, quiet and orderly, and has more permanent attractions than any other resort. Everybody is remarking the great improvement over all preceding years.

LOS ANGELES PACIFIC R.R.

The Scenic Route to Santa Monica....

LEAVE FOURTH ST., Los Angeles, every thirty minutes on the hour and half hour from 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.

LEAVE BAND STAND, Santa Monica, every half hour on the quarter and three quarter from 5.45 a.m. to 7.45 p.m., 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

A Police Commissioner—Some men avoid a disagreeable task by pursuading themselves that its accomplishment is an impossibility.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

I CAN conceive of no more animated anatomical sight than that presented in the sands in front of the North Beach bath house on a Sunday forenoon between the hours of eleven and twelve. There are multitudes of all kinds and conditions of people. There is warmth and sunshine and a fresh smell from the salty sea. A brisk breeze from the northwest sends the white-capped waves dancing in from the sharp line of the horizon, above which linger thin rolls of flesh tinted clouds. The sun shines down on the sands and makes them yellow, and brightens the pinks and the reds and the blues of the spick and-span frocks, and the wind blows out the ribbons and flowers in fluffy shirt waists and natty chapeaus. No impressionist ever painted prettier purple of sky or deeper blue of water or jollier squads of variegated men and women. In all these thousands there isn't a single miserable one. The delicious warmth is impregnated with health-giving breaths from off the tumbling waves which waft their ozone in shore. There are animating kalidoscopic colors that would shame a prism, and the deep roar and swash and gurgle of the never resting breakers are oratorios that cannot be properly imitated.

Last Sunday was the banner day of the season and all the bath houses were out of suits before all who wished had enjoyed their dips. But a beach crowd is good natured and the disappointed ones forgot their troubles watching the more fortunate ones frolicking in the surf. At 1:30 the wharfs and bluffs were thick with people watching the first heat of the swimming race.

Mrs. Walter Cosby and two children, Miss Bird Chanslor, Mrs. George Steckel, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. E. Longstreet, Alfred H. Wilcox and Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. Cochran. are among the late arrivals at the Arcadia.

Tomorrow (Saturday) a golf tournament will be held on the Ocean Park links. Mrs. Roy Jones will preside at the tea tables and the prizes will be given by Mmes. Abbot Kinney and T. H. Dudley.

Hotel Arcadia is of necessity the center of gravitation after nightfall, and hardly an evening passes without some sort of entertainment under its hospitable roof. Tuesday evening the hotel guests enjoyed a house party, with a cake walk, dancing and the usual refreshments.

The Casino tennis courts are the scene of constant practicing by those who are to contest in the tournament commencing on August 14.

One of the biggest improvements projected since the building of the electric road is the proposed beach trolley line to Redondo, and possibly on around the beach to San Pedro, Terminal and Long Beach. Abbot Kinney is one of the capitalists interested in the company whose final papers of incorporation are now being prepared. Aside from the alluring feature of a ride along the very edge of the surf, which alone would insure the success of the enterprise, a large area of beach land, now unavailable, will be brought in close communication with Los Angeles and the two seaside cities, and it is not an idle dream to look forward to the time when a continuous row of cottages will look out upon the bay along the entire route of this novel railway. At a point on the line the company will make extensive improvements, including a sporting park, athletic track, bath houses, etc., which will doubtless become the nucleus for a new town.

CORONADO

THERE is more life and gayety at Coronado at present than at any former time during the present season. Every one is enjoying himself to the utmost. The days are happy links in pleasures chain. From Monday morning till the social hops of Saturday evening calls a halt life is full of various pleasures. The ocean and the plunge are favorite entertainers, a part of each day, while golf and tennis claim a share of the day's attention. If the Crown of the Pacific, Coronado, doesn't fit and bring pleasure to the wearer it is because that particular mortal is suffering from rheumatism, the gout or indigestion. In either case, if he keeps on taking "Coronado" and doing Coronado's bidding in regard to outdoor life and exercise, even the melancholy will soon be heard to sing in praise and delight of life upon the beach as health's restorer. The ocean is not the only entertainer of swells, for the plunge is claiming the attention of crowds each day, and though the bay allures many of the younger swimmers, there are always those who prefer a morning in the pool to tempting the Pacific in natural condition.

Golf! golf! golf! Who doesn't play golf? Few respond. It is easy to tell the newcomers to the beach. They may be classified, ticketed and labelled according to the depth of tan they so proudly wear. If there is any virtue in sun-companionship, mingled with sea breezes and contact with mother earth, those who inhabit the golf links on the beach are sure to come out beings of muscle and sinew at the close of the present season.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Posey and sons of Los Angeles are summering at Coronado, guests of the hotel.

Mrs. Alfred Abbey, dramatic soprano of San Francisco, is a recent arrival at the hotel.

Madame Modjeska and Count Bozenta are spending August at the hotel, as has been their custom in seasons past.

J. B. Abell, business manager of the Los Angeles Express, and E. E. Upp of Toledo, O., were recent visitors at Coronado.

Mrs. Rosa Egeman, ex-president of the Woman's National Scientific Association, has taken a cottage on the beach and will remain some time, accompanied by her family.

Prof. Flugel, at the head of the German department of Leland Stanford University, accompanied by his wife and family, are summering at Coronado.

The extension of the jetty, at Hotel del Coronado, is progressing rapidly. Twelve piles

per day are being driven, and 250 feet of the proposed 400 feet have been accomplished already.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Harris gave the largest and most successful launch party of the past week.

The summer girl is an expert with the rod and reel and understands the art of rowing as well as the handling of golf sticks. Verily the maiden of today, with her merry cheek and various athletic tendencies, with her health and freedom in short skirts and comfortable shoes, would be a mighty surprise to dear departed grandparents, who never in their most extravagant day dreams became acquainted with the maid of today.

Mrs. Charles Jacoby and Miss Irma Jacoby of Los Angeles are enjoying life at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Isabelle S. Ware, Mrs A. W. Morgan and Miss Isabelle W. Morgan, leave Monday to spend August in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Stocking of Los Angeles are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Stocking of Corodado.

Mrs. F. S. Hicks of Los Angeles, child and nurse, also Mrs. Hicks' brother, Stephen V. Childs, are spending August at Hotel del Coronado.

CATALINA ISLAND

ALL things come to him who waits—so at least thought the redoubtable Dan Burns, when, after going out after big fish nearly every day for two weeks and patiently holding his rod at a proper angle, a monster sea bass weighing more than two hundred pounds, "struck" and was captured after a two hours' fight. The exact weight was 218 pounds; and shortly after the arrival of the colonel and his captive he and the big bass were photographed.

The crowds here are very large and on Saturday and Sunday last were enormous; and among the new comers on Saturday were Major B. C. Truman, wife and daughter, who staid until Thursday, taking in all that could be aggregated in so short a time. The Major takes with him for Paris a mounted tuna weighing 96 pounds, a wild goat's head, and some mounted photographs of big fish and other pictures.

The weather is simply delicious, the blend of warmth and mild wind being perfect. The verandas of the Metropole are crowded away into night; the procession of bathers and golfers take up a good portion of each day; thousands go out yachting and fishing daily and attend the Catalina band concerts each evening, and there is much else that contributes toward a panorama that possibly has no rival in America.

Among the permanent guests at the Metropole are professor and Mrs. Holder. The professor is one of the best bred and cultivated gentlemen in America, and is held in high esteem by all who enjoy his acquaintance. He is now adding to the aquaria many notable marine subjects and otherwise devoting himself to ichthyological pursuits. Professor Holder's contributions to eastern magazines and newspapers like the New York Times and Boston Transcript are of the highest class and are as generally entertaining as they are scientific and instructive.

Guy Barham has been luxuriating at Santa Catalina for nearly two weeks and has been the observed of all observers, not even excepting Dan Burns, who has been chaperoned by the immaculate Guy, the Beau Brummel of the season thus far at Avalon. This young man of elegant leisure reminds one of Dazzle in Boucicault's London Assurance, and while he never toils he spins around among statesmen, army and navy men, club and literary men, old maid and damsel, widow and wife with such charming nonchalance as to bewilder the average veranda lounger and yachtsman. He carries the newest novel wherever he goes, is up in all the jest and frivolity of the passing hour, is always serene and sober, changes his clothes four times a day, takes a hand at golf, pool or cards, can row, swim and dance, and is an all round butterfly at a seaside resort such as most the women like and all men wonder at.

Capt. W. Waterhouse anchored his yacht Alert in the harbor Monday night on his way with some friends for a cruise to San Clemente. The Captain being a Pasadenan his friends are all from the Crown City, including; Paul Waterhouse, Gerald Waterhouse, James A. Leonard, D. M. Jones, H. Goehegan, Dan McKenzie, W. F. Bosbyshell, Charles Whalen and Frederick S. Rhoerig.

The aqurium daily becomes more fascinating with its wonders from the sea. A pink umbrella fish is one of the latest additions to the family. It is of a beautiful pink color and has tentacles nearly four feet long. A hermit crab in his shell house is a decided curiosity as he has to be fed on account of his helplessness.

REDONDO

THERE has been something special in the way of social gaiety at Hotel Redondo each evening this week, and the week's festivities will auspiciously close with a full dress ball this evening, given in connection with the open golf tournament held Friday and Saturday inclusive on the Redondo Country Club's link. The first cotillion of the season was given Saturday evening of last week and was the most enjoyable social function yet this season. Twenty-six couple participated and the german was led by Wm. Watson Lovett. Mr. Lovett distinguished himslf in this direction, introducing new figures and made the affair enjoyable for every one. The favors, which were furnished by the guests of the hotel, were both pretty and appropriate. At the conclusion of the dancing an elaborate collation was served in the small dining room. Those dancing were Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, Miss Fairchild, Tom Craig, Jos. G. Easton, Miss Hambrook, D. D. Acker, Miss Bassett, Homan Hallett, Miss Lucy Carson, W. R. Norris, Miss Waddell, Paul Rowan, Miss Carson, Wm. Young, Miss Wainwright, W. W. Leithead, Miss Sargent, H. B. Ainsworth, Miss Seymour, Warren Carhart, Miss Carpenter, R. A. Rowan Miss Benton, I. H. Rice, Miss Ridgeway, Mr. Field, Miss McFarland, Mr. Stephens, Miss Bumiller, C. T. Sutton, Mrs. Acker, F. G Schumacher, Mrs. Winston, Mrs. Wagner, Gregory Perkins Jr., Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Bundrum, Mr. and Mrs. Osburn, S. M. Haskins, Miss Stephens, W. Stephens, Miss Florence Jones, C. Allen, and Miss Burke.

Mesdames Gilbert F. Gay, F. H. Seymour. Alex. Dick and C. R. Craig presided at the table favors.

Monday evening a swimming party was given at the plunge which included the younger guests of the hotel, after which Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dick, who have been at the hotel three months, gave an elaborate chaffing dish supper which was in the nature of a farewell jollification as they leave next week for their home in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Tuesday evening one of the prettiest parties of the year was given in the ball room, the occasion being a dove cotillion, twenty-four ladies participating. The twelve ladies acting as gentlemen were easily distinguished by white pique skirts, white shirt waists and manish collars and ties while the ladies were in full evening dress. The men were Mesdames Warner, Osburn, Winslow, Misses Seymour, Hallett, Waddell, Hambrook

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Santa Catalina Island

Three and one-half hours from Los Angeles
The Greatest Resort
The Loveliest Season of the Year
Climate near Perfection
Phenomenal Fishing and Hunting
The great Stage Ride

MODERN APPOINTMENTS HOTEL METROPOLE

Unique exclusive attractions
The Famed Marine Gardens as viewed from the glass bottomed boats
The best and most picturesque Golf Links
Round trip every day from Los Angeles
Sunday excursions, three hours on the Island
See R. R. time tables

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THE GORDON ARMS
Terminal Island, California

HOTEL JUST COMPLETED
ELEGANT ROOMS AND
PIAZZAS LOOKING RIGHT OUT ON THE OCEAN

Rates $3 to $4 a day
Special rates on application
S. P. Anderson
MANAGER

Bath house in connection with hotel. Finest beach and surf bathing on coast. Golf links, yachting, fishing. Ten miles of fine roadway along beach for bicycling.

The Attractive Route

To the Favorite Sea Side Resorts is the.....

Los Angeles Terminal Railway

Terminal Island, By the Sea
Catalina Island San Pedro
Long Beach, Are the favorite and most delightful places and only a short ride from Los Angeles, where can be found the finest Open Sea Bathing, Yachting and Fishing on the Pacific coast.

Information and Excursion Tickets on sale at Ticket Office, 214 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
S. B. HYNES, Gen. Mgr. T. C. PECK, Gen. Agt Pass. Dept.

REDONDO

HOTEL REDONDO

ONLY THIRTY MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles' Most Fashionable Resort

Finest and most Commodious Hotel on the Pacific Coast.

Frequent Golf and Tennis Tournaments.

Splendid Surf or Warm Plunge Bathing. Expert swimming teachers.

Here you may get the Finest Fish Dinners in the Most Beautiful Dining Room in all California.

Transient Rates $2.50 to $4.
Special Weekly Rates

H. R. WARNER, PROP.

TO REDONDO

VIA

Santa Fe Route

Summer Time Table

DAILY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	9.55 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10.35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7.40 p. m.

Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.

Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.

Time Card

In effect June 4, 1899.

Dopot cor. Grand Avenue and Jefferson Streets

Trains leave Los Angeles for Redondo

Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

City Office 246 S. Spring St. Telephone Main 1031

L. J. PERRY, Superintendent

BUNDY'S

Elsinore Hot Springs Hotel and Baths

Hotel, Bath House and Cottages Lighted by Acetylene Gas. Only Hotel directly at the Springs. Open all the Year. : : :

E. Z UNDY, Prop.

Rates per week—$8, $9, and $10, including Hot Sulphur Baths. No Consumptives taken : : : :

ELSINORE CAL.

Seabert, Ridgeway, Susie Carpenter, McFarland; the ladies were Mesdames Lovett, Dick, Acker a nd Winston, and Misses Wainwright, Carpenter, Bumiller, Sargent, Sprecher, Bassett, Hattie Ridgeway, Stella Bumiller and Mueller. Mrs. M. L. Sargent and Mrs. Gay presided over the favors which were dainty or comical according to the inclination of the giver.

Other frivolities of the week were a progressive euchre party Wednesday evening, a tacky party Thursday evening upon which occasion everyone taking part got themselves up in the most grotesque and ridiculous costume possible, and a plunge party Friday evening.

Among Los Angeles people at Redondo Hotel this week were Dr. and Mrs. Monroe, Major Ben C. Truman, Miss Georgia Truman W. Durett Moore, C. P. Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Bundrum, Miss Helen Fairchild, Miss Lila Fairchild, Miss Bumiller, Miss Edna Bumiller, Miss Stella Bumiller, Geo. D. Blake, John Chanslor, Mrs. A. M. Stephens, Miss Thom, Miss Stephens, Miss Florence Jones, Wm. Stephens, Albert M. Stephens, Mrs. W. R. Burke, Miss Burke, Jos. G. Easton, Wm. Young, Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Milo Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin H. Rice, Warren Carhart, Maye Stephens, Gregory Perkins Jr., C. S. Sprecher, Blanche Sprecher, Edw. L. Mayberry, Tom Craig, Thos. Reynolds, F. G. Schumacher, Paul Rowan, S. M. Haskins, C. Allen, R. A. Rowan, A. Borden, W. W. Beestett, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden, children and maid, Mrs. M. C. Burnett, James W. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bishop, C. H. Berry, Miss Gertie Swift, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. C. Bumiller Hicky, Mrs. A. H. Antelia, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Herman Baruch, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Clark, H. P. Strate, Miss A. Koons, R.S. Yeza, Mrs. M. Howard, Mrs. Katherine Mellus, Arthur Howard, Herbert Howard, Mrs. G. D. Cadwallader, and Mrs. Theodore Royer.

The open golf tournament which is in progress on the Redondo Country Club's links is attracting great attention from golf players and silver cups will be awarded the championship winners and silver medals to the seconds in the all-comers competition. Suitable prizes will be given in handicap and other events. The tournament opened yesterday morning and will be concluded today.

The Fourth of July committee, H. T. Hazard, chairman; George B. Beebe, secretary; W. S. Daubenspeck, treasurer; George A. Allen, F. J. Cressey, J. J. Gosper, Dr. R. W. Miller, John A. West and W. H. Workman deserve the heartiest kind of a rising-to-your-feet vote of thanks for their patriotic services in giving the people a chance to duly celebrate. The fellow, however, who got the $461.49 for fireworks was overpaid just four hundred and sixty dollars.

In the tussle at Long Beach between the preachers and young folks who like to dance as to the number of evenings each week that shall be allowed for dancing, they divided, giving over four nights out of the week to preaching and three nights to the dance. The preachers, so it is reported, wish to compromise further by allowing two evenings for the dance and that a collection be taken up at same for the benefit of the preachers. The GRAPHIC does not believe the collection part of the story, although that might give a semi-religious aspect to the dance.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

NOW that tattooing has been revived as a fad among women I wonder how soon we may see serpent signs and oriental emblems indellibly worked out in striking colors on the arms of some of our fair sex of the Angel city. I remember what an awful impression was made upon me several years ago in San Francisco. I was attending a very recherche and extremely dressy affair. All at once my attention was arrested by what appeared to be at first glance a live snake coiled around one of the wrists of a very striking and handsome girl near me. Of course, upon second thought I realized that it was artificial, although it was such a fine piece of work that at a little distance it was almost impossible to tell whether or no it was really alive.

How many times we hear the remark: "Oh, I never tried to make anything except perhaps a little cotton shirt waist."

It may seem a very simple thing to make a shirt waist, but on the contrary a shirt waist should be as carefully fitted and conscientiously finished as anything else. Although there has been a great change for the better in the popular summer shirt waists there is ample opportunity for still more improvement.

The time has not quite arrived when we discuss the rivalry between the automobiles and the bicycles but it is fast approaching and while we are waiting for the automobiles we will not forget our bikes. Here is a discription for a bicycle costume which I think would be very neat for general use. A shirt of vanilla color, corkscrew cloth with shaped flounce rising up on the left side and fastening along the side with hooks and eyes, showing a lining of old pink taffata; jacket with round basques, very short plain collar, and lapels stitched. White livery pique scarf. For the feet the prettiest wear is deer skin half boots, yellow or drab.

About a Summer Word

The most expensive word that can properly be applied to a woman is the word "dainty." A woman may be stylish, well dressed, good looking, half a hundred other thing without any considerable amount of expense, but to live up to the requirements of the word "dainty" means that the person so designated has leisure absolutely unencroached upon; it means money plentifully supplied, a taste unspoiled by a desire for extravagance of color or form.

"Dainty" means all these and many other things. It means absolute freshness of material, of ribbons, laces, muslin, garnitures of all kinds. It means organdies uncrumpled, ruffles fresh from laundering, laces unspotted from the world and from everything else, water, soap, starch in abundance.

Look through the list of your acquaintances and you will not find more than two or three to whom the word can be applied with truth. It is a word which a man loves to apply to his sweetheart; it is a word which a woman dreams sometime of possessing. It has no age limit, for it can belong to the child or the woman of eighty. What it does require, however, is that its owner shall be one of Fortune's favorites.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

MEMBERS of the Guard re-enlisting, as well as new members, have been required to pass a physical examination by a surgeon. The question of the legality of this requirement has been raised by Col. Berry who finds no orders from general headquarters authorizing or requiring it. An order was issued from division headquarters, in October, 1898, reciting the fact that it had been decided by the commander-in-chief and the board of location and organization that all applicants, before being enlisted, should pass such examination, but no record appears that such a requirement was authorized by general headquarters, which would be necessary to give it the force of law. The question becomes important because, in a few cases in the Seventh Infantry, where there was not time to examine the applicants within the limits fixed for reporting for duty, the men were sworn in and the examinations made afterwards. If the requirement for the physical examination had the force of law, which it would have if embodied in a general order, the enlistment of those men would be null and void, but in the absence of the requirement the enlistments would be valid. The opinion of general headquarters has been asked upon the question.

In connection with the recent inspection and muster of the Seventh Regiment, Col. J. R. Berry, who inspected Companies B, I and L, made some excellent recommendations, among which are the following: (1) That company commanders be relieved of obsolete and unserviceable property, such as the old full-dress uniforms, etc. (2) That new uniforms, obtained if possible from the U. S. Government, be furnished as soon as possible, and that each man be supplied with a brown duck as well as a blue fatigue uniform, which would enable the men to take much better care of their blue uniforms; and that the cap be omitted. (3) That the State furnish each company with a set of re-loading tools, shells, powder, etc., which would enable the men to get a great deal of target practice at a small expense. It is also recommended that more attention be given to silhouette firing. The Colonel joins in the recommendation of Major F. C. Prescott, who inspected Companies G and K, that candidates for appointment as non-commissioned officers be examined by a board of officers detailed from other companies than the one in which they seek appointment—the theory of this being that it would relieve company commanders of the embarassment of personal friendship in making appointments. Men would take more pride in an appointment which they had earned, and promotion would be open to all who had the ambition to try for it. For this purpose it is recommended that libraries of standard military books should be provided and made accessible to all members of the companies.

Col. John R. Berry sent a communication so general headquarters requesting to be informed whether he might recommend the appointment of a regimental quartermaster with the rank of captain, the rank authorized by law re-organizing the U. S. army. The ruling of the adjutant-general was that it would not be expedient to change the rank of any officer that has been definitely fixed by the legislature, and especially as it would not be practicable to make the entire commisioned force and the numerical strength of companies correspond to that of the U. S. army as re-organized under the Act of March 2nd, 1899—the only portions of the U. S. Army Regulations considered applicable to the Guard at the present time being those which relate to the insignia of rank.

Lieut. John Eason of San Francisco, formerly captain of Company M of Riverside, has been visiting friends in Southern California for the past two weeks. The Lieutenant left for the north the first of the week.

Captain H. T. Matthews, who has recently received a commission in the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, left for Vancouver Barracks last Saturday. He took the trunk of Lieut. Samuel Crawford with him—the Lieutenant being anxious to get at least a portion of his equipment to the front.

Some time ago an order was issued changing the color of the chevrons and stripes of Signal Corps from orange to black, that being the color used in the U.S. Army Signal Corps. The boys are now making the change, although there is some dissatisfaction regarding it. The black is not as showy and handsome as the orange and a non-commissioned officer cannot be distinguished from a private at a distance.

Lieut. Louis S. Chappelear of the Thirty-Fifth U. S. V. Infantry has been detailed as assistant recruiting officer in this city, and he expects to procure a great many enlistments from among his many acquaintances in the Seventh Regiment. Those who desire to enlist should do so at once, for the early bird catches the worm, and those who get into the Thirty-Fifth Regiment now will have an excellent chance to secure good appointments. Lieut. Chappelear's headquarters are at the U. S. Recruiting office in the Bullard block.

Last week's issue of the WESTERN GRAPHIC cantained a very interesting Manila letter, written by George Oden, a Los Angeles boy in the Third Artillery. He is a regular correspondent of this journal and those who desire reliable information regarding the work being done in the Philippines and the latest authentic news of the militia of Southern California, should send in their subscriptions for the WESTERN GRAPHIC.

A corps of forty men of the Engineer Division of the Naval Militia has been organized in this city by Lieut. Van Vleck. The corps held its first meeting for the purpose of completing its organization last Wednesday evening. About the first of September they expect to take a ten days' cruise on a U. S. Cruiser. Lieut. Halpin, formerly of the British navy, is taking quite an interest in the corps and will aid them a great deal in their work.

Next week the men of the Seventh Regiment will be measured for uniforms, which will probably be received in about two months. This will be good news for the boys as a majority of them have no uniforms at all.

The officers of the First Brigade gave Captain George Lawrence a Banquet last Tuesday evening. The captain left on Wednesday for a weeks' outing at Catalina.

The Signal Corps of the First Brigade expect to go into camp for ten days about the 15th of this month at Catalina Island. The corps will be under the command of Lieut. Sabine.

Capt. Bowers of San Diego, who is an officer on the staff of Brigadier-General C. F. A. Last, is visiting in the city.

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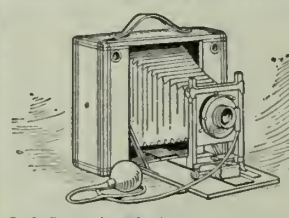

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Greater Los Angeles

City and County

ONE far sighted, particularly bright banker of the East, Cyrus Newkirk, now living near San Bernardino on his fine orange ranch, remarked to the writer the past week: "How your city does grow. I have watched Los Angeles for several years and would have settled here, but I am getting too old and decided to enjoy my last days surrounded by orange trees, which is also a business that is most profitable for the investment. But I could see a great future for Los Angeles. In fact it has exceeded my expectations. The future, other things being equal, will be greater in the years to come than in the past. I will not undertake to give figures as to population, but one thing is certain, this is sure to be a great city. Just look at its geographical position as to the world's trade, the relation of the Nicaragua Canal to this coast, to the great Southwest, surrounded with the richest lands in the world, subject to most diversified culture. Water from the mountains, utilized over and over for power, can then be poured out on the land when it is needed and in quantity necessary. Why, sir, this is the coming city of the Pacific Coast."

Some Rosy Prospects

"The judgment is affirmed." With these words Judge Smith administered the coup de grace to the slot machines, and nevermore will the seductive whirr of the little playthings lure the nickels from the passer-by. It is well, from two points of view. In the first place there is no question but that the vicious nickel eaters were pernicious in their influence and in many instances downright robbing devices. Secondly, it is the beginning of a general annihilation of the machines, which will afford a large opportunity for brains to evolve something to take their places.

Notwithstanding the higher prices for all building material as well as for labor, new houses are going up all over the city. The quality of residence buildings is good, no shanties are being put up. Even the small home is a tasty cottage, an ornament to the locality.

Nature has been more than generous, even after a dry season, to the fruit growers who have aided her by their work of intense culture. This season's fruits are mostly of a finer quality than ever before. The local markets of this city have taken large quantities of the best fruits at fancy prices while the balance has been or will be canned or dried.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-berrying, sir," she said.
"Who's to be buried, my pretty maid?"
"It's none of your funeral, sir," she said.

The apricot crop of Orange county has been dried instead of canned or sold green (ripe). It is claimed that the price paid ($27.50 a ton or 1¼ cents a pound at the cannery) is equivalent to 7 cents a pound for the dried fruit, whereas 9 and 9½ cents is now offered. At these figures it is easy to see which is the best for the grower. The highest price paid for canning has been $30 a ton. The best prices for apricots dried have netted the growers $50 a ton for the green fruit. Where is the croaker now?

The oil output for this county for the past year, July 1, 1899, amounts to over one and a half million dollars. This is one of the products largely produced in this city, and goes to support many families and many individual owners of oil wells.

The Ocean Park Tract at Santa Monica is being made more attractive by Messrs. Kinney & Dudley who have a force of men and teams opening up the new streets and increasing the beauty of this popular suburb.

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MINNIE PALMER—At the Orpheum

Amusements

"ESSAYS in Dramatic Criticism, with Impressions of Some Modern Plays" is the title of an attractive book by Professor L. Dupont Syle, of the department of English literature in the University of California.

Professor Syle dedicates the volume, by permission, as a mark of appreciation "to Mrs. Phoebe A Hearst, whose thoughtful and loving generosity has made possible to so many the attainment of ideals."

In these essays the author sets forth in an entertaining style the history of the modern drama from the time it first attained a recognized position as an art in England and France.

He enters into a lively discussion of "Is the actor's art unworthy?" and cites Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth and Sir Henry Irving to show that the best types of manhood and intellectual genius adopt the stage as a profession.

Professor Syle sets a high standard for the actor and actress in his chapter on "Some essentials in the actor's art." Temperament, sensibility and intellect are the qualities which he insists an actor must have as a ground work. By adding to these perfect elocution, repose, manner and voice the author holds out the hope that any conscientious actor may attain a high place in the theatrical profession.

"The endowed theatre" is a subject to which Professor Syle devotes a chapter. He declares that public endowments are as necessary to the theatre as to a college in order to make the drama an educational influence.

"At last," he says, "the English are beginning to remove from themselves the reproach I have stated. They are educating their people up to an appreciation of the best that has been thought and done in the drama. They are doing this by the only means possible, that is, by regarding the drama seriously as a fine art, and not as a form of speculative investment which must be made to return fifteen to twenty per cent upon the capital put in. This last mentioned way of looking at the drama is the one prevalent in the United States. The first mentioned way has long been prevalent in France and Germany."

THE Lambardi Opera Company have worked the Patti "last appearance" movement with success for a week, and last week I was led into writing an "epitaph," so to speak. It is pleasant to learn that the company is not to be disorganized and blown to the four winds, but with renewed contracts with all the singers Fred Colver is to take to the road with the singers, for better or for worse. No greater enthusiasm, for the size of the audience, was ever shown in the Los Angeles theatre than on Wednesday night at the performance of "Rigoletto." Angelenos who had heard the opera many times before actually rose to their feet and cheered the magnificent quartettes of Verdi's most dramatic opera. For many years to come this season of music will be remembered as a point in our amusement history, and the influence on the musical temperament of the city will be far reaching.

THE Orpheum has a "no standing room" bill this week. There is mirth in the acts from start to finish and as a rapid fire joker Geo. Golden's fame has met a Waterloo in the success of Geo. Wilson. He never falters, there is no lack of confidence in him, and with unerring aim he shoots his ticklers into the audience with jolly effect.

Minnie Palmer comes like a memory of the past, but as fresh as a girl in her teens. As Rose the Red Cross nurse she is idyllic, as Rose Pompom, a cocotte, she is bewitching, and no one can blame the old marshal for falling to her wiles for the moment.

"A Wise Guy" continues to be appreciated to its full worth. The tough "peaner mover" is the most perfect piece of toughness that ever escaped the chain gang, and it is hard to believe that Mr. Hayes is anything else but a sprout from the Bowery.

It is a puzzle why Willian and Shields do not perfect the climax of their act. It has go and snap up to the last two minutes, but the rattle of the curtain can be heard in the scattered applause on the end.

Orpheum—Laura Joyce Bell, one of the most famous comediennes in the land, is to begin a short engagement at the Onpheum next week. As the wife of Digby Bell, she has appeared during the past decade in some of the greatest comic opera and dramatic successes of the past ten years. Vaudeville secured her services for a brief term by the offer of a small fortune for a season's work. Her hit in vaudeville has been pronounced and emphatic. She is to present at the Orpheum a comedy called "Wig and Gown," which many theatre goers will remember as one of Rosina Vokes' best short comedies.

Elizabeth Murray, a wonder in the way of story telling, is expected to prove that some women at least can tell dialect stories equally as well as the famous men monologists in vaudeville. Miss Murray is said to do the trick with rare success.

The Eldridges, colored comedians; Kilpatrick and Barber, trick cyclists, Minnie Palmer, in the comedy drama, "Rose Pompon;" Les Browns, the one-legged acrobats; and Hayes and Lytton in a new burlesque of "Ingomar" complete the bill.

Los Angeles Theatre—The last three days of the Lambardi engagement have been under the management of Len Behymer, who fills out an even week in view of the dark house next week. This afternoon Norma will be sung, and tonight the last opportunity will be offered to hear incomparable Trovatore.

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Poor Adam when born was without any hoe,
He scratched up the earth with a stick as you know,
And went without help being without the dough,
That poor, old, original man.

The door of his shack was devoid of a latch,
The seat of his pants loudly called for a patch,
He only survived by an eternal scratch,
That dear, old, original man.

For nine hundred years he dug on with his stick,
And when it got dull and the end it got thick,
He sharpened it on the flat side of a brick,
That bright, old, original man.

And then his descendents ten millions or more,
A thousand years dug with a stick as before,
Without any windows and scarcely a door,
Those poor, aboriginal men.

They worked every minute as long as 'twas light,
And rested their bones only during the night,
To get enough food was an unending fight,
With those aboriginal men.

A hoe was invented by old Tubal Cain,
A patent applied for his rights to maintain,
They dug with a stick competing in vain,
With that loafer who leaned on his hoe.

Then «over-production» that great Bugaboo,
Was laid to the use of that dangerous hoe,
The great «Labor Union» declared «it must go,»
Those anti-monoply men!

They stood on the corners in bunches so queer,
And when you passed by them they struck you for beer,
In case you refused them they gave you a leer,
Those anti-monoply men!

They claimed that a man could produce in one day,
Just three times as much as he could the old way,
They felt the intruder had come there to stay,
That dangerous man with the hoe.

The feeling grew stronger and stronger each day,
And though ages and ages have since passed away,
There's a kick and a cuff if he ever gets gay,
For the fellow who handles the hoe.

I. W. Lord.

Ioamosa, Cal., July 1899.

Mistook the Mule

Deacon Jackson was a very pious but very determined old colored citizen of Owl Creek Valley. He had a young mule which his boys were unable to ride, and their failure to break the animal so exasperated the old man that he determined to ride it himself. He was, however, no sooner located on its back than he was thrown into an adjoining lot where he was picked up with both legs broken and his neck badly sprained.

"What on earth did such an old man as you mean by trying to ride a wild young mule like that?" asked the doctor.

"Waal, suh," said Deacon Jackson, "I never does undertake to do nuthin' widout fust consultin' ov de Lawd and seein' whut he dun thunk erbout hit. I axed him ef I orter ride dat mule what my triflin' no ercount boys couldn't ride an de Lawd he sed, 'Yes-sah,' jes' ez plain ez I am talking to you."

"Well, but he seems to have given you bad advice."

"No, doctor, his judgment was all right, fer de Lawd knows dis ole nigger never seed de day when he was afeered to straddle anything from a circular saw up to er elephant, but dis time I think de Lawd was jes' mistooken in de mule."—Atlanta Journal.

Our President's Tenderness

No man who has watched the career of William McKinley can have failed to note the conspicuous place in his temperment and conduct which are occupied by the domestic virtues. A man owes the most tender devotion to his mother and his wife, and the President throughout his career has exemplified the most touching and exigent duties towards both. His mother belonged to that noble and robust Scotch Irish stock which has filled so large a space in the frontier extension of the United States and in the up building of the American Union. Firm, robust and elastic, she held out nearly to her ninetieth year. Her son's presence at her bedside, his tender, filial devotion, shown at a time when most imperative public duties claimed his attention, did not pass unnoticed by the American people. The McKinley household is a remarkable one in more ways than one. For years the wife of the President has been an invalid, and her husband has been her most devoted lover and attendant, sacrificing many opportunities for pleasure and profit to the demands arising from his wife's infirmities. He is now at her side amidst genial skies and hills on Lake Champlain administering to her every want and necessity notwithstanding the extreme demands for Presidential presence at the seat of Government. Such traits endear a man to the masses irrespective of partisanship. Out of such homelike ties and associations have sprung the vigor and manhood of the American nation.

A Silly Canard

The New York Herald put its foot into it and allied itself with yellow journalism when it gave out that Dewey had declared that our next war will be with Germany. "Dewey never said such a thing!" cries the American people in one voice. No great American sailor or soldier would say so silly and disrespectful a thing—much less Dewey, the incomparable Dewey.

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"Fighting Joe" Wheeler and his daughter, Annie Laurie Early Wheeler, are on their way to Manila. The general will take command of the United States cavalry in the Philippines and the young woman will enter the hospital at Manila as a nurse. She was a nurse in Cuba during the war with Spain.

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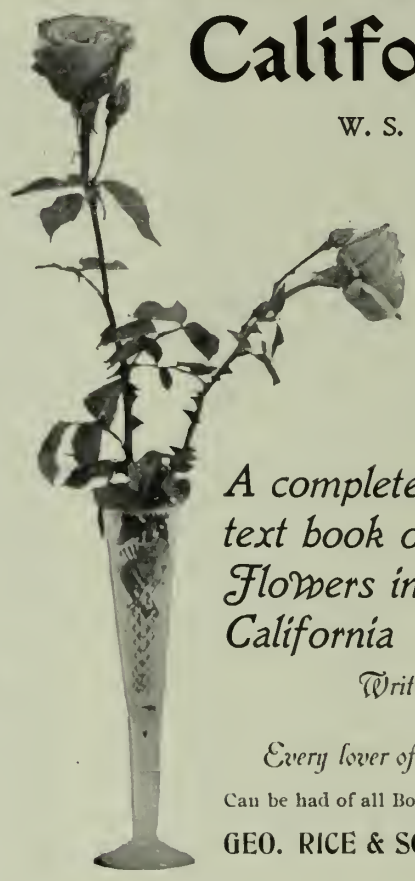

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A QUARTETTE CONSPICUOUS IN STREET RAILWAYS.

This group contains the portraits of four men who are conspicuous in the present day history of street railways. Tom L. Johnson has held large interests in the street railways of several American cities and has recently attracted attention because of his connection with Governor Pingree's effort to secure municipally owned railways for Detroit. Clinton L. Rossiter is president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, whose employees recently went on strike. H. H. Vreeland is president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York.

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale, No. 32146.

J. M. Elliott and H. T. Lee, as Trustees for Jessie P. Church, plaintiffs, vs. Minnie S. Serrot, the said Minnie Serrot and J. W. Gillette and W. W. Widney, as Executors of the Will of Charles E. Serrot, deceased, Marcus Serrot and Thomas Serrot, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 13th day of July, A.D., 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein J. M. Elliott, et al., the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Minnie S. Serrot, et al., defendants, on the 27th day of June, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Seventeen Hundred and Fourteen and 40-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 30th day of June, A. D 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 85 of said Court, at page 4, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the county of Los Angeles, state of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot Thirteen (13) of Hodgkin's Subdivision of Lot Eighty-seven (87) and Eighty-eight (88) of Watt's Subdivision of part of the Rancho San Rafael, according to the map of said Hodgkin's Subdivision, recorded in Book 5, page 576 of the Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California. Together with Ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Sycamore Canyon Water Company of San Rafael, Los Angeles County, California.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 13th day of July, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL.
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN Deputy Sheriff.
Messrs. Scott, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WESTERN GRAPHIC

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Number 7.

Los Angeles, Saturday, August 12, 1899.

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10 Cents a Copy

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE most noted primaries that have ever taken place in California were those that came off in San Francisco on Tuesday last and which resulted in the complete overthrow of all the bosses of all parties and a promise of purer government for that city than has ever been known. Good men of both parties triumphed and all others were indiscriminately slaughtered, including both Buckley and Rainey, while the Examiner was ignominiously beaten. The Southern Pacific Company, under the leadership of George Crocker, took the side of the better government legion and helped to scatter the political bosses and barnacles of both parties. It will be remembered that this young railroad magnate possessed the courage last fall to for the first time in the history of that giant corporation declare that the "railroad was in politics," and that it had at least as much right to take a hand regarding its interests as the owners of saloons, barber shops, banks, dry goods stores, and all other tax-paying concerns. In one moment young Crocker, who is already head and shoulders above his noble old father and brilliant brother in many of his methods of administration, went to the front as a man of excellent executive mind and foresight; and, notwithstanding the surprise he created generally, and the solicitude of those who were acquainted only with the old-time tactics of the Southern Pacific, his truthfulness and courage became no unsubstantial factor in the attainment of an overwhelming Republican success. We do not mean by this that the railroad is always right or always generous. But we do mean that it has as much right to be in politics as the owners of other properties, from a lumber yard to a mule. And we are glad to know that its chief executive officer on this coast has the good American grit to say so.

What a time the boys would have if the city treasury was filled up full to overflowing with over $2,500,000, the proceeds from the proposed sale of city bonds.

Against Waterworks Bonds.

The "boys," a few smart politicians, some office holders and the favored banks of deposit would be strictly in it. There would be all kinds of commissions and jobs, the deposits would be worth $50,000 a year to the banks, the interest would have to be paid yearly, and as the chances are that it would take from five to ten years to determine in the courts whether the water company can be forced to sell or give up their property, the taxpayer would all this time be paying double the taxes he is now, which he considers high enough. So there you are.

Some of the reasons given by our best posted citizens for stopping this reckless expenditure of money and the additional burden of taxation are as follows:

1st. The proposed water bonds would be worthless because unconstitutional. Authority—best legal talent in the city. (See 223rd sections of the city charter and decisions of the supreme court, 118 Cal. 486, 17 Cal. Dec. 70, and adopted by Judge Shaw in his recent decision, Law Journal Vol XII, No. 132, *Public Economy.*)

2nd. It is time enough to vote bonds to pay for the water system after we know the price, terms and conditions.

3d. Bonds at the present time are premature, costly to the city and could only become a special deposit, benefitting a few individuals at the expense of the taxpayers.

4th. With the extraordinary expenses required (sic) to govern this city, the highest possible assessments and tax rates have to be adopted, and with it all a large deficit is certain for the coming fiscal year.

5th. The present owners of the water system are all citizens of this city and all the profits arising go toward improvements in this city, giving all labor to working men that municipal ownership could give, and instead of sending the possible profits to the foreign bond holders as interest, keep the money, interest, profits and all at home where it will do the most good.

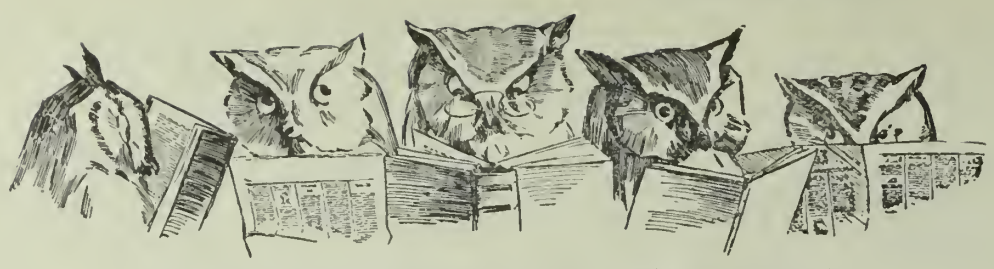
6th. The WESTERN GRAPHIC is satisfied that the city council and the water company can arrive at an equitable, fair and just settlement of their differences by talking the matter over in a business way; that the city can become owners of the water system on a plan that will not require the present expensive campaign, and that all the money can be had at home to conduct the negotiations; or, in other words, that the water company stockholders would themselves carry the debt and in some way accept their pay out of the receipts. It is worth trying, at least.

As to waterworks bonds, we say no.

There is a great deal more than a cursory expression of opinion in the resolutions on government storage reservoirs that were adopted by the Board of Trade at its regular meeting this week. No more important matter confronts our representatives to the next congress than the conservation of water for irrigation purposes, and men who have studied the problem from every point of view are united in that the only practical solution is in governmental action. The lessons of the last two parched years should be productive of no uncertain expressions from the most suffering sections. While we must express faith in the ability and energy of our congressmen, they are busy men, and a rousing, forcible memorial to Congress would not hinder their efforts.

Time was when the writer thought that any person who dared to utter a word against any method of an American public school was an enemy of learning and of society. And he has lived to register his vote in favor of all educational bonds and improvements up to the present time, although he has viewed with no false alarm the tremendous moneys spent during the past twelve years for the purposes that should have no standing in the public schools. And he has at last concluded that a halt should be called in the introduction of "further studies," and that, instead, an elimination of much that now "belongs" to the "curriculum" should be insisted upon. In the days of Webster and Benton and Sumner and Wilson there were no foreign and ancient languages in the so-called grammar schools of the United States and only Latin in some of the high schools. Now, from the kindergarden to the high school, there are methods too numerous to mention that not only spoil the youth of the land for trade and business vocations but keep up an army of highly paid teachers that draws the life blood out of millions of poor taxpayers throughout the country. Every child in the United States is guaranteed a common (or even higher) school education, of which dabbling in a foreign or dead language, or music or shorthand, should be no part. It is a fact that children who graduate from the grammar schools into the higher schools of this city are notoriously deficient in spelling, writing and arithmetic, the three things that are essential to success in trade or business today, as they have been since common schools were instituted. And it is only fair to assume that the many pupils who go out into the business and laboring world without being examined for the high schools, after working through the grammar grades, are similarly deficient in these three most necessary branches of study. It is a pity that this must be acknowledged, but the fact is here to be faced. It is a stubborn fact also that in the most excellent and flourishing seminary for young ladies in Los Angeles a third of the pupils cannot answer a social letter of acceptance without two or more errors of orthography, punctuation or prosody. The time, therefore, is not far distant when the Los Angeles Board of Education will see to it that an elimination of public school frills and a saving of taxes shall be guaranteed. Then there will be an improvement all along the line. At present a majority of our highly educated young ladies graduate with a superficial knowledge of the classics and of Latin and even Greek, of music and belles lettres, who cannot write or speak English correctly, and boys are turned out by the thousands who stand 100 in Latin and algebra, but who are unable or unwilling to earn a living because they cannot spell common English words or write a legible hand.

My! won't the people who most especially hate trusts lay back and chuckle when trusts begin fighting trusts! And there is no millenium optimism about the prospect, either. The end is as inevitable as was the growth of the enormous industrial sponges—a sponge will hold just so much water. Already there is a beginning in Kentucky, where there is a probability of the outside whisky interests being "trusted," in the event of which a battle royal may be expected sooner or later.



Observations of the Owl

THERE is apparent in this city a woeful lack of sympathy for those ten-per-cent-a-month money lenders that find themselves loaded up with the paper obligations of a feminine financier who for years has fatted their cash boxes. That a woman without any financial standing of her own could in two years set afloat in this city over fifty thousand dollars of promissory notes bearing the name of her father who dwells in a distant state seems almost incredible to many persons that have found it difficult if not impossible to obtain needed loans on much better security. The willingness of the woman to pay any interest that was asked and any price for commissions and extensions, and her displayed ability to raise from one broker the wherewithal to liquidate the claims of another made easy the way for the person to whom borrowing seems to have been a monomania. The brokers showed great eagerness to loan insignificant sums upon the borrower's note secured by the supposed personal obligation of her father for many times the amount of her indebtedness. A few payments of the exorbitant interest made safe the principal. When disclosure came at last the notes which the reputed signer now denounces as worthless, are found in the strong box of nearly every professional money lender and in the possession of certain novices in such precarious investment. The money lenders that exact ten per cent a month for their advances do not expect sympathy. They will content themselves with the chances the future may afford for recouping their loss.

Money Lenders Were Caught

If all the charges and counter charges that have been made in a long pending locally famous divorce suit were to become principles of law, and form counts constituting causes for the sundering of the marital tie, how many married couples in this city would wholly lack causes for bringing similar suits? In this particular case, made conspicuous by the high social standing of the contending parties, the most trivial occurrences of a not well matched couple have been given a degree of importance that to disinterested spectators has seemed positively ludicrous. And yet when married people make up their minds they want a divorce there is difficulty in convincing them otherwise.

Divorces Made Easy

"If I had the money to fight this claim I would beat you," once declared a debtor of J. S. Slauson. "How much will it cost you to fight me?" asked Mr. Slauson. "Two hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply. "I will let you have the money," said Mr. Slauson; "and if you beat me I will give you back your note. No man must say of me that his poverty kept him from getting justice from me." This was an actual incident in the career of the rich man who is now at outs with his son-in-law. The man referred to concluded not to make the fight and he paid back the money.

Between Sam Dewey's financial entanglements with Mrs. Mackenzie and his Uncle George's animadversions on the subject of a war with Germany the Deweys just now seem to be absorbing more than their share of public attention.

The Deweys Are In It

The local scramble for the postmastership becomes more complicated every day as new elements are injected into the issue. Nobody believes that Congressman Waters will relinquish any part of his prerogative in the selecting of a Republican to succeed Postmaster Matthews, but terrific and conflicting pressures being brought upon him to favor this one and that one, put forth by various interests. Congressman Waters' expressed declaration that the new postmaster will be a business man does not clear up the haze of mysterious guessing as he diplomatically chooses to throw some obscurity upon the exact kind of a business man that he will favor. The suspicion that in the matter of selecting a postmaster the city has been placed under martial law may have emanated from those persons who, judging by the past, retain their due respect for the power that from this distant point sways the McKinley mind.

Who Will be Postmaster

W. R. REAM

Local writers have valued the friendship of their respective fighting editors too highly to indulge in stories on the N.E.A. delegates, but now that the educators have nearly all vanished through the depot gates, a reasonably secure position is assured. This story is of a tall, clerical looking professor who wandered into Levy's one noon with the air of a man who was about to buy a half interest in the refectory for an hour. His dress was rich—Prince Albert coat, negligee shirt, no vest, slouch hat. The menu seemed to stagger him, and for fifteen minutes he read over the items and prices, finally ordering some fried fish and a glass of water. Quickly came a plate of shrimps and a finger bowl. With a cloud in his face that had undoubtedly scared many an offending youngster half to death, he indignantly beckoned the waiter—"Look here, sir, I did not order these insects; I want fried fish." The circus was on, and several diners nearest him could not suppress genteel evidences of their mirth. But the waiter gently assured the pedagogue that it was customary to serve shrimps and that they were free. The "free" mollified him and with a furtive glance at his vis-a-vis he gingerly speared the head of one of the "insects" with his fork and shell, whiskers and all were masticated with as much external relish as he could assume. The whiskers evidently bothered him as it took half a glass of water to wash the delicacy down. The thought struck him to try condiments on the new dish, and with a liberal layer of horseradish he squared himself to do or die. The exhibition had passed the point of modest levity and the dining room was a bubbling, sputtering crowd of men; but oblivious of his part in the entertainment the poor fellow bravely scooped up the shrimps with knife and fork alternately and did not waver until the last of them was safely stowed away behind his beltless pants band.

They Do Say

Al Levy—The typical waiter never refuses a tip.

John Bryson—Old age is occasionally as foolish as it is usually wise.

Hancock Banning—One way to prevent seasickness is to remain on land.

J. F. Sartori—Loafers and postage stamps are usually stuck on corners.

Health Officer Powers—A small boy says the worst nation on earth is vaccination.

Mrs. Rothery, Capital—Call a woman an angel and she will plead guilty every time.

Maj. J. A. Donnell—As soon as a political campaign opens the speakers come to blows.

W. T. S. Hammond—If there is nothing else in a name there is at least one or more letters.

Walter Haas—Possibilities are all right in their way, but they never prove anything.

Simon Maier—It seems queer that there is a demand for dressed beef in warm weather.

J. A. Muir—Money makes the mare go, but railway officials prefer to run trains on time.

Paul Burks—A girl should have a chaperon until she can call some other chap her own.

L. E. Mosher—Some people if properly classified would come under the head of explosives.

Louis Vetter—A true friend speaks of your vices to your face and of your virtues behind your back.

J. J. Shay—An adherent of the faith cure says the red lights in a drug store are danger signals.

Poker Davis—The man who can honestly say he doesn't believe in luck has all the money he needs.

O. A. Stevens—Many a stupid man has gained a reputation as a wit by being interviewed by a bright reporter.

Byron L. Oliver—If hammers, axes and lawn-mowers were used in the practice of law there would be fewer lawyers.

Dr. Thompson—Lots of people will never make any preparation for the better land until they see an excursion advertised.

R. A. Bird, forger—When a man really does stumble into a good money-making scheme he seldon has money enough to work it.

Fred W. Wood—Electricity has displaced the mule on street car lines, canal towpaths and in mines. At this rate the mule will soon be as useless as the dude.

Dr. Walter Lindley—To prevent typhoid fever boil the drinking water; to prvent dyspepsia drink the boiling water. It seems to be merely a matter of choice as well as of taste.

Next week WESTERN GRAPHIC will print the first section of a most interesting history of "The World's Fairs of all Times." The approaching Paris Exposition makes this article both timely and instructive.

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Music and Art

TO THE PROFESSION — A special feature of the WESTERN GRAPHIC is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short criticisms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of WESTERN GRAPHIC, Los Angeles.

MUSICAL fakirs. Such is the only classification for a certain group of alleged musicians that are finding their way into every city and town in the country, and it is no idle alarm that without restraint they will work irreparable ruin on the music of the United States. The musical fakir can best be compared to the quack doctor. The one perhaps wrecks the body with nostrums and ignorant diagnosis, and the other, equally ignorant and unprincipled, forever destroys the melody of the soul through false methods and lack of inspiration, or else turns loose on the community an egotistic automaton with no more natural ability than a savage. They are a class of people who will rent a furnished room, rent a piano, indulge in flashy advertising (which they never pay for, and being irresponsible can not be made to pay) and with false statements of their attainments lure pupils to their "studios," where with mannerisms and affectations calculated to impress the unsuspecting beginners, force them to a degree of proficiency in effect that is flattering and clinches their holt on the victims.

What would prove an effective remedy is a conundrum. It has been suggested that teachers of music be required to have diplomas from a state board of examiners, the same as physicians and school teachers, but it does not seem practical to reduce the art to a science or place the musician in the category of trained pedagogues.

It appears to devolve upon the real musicians, the educated, talented artists, to fight the battle against the fakirs, and it will have to be made on an educational line. It would pay the musicians of Los Angeles to conduct a series of popular musicales and lectures with a nominal admission, exclusive to students, sufficient to insure expenses and a sincere class of patrons, giving their time for the benefit of the profession. In this way the true musical feeling could be aroused in many who are now plodding in the dark under the tutelage of mediocre, mercenary and unscrupulous persons calling themselves musicians.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS IN SINGING

AN earnest young woman went to Mme. Nordica one day and said: "Madame, I am told that your great success came only after great struggles. Will you tell me how I may succeed? I have a voice, they say, and good health, but very little money."

Nordica is one of the sweetest and most womanly women on the stage and is always glad to give helpful council when she is asked for it, so she replied promptly: "Old-fashioned people used to talk about the 'three Rs' necessary to ordinary life—Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic. I recommend three Ws—Work' Wait and Will! Or perhaps I should reverse the order and make it Will, Work and Wait.

"First of all, resolve to succeed. Exert your will as definitely in that direction as if you were deciding to go on a visit. You'll never get anywhere, you know, unless you 'make up your mind' to go. Well, make up your mind to succeed, and never swerve from that determination for an instant. Do not consider that failure is possible.

"The next thing is work—faithful, persistent work. If you must toil through the day to get money enough for your lessons, give your evenings unhesitatingly to study. Do not complain that there is no time for pleasure. Do without pleasure! You can get along very well without it until you have earned it. No earnest worker ever dies without having tasted some of the sweets of life. You need not fear that you shall.

"Economize. Be shabby, if necessary. Perhaps your pride may suffer, but keep your eyes fixed on the brilliant place you will occupy some day and just endure the privations with grim fortitude. When success comes you will look back on the shabby days and laugh!

"Last, but not least. Wait! Do not become discouraged as the months grow into years and success, as you desire it, still delays. Why I sang and studied in Boston for three years without much visible progress. Then a larger opportunity came and I went on a concert tour with a famous orchestra as soloist. Then to Europe with them. At last I began to see a glimmer of the light of success. I stayed in Europe and began to study there. My old Boston master had taught me well and I had nothing to unlearn, but it is always easier to work systematically when one has a teacher and one cannot learn too much. So I sang and still studied until, as far as correct work went, I had won success.

"But there were loftier heights and I had my heart set on those. I tried opera. I did not at once win a world's applause! I've noticed that people seldom do out of the story books. But I worked at dramatic art as I had at music, and applied every power of mind and soul to analyzing the various parts I had to play, until I felt that each character was a part of me. The success that has come

MISCELLANEOUS

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Phone Green 1444 313 S. Broadway.

to me was honestly earned by years of hard work—and is kept by hard work.

"There is much self-denial in such a life. You cannot indulge in social pleasures with the same freedom as the rest of the world. Late hours are so largely necessary in an artist's career that when they are not necessary it is unwise to indulge in them and conviviality exacts a heavy penalty. If you would preserve voice and youth and health to enjoy success when you have gained it you must accustom yourself to abstemious living in many respects.

"Have I made the road to success any plainer, my dear?" asked the great artist. And the young girl kissed the extended hand as she answered gratefully: "Indeed, Madame Nordica, I can never thank you enough. You have given me courage to go on, for you have made me feel that success is possible.

Wheeler's Store No. 3.

In May, 1898, Mr. Will H. Wheeler started a small grocery on the hill with about two hundred dollars worth of goods. Today he occupies one of the large store rooms in the English block in the business center of Redondo, and by making lowest prices enjoys a fair share of the business of the city and vicinity. The business was managed by his fourteen-year-old son, Edward Wheeler, until it attained dimensions requiring more executive ability, and at present it is managed by his oldest son, Harry F. Wheeler, one of the best grocerymen of Los Angeles.

The Popular Drink at Redondo

Of all the pleasing, delectable drinks which are most in demand during the heated period none is more popular with a vast majority of our beach visiting population than nice cool beer. Just think how pleasant it is to have a nice cool drink of it just before or after a dip in the surf, how it fairly glides down one's throat, smoother than the smoothest oil. The Maier & Zobelein, the ever popular and best known beer in Southern California, is that most sold in Redondo and right generally is it handled. At any place in Redondo where beer can be procured, save two, the Maier & Zobelein is the favorite with all and the only draft beer handled.

Redondo's Editor

Mr. S. Deal Barkley, the genial city clerk of Redondo whose pleasant countenance appears among the group of city officials of this number, is numbered among the newspaper fraternity, being the editor of the Redondo Breeze. As both he and the other officials are pleasant, enterprising, wide awake citizens the Western Graphic would be glad to give each an extended notice, but space forbids. We can only say we wish them all a long and prosperous life and hope some day to see Mr. Barkley the editor of a large metropolitan daily.

In an automobile race near Paris, France, the other day between the Columbia Carriage Co., U.S.A., and those of the Criterium des Electrignes, Paris, the American carriage with Mr. G. Philippart in charge easily won, running fifty kilometers in one hour and twenty minutes, the Frenchman coming in thirty minutes behind. Columbia is a good name to win with.

The stock of the Lost Gulch copper mine, which joins the Black Warrior, at Globe, Ariz., advanced from 3c to 25c last Saturday upon the election of S. P. Creasinger of Los Angeles, as president of the company. Mr. Creasinger's identification with the Lost Gulch mine will lend much support to the company's strength.

Redondo

A Queen Among the Delightful Watering Places of this Matchless Southern Coast

REDONDO! There is a charm in the name as it falls upon the ear of the stranger in its suggestiveness of the days of old, the romantic days when all this beautiful southland was a land of manana, unmarked by the hand of the pushing, improving Americano. And in like proportion it is more charming to those who have spent a day or a month of luxurious idleness in the town, indulging in the recreations of water and land or dreaming away the hours while the healthful air is working on the tired body.

the cattle and sheep seemed to prefer to graze on the undulating hills dipping down into the ocean, for nature had been lavish in the richness of soil and the grass was deep and tasted pleasantly of salt from the sea at the western edge.

There was no merry-go-round on the beach, no brass band on the bluff, only a stretch of clean, white sand edging the pasture land, with the mighty Pacific lazily lapping the shore.

Occasionally a tired vaquero would throw himself from his broncho and without the intervention of a bath house would wrestle with the breakers awhile, then dry himself in the warm sunshine. Another day he would come with a sack and some indifferent fishing

Photos by Pierce and Simmons & Cromwell

PRETTY NOB HILL COTTAGES

1. H. B. Ainsworth
2. W. F. Botsford
3. C. C. Carpenter
4. I. H. Seymour

It was not so many years ago that the old Dominguez family owned a princely rancho. They could ride for miles over their lands, untouched by a plow, unmarked by roads, save the paths of the cattle, and of these there were thousands, and they were but few with the sheep and horses. One of the prettiest portions of this vast estate was the rolling country over the hills from San Pedro, and

tackle, and that night the happy family in the vaquero's hacienda would enjoy a meal of the fish he had lured to his hook. Sometimes, perhaps, it would be a love lorn youth who would lie on the grass on the hillside, his broad sombrero shading his face, smoking his corn husk cigarettes and seeking quiet of mind gazing off across the deep blue of the big water. Surely he could see the senorita's face in every dancing, rippling wave.

THE ENTRANCING STORE OF THE REDONDO FLORAL COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

REDONDO DEPOT, REDONDO RAILWAY COMPANY

But the day of dreams came to an end. The Yankee with his plows and harvesters came in coaches drawn by iron horses; up at the city of the Angels he had whipped the Mexicans and was running things his own way. The men from the east came with gold, piles of gold with a spread eagle on each round piece, and its influence was then as it is today.

Photo by Simmons & Cromwell

CITY OFFICIALS OF REDONDO

1, A. H. Whitson, Trustee; 2, E. P. Maxey, Marshal; 3, Geo. Cate, Treasurer; 4, W. J. Hess, Pres. Board Trustees; 5, M. Thomas, Trustee; 6, W. N. Perry, Trustee; 7, S. Deal Barkley, City Clerk.

Soon the owners of the big ranchos began to sell a thousand acres at a time—bits from their domain—and one day, long after the first coming of American enterprise, two shrewd men saw this place with the half round bay, the unusually deep water and the terraces of hills, and it pleased them—for they could see the future. Again the clink of metal won, and one thousand acres, with one and one-half miles of water front, passed from the reign of Dominguez, and it was written in the records of the county that they belonged to J. C. Ainsworth and R. R Thompson.

It was in 1887 that these gentlemen came from our sister state of Oregon to undertake the building of a town, and that they have worked well in these dozen years is evidenced in the extent of their interests. Before coming here Mr. Ainsworth was the organizer and promoter and for thirty years the president of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, previous to the sale of the property to Henry Willard in 1880. He removed to Oakland, Cal, where he lived until he came South.

Mr. Thompson was an associate and director in the same company in Oregon, now known as the O. R. R. N. Co. He retired at about the same time as Mr. Ainsworth and afterward lived in Alameda, where he established the Alameda water works, in which he is still largely interested. At present he lives on Van Ness avenue, San Francisco, in a palatial residence.

Immediately upon the formation of the Redondo Beach Company the work of laying out a town site was begun, the main thoroughfare being run at a picturesque angle to the shore line. Then followed the Redondo Hotel Company and the Redondo Railway Company, the control of all three corporations being with Messrs. Ainsworth and Thompson.

The peculiar formation of the water front, a deep submarine canyon heading at Redondo, offered that most essential feature for a shipping point, deep water. But a few rods from shore the water is forty feet deep, and the erection of two substantial wharves at once placed Redondo in the list of Southern California ports. The Southern California Railway was soon extended to this port and was followed shortly by the Redondo Railway, the big hotel was finished and furnished, stores and residences began to spring up, and the place assumed municipal airs almost before even the promoters could realize it.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company touches regularly at the company's wharf, which gives an added importance to the town.

But it is in its ideal climate, incomparable surf bathing and superb fishing and boating that Redondo is now forging ahead. It takes but fifty minutes to run down from Los Angeles, and on Sundays, especially, long trainloads of beachers are dumped on the roomy sands, where they throw the cares of the week to the winds and return in the evening with red noses, full stomachs and with feelings of having enjoyed themselves to the limit of their expectations.

The fault with many seaside resorts is that there is little of natural beauty and slight opportunity for artificial encouragement of vegetation owing to the character of the soil and the harshness of the salt winds. But here at Redondo there has been brought to a high state of cultivation one of the most remarkable gardens in the world—twelve acres of irridescent, fragrant carnations. Here perfection is attained, and the familiar expression, "nearly as nice as Redondo carnations,"

Beach Cottages — Hot Salt Plunge — Warehouse and Wharf Stores

PANORAMA OF REDON

SCENES AT

TWO HOURS WITH HOOK AND LINE

THE HOT SALT PLUNGE—THE

SOUTHERN

ON THE REDONDO GOLF LINKS

The Fashionable Game has here received a great impetus through the hospitality of the Redondo Country Club

Train The Casino Hotel Redondo Nob Hill South Wharf

[Taken from the top of a pile driver on the wharf]

F MANY JOLLY REVELS

REDONDO

THE SHIPPING

CALIFORNIA

IN THE BIG CARNATION GARDENS

THE PROPOSED CAFE AND PAVILION OF MUSIC

GENERAL MERCHANDISE ESTABLISHMENT OF C. P. AND J. T. SEABERT

is a pleasant evidence of the fact. Large quantities of the beautiful flowers are shipped to Los Angeles where they are handled by the Redondo Floral Company. It is a matter of comment among tourists to note the fine bloom of roses on the hotel grounds, even close to the bluff overlooking the sea. The delicate blossoms are a mute proof of the salubrity of climate and softness of the wind.

While a drowning is an almost unknown incident of this beach, there are always those who prefer, or at least also enjoy, the quiet comfort of warm still water bathing, and for them is provided an immense tank of salt water, heated by steam, surrounded with comfortable dressing rooms opening directly at the rim of the basin. It is covered with glass and lighted by electricity at night, and many are the "plunge parties" that set the walls to ringing with their frolics.

Everywhere about town the comfort of the visitor is anticipated with benches and covered tables and seats, and for the fastidious who dread the sand in their shoes and those who enjoy the music at the bandstand, there are many inviting spots for a restful hour.

In all it is truly an interesting, refreshing and comfortable little city by the sea. The overworked man and woman can build up many abused tissues in a few days' sojourn, be it in a cottage, at the hotel or tenting on the beach. The working man can take his family down for a day of beneficial fun such as nothing can excell, and the tourist and pleasure seeker can here find enough to satisfy their every wish in variety and superiority.

A strong factor in the building up of Redondo has been the existence of the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway Company, whose direct line, fine road bed and comfortable equipment makes it the favorite route to the coast town. The depot at Redondo is a handsome structure and being only the width of the street from the hotel makes the road especially desirable to guests. The Los Angeles depots are at Grand avenue and Jefferson streets. The officers of the company are: L. T. Garnsey, president, Los Angeles; P. T. Morgan, vice-president, San Francisco (also president California Wine Association); H. B. Ainsworth, secretary and treasurer, Redondo; L. J. Perry, superintendent railway and wharves, Redondo

The Southern California Railway Company, known from one end of the country to the other as a branch of the great Santa Fe System, has its depot at the approach to the large wharf, and runs convenient trains from Los Angeles that connect with its other branches from the interior and the transcontinental line. Of its equipment nothing need be said, as there are few people but have enjoyed transportation over the company's rolling stock. Much valuable advertising has been done for the town by the corporation, Redondo and San San Diego being the principal features of the road's summer literature.

The magnificent panorama of Redondo in this issue is from a photo made by C. C. Pierce, Los Angeles.

HOTEL REDONDO

NO seaside resort on the southern coast surpasses Redondo in its location, natural advantages, nor climatic conditions, and none receive each year greater tribute to its attractions in the form of patronage than this widely popular outing place.

Hotel Redondo was built in 1890 at a cost of $200,000 and the furnishings, which are unusually elegant, cost nearly $100,000 additional. The Redondo Railway and the wharf were also built at this time and Redondo became at once an important shipping harbor and began to be known as a promising summer resort. With the laying out of the spacious grounds surrounding the hotel cottages began to spring up in all directions, summer homes of the wealthy residents of Los Angeles and other nearby places, and the future growth of Redondo was thus stimulated and its ultimate success as an attractive resort assured.

The hotel has always been popular with the society people of Los Angeles as its arrangements and furnishings indicate at every turn a refinement and culture that is seldom equaled.

The interior finish of the hotel in solid oak is extremely elegant. The rotunda and entrance hall is one of the most artistic and imposing in the state. The dining room, which is almost circular in its effect and so provided with windows as to give a nearly uninterrupted view of sea, sky and beautifully laid out grounds and ornamental shrubbery, is generally conceded to be one of the handsomest refectories ever seen. During the past year important additions have been made to the conveniences of this hotel in the complete steam heating apparatus which not only warms the rotunda, reception rooms, parlors, halls and all the living rooms of the house but also gives heat for such of the bed rooms as are not provided with fire places; hence the hotel is equally desirable as a winter residence or as a summer visiting place.

Private baths were added this year for twelve suites and new carpeting and general refurnishing has put the hotel into better condition than it has been before since it was built.

With the attractions of excellent golf links and exceptionally fine tennis courts, opportunities for all kinds of bathing, an unsurpassed table and a home atmosphere in the hotel it cannot fail of growing prosperity and popularity, and there is no seaside resort where the guests enjoy a greater diversity or more continuous round of gaiety than at Redondo.

This year everyone seems to have been golf mad and the links have been a seen of a continuous round of golfers intent on lowering their scores. The tennis courts have not been neglected and each evening has been devoted to some special form of gaiety in which old and young have entered with that spirit which has made everything social attempted here such a marked success. The handsomely decorated ball room with its matchless floor has been the scene of several brilliant balls already this year as well as dozens of informal hops and frolics which have been not less enjoyable. The billard rooms are nightly the gathering place of ladies and gentlemen alike.

There are plunge parties every Monday evening, the tank being specially reserved for the hotel guests and cottagers from the Nob Hill district. Hops are given every Wednesday and Saturday evenings and other specially arranged social events all go to shorten the time and add greatly to the pleasures of Redondo's visitors.

There is nothing lacking at Redondo which goes to make up the attractions of a modern fashionable summer resort and that this is appreciated is shown by the number of guests who flock to this charming spot from the heated cities each Sunday and the character of those more fortunate individuals who are able to spend a portion of the summer in this lovely retreat.

Among Los Angeles people spending the summer at Hotel Redondo are Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hallett, Miss Hallett and Homan Hallett, Mrs. C. R. Craig and son T. L. Craig, Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watson Lovett and three children and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell and maid, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Burnett and daughter. Mr. and Mrs. James Swan and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Winston of Pasadena are also at the hotel for the season.

A DAY'S LIFE AT REDONDO

ONE'S eyes open languidly, for the night's sleep has been heavy in the abandon from the worries and cares of business. Through the open window comes that same gentle murmur of the sea that was the last dim whisper you heard as Morpheus was carrying you away last night. It tempts you again; there is a strong inclination to roll over for a beauty nap, but the delights of an early morning bath in the surf have won so many that resolution overcomes inclination and in an instant you are at the open window drinking the soft morning air, which, for a few hours after sunrise while the breeze is turning from off the land to a sea breeze, is a delicious blend of salty ozone and sweet fragrance from the distant hay fields and the immense carnation gardens. And now in negligee you are off to the bath house where a quick change is made to a bathing suit. Down the steps, across the tide sands, a few steps through the frothy remnants of the breakers, a plunge into the clear, blue water, and the blood is sent tingling to every extremity—almost electrical in its stimulating effect. After rubbing until the skin glows the body takes on a feeling of invigoration and perfect bloom of health that is a constant surprise even to the most regular early morning bather.

Never does the morning meal taste better than in the exuberance of physical spirits following the cool embrace of the briny breakers. After breakfast one follows his fancy as it may be: the golfer enjoys a round or so on one of the finest links in the country; the tennis enthusiast becomes more enthusiastic in a game on the perfect asphalt courts near the hotel; the pedestrianly inclined, the bicyclist, the equestrian and the more luxurious who ride behind their horses, are off down the beach to the cliff or across the rolling hills with their changing, pastoral panoramas; the disciples of Isaac Walton either sail or row out to the kelp beds where the bass make their home, or sit on the wharves luring a variety of fish to their hooks.

Toward noon the beach becomes animated with the bathers and few will resist the attractions of the water and the jolly crowd romping in the surf. It is a repetition of the pleasure of the morning dip, for the air is warmer now and the rafts and small boats at anchor are all object points for the swimmer, and one is apt to prolong his bath till near the dinner hour.

The afternoon is accepted by the beacher as a time for rest, listless, brain-building rest. A light book, an easy chair and the ozone-laden trade winds will woo to quiet relaxation as no other influence in the world can.

The evenings at Redondo are the equal of the most favored resorts in the world, and women in evening dress promenading the bluff walks is no unusual sight. But it is a time for indoor pleasures, supplemented with bracing draughts of night air in the open. The big hotel is the center for pleasure seekers; here there are parties and hops, and billiards and cards, and new people to meet and the friends of yesterday to talk with. There are the wide verandahs to wander about, and smoke, and think. The same verandahs are still there for lovers to sit in the darker shadows, talking and planning. The grande dames sit in the halls watching their pretty daughters playing with masculine hearts or chaperone a jolly party to a plunge frolic at the big tank of warm sea water, electrically lighted. But it is a Cinderella place and seldom can the worldly pleasures retain their enticement after the midnight hour. Morpheus comes so slyly through the open window with the starlight and the sighing of the sea, and as the late moon peeps over the hills he smiles at the peace and contentment of the children of the world.

A Redondoite Indeed

Deputy District Attorney F. R. Willis, whose summer home is in Redondo, and who acts in the capacity of legal adviser for the Board of Trustees of the city of Redondo, is quite an enthusiast for this favorite seaside resort, and he cannot speak loud enough or long enough in praise of his delightful summer home. Mr. Willis has resided in California—Los Angeles having been his permanent place of residence—for the past sixteen years, and during this period he has been identified in a large measure with the political affairs of Los Angeles county and city. In 1879 he graduated from the Iowa State Normal School and he then took a course in the law department of the State University of Iowa, graduating with honors in 1881. After a brief practice in the courts of his own State, extending over a period of two years, he moved to California, and after looking about a bit, finally opened an office in Los Angeles in '84, and has been engaged in active practice continuously ever since. His political life has been decidedly active, and his friends in his chosen party are legion. In the years '86 and '87 he was attorney for the public administrator, during which time he handled over 150 probate cases. His present connection with the district attorney's office comprises a continuous period from the first of January, 1895. For the past ten years he has served almost constantly on either the Republican city or county central committees, and part of the time on both, and in 1896 was chairman of the Los Angeles Republican city convention. Mr. Willis is a member of the National Guard

F. R. WILLIS, ESQ.

and has always manifested a lively interest in secret society matters, being a Mason, and as such past master of Sunset Lodge 290 F. & A. M. In the future as in the past he always expects to maintain his attachment for and interest in the thriving little city of Redondo.

A THRIFTY BUSINESS MAN

THE friends of H. L. Yerger, the popular and well known tailor, or Harry as he is known by his numerous patrons, are legion in Los Angeles.

Back in 1887 he first became a citizen of this southern metropolis and commenced business on a very small scale near his present location which is at 118 West Second street. While his start was small and capital invested at that time far from large, his success has been by no means of the same character. His business grew and grew until, unlike the eagle which soared until he became so sore he could no longer soar, it grew out of his former accommodations and he has found it necessary to move into more commodious quarters and there seems no limit to the growth of his business. These at his present place of business he has enlarged giving him a room with a frontage of 20 feet and a depth of 100 feet, while associated with him in his employ are continually from six to a dozen efficient workmen constantly kept busy.

INTERIOR VIEW OF H. L. YERGER'S TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, 118 WEST SECOND ST., LOS ANGELES.

It is a truly interesting sight to visit his shop where everything presents a scene of industry and prosperity, all accounted for by the fact that he always pleases his customers, never disappoints them, and always insures a perfect fit. The number of new suits of clothes turned out of his establishment in a year's time is truly marvelous, and while Harry has been engaged in the tailoring business for fifteen years he is a young man and success is undoubtedly ahead of him, as those who patronize him once are always made friends and are glad to come again.

His business comprises a large repairing department where every item of work pertaining to the looking after the sewing up of ripped seams, putting on lost buttons, enlarging of garments, when prosperity has added to the girth and rotundity of the wearer's figure, receive prompt attention.

Your Sunday best or evening dress suit can be nicely pressed for you there on very short notice. Undoubtedly there is no place where a better fit, a finer quality of garment and more genuine all round satisfaction can be secured than at Harry Yerger's, 118 West Second street, or corner second street and Center place.

A Leading Business House

The largest and leading general merchandise store in Redondo is that of C. P. and J. T. Seabert, dealers in staple and fancy groceries, house furnishing goods, ship chandlery, paints, oils and brushes, coal, wood, hay and grain. The Messrs Seabert are but comparative new residents of Redondo, having purchased the stock of goods at the present desirable location, a store room 36x150 feet in dimensions, corner of Alameda and Emerald streets, but a short time ago, and owing to the fact that this location is in the business center of Redondo and because of the fact that the firm is wide awake and energetic, they do the lion's share of the business of the community. Another fact that renders this a most desirable location indeed is because of its possession of the postoffice, where the crowds congregate at mail time with pleasing regularity. The object of the firm is to cater to the wants of all, by keeping a full line of fancy groceries to please the most fastidious and also a stock of staple goods at current and popular prices, keeping in view at all times the wants of the community and protecting their interests by careful purchases, thus insuring best values for money paid.

Learn to Swim

If you do not know how to swim this is the time to learn, in fact there is no time as good as the present to cure yourself of that deficiency. Redondo possesses one of the finest swimming teachers in Southern California in the person of W. D. Maxey who is a native son, having lived in Los Angeles and Southern California all his life, and he is indeed a fine specimen of manhood, being in the prime of life, strong, athletic and vigorous. He has followed his profession of swimming teacher along the coast for over eight years, five years of that period having been passed in Redondo, and he expects to pass his summer seasons at this favorite resort for many seasons to come and will always be found ready to instruct the seeker after the mysteries of learning how to swim from June 1st to September of each year. He is proficient in all styles of the art from the breast stroke and side stroke to the double and single overhand strokes, including fancy spring board and lofty diving.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

WOMAN'S headgear is so variable and unaccountable that it is an impossibility to give any set rule by which any style of hat may be identified. Too much stress cannot be laid, however, upon becomingness. A hat cannot be far out of the way if it is really becoming.

This summer the distinguishing feature of trimming seems to be the extravagant indulgence in tulle, draped silk, feathers, lace and a great variety of most unnatural locking flowers. Shown everywhere is a great assortment of leghorn hats. The leghorn hat, like the large picture hats which are so rich and dressy, are as usual the popular summer girl hat, simple because they are so pliable that they can be twisted and trimmed in so many different ways that they can be made to take on the correct shape and droop and in this way be made to look fresh and stylish all summer.

Few colors have ever been so universally commended as the new shades of red. There is one shad between the old cerese and garnet called coral red which is the swell shade for this spring, especially in gloves.

Toques are going to be just as fashionable next season as last and are extremely becoming to most women when worn pushed far back from a luxurious pompadour. Speaking of pompadours reminds me of what I was told by an eastern girl the other day. She said: "Why, you have no conception of what the pompadour is, and until you visit a swell cafe in New York, never will. There you see dreams, or night mares perhaps, of pompadours, built up with curls and rats, etc., all around the head from ear to ear and ear again which might resemble a big Indian turban."

There has been such a furor for a short time for the long quills that it is a wonder to me some times where they all come from, and is it any wonder they are so popular when they are so effective?

One of the newest outing hats is made of felt with rows of silk stitched around the outer edge and about the crown. Soft felt Alpines and medium sized sombreros are worn for the closing weeks of the summer season, and are a great help to the eyes as they come down well over the face and are a great protection. The Alpines come in all the popular shades. The brims are much wider than before and are given a pleasingly feminine appearance by the use of a little draped silk and a long jaunty quill.

For general wear and yet producing a rather smart effect is a little toque of purple or violet fiber which possesses a certain amount of elasticity. It is twisted and dented to suit the face and is worn far back on the head. This toque is simply decorated at the left side with huge soft loops of heliotrope, liberty satin standing high and under the brim lying softly upon the hair are smaller loops. To give a finish to the whole thing some pure white aigrettes are arranged in the satin.

ALL attempts to antiquate the pompadour having failed, the fashionable hair dressers have only one last resort, and that is to improve upon the pompadour. This improvement has proved a very desirable one and is accomplished by parting the hair at the front and suddenly changing the direction of the comb, so that at the end of the part the line has curved very much to the left side. This gives the coiffure a blown-by-the-wind effect which is the delight of every Marlborough school girl.

There is a physical advantage to the parted pompadour—the "rat" is done away with. These queer little inanimate animals are—the expensive ones excepted—often made of substances which are highly chemicalized to obtain a natural appearance, and thus in time injure the hair.

With the parted pompadour the hair is so thoroughly waved that it fluffs without the aid of any imitations, and in this way the head is kept cool. Instead of the little corkscrew curls of a season past the stray strands which blow about the neck after the coiffure is completed are carefully combed up and secured in place with a tiny round pin of delicate design set with semi-precious stones.

To Serve Boiled Lobster

The simplest way is the best. Being already cooked, avoid as far as possible all further cooking except in such dishes as are to be eaten hot, in which case the lobster should be merely warmed through in the hot sauce or cooked quickly, as in cutlets, croquets, etc.

Lobsters are classed among our indigestible foods, but this is quite unfair to the crustacean, for many people never have the slightest difficulty with them. The trouble in many cases is probably owing to the high seasoning, the wine, the excessive amount of fat and the ices and cakes and coffee that are usually eaten with them. It is the bad company he is in that makes him troublesome. Taken by himself, with only a light roll, he is as sweet and wholesome as any food.

A little Second street girl who was trying to tell a friend how absent minded her papa was, said: "He walks around thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remem ber."

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SANTA MONICA

IT will be hard to console Roy Jones at the outcome of the second heat of the swimming race last Sunday, for the boy who won the first heat a week before unsympathetically pitched in and won the second and the match, thereby knocking Mr. Jones out of one week's attraction. But it will make little difference at this time, for the crowds line up at the bath suit windows like eight-o'clockers at the Orpheum.

Everything is in readiness for the tennis tournament next week, when handsome young men in their white flannels and ducks and blazers and bare arms will struggle across the nets to the admiration of hundreds of pretty girls in all the bewitching fluffiness that summer allows them. Much additional interest in the games is being aroused over the statement that several of the old timers will be back in the harness again, and guessing on the winners is the guessiest kind of guessing.

Thursday evening there was a grand bal poudre given at the Arcadia Hotel, at which the gayest of the butterfly set looked their prettiest and enjoyed themselves correspondingly. Unlike many seasons the weather is so delightfully mild that the liveliest dancing is not uncomfortable, and then those who are given to wilted collars and shiny noses find the wide verandahs most delightful cooling off places. The patronesses of the affair were Mesdames Longstreet, Randolph H. Miner, Otheman Stevens and J. C. Drake and the Misses Pratt, Woodward, M. Jones and Annette Hugus.

Seven-handed euchre was the entertainment provided by Mesdames M. A. Wilcox and Longstreet Tuesday afternoon for a party of ladies, most of whom were grand dames of the social set. Appropriate prizes were given those making the highest scores, Miss Patti Woodward and Miss Percy Hoyle.

Friday evening the Roy Jones residence on Ocean avenue was the scene of a small card party, Mrs. Jones being the hostess.

Misses Elizabeth and Florence Modini-Wood were the hostesses of a children's party given by Mrs. Modini-Wood Thursday afternoon.

TERMINAL ISLAND

THESE delightful August days are making the lovers of this western Brighton Beach more in love with the place every whirl of the earth. And why not, with such a combination of balmy air, blue skies and peaceful water.

Speaking of Brighton Beach, there is a quite movement on foot to change the name of Terminal Island to that of the fashionable beach of Long Island. Already they apply that aristocratic name to the upper end of the Island around the Gordon Arms, and it may be that by next summer Terminal Island will be a name of memory. There are a few who think it is snobbish to go clear across the continent to find a name to suit the elegance of the place—but they don't really care and are not likely to make any public objections.

The young people seem to have had the fun this week, though the "old folks" probably enjoy themselves just as much with half the fuss. Tuesday evening a dozen couple were entertained with six-handed euchre at Mrs. A. J. Salisbury's, the party being pronounced a perfect success. Suitable prizes were provided and were captured by Albert Cook and Miss Josephine Gordon.

Wednesday evening the old bugaboos, Formality and Conventionality, were given the cold shake and unconfined joy prevailed at a tacky party at the Gordon Arms. There were some amusing costumes worn, and the beggars, tramps, dairy maids, princesses, farmers and what not apparantly enjoyed the freedom from dress suits and perishable gowns to the utmost.

A similar affair will come off Saturday evening when the much talked of cake walk will hold the boards. Extensive preparations are being made and if the winners of the cake don't have a case of colic it will be because they are very generous about "dividing up."

CATALINA

IF there were any more accommodations in Avalon there would no doubt be more people here, but since the first of the month

DAN BURNS AND HIS BIG FISH

it has been a case of cots in the halls, bunk on the floor or "double up." But there are no end of good times and the character of one's sleeping place is the smallest item of our pleasures—we don't sleep for fun, we sleep because we have to.

A number of regular visitors have spoken of the increase in swimmers among the women. But a few seasons ago a woman forty feet from shore was a matter for comment, but now they may be seen any day independently swimming around like ducks, or fish, or—well, it wouldn't do to say like men.

The honor of the second largest catch of fish for the season has fallen to a fifteen-year-old boy, Harry Hunt, who in one day with rod and reel took forty-three fine fish, including yellowtail, rock bass and white fish.

SANTA MONICA

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The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

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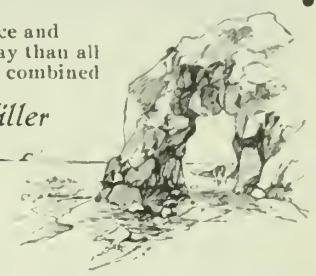

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Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house, and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience. We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

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Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10.35 a. m.	
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Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.

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Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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CORONADO

THOUGH the sea never fails as an entertainer, though fishing, boating, yachting and strolls along the beach are always on the list, golf is a prime favorite. Each day finds new golfers on the links taking lessons in the art of proper swinging. The lingo of of the game supreme is heard on every hand. Drivers, brasseys, cleeks, lofters and putters are words heard bobbing about in the conversation of the short skirted maid and the golf suited youth. While white sails dot the ocean, gliding over the blue, the same may be said of the golf links, only the short-waisted maid is the sail that dots the latter.

Tallyho parties are busy visiting Point Loma, Tia Juana and the mission. The days are filled with sight-seeing and pleasure while the evening hours give time for the planning of the next days outing.

Madame Helen Modjeska and Count Bozenta are spending August at the Hotel del Coronado. The following members of Madame's company are also guests at the hotel: Manager J. C. Fisher, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Kellerd of New York, Wadsworth Harris of Boston, Percy Winter of the same city, and Alfred Bradley of New York City, also Clinton Stuart, the playwright, who has prepared for Modjeska a most acceptable version of Marie Antoinette.

Mrs. Hicks and little daughter Elizabeth and Mrs. Hicks' brother, Stephen V. Childs of Los Angeles, are August guests at the hotel. Little Elizabeth is one of the prettiest little swimmers among the many frolicing in the pool.

The driving of the piles for the extension of the jetty at Hotel del Coronado is about completed, much to the delight of would be anglers from the new structure.

Cottages on the beach are in steady demand. New one are being built and plans for others being perfected.

The club house of the Coronado Golf Club is to be enlarged, the contract for two splendid rooms on the bay front having been let during the past week.

Among guests at the hotel may be noted Eben O. McNair, Jr., and Laurence McNair of Buffalo, N, Y., Mr. and Mrs. Fellows of Mobile, Ala., Virginia and Adelaide Chambers of Colorado Springs, H. M. Cox of Port Huron, Mich., E. F. Kingman of Riverside, Chas. G. Weber of New York City, R. H. Stone of Jamaica, B.W.I., J. P. Strauss and wife of Yokohama, Alexander McBean and wife of Oakland, Misses Hamilton, E. Cuthbert Hamilton and J. Rogden Pierce of New York City.

Recent arrivals from Los Angeles include Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs, Mrs. Adam Darling, Mrs. M. C. Burnett, Dr. Merritt, E. R. Monk, S. Conradi, wife and child, Miss Sarah McBride, Lee M. Fitzhugh, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown, child and maid, Mrs. J. Gillette, Mrs. Houghton, Harvey Rice, J. H. Brookhouse and others.

Summer rates at Hotel del Coronado as low as $17.50 per week, and $22 includes round trip railroad fare, with bus and baggage from San Diego depot to and from the hotel. The cheapest summer outing one can take.

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etc. However, we would not be ashamed of them if the whole company settled down here.

MR. MOROSCO has not made any definite announcements as to the Burbank theatre except that he will open the house with something good the first week in September. Everyone will join in the hope that he gets off on the right foot, for outside of the miserable acoustics the Burbank is an extra comfortable theatre.

NOTHING in the way of managerial edicts have pleased patrons of the Orpheum so much as the rule that late comers can not be seated until the end of an act; and it is noticeable that the numbers of the would-be nuisances are becoming agreeably less each week. Perhaps Mr. Bronson, the new manager, will pardon a friendly suggestion, and it is to compel the programmer to use ink instead of tar in the printing of the program, which typographically is an eyesore at the best. Hundreds of pairs of gloves have been utterly ruined by their owners handling the messy things and no doubt many men have been forced down the first step to bad tempers by getting their hands all smeared with the vile stuff off the theatrical bill of fare.

What people can see to commend in the harrowing spectacle of a man and woman making alleged fun of the loss of a leg, waving the stump about in the air, beats me. Enough to say, however, the thin applause plainly showed that the "attraction" was acceptable to but a small part of the Orpheum's clientelle.

Laura Joyce Bell (and company) has come. She has been seen, and—well, does her part of an old skit first rate. It is Mrs. Bell's fault that I can not write a line of superlative adjectives. She has evidently misjudged vaudeville and thinks half hearted work and indifferent support will make good. It is a lesson the "legitimates" all have to learn, but it is too bad Los Angeles had to furnish part of the tuition, for Mrs. Bell has long been a favorite in her field among those who know worth when they see it.

Elizabeth Murray has a walk and a way, and she tells stories piquantly, even if she does wander into boiler-plate yarns. Then she has the charm that marks a southern woman, and that charm would win over a multitude of minor defects.

Miss Palmer earns her salary very easily this week, a little hop, step and a song or two being her mite towards the evening's entertainment. At a rough guess I should say she made money at the rate of about four dollars a minute while she was on the stage.

Orpheum—Idalene Cotton and Nick Long, a couple of California youngsters, are the stars of the coming week's bill at the Orpheum. Miss Cotton is a Native Danghter and Long a Native Son, and their welcome by their comrades will undoubtedly amount to an ovation. Miss Cotton is considered one of the best impersonators of stage celebrities in the world and Long is an able second to her performance.

La Fafalla, a spectacular dancer, comes heralded as the rival of Lois Fuller, Papinta and other famous dancers. La Fafalla has a series of brilliant stage pictures in her performance, the like of which, according to eastern critics, has not before been conceived by other spectacular artists.

Dave Meier will provide a novel entertainment. He is the champion bag puncher of the world. He can even punch the swinging sphere in rag time.

Franz Adelman, a well known xylophone player; Laura Joyce Bell and her clever company of players; Elizabeth Murray, the story teller and singer; and the Eldridges, colored comedians, are on the new bill.

Los Angeles Theater.—"The Barber of Seville" will be sung by the Italians this afternoon, and to-night they will give the double bill of "I' Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" The casts will be the best of the company, and that means superlatively fine music.

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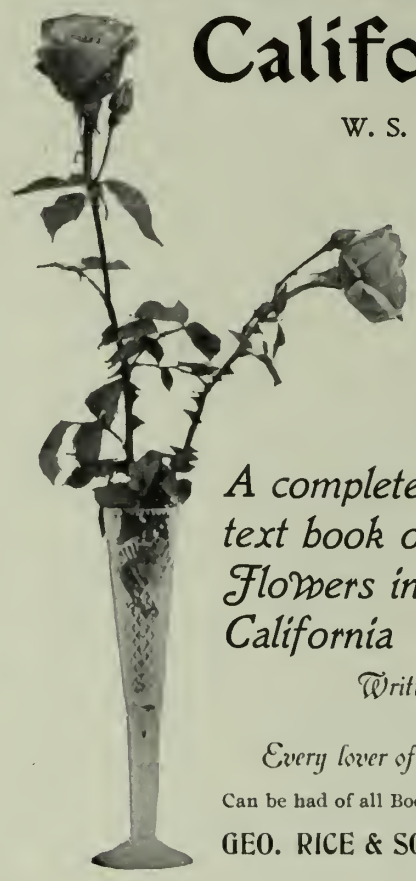

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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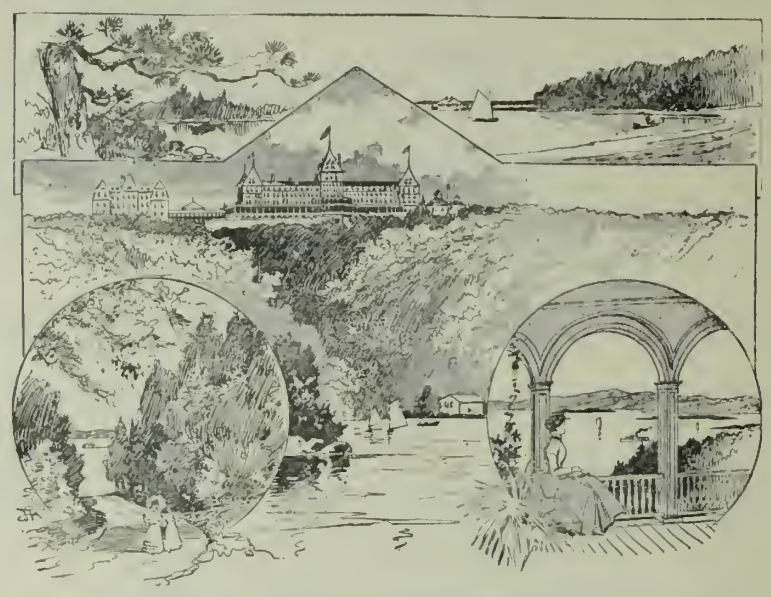
President McKinley selected a picturesque spot for his vacation this summer. The Hotel Champlain is beautifully situated on Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg, N. Y. The scenery in the vicinity is unsurpassed, the air is invigorating and the opportunities for recreation are numerous. It is an excellent place for the tired man of affairs to recuperate. While at Lake Champlain the president's aim was to be as free as possible from the worries of state, so that his vacation might be in fact a holiday. With slight exceptions this idea has been carried out.



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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale, No. 32146.

J. M. Elliott and H. T. Lee, as Trustees for Jessie P. Church, plaintiffs, vs. Minnie S. Serrot, the said Minnie Serrot and J. W. Gillette and W. W. Widney as Executors of the Will of Charles E. Serrot, deceased, Marcus Serrot and Thomas Serrot, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 13th day of July, A.D., 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein J. M. Elliott, et al., the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Minnie S. Serrot, et al., defendants, on the 27th day of June, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Seventeen Hundred and Fourteen and 40-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 30th day of June, A. D 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 85 of said Court, at page 4, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the county of Los Angeles, state of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot Thirteen (13) of Hodgkin's Subdivision of Lot Eighty-seven (87) and Eighty-eight (88) of Watt's Subdivision of part of the Rancho San Rafael, according to the map of said Hodgkin's Subdivision, recorded in Book 5, page 576 of the Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California. Together with Ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Sycamore Canyon Water Company of San Rafael, Los Angeles County, California.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 13th day of July, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN, Deputy Sheriff.
Messrs. Scott, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WESTERN GRAPHIC

Volume VII.
Number 8

Los Angeles, Saturday, August 19, 1899.

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Western Graphic
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THERE is a wonderful amount of wild talk, on the part of those who like to pose as anti-expansionists, about the right of the Filipinos to independence, and the claim is made that the denial of this "right" is a violation of the principles annunciated in the Declaration of Independence. That immortal document nowhere affirms the right of a people to independence other than as a means to escape from an abridgement of their liberties. The averment that "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is the predicate upon which is based the further declaration that, "To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it;" and as a justification of the purpose of Congress to declare the colonies free and independent, an indictment was drawn up against the king for a violation of these God-given rights. Nowhere is it claimed that the right of independence is inherent; it arises only from the failure of the governing power to give liberty to the people. The central and controlling idea is liberty, and the matter of independence was considered of minor importance by the members of the Continental Congress.

The Right of Independence

The attempt being made by the "aunties" to compare the situation in the Philippines with that which confronted the American colonies in 1776 is a dismal failure. The purpose of the American rebellion from the rule of Great Britain was not in its inception to attain the independence of the colonies but to maintain the rights which under the Magna Charta belonged to all subjects of the king, and the Declaration was but the extension and elaboration of the rights which had been wrestled from King John and a long line of his unwilling successors; the idea of independence only arose as a last resort to attain the end sought. The Philippine rebels have no conception of what liberty is, and their whole contention is for independence, their actions showing their idea of liberty is an independence which gives to self-elected rulers the power to establish an absolute despotism. Of the rights of the common people they have no conception, their highest ideal of government being to build up a despotism akin to that established under the power of Spain.

There can be no question of the right of the United States to exercise sovereignty over the Philippines. Our jurisdiction came to us by right of conquest, and is acknowledged by every nation on the globe. As the lawyers would say, it is at all fours with the acquisition of the territory obtained from France, Spain and Russia by purchase, and from Mexico by conquest. Jefferson, whom the anti-expansionists claim as their political ancestor, was the president who inaugurated national expansion, and by the purchase of Louisiana the nation not only acquired a vast area of territory but obtained jurisdiction over an alien people, whose language and political ideas were antipodal to those of the original colonies. The Catholic French of the Gulf had nothing in common with the Protestants of New England, and yet their opinions were not taken into consideration by Jefferson. The same holds true with all our acquisitions of territory. Sovereignty has always been acquired without a plebiscite, and under our form of government the rights of the inhabitants are not affected by the acquisition of the territory but by the character of the government accorded to the people. If the rights of the inhabitants as defined in the Declaration of Independence and elaborated in the Constitution are infringed, then the people of the newly acquired territory would undoubtedly have a right to protest, and if their protests were not considered and their grievances righted, they would undoubtedly be justified in declaring their independence and invoking the god of war. But until the government has had time to establish a form of law the mere exercise of sovereignty cannot be made an excuse for war. Certainly the only course open to the government, when the national authority is questioned and war made upon the flag, is to strike down the opposing power. Rebellion is not one whit less treasonable in the Philippines than in America.

In the case of the Filipinos the war upon the authority of the United States began before the treaty of peace was signed and before sovereignty had been acquired. This has made it impossible to inaugurate any form of civil government; and this has made it imperative that the islands be brought under subjection, in order that tranquility may be maintained during the period of transition from a state of war to one of civil government.

Congress has as yet taken no action as to what form of government shall be established in the islands. In the meantime the President can only rule as commander-in-chief of the army, and what he does is only to maintain the supremacy of the national authority. He can have no policy extending beyond the time when statute law goes into force—his whole duty is performed when he holds the power and sovereignty of the nation intact, and should he fail in this duty he would become liable to impeachment by Congress. But in this matter President McKinley has pursued a patriotic and consistent course, firmly upholding the sovereignty of the nation, but at the same time protecting, in so far as has been in his power, the people of the Philippines in all the rights which the Constitution guarantees to the citizens of the Republic.

WESTERN GRAPHIC is decidedly in favor of municipal ownership of the water system and will be found advocating such a measure when there is an economic plan proposed to that end. So far over $75,000 has been expended by the city in this water squabble, and it would have been better if not one cent of it had been used, as the results have really been worse than if no attempt had been made in the matter. It looks very much as if the so called efforts of our politicians have been made for the very purpose of muddling the matter and fooling the people. There is a right way and a wrong way, and the wrong way has been adopted and municipal ownership can never be accomplished under it. The proposed plan would, so our engineers of prominence figure it out, "make water cost the consumers more than it does at present." It would become such a power to the party in power that the city would be governed by the bosses. Taxes are already high enough, and as they are at present capital hesitates to engage in any great enterprises, and with the doubling or trebling of taxes the city would become entirely prostrated and no amount of rain would improve the conditions. Already several enterprises, that would give employment to many men, are held in abeyance until it is settled whether tax rates will be increased to a point of confiscation.

The best legal talent pronounces the present plan of voting bonds to buy water as illegal, and it is best to stop the useless expenditure of money, that the city has not got, rather than to vote bonds and plunge the city into a bankrupt condition and destroy its business.

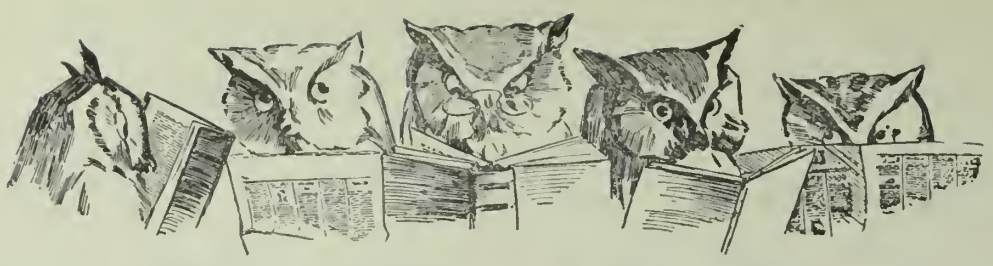
Jesse H. Arnold, in a letter to the Herald, has figured it out and shows very conclusively that water would cost the individual more under city management than he has to pay now and that the city would besides be over burdened with taxation. About the only people who can favor voting bonds under the present conditions are those who pledged themselves to municipal ownership, those who in their blind prejudice are "ferninst" capital and progress and those who expect a job out of the new conditions.

It is a mistake at this time to still further muddle the question of municipal ownership, which of itself is correct.

What about the school bonds? Has the scramble to mulct the city or the water company entirely overshadowed the importance of whether we shall have ample school facilities? The question has been divided so that voters can favor either grammar school or high school bonds, both or none. The grammar school bonds are sure to carry and the high school bonds ought to. Vote next Tuesday, August 22.

The more carefully one pursues the drama at Rennes the more vividly one's mind goes back to the story of the man in the iron mask and to the days when the old doges of Venice covered up their dreadful crimes with human sacrifices. "If the German Emperor would only speak," exclaims some one. Yes, if God had only spoken at Calvary.

The inside meaning of the brutal action of the judges in the Dreyfus case following the shooting of M. Labori no American will presume to guess. Their proceeding with the trial of the celebrated case while the leading counsel for the defense was still writhing under the shock of a wound by an assassin is a sad commentary on the boasted chivalry and fine sense of honor of Frenchmen. Where is there an American or English court that under like circumstances would not have immediately adjourned, if not from a point of justice to the defendant, at least out of respect for the integrity and ability of the wounded lawyer?



Observations of the Owl

As a notable example of abiding faith that the birds will come again let me commend to those landlords that crase not from the windows of their vacated office rooms the gaudy signs of nomadic wonder-cure doctors, who, after a brief season, removed their presence elsewhere. The landlords know that when the sere and yellow leaf shall flutter in the eastern autumnal gale the "doctors" will come again and, finding signs already blazoned, will rent the rooms and adopt the name of the departed tenant, or such part as may suit without presenting too painful a reminder to creditors that ceased not to mourn. The windows of one suite of offices present in their golden lettering memorial tablets to one departed genius who may not come again or be closely emulated next winter. A bright newspaper man from New York tried in vain to secure a situation in Los Angeles, where always there are journalistic brains going to waste. He gave it up, and though he never even thought he was a doctor he adopted a name that had an Oriental sound, established a flourishing business in the sale of a patent medicine, advertised boldly and thrived amazingly. At any rate his one season's business enabled him to ride out of town, leaving behind him various bills. To this day his advertisements adorn the bill boards, and some successor may come along some day, rent the vacated rooms and have the advantage of the ready made signs.

Suckers Born Every Minute

From many points of view one must deplore the publicity that has been given to the announcement that a Pasadena man has invented and patented something new in skates. From the published news item, innocently set afloat along with more inocuous paragraphs, persons that are unfamiliar with the climatic disadvantages of Pasadena as a place for outdoor skating on ice will derive an erroneous impression. To those that know Pasadena's predilection for prohibition the announcement will cause the belief that if any genius there has really evolved anything new in "skates" he must have come to Los Angeles for inspiration.

Skates and Skates

Health Officer Powers says that though it is quite true, as I said a fortnight ago, that milkmen will admit to him that they use deleterious drugs for preserving milk, they will deny it in police court, and nothing short of expert testimony, backed by analysis obtained in a chemical laboratory, will convict the dairymen of a practice that is ruining stomachs and is killing children. The very thought of using a smallpox disinfectant, the germacide known as formalin, for "embalming" milk to be fed to invalids and to children, as well as to others better able to stand such alimental abuse, is repugnant. If there is no way to stop the dairymen's deadly drugging the more's the pity.

Drugged Milk is Deadly

For the brief space of a few days Herman Silver, president of the Council, was acting mayor, and he filled the position with grace and dignity that showed how naturally he would fit into the office for a couple or four years. Mayor Eaton, at Catalina, forgetful of the cares of state, well knew the city was safe in the keeping of the president of the Council.

Playing He Was Mayor

Governor Gage tells me that now that he has no more offices to give out he really likes to come back to Los Angeles occasionally. Though he sometimes feels deeply pained because of the changed manner of some friends that failed to get a job, the chief executive of California has the opportunity, enjoyed in greater or less degree by other men, of determining the real value of previous protestations.

Governor Feels Free

Thus far this season almost every Southern California seashore resort has had a gallant rescue of a drowning young woman by the professional swimming teacher who conducts a "swimming school" near by. Some of these rescues were most opportune and all were fortunate for the fame of the amphibious professor. That these performances are sometimes prearranged need take nothing from the glory of an extemporaneous display of prowess in the art of saving life.

Some May be Real

There is reason to fear that a feeling of rivalry is about to manifest itself in those amiable Republicans and councilmen, Mr. Toll of the Fifth ward and Mr. Vetter of the Third. Both hope some day to be mayor, it is true; but who among us does not? Though the statesmen now and then seem inclined to crowd each other off the well-worn stepping stones to their coveted goal they both are feeling carefully the way.

Going the Same Way

In a pending contest between two railroad corporations over an advantage that one seeks and the other defends at San Pedro, much has been said against the granting of a franchise for what would not be a "public ferry," and where is there one that is not operated for the benefit of its owners? The raft that alternates between banks on Mud creek? The famed transport of Charon on the River Styx? These are public ferries. The traveler is expected to leave a fee for the owner of the raft, and do not all shades for the under world carry with them the coin for toll across the dark river? Go travel in the western wilds where rolls the turbid tide of the unbridged stream or dive into your classic dictionary and find that neither there nor on the bosom of East river nor the bay of San Francisco is there such a thing as a public ferry for the use of the public alone. All ferries are public, as railroads are public.

Fighting for a Ferry

Because of an unexpected and unusual amount of wisdom he displayed a Riverside justice of the peace is likely to lose caste among his contemporary Dogberrys. That he should have sentenced some juvenile fruit pilferers to a sound strapping at the hands of their respective parents when he could just as well have helped them to criminal careers by immuring them in jail is somewhat beyond the understandable range of the average justice with glabrous head and geophonic eyes.

One Sensible Justice

W. R. Ream.

Didn't Keep Them.

"I wan't some kind of a door-spring—one that won't get of order," said a customer to a hardware man.

"A door-spring?"

"Yes; and one that will not require the strength of an elephant to open."

"Hem!"

"And must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches."

"I see."

"And when the door closes I don't want it to shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundation."

"Yes. You want one that will bring the door all the way to, and do it gently."

"That is the idea. But I do not want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to."

"No—of course not. You want something simple yet strong and effective?"

"Just so! Something that can be put on or taken off easily—something that will do its work quietly yet thoroughly, and will not be eternally getting out of order."

"I see. I know exactly what you wan't, sir; just exactly."

"Well, show me one."

"We don't keep door springs."

A Corpse at a Wedding

J. A. Carson and Miss May Cranston, a young couple residing on Kootenai Lake, Washington, were married last June, under circumstances seldom paralleled in fiction. The preacher who was to tie the knot failed to appear at the home of the bride at the appointed time, so the bridal couple and relatives boarded the steamer Klondike on her trip down the Columbia river to Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, having decided to be married there. In passing the missing preacher's ranch down the river he was found a prisoner on the roof of his submerged residence, the valley having become flooded by a sudden rise in the river. He was rescued and taken aboard the steamer.

While he was changing his wet clothes the steamer made a stop at Rice's Landing and two passengers came aboard with a rough pine coffin containing the corpse of James Carter, who was drowned in the river the day before. A bulldog also accompanied the men. When the preacher came on deck wearing a suit of Capt. Newman's clothes the bridal couple announced that they would have the wedding take place then and there.

The ceremony had proceeded almost to the point where the preacher was about to pronounce them husband and wife when Capt. Newman's dog and the bulldog got into a fight. In the midst of it they upset the coffin which had been deposited on a couple of beer kegs As it struck the deck the homemade coffin burst open, spilling out the corpse. One glance at the dead man's features and the bride gave a scream and swooned away in the arms of the groom, for the corpse was that of a former lover to whom she had been engaged.

A Warning to Young Bathers

Or, An Idyl to the Raft

[A prominent citizen of Los Angeles, swimming at Redondo, was guilty of the following effect of the Muse's influence shortly after a thrilling incident of the sea concerning three young society women:]

Come hither, rash young swimmers, and stand beside my chair,
While I tell you of Redondo, and some things that happened there
On the first day of this August,—now all must gather near,
It is gruesome in the telling, and I want you all to hear.

The day was of the loveliest, as Redondo's mostly are,
The sea was blue and rolling, and spray splashed from afar.
The matrons and the patrons were on the sands at rest,
When down trooped the young bathers in gay regalia dressed.

Now yestere'en at low tide a stalwart yoeman bold
Had hied him with his rowboat, and done as he was told:
A raft he towed out with him, then viewed the seascape o'er,
And dropping anchor moored it a half a mile from shore,

Now when these gay young swimmers cast eyes upon this raft.
They danced a two-step nimbly, and then they mostly laughed.
A goal for rest and prattle, so safe, so far from shore,
Was just what they'd been wanting, what should they think of more?

Three blithe young maids of promise, as promises now go,
Were in the van of 'venturers who feared not undertow.
The first in scarlet doublet, the others clad in blue,
And as Katydid so did Helen of Wells and likewise handsome Sue.

Their leader soon upon a ridge way over there was seen,
And Helen following in her wake oped wide her mouth, I ween,
For the swallowed more than doctors say is good for stomach or brain,
Yet she struggled on right pluckily the distant raft to gain.

But now both of the other nymphs were on the rafts at rest,
Thinking that of all their swims this was the very best;
When suddenly a cry was heard, the raft gave one big lurch,
And watchers from the shore sould see that Sue had left her perch.

The moments when one's swimming with all one's might and strength
Seem inverse to the distance gained and of unending length;
But when a dear companion is struggling in the deep,
'Tis time for instant action, and not the place to weep.

The little maid in scarlet, with comprehending glance,
Saw she was needed also, perhaps the only chance.
Unheeding risk of danger she plunged into the sea,
And with strong strokes of her good arms, behold! the two are three.

Then carefully and tenderly, discreet beyond their years,
Lending each a shoulder, dispelled their comrade's fears:
Towed her to that haven, "Sweet" raft of moments ago,
Thinking as they struggled, "Our motiou's beastly slow."

A feeling of security is soon apt to give birth
To the conundrum habit and other kindred mirth:
And one with thoughts deep-seated, reverting to sputter and cough,
Naively propounded this one—"How do we get off?"

Soon to the shore the one "well read" propelled herself for aid,
And to the anxious mo hers this is what she said:
"We need a man as usual, but just now need him bad,
And if he gets us home for lunch, we'll all be mighty glad."

Now near by dwelt a rancher man, sowing lawn grass blue,
And by a strange coincidence he was Sue's father, too.
To him his wife did speed herself and with a visage grim
Revealed the sad predicament, and left no peace for him.

His briar root and pruning hook were swiftly cast aside,
He swore a vow to save those girls whatever should betide.
Rushed he to his bath house, and doffed his linen fair,
And in his haste to save those girls did rend his underwear.

Now from the bluff he sees them, nor right nor left looks he,
But sees the great big ocean and the skyline meet the sea.
An instant's self-communion, thanks for strength and heart,
Then a swim in blue old ocean, resolved to do his part.

Two little girls sat patiently upon that plaintive raft:
A question asked, a story told, and then one of them laughed:
The other thought of Neptune and of the nasty taste
Of ocean water taken when she was open-faced.

But at the time for leaving she was brave as brave could be,
Without the slightest hesitation she slipped into the sea,
And swimming on right cheerily, the rancher man and Sue
Brought little Helen of the Wells back to the shore—and you.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

AT FIRST thought there seems to be very little or no opportunity for fads or fashions in men's affairs, but if you mention such a thing to a really fashionable man he will probably reply in such a way that you will feel that you have at least made quite a mistake. It is my intention to give a few little hints, occasionally, which may be of some interest to my gentlemen readers, or perhaps their wives, and then incidentally to the men. If a man is inclined to be luxurious in his dress he can indulge this weakness very nearly as extravagantly as his lady friends. For instance, in the matter of socks. Of course they are all of the finest silk and then they are each embroidered by some fair hand, either in some fanciful design or, what is the rage again in the east, the monogram of the wearer. A pretty way to have one's black silk socks embroidered is with a varied assortment of clocks, and surrounding each clock is the monogram worked out in some bright color, usually yellow. By the way, monograms are the correct thing everywhere and anywhere they can be used. I was reading a description of some very fastidious New York swell the other day, and I remember it mentioned his large assortment of waistcoats with their solid gold buttons, each with his monogram engraved upon it.

Now that golf has come in earnest and so many have adopted it as their favorite, we will be looking for new ideas in golf accessories, for was ever such an opportunity offered for variety? A gentleman in the east predicts that golf capes are going to be worn by the men this winter with their golf suits. This will certainly lend a very jaunty and artistic effect to their costumes.

The newest golf hat is an alpine of soft felt in gray, brown or tan, scattered with somewhat blurred colored spots, and trimmed with a folded silk band matching the spots in color. For instance, one of the best looking of these golf hats is light gray flecked with pale blue spots, while the crown is encircled with a blue band laid in folds. Golf and bicycle knickers are tighter than they were last year and the cuff is laced at the side instead of buttoned.

For gentlemen the open work or perforated leather belt with gilt buckles are quite English, you know, while for ladies the correct thing is the dog-collar belt with silver spikes. Speaking of belts reminds me of an exquisite novelty in a belt bag I was shown recently, an engagement gift to one of our future brides. This bag is not to hold money, but on the contrary only intended for the fair creature's delicately scented handkerchief. To be exact, it is a clever adaptation of our dear old grandmother's silk bag, which was at that time suspended from her wrist, which was covered with a silk mitten. This bag or chatelaine is attached to the belt and differs from those intended to hold money principally in the opening, which extends more than half way around the bag. This little trifle, which probably only cost about a hundred dollars, is made up of solid gold rings which grow smaller and finer from the outer edge to the center. The clasp is heavily chased with flowers and the top is fitted with a hook to slip in the belt that encircles her waist.

There are now so many pretty things in the way of card cases, purses, etc., on the way that when the women come home from their various outings to do their fall shopping they will be surprised to see what is in store for them. Among the newest effects in change purses are some horseshoe-shaped lockets made of heavy light-colored pigskin. These are ornamented with a large gold or silver monogram. The handle is a small strap of leather through which Miladi can slip her hand without danger of mislaying her purse, but this would hardly be practical for those who use their pocketbooks to carry their calling list, note book and all their last month's receipts and various other memorandums. A very pretty novelty for a gentleman is a letter case of sea-lion skin with a monogram of solid gold on its side. The color is a deep gray. The grain of leather is fine and uneven. Here and there are little indentations shaped like pin pricks. The quality is so soft and smooth and fine that the touch recalls oozy calf. The odor is oily and barely suggests a combination of sandal wood and old-fashioned musk. This case is lined with moire antique silk the color of the leather. Inside are two pockets for letters, with a small, envelope-like compartment for stamps. These cases are decorated in different designs worked out in silver or gold, as best pleases the purchaser.

Edna—"Why do you wear gloves while learning to play poker?" Edith—"Because Jack told me never to show my hand."

Music and Art

To the Profession. — A special feature of the Western Graphic is its Department of Music and Art, which is in charge of an experienced and careful editor. Professional news notices, announcements, personals and short criticisms of merit are solicited and will be published free. All communications should be sent in by Thursday morning to insure publication the following Saturday, addressed to the Editor of Western Graphic, Los Angeles.

FOR several months there has been hard at work rehearsing an organization which will shortly make its bow to the music loving public as the California Ladies' Quartette. It is composed of three young ladies and that capable and thorough pianist, Madame Jeanette Webster Crawford, who is also director of the quartette. Madame Crawford has not been one of the local musical colony so very long, but comes with most flattering adieus from the critics of Boston, where she was well known as the organizer and director of the Agnes Zimmerman Quartette. Miss Eloise Lemon, violinist of the new quartette, comes from Chicago and is a pupil of William Lewis of that city, who also taught Maud Powell. Miss Lavelle Knox plays the viola and is said to be the best in California on that instrument. Miss Sarah A. Simons is a pupil of Herr Bierlich on the violoncello; she has a broad tone and plays with rich coloring. Madame Crawford needs no encomiums as a pianist, and under her musicianly care the artistic success of the organization is certain. Under the management of Mr. Willis Ames the quartette will tour the principal coast cities and by another season will possibly go east.

Among the treats for musicians next season will be at least two recitals by Paderewski, who will be here probably in March.

Musical Courier: From Los Angeles comes the gratifying report of Genevra Johnstone Bishop's success as a teacher. She has been made much of in society and in the musical life of the city, and is proving the most important addition the city has received for several years. The climatic conditions are wonderfully beneficial, and Mrs. Bishop's voice is in its prime. All which is good to hear. No more deservedly popular artist than Genevra Johnstone Bishop ever lived in Chicago, and many are the friends regretting that it will be many months before she again lives in the city in which for years she has made her home.

This from a Harper publication: "Uncle Reuben had just returned from New York, and his mind was a confusion of cinematographs, self-playing pianos, automobiles, phonographs, etc. When he was asked which had impressed him the most, he solemnly replied:

"'By gosh, the horseless piano beats 'em all.'"

Mr. Francis Lewis Hord will give a morning musicale some time in September. A unique evening musicale will be given by Mrs. Hord and by Mr. James Franklyn Cook some evening early in October. The date of these enjoyable events will be announced later.

Mozart's minuet in E flat has been played by request at Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica, this summer no less than seventeen times. This is more favor than any other composition has received and is certainly a tribute to the wearing qualities of this famous composer's music.

Mrs. Russell, who has been studying vocal music with Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop in Los Angeles is stopping at Hotel Arcadia for a short time.

Miss Grace Longley and Mr. E. Templar Allen gave a delightful musical program in the music room of Hotel Arcadia on Thursday evening August 17. The affair was quite a successful one and was attended by a good and enthusiastic audience.

A party consisting of Miss Myrtle Canady, violinist; Miss Helen Chevelier, vocalist; Mrs. DeSilva, vocalist; Master George DeSilva, vocalist and dancer, and Mr. Briggs, impersonator, went over to Whittier on Friday evening, August 11, and gave a very delightful entertainment which met the hearty appreciation of a good audience present to listen to the visiting talent.

Cues

Admirers of Blanch Bates, who have been anticipating seeing her with the Frawley company when they come to the Burbank, will be disappointed to learn that the fair actress leaves for Honolulu shortly. Anyway it is only a vague idea that the Frawleys are coming to the Main street theater and no one seems to have any authority for the statement.

The Los Angeles theater was to have played "The Brownies" next week, but after they had cancelled two contracts Manager Wyatt concluded he didn't care very much anyway, so has hied himself to his South Pasadena chateau, from which eyrie he reads of the troubles and chuckles at each fresh rumpus among the members of the Italian Opera company. After his experience with the foreigners he says he feels competent to run a bull fight, a Chinese lottery and an insane asylum all at once.

The probabilities are that Madame Modjeska and company will be the next attraction at the Los Angeles. They are now re-hearsing in Manager Fisher's Opera House in San Diego, and a glance at the following list of supporting members leads us to expect some fine productions: John E. Kellerd, Frederick Mosely, George E. Spenser, Wadsworth Harris, Lynn Pratt, Cassius Trumbly, Irving Brooks, Percey Winter, Mark Fenton, Alfred Bradley, Thomas Reiley, Irving Goodrich, M. Coyne, Kate Dalglish, Mary Hary Hall, Mary Gardiner, Mrs. Seargent, Guelma Baker, Hattie Buskirk and Emma Buskirk.

On dit, Madame Modjeska is almost as clever a painter as she is an actress. All of the sketches of costumes and scenes of her new play, Marie Antoinette, were drawn and painted by herself and they are not daubs but really finished pictures, showing that the famous Polish actress could earn a reputation with her brush if she chose. The production of the new play will be elaborate to a degree, and as Mojeska is practically attending to all the designs herself, it should be a faithful history in every detail. John C. Fisher, her manager, is elated over the progress being made and is sparing no expense to make the production a notable one.

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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In the Gay Life

GOLF is golf, a fad, fashionable and all that, and yet to the majority, traveling over ninety and nine miles of sand, chasing a small ball into holes is not the most thrilling excitement in the world. Walking, of course, is good exercise—that is when some one else is doing it. Therefore everybody does not do golf. Watching the game is likewise not very great sport. Figures vanishing in the dim distance may look well in the landscape but do not furnish much entertainment for the spectator seated at the starting point. Hence, while golf in general may be all absorbing yet to the few in particular with the "strength of mind" aforesaid the old Scottish game would seem to be best at home in its native heath where walking miles and miles in a good bracing air would be something like exercise. But everybody to their taste.

Now to some minds there is nothing more pleasantly and ideally lazy, therefore happy, than the old English tennis court with the men to do most of the "running" and the ladies to sit somewhere in the shaddy background drinking tea. Fancy the coziness, the rugs, the tea-table and all that—and the other table for the gentlemen—soda water table you know. This is not an innuendo especially when the disclosure is made that a tennis court after one's own heart, whatever that may mean, is to be started in the west end very shortly. In fact the grounds have been selected in the Harper Tract and just next the Carpenter home on Twenty-eighth street. Mrs. Wilshire, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Parker and a number of the young people are the prime movers in furthering the happy thought, and with this leadership it goes without saying society will have another impetus in the way of swell amusements.

One of the most charming piece of news of the season is the announcement at Santa Monica this week of the engagement of Miss Margaret Winston to Mr. W. C. Woodard. It is truly an event and will stir the gay set exceedingly.

Mr. William S. Creighton is a familiar figure on the streets these days and is looking very well and businesslike since his trip north. He says he does not like Sacramento and is glad to be back here again. Just at present he is holding an official position with Judge Trask, one just recently vacated by Mr. Deering. In fact what with an armful of note books and a happy smile Mr. Creighton looks as if he were right in it. Mr. Creighton is very much the type of the English country gentlemen and he and his little family live an ideally secluded life such as President Cleveland and his wife set the precedent for. Mrs. Creighton was quite a society girl before her marriage, but now that she has one or two chicks to look after has settled down to the loveliest kind of home life. They are now occupying their cottage at Long Beach. Mr. Creighton will go down the end of the week to spend his vacation while Judge Trask goes to Maine for his.

Mr. Akin, with Mrs. Akin, is thinking of taking a good long vacation east about the first of September to his old home in Chicago.

Mr. Grove Warner of Syracuse, N. Y, is out here on a visit and is putting in his time between Pasadena and this, that is to say the Van Nuys. Mr. Warner is all sorts of a "catch," and has the entree to the best society hereabouts.

It seems odd that none of the young people of society here have been participating in the tennis tournament at Santa Monica. The Misses Donnell of Garvanza are the nearest home and of those, not young people, Mrs. James Hendricks is the only familiar name from this vicinity. Perhaps the old time players are getting back for a time.

The Catalina golf tournament brought out very brilliantly a Los Angeles society maid, Miss Gertrude McCrea, who was first in the ladies' driving, 115 yards, and second in the gross score, 104. Miss McCrea has always rather leaned toward outdoor accomplishments, a circumstance which has given her a very decided drawing room ease and a reputation as the finest dancer among the younger set in society. Miss McCrea is besides a good horseman and takes her place at the seashore among the most daring and accomplished divers and all that goes with that aquatic diversion, all of which illustrates that the nineteenth century maid is wise in her generation of selecting those pastimes that enhance her graces in drawing room or ball room.

Among the numerous attractive society maids at Santa Monica just now may be seen Miss Shankland and Miss Edith Wolfskill, although Miss Wolfskill rather scorns the term "society." While she vows she finds no entertainment in so-called social doings, having given her time and interest for some years to art in this country and Paris, yet her many friends rejoice to find her still among them. The tea given by Miss Henshaw, niece of General Sargent, which was considered one of the leading affairs of the season, found her a guest.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis went from Redondo on Thursday last to Santa Monica for a short visit and to attend the tennis ball which takes place at the Casino this evening.

Among those who leave here tomorrow to be present in San Francisco upon the return of the California soldiers are Captian and Mrs. Thom and Major B. C. Truman and Mrs. and Miss Truman. Captain and Mrs. Thom have two boys with Steere's battery.

Mrs. Willoughby Cole has recently moved to her residence, No. 204 North Gates street, where she will be at home to her friends on Wednesdays.

Mrs. C. A. Sumner has had as her guests at her charming home, Rudder Grange, Terminal Island, the past week, Mrs. Cecil Sumner and Miss Margaret Sumner.

Miss Jette Thom has had as her guests during tennis week the Misses Clark, Allen, Stephens, Mason, and Mrs. Hill of Chicago. Miss Keating entertained Miss Fanny Coulter and Miss Harriet Severance. Miss Beebe Coulter was a guest of the Arcadia.

Mr. T. E. Gibbon has gone to St. Louis and kindred points for a two weeks' trip.

Miss Helen Fairchild is the guest at Terminal Island of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hines.

Miss Ivy Schoder, a Los Angeles society bud of a year ago, has had her usual outing at Catalina, with the chaperonage of Mrs. Richard Mercer.

Miss Edith Furrey is being entertained by Miss Edith Bicknell at Santa Monica.

MISCELLANEOUS

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Down the Line

CODE Commissioner George Denis (sitting at desk, brow wrinkled in deep thought; properties, a bag full of golf sticks, letters of advice from Jo Sartori, R. H. H. Chapman, Jo Cook, Ed Silent, Judge Morro, Major Norton, W. J. Nevin, J. J. Byrne, et al, and a round robin from the Green Committee). "I see I will have to add a whole section to this penal code. Now these blooming legislators have not prescribed any penalty for a man who sclaffs when lofting at a bunker. That ought to mean thirty days or thirty dollars, with added time and amount for such awful language as Ed Silent uses. How about Ed's case? I must put something in to check him. He never takes the right stance, and his great fault is in not replacing his divots. For every divot left out, a high ball for the crowd; that will fetch him. And Jo Cook, he is always kicking at the whins; that must have a punishment to fit the crime. That reminds me when Nevin foozles, he always conceals his thoughts; that deserves a heavy fine. I don't approve of using spoons, either; that fellow Maude will use them, just as if there were not spoons enough at a restaurant, or any old place. What is this? A letter from the Amalgamated Golf Players' Union? Um-um-um,—'we demand that you place a law in the penal code making it a felony for any business man to give more than two hours a day time to his affairs other than golf playing. This is necessary to protect the downtrodden golfites from the requirements of an unsympathizing world.' Certainly, that shall be done; it is no more than right. By the way, I believe I will consult Henry on the plan to have all senatorial deadlocks hereafter decided by a golf match between the candidates."

A Possibility of Code Revision

"Say, I have got a kick coming, said Jack Bushnell yesterday. This Captain Cressy thinks that there is a hoodoo microbe about the Columbia Club, and he won't allow any meetings to be called there. The microbe he says is of the eighth dimension and he thinks it will ravage the entire political body of the city if it is given any chance. Tell you what, I think I will call the next meeting at the crematory. If I had only been inoculated six months ago I might have been adjutant general instead of Receiver in Chief of Gold Bricks."

Jack Bushnell and the Hoodoo Microbe

JACK BUSHNELL

The talk about legal opposition to Judge Fitzgerald's taking his seat as a superior court judge. I am told on excellent authority, had little or no basis, and has petered out entirely now. The fact is that Attorney General Ford could not be expected to lend his assistance to any such scheme, and without his consent no writ could be asked for from the supreme or any other court. From what gossip I have heard I think the talk originated with some over zealous friends of Judge M. T. Allen who considered that Fitzgerald's appointment would imperil that gentleman's chances of renomination. Judge Allen, of course, had nothing to do with such ideas for he is too dignified and has too nice a sense of honor to mix up in any such intrigue. It would seem that opposition on such an account was ill advised, for when it comes to convention time all of the judges must take their chances. There are six judges to be nominated, and how it could be argued that Fitzgerald's presence would militate against any of the other five is not plain. Judge Fitzgerald is glad to get back, we are all glad to have him back, and added satisfaction is to be had that his home coming is not to be marred by any unseemly exhibition of pique, or worse, by the very few who do not share the sentiments of the many,—that he is a jolly good fellow and a very Bayard of a judge.

The Opposition Said to Have Petered

J. A. MUIR, ON THE LEFT

Corney Pendleton is back from the north, and though he has got out his pirate hat, in breadth of brim and rakishness of cut a very Captain Kiddish affair, he has no disappointment rankling in his heart. He would like to have heen made secretary of the code commission, but if he haa taken it he would have had to live in Sacramento—and that was too much for Corney. He has found that city a very lively and interesting place at intervals, but a steady residence there was not a prospect to charm, so he cheerfully gave up wearing out his shoes going to the postoffice for the commission that never came, and has gone to work at his law practice. He can be heard occasionally singing that Sacramento refrain, invented, I believe, by Ned Hamilton:

No Sacramento for Corney

"Hail! hail! The secretary's appointed,
"What the hades do we care now?"

As a lilter Corney is a great success.

No, my dear sir, you need not alarm yourself. Johnny Muir and Tommy Gibbon will not go to Tia Juana and shoot bullets through each other's livers, or stick rappiers under each other's fifth ribs. They are both too sensible and too good fellows for any such foolery. Yes, it was a close call for a time, there in the supervisors' room. Johnny felt his muscles strenuously twitching, and Tommy had his good right hand on a five-pound inkstand, ready for the fray, for he is something of an editor and can sling ink with the best of us. But it has all passed like a summer cloud, or love, or a political promise, or like any other nothingness. When Johnny gets into the pilot house of his ferry boat from San Pedro to Terminal Island the chances are that you will see Tommy climb up on top of the hurricane deck and share a ball of popcorn with his antagonist, and when the Terminal has its through line to Salt Lake the Carmelo will be the first private car to make the trip.

In Answer to Anxious Inquirer

I think if it came to a show down that Muir could and would put up what the Athletic Club men would call a very pretty scrap. I remember a number of years ago, when he first came here and I was reporting the railways, going to his office one day. As I went in Muir was walking up and down the floor, rather red in the face, and breathing a bit hard. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Oh, nothing at all, nothing at all," he answered. But he kept walking and puffing and showed signs of perturbation. "Wbat in the world is wrong with you?" I asked again,—and persisting, at last he hroke out, "Why, nothing is wrong at all. A big loafer of a fellow thought he could be impertinent to me, and I picked him up and threw him out. Now I am mad because I did not follow him down stairs and punch him." I afterwards found out that the man who had gone down stairs in a hurry weighed twenty pounds or more than Muir, and had the reputation of being a bad man from Arizona. Muir as a rule, however, is one of the sweetest tempered and most amiable men I ever met and one, moreover, who has the most charming personality throughout.

Muir Could Scrap Well

Capt. Allan Kelly has gone down into Sonora, where the Yaquis have recently "upriz," for the purpose of giving the news of the trouble to a syndicate of American newspapers. It's a safe bet that Kelly gets the news to send to his papers. The "Manana" business will never go with him. It will be "al instante" with him, and the sleepy Mexicans will find that fact out "muy pronto" Kelly is the very essence of the get-there American newspaper man. He evidently expects trouble for he went armed to the teeth—with double-action rapid-fire kodaks and plenty of ammunition in the shape of films. Mr. Kelly has been identified with the always exciting, and sometimes deadly, journalism of the west for years. In the stirring days of the Comstock he showed up in Virginia City one day and told the editor of the Enterprise he wanted a job at reporting. He was several sizes smaller than the reporters the Enter-

Off for the Yaqui War

ALLAN KELLY

prise editor was in the habit of employing in those days, but something about the look of his eye and the set of his jaw convinced the editor that he would do, and so he was put to work.

"You'll take that desk over there by the door," said the editor, "I'm going out for a few minutes, and you may stay and entertain any visitors that drop in. Look at their specimens and give them a writeup if they look all right."

The editor started down the stairs but came back presently. "I forgot to tell you," he said, "that the city marshal is looking for me; he doesn't like the way I've been writing him up. He's liable to drop in any time. Don't let him get to the top of the stairs. Have your weapon handy and drop him as soon as his head appears over the railing." With these few remarks the editor turned to go again.

"But how will I know him?" exclaimed Mr. Kelly. "I'm a new man here and I've never met the marshal."

"Oh, you'll know him; he's a dark complected cuss, with whiskers. Plug him before he reaches the landing or he may plug you." The editor then left.

Fortunately no dark complexioned man came to call on the editor that afternoon, and the next day Kelly was put on another detail.

The Kissing Bug Again

It has remained for a local newspaperman to puncture the erroneous impression that the kissing bug devotes his attentions exclusively to lovely maidens with rosy lips and peachy cheeks and limpid eyes, and such like seductive and entrancing things.

Al Searles of the Express staff of intellectual athletes was kissed by the local kissing bug early last week. Rodman, of that ilk, did Searles' work for him for four days, and then Searles showed up again, sans mustache, and said that he had been having a carbuncle on his lip.

A likely yarn. As if a carbuncle would be apt to come on a newspaper man's lip or cheek!

However, Searles persisted in the prevarication and did it so energetically and vehemently that suspicion was aroused and an investigation started, when the facts were quickly brought out.

It seems that the bug was out on Washington street, having been misinformed to the effect that Otheman Stevens and Dishman, of the Times, had lived out that way. It was along about dusk and Searles happened along. The bug was in a hurry to get back down town and the heavy pepper trees along there made it quite dark, anyhow, and the first thing Searles knew—

He has decided to let the mustache grow out again.

Yes, her hat was certainly lovely, though it had cost but eighteen dollars and thirteen cents; quite as lovely as that Smith woman's which had cost nearly a hundred. "But the Smiths are able to own a more conspicuous pew in church than we are," faltered her husband. "Well, they can't come in any later than we can," she exclaimed radiantly.—Detroit Journal.

"You are quite run down," said the facetious cyclist to the man he had knocked over; "you ought to take something." "I will," said his victim jumping up; "I'll take your name and address."—Pick-Me-Up.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

SANTA MONICA

TENNIS is the thing this week. The prevailing excitement is like fleas—no one escapes, and from the Casino courts to the boulevard on the bluff, and from the beach to the Arcadia, the talk is of tennis—the players and the championship games. The interest in the annual tournament of the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association is unusually great, especially considering the popularity of the new king of games in the fashionable set, golf. It is suggested to call golf the king and tennis the queen, and polo is in the balance between ace and ten-spot. Of course the knave must be skipped. From the number of entries it is probable the play will continue through Saturday.

There is not only fashionable enthusiasm

Rile Photo

A JOLLY SUNDAY GIRL

in the tournament but the development of new players and the brilliant and fast play is making some of the old wheel horses young again.

Despite the foggy mornings and cool weather in the interior Santa Monica is having a fair season, and on Sundays especially every accommodation is tested to its capacity by the big crowds that flock in on every train and car from early morning till after dark. The electric cars come loaded to the guards, and it seems lots of people appreciate the convenience of that road.

A reception and banquet were given on Monday evening at Hotel Arcadia to the Sesame Club of Los Angeles by Mrs. Dr. Davidson. She was assisted in receiving in the "Sala del Mar" by Miss Rose Hardenburg. Later on at about 7 p. m. the party adjourned to the glass annex of the grill room where covers were laid for over thirty people, and it was after nine o'clock before the company arose from the sumptuously spread board.

CATALINA

A CURSORY reading of the prints lately would lead a stranger to think we were having some regular old Captain Kid times. "A low, rakish craft was seen approaching the coast. There was a great bustle on board, which was probably the only thing the last female passenger could not throw overboard.

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tween't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

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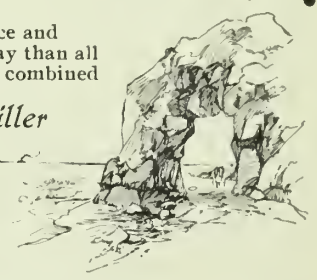

So. Cal. Polo Club 10th Annual Races Sept. 8 & 9, 1899

OCEAN PARK, SANTA MONICA

COMMITTEE—W. H. Young, I. H. Dudley, Wilbur Parker, J. B. Proeter, M. G. Burmester, G. L. Waring.

Eight Running Races, distances from ¼ mile and repeat to 1 mile. Entries close Aug. 31st.

For particulars apply to
G. L. WARING, Santa Monica

Fine Fish Dinners

No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.

THE PAVILION

ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

The North Beach Bath House

Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house, and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience. We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

The dark-visaged pirates were armed to the teeth, some of them even having their teeth tied on. There was Kemp, the leader, and other determined leaders with un-Kemped hair and flaming eyes. Recklessly the invaders steered their boat straight for our peaceful shores and as the keel grated on the pebbly beach the bloodthirsty or beer-thirsty rascals jumped from the vessel and grappled with the Prince of the Island Kingdom, who had come in person to repel the attack of the outlaws from the country across the channel. There was a short, sharp conflict; one man called another a liar, there was a splash, and two of the opposing warriors were rolling in the drink, struggling in the throes of a sudden chill. It was seen that the attacking party was too strong for the little band of patriots so the entire reserve force of one constable was summoned to place the leader of the ruffians in the castle dungeon. And they will all live happy ever after."

I read in some yellow paper that there is a great scarcity of fish all up and down the coast. Whereat I smile. For on one day the end of last week the record of the season was broken by four gentlemen who went down to the isthmus, and returned in the evening with sixty-seven yellowtail and fifty-three barracuda, whitefish and bass. Send over any of your fish-hungry population and we will make them think they have turned into fish if they wish.

Tuesday the Hermosa made her annual excursion from Newport beach, bringing some four hundred visitors from that vicinity. They had the Santa Ana band with them and seemed to be getting their money's worth of the pleasures of life.

CORONADO

AN ELDERLY eastern visitor stood looking across the ocean the other day, very intently. Finally the old lady took off her specks, as though she had completed the sizing up of the ocean's measurement and asked, turning to a near-by sightseer: "It must be a mile across to that point there, don't you think so?" Of course the on-looker thought it was. "Shouldn't be surprised if it was as much as eight miles, should you?" presently queried the questioner. "Shouldn't be surprised if it were, madame," responded the man. After a moment's reflection the old lady exclaimed: "This is the first time I have seen the ocean, and, oh dear, its so nice to see enough of something and know that no rich men have got a trust on it either."

It is a much to be lamented fact that easterners and even westeners, even of Colorado, do not understand the climate of Southern California any better than they do. A recent arrival, a prominent business man of Denver, says he was warned by dozens of his friends to fight shy of Southern California if he was not anxious to be roasted to a dark brown while yet alive. Voiced in different phases, they all wanted to know why he and his family didn't go somewhere and get boiled up in a hurry so as to get the agony over. But the gentleman had been this way before and stuck to the original plan. He considers that if his people really knew the pleasures of life in misquoted Southern California, thousands would be here not only for winters but summers also. Here's a chance to enlighten the blind by literature concerning the country we love.

Mrs. A. P. Johnson of Riverside, accompanied by their charming daughter and son, are spending August at Hotel Coronado.

The Coronado botanical gardens and floral decoration and adornment of the interior of Hotel del Coronado will hereafter be in charge of Miss Kate O. Sessions of San Diego, one of the most successful and artistic florists and landscape gardeners in Southern California. Miss Sessions will make a specialty of the growth of carnations.

The impromptu musicals given occasionally by Mrs. Alfred Abbey of San Francisco, during her stay at the hotel, are thoroughly enjoyed by the music-loving guests, who are many.

The recent trip on the "May" with Capt. Dunne in charge, made by J. V. G. Posey, O. W. Posey and William Bayly, Jr., of Los Angeles, from Coronado to Catalina, Terminal and return was thoroughly enjoyed by the young men. They were gone eleven days and made the return trip from Catalina in ten hour's time. Nine wild goats were captured by the men of the "May" at Catalina. Messrs. Bayly and Posey entertained delightfully, giving two swell parties while at Catalina and also two at Terminal.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mr. Louis E. Dreyfus and family of Santa Barbara, Mr. William Bayly of Los Angeles, Dr. G. T. Hunter of New York City, H. B. Henderson of Riverside, M. H. French of Los Angeles, N. B. Bridget and S. M. Davidson of Washington (D. C.), Mr. and Mrs. George E. Lincoln of New York, W. J. Barrett of Los Angeles, Judson Dalard of Philadelphia, J. A. Cameron and wife of Fort Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hensken of Stockton, and Denis Newman of London, Eng. Mrs. T. Anderson of Los Angeles, Mr. John W. Edwards of Redlands, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Johnson and the Misses Johnson, Riverside, Mrs. Frankenfield, J. B. Alexander, H. E. Dibble, H. J. Woollacott, James Woollactt, Miss Woollacott of Los Angeles.

Summer rates at Hotel del Coronado as low as $17.50 per week, and $22 includes round trip railroad fare, with bus and baggage from San Diego depot to and from the hotel. The cheapest summer outing one can take.

Fuller particulars can be obtained of H. F. Norcross, Coronado agent, 200 South Spring street.

REDONDO

PREPARATIONS are being made for another open handicap golf tournament to be held on the Redondo Country Club links the latter part of this month, as the guests at Hotel Redondo have exhibited an unusual interest in golf this season. In the bi-weekly tournament of Saturday last A. W. Bumiller and Mrs. F. H. Seymour were the winners.

Tennis matches are held on the Redondo courts each Wednesday and Friday afternoon, and upon these occasions tea is served, Mrs. and Miss Seymour acting as hostesses this week. Miss Marie Markham of Pasadena is putting up a remarkably strong game of tennis this season.

Miss Laura Solano, who broke the ladies' golf record on the Redondo links with a score of 48 before her departure for the east, has been distanced by Mrs. Jean Bowers of Marysville, Cal., who made a score of 47 one day this week.

The Misses Bumiller who returned to their home in Los Angeles Monday after an extended stay here came down this week, Wednesday, for the golf match play, and Miss Edna Bumiller distinguished herself with a score of 52.

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Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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Mrs. C. C. Carpenter entertained at her cottage with a ladies' card party Thursday afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. Benton. There were thirty ladies present.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Kerckhoff, nurse and two children, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McFie and three children of Los Angeles, and Mr. and

HARDY BROTHERS STATE CHAMPIONS
From "Lawn Tennis in Southern California. Copyrighted 1899 by J. C. Hemingway.

Mrs. LeRoy Leonard of Pasadena are among those arriving this week for the rest of the season at Hotel Redondo.

Dr. A. C. Crofton of Pasadena is again spending a short time at the hotel.

Wm. W. Lovett, T. L. Craig and Robert D. Osburn, who with their families are at Redondo for the season, will take in the golf tournament at Monterey next week.

Los Angelenos at Hotel Redondo this week include Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Beswick, Mrs. John Pendergast, Calvert Wilson, James B. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lewis, Jr., Mrs. E. W. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dinsmore, Miss Mabel Dinsmore, C. R Smurr, J. S. Vosburg, A. W. Bumiller, Maj. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman, Miss Truman, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McFie, Maynard McFie, Lyman McFie, W. T. McFie, Jr., L. C. Easton, Miss Easton, Wm. G. Young, Mrs. M. E. Lynch, Mrs. G. C. Lynch and daughter, Miss Sinclair, G. C. Lynch, Mrs. M. E. Winston, Frederick Carter, Irving Crowell and G. T. Bennett.

TERMINAL ISLAND

BESIDES the excitement of a real yacht race for money and blood there was considerable amusement among Terminal Islanders over the jockeying tactics indulged in by the respective skippers in last Sunday's event. It seems there was a genuine sporty feeling between the two captains and both stoutly declared they would sail their boats just as they stood. But at an opportune time there was safely stowed in the cabin of the Osprey a water sail that could pull a knot. Captain Winters winked his weather eye, and did not heave a sigh when, on the morning of the race, just before the boats passed the starting boat, Captain Peterson of the Nautilus defiantly hoisted a balloon topsail. It looked like anybody's race for the first leg of the course, but on the return from Long Beach the Osprey got close to the wind and won easily.

The name of Mrs. H. M. Sale as the directress of a party or entertainment is an assurance of success, and as Mrs. Sale rather leans toward cake walks it goes without saying that the event at the Gordon Arms last Saturday night was the best ever. It was led by S. P. Anderson and Mrs. Sale, who received the lion's share of the applause. Mr. Anderson wore white duck trousers turned over red hose, white shoes, a gray Prince Albert lined with red, and a stove-pipe hat. The effect was set off with a huge pink collar and a large pink chrysanthemum. Mrs. Sale wore Nile green silk trimmed elaborately with black and yellow mulle. Her bonnet was an exact counterpart of the bonnet of a noted cake walker in the east. Judge Waldo M. York, W. J. Hunsaker and H. Jevne occupied the delicate positions as judges, and after recalling five of the couples for a supplemental exhibition awarded the cake to T. Maxwell and Florence Dodson.

Tuesday evening the summer home of C. B. Boothe was the scene of a jolly informal dance, given as a farewell to the Misses Grace Forbes, Mabel Forbes and Sadie Miller, who will leave tomorrow for their home in the east.

Not many people will express surprise at the reported low-down exhibition Warden Aguirre made of himself by his brutal treatment of a newspaper man who was a guest of the San Quentin prison directors on their tour of inspection. It must have been that the man Aguirre owed the journalist a few dollars and felt that at last he was in a position where he could safely carry out some of his bluffs he has been known to utilize for liquidating bills.

From "Lawn Tennis in Southern California" Copyrighted 1899 by J. C. Hemingway
CONGRATULATING THE WINNERS ON THE CASINO COURTS

Greater Los Angeles

City and County

IT IS a matter of congratulation that we have so nearly passed the summer without any serious damage to the fruit industry by the drougth. A few weeks ago the prospect was very gloomy, and in many sections there was imminent danger that the citrus trees would die or be badly damaged by the lack of moisture. But, thanks to the extraordinary amount of fog and the energy our orchardists have displayed in giving the trees extra cultivation and in searching for new sources of water, the trees have passed the danger point, and now the amount of water available is increasing. When it is remembered that the sources of water for irrigation have been growing weaker for the last six years, the splendid condition of the fruit trees is remarkable. The average annual rainfall since 1894 has been about ten inches, and in the years in which, during that period, the rainfall approached normal it came in the shape of violent storms that carried the water to the sea with but little benefit to the crops. So it may truthfully be said that we have had a continuous run of six years of drouth, and in the last two years the precipitation has been so small that the amount of water in the mountains is now less than ever before known since the settlement of the country by Americans. Had this occurred twenty years ago the damage would have been such as to destroy vegetation and ruin the country. But now we are experiencing the beneficial effects of our system of irrigation, which has changed a condition that naturally would have brought dire calamity into one where the fruits of husbandry are not withheld. Twenty years just about covers the life of our oldest orchards under irrigation, and it is a splendid record that enables us to say that in all that time the trees have never been seriously damaged from drouth or frost.

Orchards All Right

At this time, in the latter part of August, within sixty days of the usual time for the fall rains, every section of Southern California has the assurance that the trees will go into the new year in good shape, with the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that the end of the drouth is at hand.

The amount of water that has been developed during the past two years has been very great, and it demonstrates that the subterranean sources of water lie very deep and contain vast amounts of water. The water shed between the mountains and the ocean is not large enough to account for the abundance of water tapped by tunnels in the mountains and wells on the plains, and gives strength to the theory that much of it comes through under-ground rivers from far-distant mountain ranges.

A careful estimate has been made of the amount of water developed in Southern California within the past year, and it reveals the astonishing fact that nearly 31,000 inches have been added to the supply of irrigation water. The commercial value of this will be seen when it is known that it will sell for an average of $500 an inch. On such a valuation it means an addition of over fifteen million dollars to the wealth of Southern California—more than the annual production of gold in the entire State.

An important decision in regard to water rights was made by Judge Ballard of Orange county last week. The case was that of an injunction proceeding which came before him by change of venue from the Superior court of San Diego county, in which the court was asked to restrain the City of San Diego from selling $1,500,000 of San Diego city bonds, the proceeds of which were to be used for establishment of the proposed new water system for San Diego. The purpose of the bond issue was to enable the city to carry out a contract with the Southern California Mountain Water Company whereby the latter company was to supply the city with water. The court sustained the injunction on the ground that the water company did not own the water which it proposed to sell. The proceeds of the sale of the bonds was to be used to develop the water and install a new system of water works for the city. The result of the decision will be to prevent the city and company from doing the work in conjunction, but it is hoped that the company may be able to complete the work independent of the aid at first contemplated.

An Interesting Water Decision

Under the laws of California it requires five year's time to perfect a water right, and the corpus of water cannot be sold at all. Five years use of a water right perfects the title, but during this term the right cannot be sold, although it has been the custom to sell or rather quit-claim, a right before the expiration of the five years, the new proprietor stepping into the rights of his vendor to appropriate the water. Under this decision, which attorneys say is good law, it seems to be impossible for cities or other municipal corporations to purchase inchoate water rights. The right to develope and appropriate water is not affected but the practice, which has become prevalent, to purchase newly-developed sources before the expiration of the five years would seem to come under the inhibition of the court. If public funds cannot be used for such purposes, it will make it difficult for cities to install municipal water systems, and it may raise the question whether private water corporations have the right to use their funds for such a purpose. It is to be hoped that the decision may not raise a new crop of legal technicalities which will deter the investment of capital in water properties.

For mid-August, in mid-summer, following a so-called drouth, the business outlook has never been better. The facts are that the crops sold have brought more money than ever before; the crops to be sold during the next month will bring better prices for choice goods than in any previous year. The banks, and they are legion, have more money than in the history of our city. People generally have money and many are disposed to husband it awaiting a real rainy day. The real genuine producer is full handed and can buy almost anything his or his wife's fancy

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dictates. But as a rule they are frugal. Any way it's a good thing to go to the beach or the mountains and recuperate and have a rest and a good time. September will be our most trying month as it always is It's the last of a long dry season, possibly extending into October. With the first good rain "storm," that greatest of stimulants to trade, confidence will be restored and business will go with a vim.

In fact there are plenty of long headed business men who have studied the Southern California situation who claim that with good rains the coming season we will have a boom. Not one of the '85-7 kind, but a substantial one that will bring the greatest good to the largest number, start the ball of success and prosperity rolling, building up the county and city as well. The county needs more good fruit growers and first-class farmers, and now is the time for them to get a foot hold while land is cheap. The city is growing and lots of money is waiting for chances to invest, for everybody believes in the great future before Los Angeles.

One lungers are both an advantage, and we might say, to quote somebody, an "unmixed evil." Many have money to spend for the sake of enjoying our matchless climate which surely brings relief if not a cure when taken in time. The other is the impecunious fellow who wants to take advantage of our climate and at the same time make ends meet. He will go into any business with his limited means, and is satisfied to live even if his business only pays the expenses—and who can blame the poor devil? He, of course, absorbs all the soft jobs possible and is willing, as remarked, to work for expenses.

Alhambra, one of the most beautiful suburbs of this city, only seven miles away, has raised a large cash bonus and put it in the local bank to be paid to some local electric traction company to build a road connecting them with this city. The Terminal have made overtures and claim they will build the much desired road, but seem so slow about commencing that the people of Alhambra are now contemplating building a short direct boulevard and putting on an automobile line of their own. It would be a good scheme and attract many people who would make their homes in Alhambra. The many attractions of this suburb with its cheap lots or acres, pure soft water, rich soil and most delightful of climates would soon bring a large class of most desirable residents if proper means of transportations to this city was once assured.

The first event in the great yacht race between the Shamrock and the Columbia for the America's cup will take place Tuesday, October 3. There is a great deal of guessing going on as to which will be the winner, all of which is mere surmise. There is no doubt but that the race will be for blood. It will be a fair race and the best sailors will win, as it is conceded that both yachts are about equal in all their points as to speed.

Intricacies of language: "What does the young man propose to do?" Inquired Mrs. Cumrox. "I think, mamma," answered her daughter, in a tone of slight annoyance, "that he proposes to propose." "Oh, you think that do you? Well, what I desire to know about his purpose is this: When does he purpose to quit purposing and propose?"—Washington Star.

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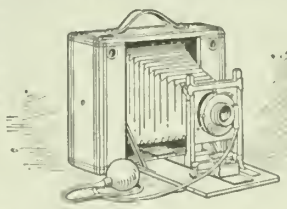

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From "Lawn Tennis in Southern California" WAITING FOR THE FINALS Copyrigbted 1899 by J. C. Hemingway

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

THE pretty game of nets and balls and racquets is not a fad. Polo may come, lacrosse may go, and golf may stay with us for some time because it is an expensive luxury, but the game that originated on smooth, green lawns and is now played on asphalt courts will live on forever. There are so many opportunities for things beautiful in tennis; such chances for picturesque effects. The white linens of the men, with the brilliant bits of color of their blazers between sets. The women, in all the pretty things that are allowed women, with short skirts and olive-burned arms bared to the elbow. Then the spectator can repose comfortably beside the court and witness the entire game, and a cup of tea or an ice and some punch may be enjoyed between games by all.

But the younger folks have crowded their elders into the slower game of golf, where they may take their time and smoke a pipe or indulge in confections between greens.

And so, for the fifteenth summer, the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association held its annual tournament at the Casino courts at Santa Monica. It has not only been a huge success socially, but the play has been superb, and at the various club courts around abouts there will be talk for the next twelve months about Hardy's drive, Hendricks' Lawford, Miss Jones' volleying, the four brilliant Miss Suttons, etc.

To the old-timer it seems a bit lonesome without the Carters, Walter Cosby, Art Bumiller, Paul Arnold, Theo. Coulter, and Miss Gilliland; with jolly Bob Bettner scattered around everywhere. That soon passes, however, before the rush of spirits and snappy work of the new generation, and it is time for the back number to hold his tongue, except to praise their excellent tennis, of the youngsters especially.

It was a disappointment to many that Miss Jones dropped out this year, but it was a generous act to give others a chance at the ladies' singles, and it would have been a one-sided match with the champion of the United States anyway.

Then more than one feminine mouth has pouted with vexation when informed that champion Freeman from Pasadena was wearing furs and eating candles in the Klondike.

Of the gentlemen the most interesting and brilliant players are Sumner Hardy, Braly, Sinsabaugh, Bell, Daggett, Hendricks and Rowan. For the ladies the most gallant thing to do is to append the list of entries: Misses B. F. Boxall, Oakland; Gabriel Dobbins, San Gabriel; F. Shoemaker, Pasadena; M. Seymour, Redondo; the Misses Donnell, Garvanza; Mrs. James Hendricks, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. W. Ruthven, Santa Monica; Mrs. F. A. Seymour, Redondo, and the Misses Violet Ethel, May and Florence Sutton of Pasadena.

"Lawn Tennis in Southern California" is the title of a pretentious brochure just published by J. C. Hemingway of Santa Monica. It is a thorough digest of the game's history in Southern California and is handsomely embellished with half-tone engravings. Every lover of tennis should possess a copy, which may be had for one dollar by addressing Mr. Hemingway at Santa Monica.

The surprise of the tournament was the winning of the gentlemen's doubles by the youngsters (by courtesy) Hendrick and Sinsabaugh from Bell and Braly. It was a brilliant match and even when the game stood 6–2, 0–6, 5-all and vantage for the boys everybody expected Bell and Braly to let out a link or two and win, but the younger players kept their heads and by the finest kind of team work ended the match in their favor, 7–5.

Of course Hardy won the singles and the cup, though Bell showed the better staying qualities and made the last set deuce.

As WESTERN GRAPHIC goes to press the ladies doubles and singles and mixed doubles are being wound up, and tonight the big tennis ball will close the tournament.

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Ethel Sutton — E. Conde Jones — R. E. Bell — Misses May, Ethel, Florence and Violet Sutton — Gabriel Dobbins — Sumner Hardy — H. Braly and two girls who "peeked"

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

CAPTAIN H. D. Alphonso, adjutant of the Seventh Regiment, has applied to general headquarters to be placed on the retired list. He has retired from active work in the National Guard to accept a position at Oxnard with the American Beet Sugar Company. He has been an energetic worker for the Guard in Los Angeles for the past nine years and was a favorite with his superior officers as well as with those under him. The captain enlisted in Company C of the old Seventh Regiment on July 16, 1890, was appointed corporal January 28, 1891, and elected first lieutenant April 8, 1891. Colonel Schrieber appointed him captain and adjutant of the old Seventh August 15, 1894, and Colonel Berry reappointed him to the same position in the new Seventh Infantry on February 17, 1896, which position he has held ever since. Captain Alphonso also served as captain and adjutant of the South California Volunteers.

Lieutenant J. C. Mielke, formerly of Company B of San Diego, has been commissioned first lieutenant and battalion adjutant of the third battalion. The lieutenant has been detailed by Colonel Berry as acting regimental adjutant vice Captain Alphonso, retired. Lieutenant Mielke served as first lieutenant of Company B, Seventh California Volunteer Infantry during the Spanish war.

Orders were issued August 5 from headquarters of the First Brigade as follows: Special orders, No. 19, ordering an election for second lieutenant of Company D, Vice Lieutenant G. L. Phillips, resigned, on August 22. Lieutenant Colonel W. O. Welch presiding. Special orders No. 19, ordering an election for first and second lieutenants of Company C, Vice Lieutenant George resigned, and Lieutenant Cole promoted on August 23. Captain Baker presiding.

A meeting of the Armory Board of the First Brigade was held on the evening of the fourth inst. Captain Robert Wankowski of Company A was elected treasurer of the board vice Lieutenant Colonel Schrieber, who has entered the U.S. Volunteer service. A small room on the third floor was rented to regimental headquarters for the use of the band. The matter of renting rooms to the engineer corps of the naval militia was discussed but no decision arrived at.

General orders No. 8, issued July 22, 1899, contain some interesting items, among which are the following: Applicants shall pass such physical examination as will warrant the examining surgeon to certify "that, in his opinion, the applicant is free from all bodily defects and mental infirmity which would in any way disqualify him from performing all the duties pertaining to military service." Where it is not practicable for applicants to appear before a medical officer of the Guard they may be examined by civilian physicians, who shall be compensated at the rate of forty cents per man. Paragraph 360 of Rules and Regulations has been amended so as to read that members who have been discharged may re-enlist within ninety days and be given credit for continuous service. The practice of revoking orders making discharges will be discontinued.

The allowance for the Seventh Regiment Band was withheld by the State during the time the regiment was in the volunteer service, although the band remained in the state service. It has recently been allowed, however, for the whole time. This will provide funds for the payment of all the band's indebtedness and allow it to start anew free from debt.

Color Sergeant J. E. Sullivan has been recommended for the appointment of regimental quartermaster on Colonel Berry's staff. Sergeant Sullivan served as regimental quartermaster sergeant of the Seventh Volunteers and his experience has been such as to make him the right man in the right place.

Steere's Battery is expected to arrive in San Francisco about the last of this month. A large delegation of Los Angeles citizens will be in San Francisco to welcome the returning soldiers. The battery will be under the command of Lieutenant J. W. F. Diss, Captain Henry Steere having been assigned to the Thirty-sixth United States Volunteers in Luzon.

The contract for the erection of the Seventh Regiment monument has been awarded to the Los Angeles Granite and Marble Company. The pedestal will be of California stone and will be made here. The statue will come from the east.

The resignation of Captain Lippincott, Company I of Pasadena, has been received at general headquarters and was accepted in general orders No. 5.

Orpheum

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SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10.35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7.40 p. m.

Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.

Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

Amusements

IN DEFERENCE to the historical reputa- of Miss Laura Joyce Bell and the oiliness of her advance notices I was inclined to attribute her poor work of last week to her mistaken idea of the requirements of vaudeville. After sitting through "Wig and Gown" another evening I am convinced that she cannot act, that she ought to do an Irish turn with plenty of the knockabout in it. Her propensity for racing around the stage with fingers extended makes her look as if she were hunting a towel with soap in her eyes. But the play is a poor affair to start with and the necessity of a heart-broken girl displaying her temper and injured feelings before a third party is an unfortunate incongruity by the author. Miss Bell has said that she is having an up-to-date sketch written for her, which statement somewhat softens the outraged feelings of her audidience.

Idalene Cotton and Nick Long make good. Miss Cotton (Mrs. Nick Long) is none other than the daughter of the famous old-time minstrel, Ben Cotton, dear to the memory of theatergoers of a few generations ago. It was only a few years ago that Idalene Cotton played juvenile roles in minor companies on this coast. She is now a tall, vivacious woman with a fund of talent that invariably makes a hit on the vaudeville stage. She is an artistic mimic and her imitations of French music-hall singers are particularly clever. Nick Long is the same old Nick that made such a hit in the title role of the Private Secretary some years ago. He is old enough to wear a toupee but does not show it in his lively assistance to his clever wife in "Managerial Troubles."

La Fafalla, whose name most people get twisted to Alfalfa, came as a rival to Papinta, glorious, fascinating Papinta. In a word, the copyrighted "Lotus Flower Vision" was a frost. Fafalla has the figure of a premier ballet dancer, and evidences the ability to give a good exhibition of that branch of Terpischorean work, but as a spectacular skirt dancer she is a total failure. Her accessories are of the old stereotyped cheap tinsel and colored lights order, and the memory of beautiful Papinta's beautiful spectacle receives an awful shock.

Orpheum - A succession of splendid houses has made glad the heart of Manager Bronson this week, and it is his confident prediction that the bill he announces for next week will bring about an equally desirable state of affairs.

There are to be eight acts on the new bill. Of these four will be new and four selected from the current week's program.

The new comers are headed by the Deonzo Bros., barrelistic experts. Their performance with barrels is said to be sensational in the extreme.

Linton and McIntire are sketch artists of fine reputation. Hill and Alden are rag time comedians and Herr Von Palm is a lightning painter in oils. His work will be a distinct novelty. He is the inventor of Loie Fuller's and Papinta's dances, and many thousands of dollars in royalties have been paid him by these famous dancers. La Fafalla is also one of his patrons.

Cotton and Long will play the fourth act from "Zaza" next week. Dave Meier, the bag puncher; Joseph Adelman, the xylophone player, and La Fafalla, the spectacular dancer, with new effects, will be on the bill.

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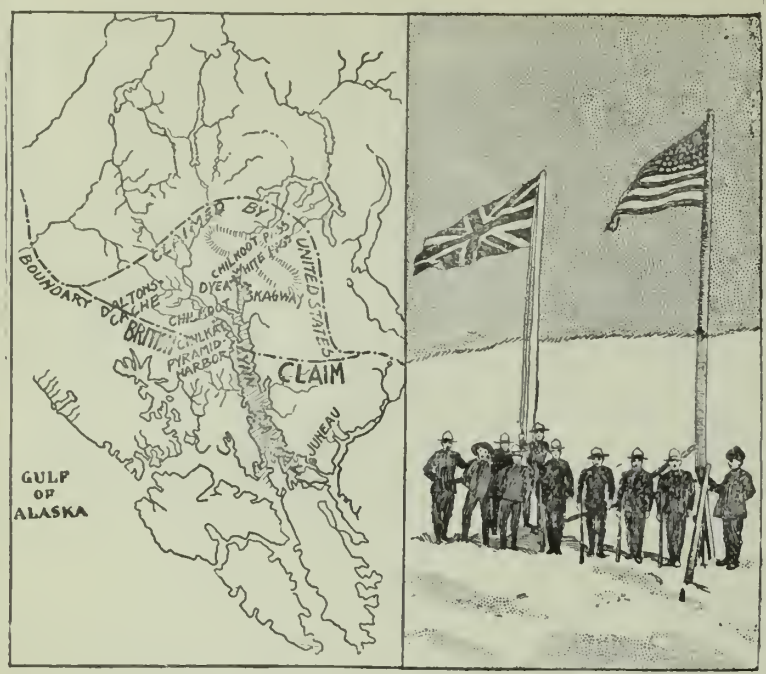

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Western Graphic

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Number 9.

Los Angeles, Saturday, August 26, 1899.

Edition de Luxe
10 Cents a Copy

MADAME HELENE MODJESKA

McCall's Fashion Magazine, 5c.

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THE TENNESSEE FIDDLERS' TOURNAMENT.
It is said that Tennessee loves a fiddler. Bob Taylor made the violin a factor in one of his campaigns for governor. He was elected. In the western end of the state a fiddlers' tournament is held once a year. This year the tournament was held at Dyersburg. The winners are pictured in this illustration, made from a photograph.

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WERE the right of independence inherent in man it would disintegrate all government. But the tendency of modern civilization is rather toward the consolidation of peoples under strong governments than toward independent nationality. This tendency is more manifest in the Anglo Saxon, the German and Slav than in the various branches of the Latin race. The reason of this is not far to seek. It arises from a truer conception of the purpose of government on the part of the former than by the latter, and also a climatic cause which makes northern races more dependent upon each other for their very existence. The breaking up of the Latin power following the vast colonizing scheme of Spain after the discovery of America divided that race into many small nations each of which fell heir to factious divisions that characterized their forefathers. Their idea of government was the power to rule as many people as possible, without any care for the welfare of the masses. With northern races, however despotic the governments may have been, there was always a genuine desire and effort to build up the common people. This is the foundation upon which the English conception of liberty grew and finally reached its highest ideal in the Constitution of the United States.

More About Independence

The expansion of the British Empire has not destroyed the liberty of the countless millions which are now subject to the rule of Victoria, but on the contrary, however much we may object to the means used to establish British rule, it cannot be denied that every barbarous or semi-civilized people who have been absorbed have been benefitted and their liberty made more secure. Even the consolidation of the German people under the empire, notwithstanding the vagaries of the present emperor, has not abridged the personal liberties of the German people. Some of the rulers of small principalities have had their authority somewhat curtailed, but the people are more prosperous and enjoy a larger degree of personal liberty than ever before.

The consolidation of peoples into strong nations is promotive of peace. It is but rarely that war takes place between great nations, but among small States it is of more frequent occurrence, the inhabitants often exhausting their strength in upholding the banners of rival chiefs, mistakedly thinking their liberties will thereby be advanced, only to find themselves more in bondage than before.

The reason the United States interferred with Spain in the latter's war in Cuba was not because the Cubans had a right to independence but because they were entitled to good government; and the reason why the nations of the earth permitted this was because the moral sentiment of the world approved of the action taken by America. The failure of Spain to govern her subjects with equity was the reason why her sovereignty was overthrown. The moral right of government is based upon justice, and where this is lacking the people have the right to change their allegiance.

In our eastern possessions, even if we admit the honesty of purpose of the rebel leaders, which is of course conjectural, the people have not the intelligence, strength nor political training to warrant the belief that they are qualified or prepared to exercise independent govermental functions. Their tutelage has been by Spain, and their ideas of government are Spanish. This is shown by Aguinaldo speaking of Spain as the mother of the islands, and using all the methods of warfare so long employed by their former rulers. And then, once admit the right of independence to the inhabitants of the islands, the result would be a succession of wars to determine which tribe should become paramount —and the outcome would be that the whole group would relapse into barbarism or fall under the power of one or more European nations.

With us it is an absolute necessity to go forward, subdue the rebellion and guarantee to the people of the islands a just and liberal government, or acknowledge that we are unable or unwilling to take up and discharge the duties which came to us through our own actions. Had the power of Spain been withdrawn without our interference there would have been no reason, other than the moral one which we exercised in Cuba—to protect the weak—for us to take up the burden; but this power having been destroyed by us, the duty rests upon us to fulfill the obligation thus incurred. This may entail a long and costly effort. The evolution of a people from barbarism to civilization is always tedious, but the result to the people directly interested and the world at large is beneficial.

No one can foresee the results of a war. The French revolution was at first but an emeute by the rabble in Paris,it but revolutionized Europe; the War of the Rebellion was begun to make slavery perpetual, it made the slaves free; the attack on Germany by France created the German Empire; and Spain's refusal to free Cuba drove America out of political isolation and exclusivenes and made her a world power, almost against her will. But this national evolution was the result of far more potent causes than the Spanish war. It was the culmination of our growth to national manhood. We had subdued a continent, become the first industrial power in the world, and all nations conceded our right to a voice in international affairs. The Spanish war but opened the door, and as it swung to again a new era had begun. A giant had come to disturb the "concord of the nations," whose right and power could not be questioned.

The result will be to create as great industrial interests on the Pacific coast as now exist on the Atlantic. Already there is a tremendous increase in Pacific commerce, and when the war in the Philippines is over, and the business of the country has had time to adjust itself to the new conditions the increase will be more rapid. Holding nearly all the coast north of Mexico, and safe harbors in the Pacific and on the Indian Ocean, we will be in a situation to exert a controlling influence on the commerce of the great ocean.

Few people realize the fact that three-quarters of the population of the world is in the Orient, and that inasmuch as the United States is the leading industrial nation, the Pacific coast of America is the most accessible route by which to reach the storehouses of the world's industrial and agricultural supplies. Westward the star of empire has been moving since the crucifixion, and now the East and West have met on our shores; and the question of whether the immense population of the Orient shall inundate modern civilization or be uplifted and controlled by it is to be decided in the near future—and commerce will be the most potent miissonary in this crusade.

It is easier to vote bonds than to pay them, but the people must have them. They have said so, most emphatically, so here goes; start the printing presses and invite the brokers in to the feast. If the water question was settled and the water works turned over to the city, we would then be confronted with the army of office seekers who would run the business. The water company has been led to the water, now will he drink?

Bonds Come High, But——

It is to be regretted that the high-school bonds were defeated, if for no other reason than the bad effect it will have on the outside world. That Los Angeles should sit down on an educational want immediately after the great N. E. A. convention is at least remarkable. C. Cassatt Davis of the Board of Education is authority for the statement, made in a speech at Simpson tabernacle, some months ago, "that only three per cent of the school children eligible enter the high school." This it would seem was evidence to the average citizen that the high school was unnecessary. However that may be, it is a fact that there is not sufficient room in our present high-school building for one-half of the young men and young women who apply for admission.

But the people have spoken and their verdict is law.

Of the innocence of Dreyfus there can be no earthly doubt. But of his acquittal there are more than misgivings. Because, for once in French history since the days of Napoleon Bonapart the army and the people are in tremendous sympathy. The best man France has had as chief magistrate may be of service to Dreyfus should his case of innocence be clearly made out, for Loubet has the confidence of the people more than any man since Thiers, and Thiers resigned in a fit of temper hoping that the Versailles Assembly would refuse to accept his resignation, which said Assembly did not do. McMahon, who had the army more than the people with him, failed to round out his presidential term rather than be stood on his head too often by the fiery Gambetta. Grevy was in hot water with the Chamber of Deputies much of his term and was forced out of the Elysee in due time. Darnot, the grandson of the distinguished Napoleonic general of that name, got along very well for a time, although not in great favor with the men who wear blouses, and he was at last assassinated. The nemesis of Casimir-Perier attended Carnot's successor so closely that the latter was forced to resign in a few months after his becoming President of the Third French Republic. Then came Faure, a victim of *la folie des grandeurs* (or, in a colloquialism of the day, "big head"), and it and apoplexy killed him in short metre. But this man Faure lived long enough to foster the movement against Dreyfus by the General Staff and the anti-Hebrew agitation. Beneath all this Dreyfus excitement there is an anti-republic sympathy at work and a co-operation of the Monarchists, the Bonapartists, the Headquarters Staff and the anti-Semites. There isn't a general of division or many brigadiers in the French army this minute that are loyal to the Republic, and in case of the acquittal of Dreyfus they may turn their army against their Republic; and the dear peeps, who are republican by heart, and who have been used as a cat's paw by the Headquarters Staff, will be used to fill military prisons and graveyards as rewards. It does not look as if Dreyfus would be acquitted.

What Will Be Dreyfus' Fate?

Down the Line

W. A. SPALDING, editor of the Herald, has produced a poem in memoriam of his son, Hamilton Ward Spalding, which is a notable production. It breathes throughout a father's agony, but it is also permeated with the calm philosophy of the unasserting yet ever confident thinker, who rests serenely on the center fact that a beneficent creator watches and wards us all. The poem is printed for private circulation among his friends by Mr. Spalding, and so has not been brought to general attention, as it should be. While it was written to relieve a surcharged heart, it is so noble that it should belong to the world. A few excerpts will indicate its trend and its power:

A Very Notable In Memoriam

O Azrael, saw thou not a youth
Passing this way and faring o'er the hills
Toward the land of shadows and the Night?
Alone he hastened forth, as one that bears
From Love a precious message and a gift.
And he is tall and strong, and in his face
Beams the clear light of hope and loyalty.
Saw thou not the youth, O Azrael?
He is my son, and he hath gone afar.
Then said the angel, Death: . . .
. . . . . .
Unquestioned; unafraid he journeyed forth
To seek the vast Unknown. I spake him fair,
And with him walked beyond the shadowy hills,
And gave commission to the Aiden land.
O Azrael, my son is young and fair;
. . . . . .
What need for such a messenger hads't thou
And such a gift? . . . . . .
. . . . . O Azrael,
Thou hast so many, yet hath taken mine.
Then said the Angel, Death: Be comforted;
The young, the beautiful, the pure have gone
Upon this journey and must ever go.
If, since the dawn of time 'tis ordered thus,
Dodst thou not see 'tis ordered well? . . .
. . . . . .
O Azrael, he was but Nature's child;
Life came, he knew not whence, he asked not way,
But, with the steadfast faith of innocence,
He lived it well and aye was just and true.
Unawed, unhampered by the primal curse,
Or by vicarious sin or sacrifice,
He sought not creed nor craft to know the will
Of his creator. When the summons came
He yielded up the sacred trust imposed
And, smiling, went his way. Is there for him
A place within the Aiden land? . . .
. . . . . .
Then said the Angel, Death: Dismiss thy fears:
He that doth note the sparrow's fall and holds,
Within the hollow of His hand the fate
Of all created things, is just and good.
'Tis not for man to fathom all His ways,
But be thou satisfied; the end is peace.
That line,
". . . O Azreal
Thou hast so many, yet hath taken mine,"

has been the cry of human heart, from the ages past, when the first child's final breath passed.

"Oh, yes! Of course I had a good time," said R. H. H. Chapman of the Herald as he entered the local room on Monday, after a fortnight's vacation. "Perfectly grand time," and he gently caressed his nose (he has considerable), from which the sun had carefully burned all the skin. "Nothing but pleasure for two weeks, you know," he continued, and he put a big piece of sticking plaster on a lump on the back of his head where a derelict golf ball had made a deep impression. "Never enjoyed myself so much in my life," he added as he tottered to his desk, for his feet were all bunged up from walking the links. "Ouch," he muttered, as he reached for a pencil, "Oh! that's nothing, I sprained my shoulder at Catalina while pulling in a good tuna; its nothing; the doctor says I will get over it in a few months. Had a glorious time, though. By the way, I must get an air cushion for this chair; you see, I fell off my wheel at Santa Monica, and—say be careful, don't get too close to my leg; ran a fish hook in it at Redondo; it will heal up in a couple of weeks, I guess. Nothing like a vacation to make you feel all right. Good gracious, what are you doing? you stepped on my foot then, just where a stingaree stung me at Terminal. Yes, I'm ready to go to work with a vim. Say, Rossi, go out and get me some liniment, a package of plasters, some sunburn salve, and a bottle of arnica, and tell the doctor that I will call at his office in half an hour. Glorious time! Feel elegant."

Had a Lovely Time

Harry Hawgood, the engineer who did so much toward winning the San Pedro harbor fight, is back from a trip from the east. "Had a good time?" "Of course," he said to me yesterday. "Yes, I was in Washington and did not you notice? Have not the papers written it up? What am I talking about? Why are you all numbskulls out here? Gracious heavens! and after what I did, you tell me that no one has paid any attention to it; that Wiggins has not called a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce to adopt some resolutions? Why, man alive, don't you know that as soon as Alger heard that I was in Washington he at once resigned?"

Harry Hawgood Back from the East

They tell sad stories about Cal Bryne down at Santa Monica, where he is honeymooning. Cal has never been known to have any bad habits, and the community is much stirred about a discovery of a downward tendency that he has developed of late, being nothing less than chewing pepsin gum. He has become so hardened that some of his friends assert that he does it in public now. His close friend and attorney, John W. Mitchell, is trying to reform him by inducing him to take a course of mint juleps.

Can this be Fact?

Those who were fortunate enough to be in Sacramento during the last session of the legislature noted the appearance in the capital city of a sedate and thoughtful gentleman of distinguished mein and courteous, though reserved, manner, who mingled quite freely with the greatness assembled there and graced every notable occasion with his presence. Daily he stalked along the tesselated floors of the capital arm in arm with savants of the press and statesmen of renown, or hobnobbed in public places with the nobles. Nightly he lounged in elegant ease amid the sumptuous upholstery of the city's grandest caravansary, flung his stately image into its polished mirrors, and at frequent intervals thrust his incomparable trousers beneath its manificent mahogany, and partook of its choicest viands.

Guy at the Capital

Soon after his appearance it became universally known that this princely person of abundant and elegant ease was none other than Mr. Guy Barham, of this and other places, and many a man there was who, though Bradstreet or Dun might not rate him very high, would willingly, aye gladly, have separated himself from as many as four dollars—of most anybody's money—to have been able to state, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that he knew what quest brought Mr. Guy Barham here.

But no man among them was able to so state. The secret remained a secret to the end. He came, he saw, he concurred—and Sacramento still wonders what struck it.

Now the secret is out, and the time has come when the public shall be told about it. The sole object of Mr. Barham's stay in Sacramento was to act as an antidote for Governor Gage. The people of Southern California know that Henry Gage is one of the best-hearted, one of the brainest, one of the grandest men that the "cow counties" ever turned out, but they also appreciate the fact that he lacks elegance, that he lacks gentility, that he lacks polish; in fact that he is a diamond in the rough.

"HE FREQUENTLY LAPSED INTO INTENSELY THOUGHTFUL MOODS"

So the people of Southern California held a secret meeting, behind closed doors, and discussed the issues, calmly and dispassionately Some proposed sending for copies of "Hints on How to Behave in Public," or "Ready Rules for Rough People," but those who knew Henry best declared that it would be useless to do that, that he would not study them, no matter what.

"The Governor will go up to Sacramento with those South-of-Tehachepi boots on, and

those ballon-ascension pants, and the parachute hat, and deep-sea necktie, and everybody that sees him will get a wrong impression of us altogether!" exclaimed one excited individual named Mitchell.

"That's just it," said the next speaker, whose name was Dunn, or something like that. Strangers will think we are a colony of ex-river steamer deck hands, down here. It won't do, at all."

So it was finally decided that the only thing to do was to send Mr. Barham to Sacramento, with instructions to counteract the Governor, as it were. Mr. Barham refused to accept pay for his services, and entered upon his new duties with a light heart, a steady nerve and a clear conscience.

But the good people of Sacramento did not know how to place him. The gentleman from Siskiyou, for instance, having been introduced to Mr. Barham, bats his eyes, which are naturally a little weak, and cannot stand a great deal of splendor, strokes his greenish-brown whiskers, and, as Mr. Barham saunters away, says: "By gum! Ruther nice-lookin' feller? Come from th' South, eh? What deestrict d's he represent?"

"Well, no district, particularly," replies the other fellow, "he sort of represents the whole southern part of the State.

"Aw—y-e-s; I s-e-e," murmurs the gentleman from Siskiyou, and he winks knowingly at the other, and mentally resolves to cultivate Mr. Barham's acquaintance. "Thank ye for puttin' me next," he says, aloud.

After the session is older the gentleman from Siskiyou is heard thinking to himself as follows: "Dum nice young feller, that Barham. I reckon th' southern part of th' State's full of them tony young fellers. By gum, though, I'd like to know what he was up here for. I never run agin no such proposition before, an' I been here three sessions, now."

So it was with the gentleman from Toulumne, and the gentleman from Alpine, and the gentleman from Sierra, and they never found out, either. Mr. Barham did his work cleverly, and Southern California did not suffer in her reputation.

The position, however, was a trying one for Mr. Barham. Though he is naturally of a light and airy disposition, before the session was over it was observed that he frequently relapsed into intensely thoughtful moods. At such times he would stand for hours, gazing vacantly into space, with a look of deep concern upon his strangely handsome face, failing to recognize even his closest friends and shutting himself off entirely from intercourse with his old companions.

It was during one of these periods of semi-coma that the artist found him, and secured the remarkable likeness that adorns this page. Mr. Barham was caught in the very act of thinking, and is thus depicted.

The picture has been kept from the public until now in the hope that Time, with her deft but unseen hand, might soften the lines, and perhaps, in some measure, efface the traces of care stamped upon the lofty brow and about the placid mouth. But it seems that Time is laboring under the impression that Mr. Barham is still thinking, though the labor of his life is done, and so has neglected to attend to the matter.

If you look closely at the picture you may almost see him think, though many months have passed and gone since last he thunk. But you can only guess what his thoughts may be.

Each yearly, paid up subscriber is entitled to three guesses. The subscriber guessing nearest to the correct solution of the problem will receive one nice, smooth, green and striped watermelon, free. If more than one correct answer is received the melon will be equally divided among those sending in the correct answers.

Prof. Lowe's New Work

A stalwart figure, one that would arrest the eye of the most unobserving, is that of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, whose name will long live as the builder of the world-famous Mt. Lowe railway. Prof. Lowe is not a man that one meets on the high ways and byways and he is not as familiarly known as a man of his prominence generally is; he prefers his study, where the completion of one big enterprise always finds him deep in the details of another project. Just now Prof. Lowe is promoting several gas companies in connection with a new process of gas production controlled by the American Gas and Coke Company, of which he is president. The main feature of the new method is the economic extraction of gas from coal, which transforms the coal into coke of a greater efficiency than the original fuel. So advantageous is the manipulation that, when suitable plants are established, the Professor avers, railroad companies will be glad to haul their coal to the works and actually pay for the treatment, which would practically mean the making of gas for nothing. Professor Lowe is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the new power. With the present progress in the building of immense gas engines, some exceeding a thousand horse power being now under construction, he foresees the future production of electrical energy. Then Professor Lowe's busy brain has not overlooked the poor man, and it is with pleasurable anticipation that he describes the scene of the head of a house dropping a nickel in the slot of a gas meter, which will faithfully measure out an abundant supply wherewith to cook three meals besides the necessary light for the evening.

PROF. T. S. C. LOWE

Truly these are rosy views into the future, but the intimate friends of the Professor point with pride to the fact that from his daring balooning during the Civil War and a number of mammoth enterprises in the east to his brilliant achievements on the Sierra Madre mountains, he has never known failure, and it is the stupefying prospectives of such men that in after years are referred to as prophesies. Personally Professor Lowe is a man whom it is a delight to meet. His calm, pleasant demeanor makes him most comfortably approachable, while his sense of humor at once removes the reserve that one naturally expects in a man of genius.

The parson—"I heah de angels done fotcht yo anudder baby brudder?" Little pickaniny—"Yaas, but it jest seems lak dem angels picks us out de blackest babies up dere!"—

About the House

The Finical Feeder

THE foundation of the habit is almost invariably laid in childhood. "Tom cannot abide roast mutton," says the mother, with an intonation which fastens the idea in Tom's small mind that the disinclination, once or twice expressed, perhaps when he had eaten too many surreptitious sweets, in some way confers importance upon him. The next time roast mutton is the piece de resistance of the family dinner he refuses it yet more pointedly and sulks until a tid-bit he can "abide" is laid upon his plate.

The whim grows by what it does not feed upon. One after another article of food is added to the list of the proscribed, and Tom grows into youth and manhood "a finical feeder." Wherever he is met with and at whatever age, he is a terror to the hospitable, an abomination in the sight of the boarding house keeper, and a smoke in the nostrils of sensible, commonplace people who have found other roads to distinction than the display of gastronomic likes and dislikes.

The Secret of the Frappe Glasses

When a woman cannot afford the services of a professional caterer the question of a new dessert for her "little dinner" is often a whole problem in itself. It must be sweet enough, but not too heavy. Sweet enough, but refreshing at the same time. Delicious to the palate and alluring to the eye. No wonder that she racks her brains sometimes to hit upon a dainty that will fit the occasion.

A few evenings since, at a whist party on Westlake avenue, the hostess offered us one of the successful desserts of the season.

It was served with frappe glasses, the top of the glass frothing over with whipped cream. Peeping down below the cream one discovered an ambrosial preparation of frozen fruit. It seemed to me that the flavor of every fruit of tree and vine could be dipped up in that one little glass. Cold, but not too cold; sweet but not cloying.

The women of the dinner party could not help remarking how pretty it was when it came to the table and how refreshing when it reached the lips. Afterwards I interviewed the hostess who said the refreshment was home made.

"It was not hard to do," she said. With a little thought anyone could accomplish it. Choose several fruits—say a pineapple, an orange, strawberries or Logan berries, a peach. These are carefully cleaned and prepared. They are then cut into very small pieces, dice or shreds, and mixed all together. Sweetened water is poured over the whole and the mass frozen to frappe consistency. As the ice is fitted into each individual glass a spoonful of whipped cream is dashed over it, after which it must be served very promptly.

Dorothy—"Mamma, if I should die, would I go to heaven?" Mamma—"Why, yes, darling; of course you would." Dorothy—"And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too?" Mamma—"I hope so, dear." Dorothy—"I hope so, too, because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother is in hell."—Life.

Mother—"You have been a very naughty boy, Jack, and I must punish you." Jack (who has been to the dentist recently)—"Oh! ma, can't you give me gas?"—Alley Sloper.

Music and Art

THREE AMERICAN SONGBIRDS

MASSANET is to compose music for Miss Yaw's high notes. This is a distinction that falls to the lot of few American women.

Massanet is one of the foremost composers of the world. But Miss Yaw is one of the world's phenomenal singers. Her range of voice is alike famous and marvelous.

There are three phenomenal American women in the world of song today. They have attained special prominence by reason of the remarkable range of their voices, says the New York Journal. They are: Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, Mme. Hinrichs and Sibyl Sanderson. Here are three notable women differing in character and method of singing as much as possible.

The human voice in song has for ages made the world stand still and listen, and when Miss Ellen Beach Yaw glides up to the top notes of her marvelous compass the world not only stops and listens but holds its breath in astonishment. There can be no doubt that she possesses a marvelous voice in many respects. Quite rightfully she has been called "the California Lark." Her life has been spent out among the birds and flowers, close to "nature's heart," and she is like a shy creature of the woods.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to compare her voice with Sibyl Sanderson's, whose maturity makes her an impossible rival, or with Mme. Hinrichs, whose voice is so different in quality and tone. London usually knows, and London says that Miss Yaw can sing a little above three octaves, and that her low notes are mellow and her high notes clear and sweet but thin. Well, naturally. Think of singing our F sharp altissimo with perfect ease! That note is clear as a bell, and the chromatic descent is accomplished with perfect ease. Of course this is a phenomenal range, and when, as some critics assert, the young prima donna is supposed to sing four full octaves, the sage old musician shakes his head and shuts his eyes in disbelief. If Miss Yaw can sing above three octaves she is a marvel. Even Jenny Lind could not do that, and Patti is simply "out of it" unless she "kicked" for one of those seldom heard notes.

But Miss Yaw is not alone in her well-deserved glory, for there is Mme. Heinrich, whose voice equals Miss Yaw's in range but differs in compass. While Miss Yaw's top notes are sweet and piping like those of a bird, and her low notes are surprisingly soft and mellow, this other woman, now taking the European world of music by storm, begins her scale away down in the baritone region and soars up, up, up, until she stops four or five notes below Miss Yaw.

It is the same wonderful compass but a different voice. A slight difference in years, too, adds dignity and feeling to this second singer. A wise musician has said: "You cannot sing until you suffer," and experience teaches us this fact. To compare these voices is impossible. Miss Yaw is very young, cold and without magnetism; Mme. Hinrichs is likewise young, but, with her deeper voice, more passionate and alluring.

This woman was Miss Kate Fleming. She married Otto Hinrichs, an orchestra leader, after singing in his opera company for some time. She is now in California, after a successful European tour.

Her voice is so deep as to startle the listeners, and her high notes are wonderfully full and sweet. Many prefer her warm, ardent style of singing to Miss Yaw's colder manner. Their respective ranges are equal.

See what a length of scale these two voices cover: Beginning at the C below the middle C we have a complete and brilliantly executed scale up to that wonderful F altisimo, to which we must accord Miss Yaw the palm. Surely such voices as these are seldom, if ever, heard. Madame Hinrichs begins in the realms of the bassos or baritones, and Miss Yaw finishes up among the clouds, where the birds are!

Sibyl Sanderson is the "happy medium." Her range is from the middle C to the common high C, but she has struck, for Massenet's opera, "Esclarmonde," the F natural above. In earlier days these exceptional notes were lovely. Every one knows her romantic and checkered history, and how her witching voice brought the hearts of the royal to her feet.

MISS ELOISE LEMON
Violinist of California Ladies' Quartette, direction of Madame Crawford

The Czar, the unfortunate Prince of Belgium, lords, earls, counts, and last of all, Antonio Terry, the multi-millionaire (whose sudden death and lavishly-spent millions left her again desolate); all these she fascinated by her voice and beauty. Years have dealt kindly with Sibyl Sanderson, and her voice and smile are as bewitching as ever, though there are minor notes in her songs of late which tell of chords still throbbing with pain.

Her voice was never remarkable for compass, but it holds its place to-day because of its sympathy and purity of tone, which the French call "timbre." It is not everything to sing low and exceedingly high, but it is, perhaps more, to sing the medium notes with that full, sonorous roundness that feels its way into our very hearts. Sibyl Sanderson has no marvelous voice, but neither is it ordinary; it is simply a beautiful, flute-like organ, throbbing along the notes in melody that holds many a throng breathless. These two newer singers may score many a triumph, and the low and the high notes hold listeners breathless, but the maturer artiste has no need to falter, for her laurel wreath will not soon be taken away.

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In the Gay Life

FORTUNATELY, summering is not a joy forever. In fact, if the truth were told the days of rest are the hardest of the year. Every laborer is worthy of his hire, even if he does not always get it, but the poor society mortal is not always repaid for his toil, and if given a choice might almost as leave exchange places once in a while with that fortunate individual who earns his salt by the sweat of his brow.

Now what compensation is there at the seashore for tearing through miles of sand, never meeting any one you know, and never seeing —to quote a remark—a soul in bathing. What a plain soul would be expected to look like in bathing has not been revealed.

All of which preamble is but leading up to a question put by a gentleman here in town recently: "Where are the people who go down to Santa Monica and what do they go for? One never sees them, and do they ever go into the water?

Answer, anybody who can.

This chronicler has not seen even a bathing suit worth chronicling, and concludes bathing has gone out of fashion—at Santa Monica, at least.

However, this place of such deprivation has been otherwise employed by society the past weeks, and is at present turning its attention altogether, one might say, in the direction of that engagement just celebrated of Mr. Woodward with Miss Margaret Winston. A betrothal supper, given on Friday in one of the dining halls of the Arcadia, by the fiancee, was very swell, indeed. There were about thirty guests, a very "picked"—if one may be pardoned the word—number from the first society belonging to Los Angeles and Southern California. Miss Winston is bearing her congratulations with that nonchalant ease which is said to be purely an outcome of centuries of good breeding, and which this young lady always carries out to perfection. The fiancee's sister, it is said, and the young gentleman from Syracuse—but this is not for publication.

Various friends of the betrothed have tendered their approbation, as well as good wishes, in sundry entertainments, such as dinners, etc.—and the end is not yet.

Among other entertainments taking place at Santa Monica within the past seven days were notably those given by Mrs. Otheman Stevens, Mrs. J. E. Plater and Mrs. J. C. Drake.

Mrs. C. C. Carpenter is adding to her reputation as one of the first hostesses in society, in various smart affairs at Redondo this summer. A large card party was her mode of entertaining a number of her friends one day last week.

Mr. R. W. Ozmun, cashier of one of the banks of Los Angeles, has just caused a little sensation in pleasure loving Catalina in the purchase of that famous little yacht of Captain Burnham's, the San Diego. There are quite a number of society's votaries who have the most charming recollections of some happy days spent in that noted little craft, and it may safely be predicted by one who knows the new owner that there are just as felicitous days to come. It is hardly likely that the San Diego will, however, figure publicly until next season, for the Ozmuns have been in mourning lately through the death of Mr. Ozmun's father, Mr. A. M. Ozmun, whose demise some months ago was a genuine loss to Los Angeles.

Mrs. John F. Jones of Portland Square gave a children's party on Wednesday for her small daughter, Miss Margaret, who reached the happy age of seven on that day.

Winthrop Blackstone sailed last week for a four months' trip to Japan and China. He went by the steamship Thyra.

W. H. Workman and family are at Santa Monica to remain the balance of the season.

Miss Elsie Scudder the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Scudder of Edwardsport, Ind , who has been visiting Mrs. George Rice of this city and friends in Pasadena, leaves this week for home, much to the regret of the many warm friends she has made during her brief visit of this summer.

MISCELLANEOUS

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National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THIS has been a week of great rejoicing in San Francisco. The transport Sherman arrived Wednesday afternoon with the First California Volunteer Infantry and the California Heavy Artillery, and the troops landed Thursday 'midst such a reception as never occurred before on the Pacific coast. It has been just fifteen months since this regiment sailed for the Philippines on the transport City of Pekin, and it has done its duty nobly. During its absence the regiment lost only thirty-eight men, Captain Richeter and ten men being killed in action, one man being missing and twenty-seven dying from the the effects of disease. Eighty-seven men took their discharges in Manila for the purpose of remaining in the country, while thirty more who were discharged re-enlisted in the volunteer service there. Nine sick men were left behind. San Francisco has not only treated her own troops royally, but all other volunteers who have passed through or been quartered there, and the volunteers of the Eighth Army Corps will always have a feeling of gratitude towards the hospitable citizens of the Bay City.

Company F last Monday evening presented a handsome sword to Lieutenant Louis S. Chappelear, who is now in the United States volunteer service. The trophy was presented in the name of the company by Brigadier-General C. F. A. Last, and is a beautiful piece of workmanship. It had engraved upon it "To Lieut. Chappelear from his friends in Co. F." Lieut. Chappelear accepted the sword with a few well-chosen remarks. It is probable that he will be ordered to Vancouver Barracks in a few days, as his regiment is now ready for duty.

Lieut. Arthur F. Halpin received a telegram, Wednesday, notifying him of his appointment as captain in the Thirty fifty Volunteer Infantry. Lieut. Halpin is well known in National Guard circles in Southern California, and has spent the greater part of his life as a commisioned officer in the armies and navies of Great Britain and the United States. He served as a lieutenant in the British navy and as an officer during the Soudan campaign. Since coming to America he has served as a captain and major in the Seventh Regiment N. G. C., and as a lieutenant in the Seventh California Volunteer Infantry. His appointment is a good one and we wish him success.

Last week equipments were received by all of the companies of the Seventh Regiment. The regiment is now more thoroughly equipped than it has ever been before. The recent issue consisted of haversacks, canteens, meat cans, shelter tents, leggings, and ammunition for target practice. When the uniforms arrive the guard will be ready for active service once more. The percentage of attendance at drills throughout the regiment is very satisfactory for this time of year.

Company A's baseball team now claims to be invincible. Three weeks ago they defeated a team from the Signal Corps with a score of 25 to 5, and last Sunday they played the Redondo Beach team, whom they defeated with a score of 14 to 2. This was a big surprise to both teams, as the Redondo boys have a reputation of being a crackajack nine. Manager Sergeant Clark of "A" announces that his team is willing and anxious to meet any team of its class in Southern California.

Company C held an election for first and second lieutenants last Wednesday evening, which resulted in the unanimous election of Commissary Sergeant Ray Follmer for first and no selection for second lieutenant. Sergt. Follmer served with the Seventh Volunteers as sergeant-major, and is considered one of the most efficient non-commissioned officers in the regiment. His selection is a good one and will tend greatly towards building up Company C. There was no eligible candidate for the position of second lieutenant and the company decided to leave the position vacant for a month or two, or until a good man could be found.

Last Wednesday evening Company D of Pomona elected Color Sergeant Alba M. Hurtt to the position of second lieutenant. The election was conducted by Major D. R. Weller of the second battalion.

Private Lawrence D. Taylor of Company H, Third Illinois Volunteer Infantry, who died in this city on Tuesday, was buried Thursday afternoon with military honors, under the auspices of the Red Cross. Major D. R. Weller furnished an escort, the Grand Army Drum Corps marched, and the ladies of the G. A. R. gave their flag burial service. Rev. Will A. Knighten delivered the sermon.

A few years ago the logs in a certain river in a northwestern lumber district had jammed into a nasty snarl, and no one hankered for the job of going out with a cantdog and starting the key-log. In the crew was an Indian who was noted for his coolness and his keenness. The boss finally looked over in his direction. "Lacoote," he said, "you go out and break that jam, and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper." The redskin looked at the logs and then at the boss. "Dead Injun look nice on paper," he grunted, and walked away.

"Did you ever follow your wife's advice?" "Occasionally. But it usually follows me."

The Man With the Spade

WRITTEN BY A "RED-MAN-OF THE FOREST."

There are many things "writ" that should never be "wrote,"
There are tales that should never be told,
These are mostly made up, of what never took place,
Such as hob-goblin stories of old;
But the time has gone by for such blood curdling mirth,
—With its legends of grim-visaged lore;
So you'll please forget this, just as soon as I'm through
If I "get there,"—that is, ere you snore.

There are many strange things in this toilsome world,
With its "whiz" and its "wher" and its "wheel;"
Where the "Angel" of peace weds the Hero of war—
While his "steed" is—an automobile;
But afar, far from these scenes of turmoil,
There are mountains and hills and wide plains,
There are places, for instance - like Los Angeles
Where the weather is dry when it rains.

There are ships on the seas where the thunder clouds coil—
And the Albatross fans the night breeze;
There are deep tangled wilds on this far western shore;
There are birds and wild flowers and bees;
There are deep-ladened cliffs where the mound builder sleeps
'Neath the shade of the gray mountain side,
And the sun-flower leans to'ard the lingering west,
Where the broken sky blends with the tide.

Once I strolled to the crest of this wide gapeing cliff,
Where it yawns o'er the sleepy sea side,
And beheld a large ship with its fluttering wings,
As she reeled on the staggering tide;
Then we sat down to rest near the crypt of poor "Lo,"
Still embalmed in his "sky" of grey fog;
And "he lay like a warrior taking his rest,"
With his "untutored" "whose"—but no "dog."

"What's a ship," said my friend (as she plucked a wild fern,
Where the moss on the rocks had grown grey,)
"Can it hear the sad songs of the mermaids that sing
On the rocks, through the dashing white spray?
Can she feel the caress when they waft her a kiss'
As she trips o'er the blue crested wave?
Does she 'rest' when she 'sleeps' in the slumbering seas,
Do the coral wreathes twine 'round her grave?"

"Has she pilots on board from beyond the blue vales
Who can unfold their pinions and fly?
Can she 'rise' from her 'sleep' in the fathomless deep—
Are their 'mansions' waiting 'on high?'
Can she guide the whirlwind when she rides on the storm,
Can she hear the dread thunder clouds roar?
Does she tremble with fear when the red lightnings flash,
And the wild billows break on the shore?"

As we spoke a loud thunder-clap fell through the sky
—And a seagull chippered in the bay—
And the black waters moaned, and the sad mermaids wailed,
—And a white little moth flew away.
Then a sudden light gleamed on the seething sea foam,
Like a shaft from the regions of woe,
And the vessel went down in its cargo of death
To'ard the weltering shadows below.

It grew dark and a misty veil hung from the sky
Like a pall o'er the grief striken tide,
And a strange echo soared o'er the wandering hills
To'ard the place that has no other side;

"Where's the ship," said my friend, "there is nothing there now
But a wide open space on the stream,
For the ship has now flown like a phantom at night
From the mist of a vanishing dream."

"Well, a ship is a 'space,'" I replied. "My dear friend,
When the ship ie not there—if you please—
And a 'space' is a thing that is no-thing at all,
And goes roaming 'round over the seas;
It's a ship when in view on the turbulent tides,
—Often-times without rudder or sail,
And they all drift away to'ard the whence nevermore
On the wings of the winds and the gale.

"All the past was a ship when the ages rolled by;
There is now but a lingering light
On the cold, icy wave of that shadowy stream—
Where the ship has gone by in the night;
It has gone to that 'bourne whence no traveler returns'
And the dark rumbling ages now lie;
It has now gone like the mist from a shadowless dream,
And there's nothing now left but the sky."

Then the storm clouds awoke, and the unfettered gale,
Hurled the billows all over the seas,—
While the startled waves leaped to'ard the beckoning skies
As they whirled in the winding sea-breeze.
It grew calm after while and we talked of that "bourne,"
And I said: "My dear friend, when we die,
We go down like that ship to the fathomless deep,
And there's nothing then left but a sigh."

"Here's a ghost!" said my friend with a wild sudden shriek,—
And a faded leaf fell to the ground,
Where the Sequoia stood like a monarch of the wood,
While the grey shadows slept on the mound;
Then the lurid green smoke from a phosphoric flame
Seemed to rise like the mist from the dew—
There were spectres in white, there were spectres in grey,
There were goblins—red, yellow and blue.

There were Indian tribes from the land of Shu-Shu,
Where the white heron soars on the breeze;
There were gleams on the rocks where the white coral clings
To the ships that "sleep" under the seas.
There were Piutes and Mohawks, Winnebagos and Sioux,
Peg-leg Smith and Kit Carson's grey mule—
There were other X-rays from the land of Hoo-doo
In the valleys of Ultima thule.

Then the war-song began with its High-igh-yah-hi—
And the blazing red tommahawks flew,
And the warriors waltzed with the shadows of death—
To the tune of hi-igh-yah-hi-hi-ugh!
When the goddess of night with her silvery shield
Crept away from the shadows below—
And a skeleton form with a long handled scythe
Stood aghast! like a man with a hoe.

Such is life my dear friend, in this wearisome world,
It all leads to the brown willow shade,
Where you'll find a toll-gate which you cannot pass by
And just there stands the man with the spade;
And the man who speaks last is the man who say least,
And the reaper who reaps the corn blade,
Must succumb to the man who turns over the sod
And then gives it a thump with the spade.

HOW MR. CASEY GOT RID OF HIS WIFE'S FRENCH MAID

"YOU were intoxicated last night when you returned from the club," said Mrs. Casey to her husband, in cold-storage tones, as the third home-made Manhattan was graduating the pull at the roots of his hair.

"I was more than intoxicated, Mrs. Casey. I was mad. I left this once happy home with a load on my mind——"

"And you came back, Mr. Casey, with a much bigger load than you took away, and you slammed the door so hard that all the neighbors knew you had been laboring under some great disturbance of mind, and that you had again been sidetracked by dallying too freely with your own embalming fluid."

"What's that?"

"You seemed to be more or less bouleverse, dear."

"Bully varsay! Now, Mrs. Casey, what kind of a complaint is that? How dare you refer to my Jesse Moore's Best as embalming fluid?"

"I am afraid you are flambe."

"What's that?"

"You were a sight last night, Mr. Casey. You were just saturated when you were brought home——"

"Was I really brought home, Margaret?"

"There! I knew you didn't know how or when you got here. Yes, you were brought home, in a dismal looking herdic, and there were footprints of a high old symposium all over your garments. You were hors du combat!"

"Was I horseducombar, too, dear? Well that was awful. I guess I must have been hitting Chapman's Wine of the Peerage too often. And so I was flambay and horseducombar. Well, well, well."

"It's nothing of the kind. It is everything but well, well, well."

"And so I was flambay and horse——"

"An ass, you mean. I have never seen a horse drunk."

"That's the best thing you've said this morning. That word drunk is a good Anglo-Saxon word; or English, or American. At any rate it aint French. I despise your French, Mrs. Casey, and your society humbuggery. Don't you know you are making an everlasting laughing stock of yourself? How dare you give yourself such foreign airs and talk so much about France and Switzerland when everybody knows by the cut of your nose that your ancestors are still inhabitants of Cork and Tipperary? You ought to be proud as the wife of Patrick Casey, who scorns society and the license tax and keeps his two bar rooms going Sundays as well as week days.

O, no; you want carriages and pictures and horses and dogs and rugs and statuary. You want to be a sort of Mrs. Vanderbilt on the half shell, don't you? And how many hundreds of thousands of fool women there are in this land, just like you, sacrificing everything for show and humbuggery. Tens of thousands of families that get set up a little go to the dogs every year because they must have cooks and maids and second girls—and then mortgages and illness, and, finally, sorrow and sometimes ruin. No wonder the men go off and get drunk. I have made up my mind to go on a regular old stem-winder that shall last a month—you hear me?"

"I should think I did hear you; and all the neighbors are stretching their ears to hear you. I hope they won't think we are rowing over expenses. I wouldn't have them think we couldn't afford to ——"

"Once I had a pleasant, sociable home, and a sensible, uncomplaining woman for a wife. Now I have neither—nyther! My house looks like a lot of overgrown auction rooms in disguise, and my wife is so beside herself with her objects of virchew and byjoutary that she don't know what end her head is on. You bet, I was intoxicated. Any body would get intoxicated under the circumstances. The idea of you calling me a flambay and a bully versay—with your byjoutary on the brain and your once happy home all stuck up with dados and other verchew. I may not yank the pronunciation of that last French word correctly. But no matter for that, my dear. Your French maid, with her measureless cheek, is more to blame for these second-hand chromos and copies of old masters, as you call them, and other daubs, than you are. Those old masters make me smile. And those water daubs, and your confounded bricker backs. They make me sick. They just make me tired, and I'm going to take a hand in this dado business, myself, and before we get through I'll make this sublime old roost of ours look like an insane asylum at large. What do you think of that?"

"I think you are quite impolitesse. But I cannot stop very long to think, as I must go to the Demirep Club and read a paper on Emerson."

"Well, I'll make you think I'm diabolically impollytess when you come home from that Emersonian racket. I'll go down town if I don't drop dead waiting for an electric car and I'll get a lot of second-hand soup plates and have them decorated with portraits of Mrs. Winslow cutting a pigeon wing on the head of a barrel of her double-distilled soothing syrup, and Mrs. Lydia Pinkham knocking down Chief Glass with a bottle of her everlasting vegetable compound. I'll also have a neat etching of that old master Holman putting on one of his own lymphatic liver pads; and another with that sorrowful-looking Ishmaelite with a gallon or two of his nasty St. Jacob's oil on his ponderous cheek. I'll—"

"You amaze me, Mr. Casey."

"I do, do I? Ha! ha! Mr. Casey amazes you, does he? Well, he'll amaze you more—! He intends to get a lot of comic pictures of Billy Boy and some silver senators and all the cartoons he can rake and scrape from the comic papers, and he'll have them framed and set up among your dear old masters, and then he'll invite his friends and neighbors in and see which selection pleases them most. And he'll have a few cigarette and axle-grease pictures stuck up against your dados, and scatter a few old bricker backs such as flat irons and roller pins and biscuit moulds and other implements of the lost arts among your byjoutary and objects of verchew and—you hear me, Mrs. Casey?"

"What? O, dear, what?"

"I' going to purchase a second-hand organ that will play the Watch on the Rhine an hour or so at a lick, and every time that chattering exile from Alsace comes into the parlor I'll set it to going and—"

But Mrs. Casey had left the apartment hurriedly, at this last inhuman threat, and the infuriated lesser half soon after departed to put said inhuman threat into execution.

B. C. T.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

IT IS no wonder the innkeepers and bonifaces of the big caravansaries along the coast wear expressions of extreme disgust when they survey their domains every morning through the drizzling mist of a fog. It has been discouraging for all the people who cater to the sun-baked crowds from the big city and interior towns, for the sun has refused to bake properly and the spectacle of men with overcoats and ladies with wraps starting for the beach is not at all unusual. According to the weather bureau man, whose duty it is to record in figure and symbols all the idiosynerasies of climate, we should have more sunshine in August than in any other month in the year —about eighty-three per cent of the total hours possible. But if the last week of the month continues as foggy as the first three the percentage will fall to about forty-five.

Nothwithstanding the comfortable weather in the interior during the week, Sunday always finds the railroads taxed to their limits to accommodate the beachers for the day, and it is evident that a good many are taking their vacations on the installment plan, one day at a time.

Catalina is probably the only resort that is having its full share of steady business, and as a matter of fact this August has been the biggest month since the Bannings first began to push the island as a popular summering place. The over-Sunday crowd has several times exceeded the capacity of the comforts provided and not a few have cheerfully accepted the soft side of a board in lieu of their customary downy couch.

Terminal Island is growing in popularity at a tremendous rate and the seventh day always brings a multitude of those who love its quiet waters and freedom from a reflected afternoon sun. Another season will see greatly increased attractions at this naturally attractive place, when it will make another long jump toward the lead.

SANTA MONICA

THE tennis tournament wound up last week in a veritable blaze of glory. Bevies of bewitching summer girls bowed at the shrine of the bronzed and sinewy victors in the gentlemen events, and dozens of the vanquished sons of the earth vied with their more tender brothers in doing homage to the bright eyed girls whose names are written in the champion columns of tournament records. Wherever there grouped half a dozen the buzz was of tennis; when the crowd was only three it was still of tennis; and when the crowd by chance or intention dwindled to a company—of two—the talk was still of tennis—presumably. You know two people make so little noise talking that it is unfair to jump at conclusions because the girl blushes; the young man might be merely be complimenting her sister's tennis.

The ball was a great success. It was a happy thought to have it at the casino for it removed so much of the stiff formality of a ball room. The association of 1899 will be long remembered as the best from many points of view. There was lots of fine tennis played and but few of the walk over matches that usually mark the first few days of a tourney. Then the cup holders and old champions,

SANTA MONICA

Hotel Arcadia SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA

The New Grill Room
The Dining Room
The Parlors
All Look Toward the Sea

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

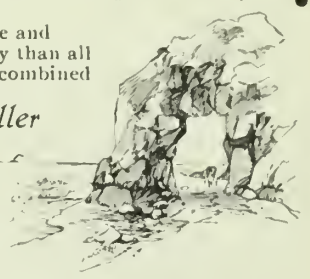
Such as you hear by ocean's side,
Where surges roll and wavelets glide,
Where air is pure and heart is free,
That's surely where I'd like to be.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does this seem to you?
—Eugene Field, adapted

Faster train service and more trains per day than all competing resorts combined

Frank A. Miller
Prop.



So. Cal. Polo Club 10th Annual Races Sept. 8 & 9, 1899

OCEAN PARK, SANTA MONICA

COMMITTEE—W. H. Young, I. H. Dudley, Wilbur Parker, J. B. Procter, M. G. Burmester, G. L. Waring.

Eight Running Races, distances from ¼ mile and repeat to 1 mile. Entries close Aug. 31st.

For particulars apply to
G. L. WARING, Santa Monica

Fine Fish Dinners

No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.

THE PAVILION

ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

The North Beach Bath House

Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house, and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience. We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

through necessity and in the interest of the younger players, defaulted their honors, thus giving the new players a clean field and encouragement to battle with might and main.

Monday evening the Miners and Drakes and others of their set had some "doings" at the hotel which some of "wcuns" who were not in it are just dying to find out about. Some say it was a cake walk and others that it was a kind of indoor football, but whatever it was the participants had a good time, for they are the kind of folks that expect to be a long time dead and cultivate the habit of enjoying themselves.

The North Beach bath house was given over to a Catholic fair Tuesday evening, the affair to last until tonight. Ex-Mayor Billy Workman pushed the button with his own experienced hand. (The button was to open the entertainment). The admission is free to the fair, but it costs all one has on his person to get out if the bewitching girls and fascinating matrons get on one's track.

Stalls are being put up at Ocean Park where the polo races are to be run on the eighth and ninth of September. There are a few of the sports from B'lingum down already and more may come with their ponies before the first day of the races. By the way, "B'lingum" is the correct thing for Burlingame, the center of fashionable sport for the State.

Dr. W. G. Cochran has taken a cottage on Ocean avenue and with his family will probably stay through September.

Mrs. John E. Plater, who is spending the season at the Arcadia, entertained Mrs. O. W. Childs, Mrs. Nat F. Wilshire and Percy F. Schumacher at luncheon Tuesday.

Next Tuesday evening there will be a hop at the Casino, the guests to come at the bidding of Miss Bertha Crouch.

CORONADO

GOLF tournaments are the rage upon the beach. Members of the Coronado club are to have another malet today, the event of the week. The leaders in last week's tournament were Mrs. W. J. Cook and F. E. Godfrey. The prizes were golf sticks, dear to the heart of the devotee.

Miss Mary Healy entertained most delightfully, at the golf club, Saturday afternoon, in the neighborhood of fifty guests enjoying the luncheon during the afternoon, while others were supper guests at the club. The rooms were beautifully decorated with the red Eucalyptus blossoms and boughs. Music was furnished by the guitar and mandolin quartette of San Diego.

Wednesday afternoon and Saturday of each week are special "Tea" days at the golf club and members avail themselves of the pleasures of an afternoon among the congenial surroundings.

In the neighborhood of fifteen hundred visitors and picnickers from the vicinity of National City and Chula Vista spent Thursday at Coronado, enjoying what is termed "National City Day at the Beach." Fishing from the pier and in the surf were among the leading features of the day, and the results were exceedingly satisfactory. The handsome China perch and various surf fish, including croaker, abound just off the breast of the hotel and devotees to Walton's lines find exceeding pleasure and profit alike in their attention to the same.

Mrs. Mary Kirby of Coronado and Miss Kirby have returned from a six week's visit with Mrs. Dwight Whiting at Los Angeles.

Prof. T. S. C. Lowe and son S. C. Lowe of of Pasadena were visitors of the past week at Hotel del Coronado.

Prof. Potter of Rochester, N. Y., recently employed by Prof. Henry Ward, has accepted a position with Prof. Lowe at Pasadena.

Among Los Angelenos recently visiting at the hotel are: H. B. Rico, J. M. Beck, L. A. Phillips, N. B. Blackstone, H. W. Blackstone, C. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson, G. N. Luce.

Mrs. F. O. Johnson, Miss Rossenautt, Miss Hosper, Miss Knox and Capt. C. L. Hooper, of the famous revenue cutter McCulloch, all of Oakland, were noted among visitors of the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bagley of Los Angeles returned home Thursday after a six week's stay at the hotel, accompanied by their sons.

G. G. Luce, general agent of the Southern Pacific at Los Angeles, and G. F. Herr, also a Southern Pacific official, were noted among recent Coronado arrivals.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney and Miss Hope Cheney of Chicago spent Sunday at Hotel del Coronado, guests of Mrs. Aldace Walker and the Misses Walker of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chambers, family and maid, of Los Angeles, are sojourning at Coronado, arriving the first of the week.

Ex-Gov. Drake of Iowa, who is spending some time in California, was a recent visitor here.

H. J. Woollacott of Los Angeles spent the early part of the week with his family, who are visiting here.

The moonlight evenings of the past week have found the sea doing a big business in entertaining boating and yachting parties. Evening picnics on the beach have been exceedingly numerous. The sea is a mighty entertainer by day but by night, when moonlight sheds its beams, the great Pacific, that borders about this happy spot, becomes a magic realm, with romance and beauty swaying all.

TERMINAL ISLAND

"A SHIP in distress!" The cry sends one's blood cold to the heart. Involuntarily the fingers clench with an overwhelming feeling of helplessness, sending the nails into the soft, white palms—that is, nails that have not been pruned and hands that have come so recently as to be still white and soft.

Peering out across the starlit water Tuesday evening the hardy people of Terminal could see the dim outline of a vessel rolling and plunging in the ripples of the placid bay. But not a cry was heard. With baited breaths the silent watchers took some more bait and drowsily listened to the sounds of music and laughter that floated across the water from the disabled ship. Under some circumstances the breaking down of the gasoline engine of the J. C. Elliott would make people swear, but the Long Beach crowd who were thus set adrift on a summer sea say they had a barrel of fun and hope it will happen again.

Mrs. W. D. Woolwine has returned from San Diego bringing with her Mrs W. J. Hughes and Forrest Hughes, who will remain as her guests for a while.

Next Sunday a yacht race will be the attraction. Five of the fastest sloop yachts hereabouts will sail a twelve-mile course for a purse of thirty dollars, starting from near the end of the wharf at 12:30.

This Saturday evening the young folks will have a cotillion at the Gordon Arms, and it is expected a number will come down from the city for the event.

It is the time now when the early summerers begin to leave for their city homes, though their places are mostly filled by the late comers. Mrs. and Miss Kurtz and Mrs. Milner and daughter are among those who shook the sand from their shoes this week.

REDONDO

THE most important event of social interest at Redondo this week is the cotillion which will be given in the ball room of the hotel this Saturday evening by the young ladies of the hotel and some of the cottagers. Twenty-four couples will participate and the favors, which are extremely pretty and artistic, have been furnished by the young ladies dancing. Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. Wm. Pridham and Mrs. W. E. Dunn will assist at the favor tables.

Miss Bond of Toledo is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Off at Redondo Hotel.

Mr. C. F. Sprecher and Miss Blanche Sprecher of Los Angeles spent Sunday at the hotel and will be down this week for the cotillion.

Miss Grace G. Wotkyns of Pasadena has been the guest of Mrs. G. F. Granger at her cottage during the past week.

The guests at the hotel were entertained with seven-hand euchre Tuesday evening, tables being arranged for twenty-one guests.

Among Los Angeles people at the hotel this past week were Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark and children, Miss Cora Eshman, Mrs. J. B. Duke, Miss Woodson, Miss Lynch, Mrs.

A PANORAMA OF SAN DIEGO—WHICH SHOWS THAT THERE IS A SOMETHING THERE BESIDES BAY AND CLIMATE AND GRIEF

REDONDO

HOTEL REDONDO

ONLY THIRTY MINUTES FROM LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles' Most Fashionable Resort

Finest and most Commodious Hotel on the Pacific Coast.

Frequent Golf and Tennis Tournaments.

Splendid Surf or Warm Plunge Bathing. Expert swimming teachers.

Here you may get the Finest Fish Dinners in the Most Beautiful Dining Room in all California.

Transient Rates $2 50 to $4.
Special Weekly Rates

H. R. WARNER, Prop.

Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.
Time Card

In effect June 4, 1899.
Depot cor. Grand Avenue and Jefferson Streets

Trains leave Los Angeles for Redondo			
Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m
Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles			
Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5 45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m
returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

City Office 246 S. Spring St. Telephone Main 1031
L. J. PERRY, Superintendent

BUNDY'S
Elsinore Hot Springs Hotel and Baths

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Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn and Mrs. M. E. Winston are the latest Los Angeles arrivals for an extended stay at the hotel.

CATALINA

THERE is no question about the popularity of this little principality when people come in piratical boats nearly every week for the purpose of robbing us of a few cubic feet of our incomparable circumambient ozone. But our warriors assembled upon the beach and by brandishing their clubs and uttering their terrorizing war cries (not the ten-cents-a-copy kind, but real throaty, fighting whoops) successfully bluffed the invaders away.

The bright flashes of light from different peaks of the mountains lately are not diamonds as many suppose, but are caused by the heliographic work of the Signal Corps of the First Brigade N.G.C., who are perfecting themselves in signaling while enjoying an outing.

Crowds of people enjoyed watching the divers cleaning and repairing the bottom of the tug Wizard this week.

The aquarium is constantly receiving increases to its population and many are the curious things that live amicably together. Three or four big nasty-looking squids were put in this week, as well as a sea hare, which ejected a violet fluid, coloring all the water in the tank.

That bankers do rest sometimes is evident in the care-free way in which Warren Gillelen enjoys himself, fishing and boating. E. W. Coes is another Los Angeles financier who is here with his family for a few weeks.

Summer rates at Hotel del Coronado as low as $17.50 per week, and $22 includes round trip railroad fare, with bus and baggage from San Diego depot to and from the hotel. The cheapest summer outing one can take.

Fuller particulars can be obtained of H F. Norcross, Coronado agent, 200 South Spring street.

During a golf match between the Rev. Dr. Sterret and Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, at the Chevy Chase Golf Club near Washington, the doctor discovered his ball teed up in tempting style for a fine brassie shot. With the utmost deliberation he went through the preliminary "waggles," and with a supreme effort—missed the ball. For fully a minute he gazed at the tantalizing sphere without uttering a word. At length Justice Harlan remarked, solemnly: "Doctor, that was the most profane silence I ever listened to."

The late Duke of Beaufort was somewhat formidable in repartee. When Voltigeur, the French horse, won the Derby, a French nobleman came up to the Duke, who had bet heavily on the race, and, grasping his hand enthusiastically, said: "Ah, my dear Duke, Waterloo is at last avenged!" "Yes, my dear Count," was the reply, "the French also ran well at Waterloo."

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Hotel Rates $12.50 and up per week

SPECIAL

Guests remaining one week or longer will be allowed a rebate of their Mount Lowe Railway fare to Echo Mountain and return and a 50c round trip rate to Los Angeles, and 40c to Pasadena daily if desired.

Tickets and full information
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Traffic and Excursion Agent
214 South Spring St. - - Los Angeles Cal.
Tel. Main 960

Seen from the Fence

By E. A. Brininstool.

Hump Yourself an' Hustle

Hold yer head up in the air when yer luck's departed,
Keep a rigid upper lip—don't you never croak;
Face the world without a flinch till agin yer started,
Reckon 'tisn't any sin 'cuz a feller's broke;
Allers room fer nervy men—make a fresh beginnin',
Don't commence a-whinin' 'cuz you aint in the van;
Roll yer sleeves up an' sail in, bound ter make a winnin'—
Hump yerself an' hustle if you want ter be a man!

Never mind what other people say—jest keep on a-sawin',
Bound ter be an endin' soon ter the world's woodpile;
Don't give up an' sit around cussin' an' a-jawin',
Meet reverses as they come with a patient smile;
Never any night so dark but there comes the dawnin',
Rub yer drowsy eyes an' life's program keenly scan;
Don't lay back there at yer ease stretchin' an a-yawnin'—
Hump yerself an' hustle if you want ter be a man!

If folks say you ain't the man in the right position,
Don't you never git scared out by a paltry bluff;
Show 'em that yer bound ter have loyal recognition,
Let yer boss know that yer made out o' proper stuff.

If you knew some feller stood jest a simply achin'
Fer your job, an' schemin' ter work his little plan,
Bet you'd never falter at any undertakin'—
Hump yerself an' hustle if you want ter be a man!

If you fall it ain't no use fer to lay there howlin',
Chronic kickers ain't the chaps Fortune's lookin' fer;
She ain't got no use fer you if you're allers growlin',
Fortune only comes to men built o' character.
When you're down git up agin—bridge the chasm over,
In the race for Honor's prize lead the caravan;
Don't yer be a-laggin' 'long like a lazy rover,
Hump yerself an' hustle if you want ter be a man!

GOOD REASON FOR REJOICING

"Waal, yes," remarked an old farmer from Gospel Swamp on Spring street yesterday, "that ere 'arthquake did do me a leetle damage. Knocked the plasterin' off'n the parlor wall an' jiggled the chimney down ter the ground; besides scarin the ol' woman so she had the high strikes fer durn near two hour, but the Lord love ye! That war'n't a circumstance to the benefit I got outen the thing. Started the ol' well a flowin' so I'm gettin ten times the water I did afore. Nuthin' like a little shakin', arter all, ter get things a-movin'."

MATRIMONIAL EXPECTATIONS

"I see Bill is expected back from the Philippines on the next transport," said Farmer Corntassle to his neighbor.

"You bet; an' say; him an' 'Lindy Jinkins is goin' ter git spliced soon's he gits here. Bill he got a Mauser bullet through his liver an' is drawin' a pension of ten dollars a month an' 'lows he can start in by hisself now. I tried ter git him ter wait till arter fall plowin wuz over, an' sed I'd gin him the two mewls an' the buckboard so's him an' her could go honey moonin', but Bill's one o' these ere cantankerous fellers an' says he knows what he's a-doin', so I s'pose he'll have ter go ahead an' live an' l'arn. 'Lindy she's a-gittin a skeeter-bar dress made fer the weddin', an' has made a traw soe fer travelin', whatever that ere is. Yes, Bill's goin' ter get spliced all right 'nough."

AN UP-TO-DATE YOUTH

A small boy who attends Sunday school in a Los Angeles church gave a pretty bright answer last Sunday to a question which was put to him. He was asked why the saloons were closed on Sunday and replied, "So the drug stores kin have a whack at it."

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Out of the shadows and into the light,
Out of the darkness to where skies are bright,
Sunshine will smile at the ending of night,
Flooding the valleys with glory.

Out of the sorrows to paths full of light,
Out of the wrong for the true and the right,
Strength out of weakness we'll gain in the fight,
Righteousness conquers forever.

THE LETTER HE DIDN'T EXPECT

A young man living out on Pico street, who works in a down town store, met a young lady at a social recently on whom he became quite smitten, and one day last week wrote her an avowal of his love in words of burning passion, and eagerly awaited a reply. He got it when the postman delivered him a letter at the store, and asking permission to absent himself, went over to the library and with trembling fingers tore open the letter, but so many people were coming and going that he was afraid to read it in so public a place. Then he went back to the store, thinking that in the seclusion of the cellar he would be safe from interruption, but a consignment of goods arrived at this time and he was again frustrated. It was a mighty long afternoon for that young man, but six o'clock finally came and he hurried to his boarding house and went to his room, and was about to again attempt a perusal of the letter when a friend arrived and he was obliged to hastily thrust it unread into his pocket. After his friend's departure he locked the door and went to bed where he remained in a state of horrible suspense until midnight, when, being sure that no one was up about the house, he crawled carefully out of bed, lighted the gas, opened the letter, and, through a mist of tears, saw that he was indebted to Heinzeman, the druggist, for a box of Menin's complexion powder and a stick of mustache paste—one dollar and six bits!

One day Tommy accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition, and seeing a large candy man in a confectioner's window, he paused in front of it with a wistful look; then turning away regretfully, said: "Mamma, I could lick that fellow with both hands tied behind me."—Troy Times.

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The Fall Term Begins on Monday, September 4th

For further information, send for a catalogue or apply to the President

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Wheel Chairs sold or rented.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

The Well Dressed Woman

PROBABLY every woman of good taste and judgment in dressing has had some particular style of her own by which she abides the year round regardless of what the fancy of the hour may be with Dame Fashion. I think I have remarked before that I believe becomingness should be the chief aim of the well dressed woman and when she once finds a style which particularly fits her she should cling to that and be content with a few little alterations by which she can afford herself a certain variety. In the matter of headgear this is particularly true. There are comparatively few women who are fortunate enough to have a hat for each gown; therefore the one or two or more she is able to possess should be most carefully selected, not as regards the very latest idea in trimming and shape, perhaps, but at least in becomingness.

The Coming of the Fringe

Fringes have been struggling for a foothold for some time, but their success as a dress trimming next winter is assured. Fringes from one to four or five inches in width will be used, while Tom Thumb varieties will play an important role. Belonging to the fringe family is a decided novelty illustrating an entire overskirt of the heavy crochet effect similar in effect to the top foundation of one of the new types. It is shaped ready for adjustment but is intended to cover the front of the gown only. Long silky fringes gives the touch of completion to the sides and along the bottom. Swell dressers will recognize the great advantage of these fringes as a means of obtaining very graceful effects, especially for those fortunate beings with tall slender figures.

Are We Tardy in the West?

Has it ever occurred to you how very modest we westerners are about taking up new ideas and styles? It is a common thought among tradespeople, I believe, that we are just a year behind the times. For instance, in the matter of shirtwaists this summer I am surprised to see so few plain white shirt linen shirtwaists. It is true a few have been in evidence, but I presume every one, from the bride to the cook, will have one of these very nobby novelties. There is nothing in wash goods to equal plain white linen in smartness this summer. A pretty finish for a shirtwaist is to add narrow hemstitched linen hems to each side of the front plait.

For Early Fall

With the shortening of days and slight indication of early rains comes the all-absorbing question, "What am I going to get to wear that will be a little warmer than my organdies and thin shirtwaists and yet not too warm?" It hardly seems that we have had any summer at all, and yet when we look in the windows and see all the lovely early fall suitings in display, one begins to realize that it is nearly time to think about laying aside white duck skirts and white lawn dresses.

There seems to be little if any change in tailor suitings. Invisible plaids and perfectly plain shell finish materials are among the lot, and it is a surprise to merchants and public alike that crepons are going to continue to hold their own this fall. It was generally considered that crepons had seen their day Although usually well thought of crepons always had one drawback—i. e., their tendency to stretch and pull out of shape. This undesirable feature has been done away in the new weave, however. This season they have what is called the shrunk crepons, which have strands so woven underneath as to keep them always in their original shape. There are to be all-silk crepons and wool crepons with silk face of every grade as last winter, but there are few of the old-fashioned striped varieties. The new designs show figures, dices, and some curious all-over designs which are quite a relief.

Fads of the Sterner Sex

Gun metal jewelry for men is decidedly proper. There are gun metal watches and cigarette cases decorated with the owner's monogram in diamonds, gun metal diamond studded tie clips, gun metal studs and cuff links and gun metal key rings and watch fobs, all in a variety of new and odd designs.

By the way everything a man possesses nowadays must have his monogram attached to it somewhere if he expects to be strictly on the main drag.

For outing wear rumchunda neckties are the correct thing. These oriental looking silk handkerchiefs make extremely stylish four-in hands with wide flaring ends. Deerskin stocks and ascots in gray and fawn color are also a fad of the moment.

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The Scenic Route to Santa Monica....

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LEAVE BAND STAND, Santa Monica, every half hour on the quarter and three quarter from 5.45 a.m. to 7.45 p.m., 8.15, 9.15, 10.45.

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Johannah Quinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O Broughton,
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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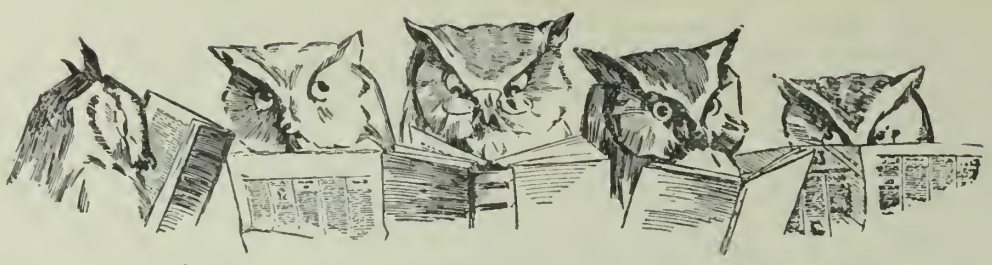

Observations of the Owl

"WHAT'S the matter with Los Angeles? is the grand jury in session?" That is what Senator Carpenter said in San Francisco, the other day, when he was confronted by a lot of Angelenos that he well knew. Now, that was an unkind insinuation, for the party that he spoke to comprised City Attorney Walter Haas, Fire Chief Walter Moore, Councilman Blanchard, Attorney John W. Mitchell and Attorney Max Loewenthal. None of these people have anything to fear from a grand jury—just now—but Senator Carpenter found keen enjoyment in his joke.

How Should He Know?

Walter Haas thinks it is good discipline to go so far from home and from the scenes where he can be at times almost the "Whole Thing." There is sometimes an actual necessity to get away from one's environment lest we become imbued with the prevalent idea of overweening greatness. That is what the city attorney of Los Angeles thought when he and attorney Max Loewenthal started out to visit the Union Iron Works at San Francisco. Can you believe it? The gatekeeper of the shipyard would not recognize these legal luminaries. He suspected them at once as foreign spies looking for pointers on American war-ship construction. Visiting cards were presented. They did not visibly affect the hired man at the gate. Did you ever hear of such an absurd thing? That man obtusely refused to admit that he had ever heard of either of the applicants for admission and the Los Angeles visitors turned disconsolately away. Later they found a pull by which they reached Irving Scott who telephoned to that stupid gate keeper to admit, upon their visiting cards, two distinguished gentlemen from the south, who were really more harmless than they seemed.

Took Them for Spies

R. W. Burnham went up to Matilija to pass a few day's time away from the cares of business, and left the secret dossier in the hands of a trusted lieutenant. Oh, you don't know what is the secret dossier, do you? Well you would if you were on the inside. Burnham, as resident manager of Dun's Mercantile Agency, has in his keeping the credit and the reputation of every man in business in Southern California and, incidentally, through headquarters, of every man and firm in the United States. His agency has the business record of everybody, and, where they are essential to a just appreciation of the commercial standing, some personal and domestic peculiarities, also, are included in the type written dossier that is secret to all but subscribers. Do you want to know if you are safe in selling a carload of goods to So-and-So? Consult the keeper of the secret dossier and, if you have any right to know, you will be informed, perhaps, that So-and-So is "shakey"—that he, on such a date, put a chattel mortgage on his store, and that he stands a good chance of becoming defendant in a divorce suit. Under the circumstances you will do well to insist on spot cash or decline to sell. With all this information in his keeping, is it strange that Burnham should need a little country air that is not impregnated with suspicion of insolvency? Really, I am assured that his recent and uneventful campaign for postmaster had nothing to do with giving him a tired feeling.

In a fruit-dealer's place of business one day this week I saw Frank Wiggins, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, as he was making some discriminating selections from the fruiterer's stock. "I should say I do buy fruit for the exhibit," said the genial secretary, in reply to my wondering question; "If I didn't the great free show would suffer. We would be in a bad way if had to depend altogether on volunteer contributions from the growers. I buy nearly all the best exhibit of fruit, and what is more, we give credit to the grower as though he had donated the fruit. We do it for the good of the country, though individuals do reap the benefit of it. Some of the most extensive growers of fine fruit send us absolutely nothing to put on exhibition, but we go out and buy selected specimens from their orchards vines and tag them with the owner's names. Not fair? Oh, well, we have to do it."

Some Growers are Spoiled

Director E F. C. Klokke and Secretary Wiggins are making a successful canvas for new members to the Chamber of Commerce, everybody of consequence and wealth to the amount of $5 being solicited to become members, or at least pay for the privilege of joining. To those that believe in the value of impressing strangers with a display of Southern California resources, no arguments are needed in favor of the utility of the Chamber of Commerce free and continuous exposition. As the principal source of income is the initiation fees of new members, and the institution needs the money, the extra endeavor at this time is more than justified.

Fees but no Initiation

Those persons in our literary set that look upon the City Directory as a classic feel deep regret over each new discovery of inaccuracy in the pages that should be unblemished. Particularly regretable is the fact that in the historical section of this thrilling volume of biography the proofreader has permitted the author to make frequent reference to "abode" houses that at one time served as habitations in Los Angeles. Though most of us know that the author meant "adobe," strangers who are not familiar with sun-dried brick frequently consult the directory for instruction. The errors of names and addresses will come home to roost when Dana Burks, author of the volume, shall become the assistant postmaster of this city; but the directory man will have a difficult time in setting aright the readers of his sketch who have been solemnly assured that Los Angeles people once lived in "abodes."

May Fool the Strangers

The statement is made unofficially that the finance committee that raised funds for paying the expenses of preparing for the National Educational Association meeting will be able to show a surplus after all bills shall have been paid. Should this prove true an innovation will be made in the financial records of enterprises like fiestas, jubilees and celebrations, which usually have a deficit in the treasury. I learn, though, that the expected surplus is based entirely on the condition that all the subscriptions shall be paid as promised. That some people subscribe money for such enterprises, get their names published in the subscription lists and evade or long delay payment is something as deplorable as it is true.

Will Pay Expenses

Granting that the late water bond campaign has resulted in relegating to the back shelf certain aspiring statesmen that hoped to use the agitation for the furtherance of their own ambitions, the correlative fact must be conceded that certain other persons have, by most prodigious boosting into prominence, an advantage which they may and may not sagaciously grasp. The penalty of defeat is often unjust, but the reward of victory is as often unmerited.

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TO REDONDO
VIA
Santa Fe Route
Summer Time Table
DAILY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	9.55 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7.00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10 35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7 40 p. m.
Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo			8.00 p. m.

Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

Amusements

AN ODD little man is Herr Von Palm. Only the Old World could have produced him, with his strange skill in the wielding of an artist's brush, so that a landscape is made to stand out before a vaudeville theater audience in three minutes, while during the swift painting of the picture a succession of grotesque and amusing exclamations have escaped from his lips.

HERR VON PALM, AT THE ORPHEUM

Herr Von Palm is unique. He alone paints such pictures on the stage. Others sketch with crayon and smoke for materials, but none paint in oil as does Von Palm.

But Von Palm, with all his taking eccentricities and his evident mastery of the brush, has yet more interesting features—interesting to the public—than these.

Von Palm is the man from whose fertile brain and careful hand were wrought those marvelous dances and witching color effects in Papinta's and Loie Fuller's performances.

Von Palm invented the effects, taught the dancers, managed their engagements, and saw them finally launched into careers where no further guidance, such as his had been, could be needed.

As the inventor, too, of La Fafalla's dance, which has been a feature of the Orpheum's program for a fortnight, Von Palm fancies that the difference between Papinta's effort and La Fafalla's is not properly appreciated. He is moved to think thus because of the constant comparison instituted by Los Angeles writers between the myriad dance of Papinta and the lotus flower affair he invented for La Fafalla and he has even prepared a column article to show that the Angelic pencil pushers do not know what they are writing about. I would gladly give up several feet of space to Herr Palm's good arguments, but he refers to "graceful leg work," which is too painful a reminder to many WESTERN GRAPHIC readers who passed unsuccessfully through the last political campaign. His principal point is that La Fafalla's dance is a new type and should not have been compared with Papinta's. There is no doubt about the correctness of that statement with the exception that it is not a new type but is selected from a very old fount.

Harry Linton and Lelia McIntyre, a young-looking couple, are the popular hit of the week. Miss McIntyre is a pretty little woman and her male partner is a dapper little man with an ox-blood vest. Together they get through their jokes like double-geared phonographs, dance like little two-minute summer whirlwinds, and sing with real melodic effect, which is not expected in an act of their kind. They are in fact an excellent team of the old school of vaudeville, and have an air of newness and youthful vivacity that is agreeably refreshing.

Just why there should be so much kowtowing to David Belasco for his "kind permission" in allowing Idalene Cotton to present a section of "Zaza" is not apparent. Miss Cotton's clever work is an advertisement for the play, already made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter, that will be worth many dollars to the company that brings the play west.

Bob Alden, "the ragtime man," and his coon helper give what is more like a parlor entertainment, filling one up with the nerve-destroying ragtime. The Deonzo brothers are the personification of agility and do most impossible things with their barrels.

A wedding, that of Miss Edith A. Jamieson, a popular young contralto of this city, and Mr. John A. Lowe, chief clerk in the county clerk's office, took place on Tuesday last, in this city. The couple are absent on a brief wedding tour, after which they will be at home, at 30 South Los Robles avenue, Pasadena, Cal., Thursdays in October.

SOUTHERN Californians have an especial love for Madame Modjeska because the gifted woman from Poland has made herself one of us by buying a block of our matchless soil and climate near Santa Ana, where with her flowers and fruits and horses and dogs she spends such of the time as is not occupied with her profession. As she will begin the winter season with a week at the Los Angeles theater in a few weeks it is a slight tribute to the Madame that we present her portrait as the frontispiece this issue. The engraving is by the kind permission of Music and Drama.

LA FAFALLA
Who is really too pretty to be treated so meanly by the dramatic critics

IT IS stated positively that the Moroscos will open the Burbank with the Frawley Company early in September, who with their fine repertoire and excellent personnel are sure to make a success. By the way I notice in San Francisco papers that the Morosco who is to be the resident manager is yelept "Ollie," so with the familiarity of the profession, here's to you, Ollie.

THE dramatic editor of the WESTERN GRAPHIC is greatly indebted to Manager Bronson of the Orpheum for a painting of the San Francisco mountains, Arizona, from the brush of Herr von Palm, the wizard painter in oil. The picture is the one he painted on the stage Wednesday evening, in exactly eight minutes. While the writer of things theatrical is not a connoisseur in art he would be happy if he could produce its equal in eight years, and its position on the wall in the sanctum will long be a reminder of the talented artist, as well as of the generosity and good-fellowship of Manager Bronson.

Orpheum There is promised for next week at the Orpheum a bill of more than usual excellence. Alexandra Dagmar, a beautiful woman and fine singer, heads the bill. Her proportions are said to be well-nigh perfect, making a feast to the eyes for connoisseurs of the splendid in femininity. She is engaged by the Orpheum management for a tour of their circuit, after which she leaves directly for England. She made her first fame in London, during the run of a Drury Lane piece, and jumped at once into music-hall favor. He salary is said to be larger than that paid any single performer in vaudeville.

The Cardownie Troupe of dancers and acrobats, five in number; Mansfield and Wilbur, in the clever sketch, called "Color Blind"; Esmaralda, the queen who plays the xylophone and other instruments while walking the highwire; the Deonzos, barrel jumpers Linton and McIntyre, sketch artists, and Alden and Hill, rag-time singers, complete the bill.

Orpheum MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater

Week Commencing Monday, Aug. 28.

Alexandra Dagmar, the Warbling Queen.
The Cardownie Troupe, Dancers and Character Vocalists
Mansfield and Wilbur, Clever Society Sketch Artists.
Esmeralda, the Famous Musical Wire Queen.
The Deonzos, continued success.
Linton and McIntyre, the Popular Artists—One more week
Alden and Hill, the Rag Time Comedians.

PRICES never changing—25c and 50c; Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased. Notice of Administrator's sale of real estate.

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, made on the 25th day of April, 1893, in the matter of the Estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, or at her option, not less than one-third cash, balance on or before the expiration of one year from date of confirmation of the sale, with interest at eight per cent per annum, payable yearly, subject to confirmation by said superior court, on or after Monday the 11th day of September, 1899, all the right, title and interest of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

1st. In the City of Los Angeles, in the "Belgravia Tract," according to the map of subdivision thereof, recorded in Book 23, page 54 of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, Lots One [1], Two [2], Four [4], Five [5], Six [6], Seven [7], Ten [10], Eleven [11], Fourteen [14], Nineteen [19], and Twenty [20], excepting the north one hundred and eighty [180] feet of Lot Two [2].

2nd. In the City of Los Angeles, in the "McGarry Tract," according to map of subdivision thereof recorded in Book 26, page 69 of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, Lots Three [3] and Nine [9], Block "C"; Lots Twenty-four [24], Thirty two [32], Forty [40] and the north two [2] feet of Lot Forty-one [41], in Block "D," the east Three [3] feet of Lot Twenty-eight [28], and Lots Twenty nine [29], and Thirty-seven [37], in Block "E"; and Lots Six [6], Seven [7], Twenty five [25], Twenty-seven [27], and Thirty four [34], of Block "F."

3rd. In the town of Santa Monica, in said county, Lots A and B in Block One Hundred Twenty-two [122], Lots R and S of Block Fifty [50], and Lot C in Block One Hundred and Ninety-four [194], according to map of subdivision of said town recorded in Book 3, pages 80 and 81 Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County.

Under the order of the court aforesaid the said administratrix may sell the said real estate, either in one parcel, or in lots or subdivisions thereof, as she shall deem most beneficial to said estate.

Terms and conditions of sale Cash in gold coin of the United States on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at the expense of the purchaser, or, at the option of the administratrix, a portion of the purchase price, not less than one-third thereof on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, and the balance thereof on or before the expiration of one year after the date of such confirmation, with interest on such deferred payments, at the rate of eight per cent per year, interest payable yearly, both principal and interest payable in United States gold coin—the deferred payments being evidenced by proper promissory notes and secured by proper mortgage on the property sold.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Smith, McNutt & Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles city, Rooms 1 and 4, or delivered to the administratrix personally, or filed in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Los Angeles county, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

ELEANOR T. BROWN,
Administratrix of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, Deceased.

August 25, 1899.

8-26-31

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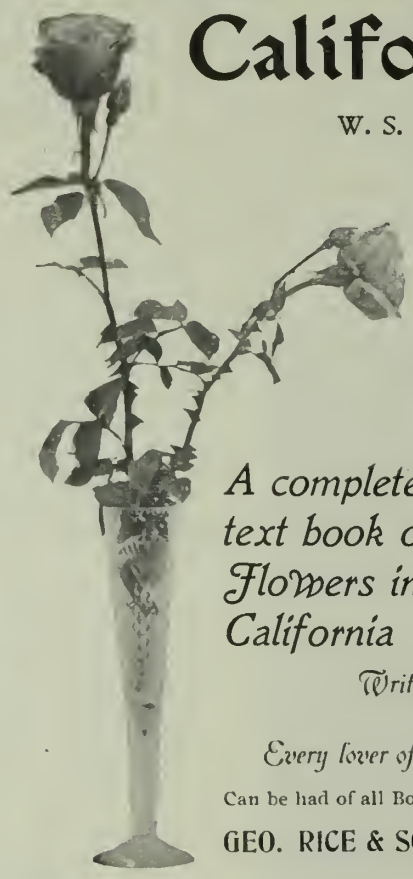

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Number 10.

Los Angeles, Saturday, September 2, 1899.

Edition de Luxe
10 Cents a Copy

Schumacher Photo

Mausard-Collier Eng.

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Dorothy Lindley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley

McCall's Fashion Magazine, 5c.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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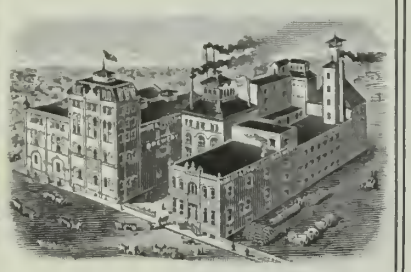

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

IT is quite evident that the politicians of the East have discovered that the wide stretch of country lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific is of some importance, at least from a political point of view. Just now the Republicans, from the fact that the States of the West saved the House of Representatives to them in the last election, are studying this question with great interest, and it has lately been announced that some of the leaders of that party have decided that it would be a good idea to incorporate in the next national platform of the party a plank recognizing the growing importance of the West, and especially the trans-Missouri West, and pledging the party to foster and advance the interests of that section. Such a disposition on the part of a great party can be made of great use to the West, in the advancement of the movement for national aid for impounding irrigation water, in the improvement of coast harbors and in the thorough mapping of the coast and erection of lighthouses for the protection of our growing ocean commerce; in the establishment of extensive navy yards for the construction of vessels to build up our Pacific navy; and in adopting the policy of a discriminating tariff on vessels of foreign tonnage, to foster an American marine expansion. The times are propitious for the Coast, and if proper efforts are made all our interests may be fostered to as large extent as are those of the Atlantic seaboard.

We'll Accept the Plank

Despite the attempted boycott of Governor Gage by the morning papers of San Francisco during the reception of the returning Californians the Governor "got there every time," and is embosomed in the hearts of the people more now than ever before. Although these papers and Grand Marshal Pistolesi—Phoebus, what a name!—and the three millionaire editors of San Francisco commanded the Governor to tow a pleasure yacht and to ride mounted in the two processions, his Excellency, through the advice of General Shafter, rode in a carriage with his staff at the head of the Californians, and he was also taken aboard of the Sherman and escorted by the yacht he had been "commanded to tow!" The next morning he received the Californians as they left the Sherman and drew up in line on the Folsom street wharf and made them a magnificent address of welcome, which by the way was not alluded to in the three millionaire morning papers, but was published by the three evening papers in full. The same day the Governor was made the recipient of great honors on the bay and elsewhere, and almost everybody and nearly the entire press of California assumed that the attempt to humiliate the chief executive by these millionaire newspapers because he would not tow an excursion yacht or ride a Pistolesi mule was outrageous, indecent and vile. Pistolesi and his three papers made a desperate effort to keep the Governor out of the Saturday night parade, but the grand president of the Native Sons placed the Governor and his staff at the head of their ten thousand, in carriages with General Shafter, and thus Henry was in it from start to finish and his appearance on each occasion was an ovation all the way. On Friday afternoon the Governor gave a banquet to his staff and to the Paris Commission, and he was banqueted the next day by the San Francisco members of the Legislature.

The Beginning of a Year

In two weeks, September 18, the public schools of the city, and for the most part in the country, will be opened. This is the signal that fall has arrived, that everybody has returned from their summer outing, that our boys and girls are ready to take up their studies, that business will be revived—in fact it is the beginning of a new year.

Business in this city has continued good during the summer, a summer almost without a hot day, an ideal climate condition for what is usually called the heated term or dog days in other lands. Last week's reports of the mercantile agencies of the clearing-house reports shows that Los Angeles had the highest gain in the percent of increase over the same period last year of any city in the United States, with two exceptions. Truly a most remarkable showing following what has been called a dry season. The facts are that this city and Southern California are in a most remarkably healthy financial condition. That with good rains, that are sure the coming winter, we can count on one of the most prosperous periods in the history of our city.

Enforce the Law

The bicycle bell law that has recently been added to the city ordinances is an excellent thing in theory, but it would seem that in this case as in many others theory and practice are comparative strangers. Nearly all of the wheels one sees have more or less imposing looking bells attached to some portion of their tubular anatomy, but the wheelmen themselves apparently regard these bells solely as ornaments. They still go scorching over crossings and around corners as recklessly as of yore, and the warning tingle is seldom heard.

It is natural to suppose that if the cyclists are required to carry bells on their wheels they should also be compelled to use them, but such does not seem to be the case.

The police have the matter in their own hands, and there are two ways open to them to handle the wheelmen: either the laxity is to be continued with perhaps alternating periods of zeal and indifference, or the law is to be upheld right along with no letup. If the police are to let the wheelmen off with warnings only and arrest no violators except in flagrant cases, then the whole wheeling fraternity will openly evade the law and we will have a state of affairs as bad if not worse than before the law went into effect.

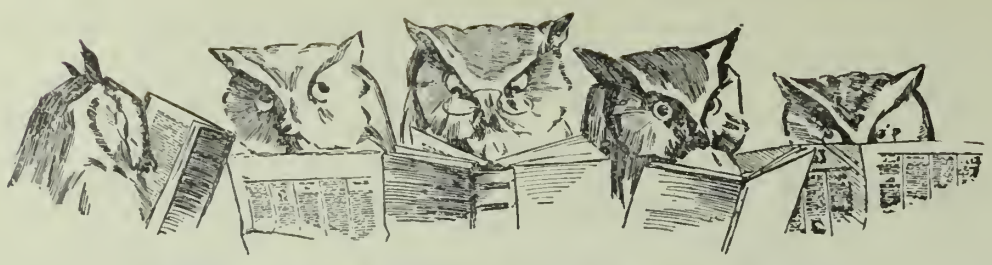
What is needed at this juncture is a prompt and sharp suggestion to the wheelmen that bells are not only to be carried but used, and the suggestion should be backed up by the police in a very sudden and effective way, arresting all who evade not only the letter but the spirit of the law, showing neither fear nor favor. A few days of this would impress the wheelmen with their limitations as citizens and would have a wholesome and salutary effect.

There is no need of an apology for the law as it stands. It is the product of the experience of many cities, it is founded on excellent reasons and it should be the means of saving many broken bones and New Year resolutions. The wheel owners are a respectable and law abiding part of the community in general and we do not believe any of them wish to intentionally evade the law, but the change from the free and easy days of old to these new days of bicycling with bells is a sudden one and necessarily irritating in some ways. But the fact remains that the law is there in black and white—and is to be obeyed.

It is, as a rule, unseemly to accept probabilities as certainties and thereupon censure the responsible persons. But in light of the many official blunders that have come to the surface of late, there is a reasonable excuse to at least express disgust with that part of the city government which is responsible for the possibility of a suit of such uncomfortable proportions as was filed in the Superior Court this week by citizens of the recently annexed University section. The complaint alleges enough oversights in the conducting of the annexation election to cause the average citizen to wonder if there really was an election. It begins to appear that with the mushroom-like growth of legal muddles the whole city will have to be pawned to pay court costs and lawyers' fees, and in its application to the all-absorbing water question, a choice as between a business compromise and a fight in the courts for political capital finds preference in the former. But we are in the pot; stir up the fire and get through with the mess.

The astounding proposition is now being discussed in the prints, and Chief Glass has invited a committee of citizens to call upon him to confer as to whether a law shall be enforced. It is not generally supposed that ordinances are evolved as a pastime or for practice in verbosity, but in the case of the curfew ordinance it seems to be considered in the same category with a game of nine-pins or seven-up. As a moral influence the curfew law, properly administered, would prove of greater value in the purification of morals than all the radical agitations ever cogitated in cobweby brains. Probably no words could more forcibly illustrate the point than the old saw, "an ounce of preventation," etc.

Facetiously speaking there are not a few localities in the city where the residents would welcome the ringing of the curfew bell or blowing the curfew whistle every three minutes twenty-four hours a day.



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

IN ADOPTING the ordinance requiring all street railway cars to be equipped with life-saving fenders the City Council has undoubtedly enforced a safeguard, but the legislation has also, it seems, encouraged contributory negligence. Since the fender ordinance went into effect and some of the cars have been equipped with the man catchers the number of miraculous escapes has been so great that, had they been casualties instead, the result would be appalling. That so many boys and men now should chance to fall in the way of the cars that wear the fenders instead of the other cars that are not yet equipped, is a mystery for which no solution is at hand. The manufacturers of the fenders doubtless experience great glee in collecting the newspaper accounts of the performances of their patent pickups showing that to fall in front of a rapidly running electric car can be made a real pleasure. Far from being attended by maiming and mortality, the accidental or premeditated use of one's body as an obstacle to the progress of an electric car may yet become a pastime to those persons to whom golf and lawn tennis are sports deficient in the element of excitement.

The Fenders Will Get You

One of the curiosities of this world is the general reluctance of railroad companies to adopt any mechanical contrivance that is calculated to save the lives of people and to preserve the exchecquer of the corporations. No amount of research can disclose the identity of a railroad company which has voluntarily adopted life saving fenders or "man catchers" which are designed to save unfortunate persons from the merciless wheels of the cars. Steam railroad companies long have used "cow catchers" but not so much to save the cows but to prevent derailment of the train and the consequent monetary loss. To run over a cow or a horse often means a disaster far exceeding the damage done to the animal itself. In the case of street railways conditions are different and the damage done in a collision between car and human being the rolling stock escapes scathless. I am informed by one who has compiled the figures from the court records, that during the past year verdicts for damage to life and limb have been obtained against Los Angeles railroads in these amounts: Los Angeles Electric Railway, $34,000; Traction Electric Company, $16,000; Pasadena & Los Angeles line $8,500; Los Angeles & Santa Monica line, $4000. How much of this loss could have been avoided by the use of life savers is not known but most probably the cost of the contrivances could have been safely taken from the total and leave some margin. The steam railways in the same period were assessed in verdicts for damages these total amounts: Los Angeles Terminal, $12,000; Southern California (Sante Fe), $18,000; Southern Pacific, $40,000.

Compulsion Is Necessary

The endeavor of City Auditor Carson to learn from the system in vogue in Oakland some points worth adopting in the bookkeeping for Los Angeles is commendable though devoid of result. If the City Auditor could by a search abroad, find a system by which Los Angeles could get along with less expense and could make both ends meet every tax payer would gladly consent to the expenditure of whatever time and money would be necessitated by a successful investigation. The City Auditor is in no wise to blame for the outrageous annual expense of Los Angeles government, and his only duty is to keep track of the figures. If he fails to make creditable showing on his balance sheet the fault lies not with the bookkeeper.

Money Spending and Accounting

The postmastership is still in the air, but not so very still, either. Congressman Waters' committee scheme for settling the vexed matter of weighing the claims of the many aspirants and agreeing upon the lucky individual has fallen through. The difficulty of forming a committee of twenty-five business men to sift the chaff and find the single grain to be planted in the fertile soil of the federal office cannot be appreciated by the average person. Congressman Waters found twenty-four members of the committee and thought he was sure of the twenty-five. He was dismayed to find that Brigadier-General Otis would refuse to serve on the committee. That being the case the project had to give up for there was no one to take the place of the military editor of the great Republican newspaper, and the other twenty-four would not constitute a quorum. There is a suspicious comment that a committee of one, holding executive session in a little room in the stone castle at First and Broadway will have much if not everything to do with the selection of a man to be postmaster of Los Angeles.

A Committee That Failed

Observant individuals who have dwelt in Los Angeles long enough to pass the tenderfoot period of probation have noted the prevalence of blunders in high places. That persons may set up and sustain in court contentions against the legality of annexation elections, validity of bonds voted, and, in a general way, prove incompetency, negligence or crookedness of individuals in whom the public had good right if not good reason to place confidence, is most regretable. When errors have glared in public print for weeks before commission made them irrevocable the responsibility becomes so dessiminated that no individual blunderer, booby or boodler can readily be singled out for merited castigation. The amount of money that has been wasted in Los Angeles in the holding of non-effective elections and issuance of defective bonds would, by this time, be ample for the establishment of an institution for the detention of public blunderers.

Somebody's Blunder

THE CASEY'S HAVE A LIVELY TILT OVER HOME ART

MRS. CASEY broke the silence that seemed to have caught on to their matutinal meal by addressing her alleged better half as follows;

"You were simply brutal last night when you referred so disrespectfully to my water colors and to my French in the presence of the Upstarts, who, as you know, are my particular friends. Mrs. Upstart and I brushed up our French together and——"

"Say, Mrs. Casey, you make me more tired than a tandem wheel. You mustn't take me for a fool, although you have come pretty near making one out of me. Don't talk to me about brushing up your French, with the emphasis on the word brushing. If you persist on taking French lessons, why, I've nothing to say. Just use the word learn instead of brush. You—who say wunst for once, and I done it for I did it, and you mustn't never do that—talking about brushing up your French. Really, you make me titter. Why, it would take a four-horse sweeping machine to brush up your English. Your English is awfully tough, sometimes, Mrs. C. Now if you would only brush that up a little, you might make yourself less a laughing stock. You were rather clever in the handling of a brush when I married you —I refer to the scrubbing brush."

"How you do love to torment a poor woman who is doing her best to give you a place in society. You are continually throwing the scrubbing brush at me. Perhaps you do not want me to rise in the world and take my place among the Pasadena golfers and others who are the very pillars of select Southern California society."

"That's where you're grotesquely off your pedestal, Margaret—if you will permit me to indulge in a Country Club metaphor—clear off. I was about to suggest that you sally out and get a crest. Any jeweler will get you up a dandy crest, one that shall be the envy of the Upstarts, the Toploftys, the Brassys, and the whole gang. Have it sent home by messengers in livery."

"Well, you do seem to have a grain of pride and independence once in a while. I have long thought we should have a crest—you know one of those big one's like the rich people in the East, with a shield and helmet and coronet and a bar——"

"Two bars, Margaret. You know I run two bars, Sundays as well as week days; and a red field, because, you know, I paint the town red, occasionally, and——"

"But where do I come in, Patrick?"

"I'll tell you, you poor old simpleton. Just get your artist to get a cake of soap and a brush, rampant, or any old way you like so you get in the soap and brush. You might have a few arabesques, for suds—you know what suds are, eh? Soap, brush and suds—that's where you come in, Margaret, big. Then show it to the elect, as you term your friends, and then listen to what they say when your back is turned. O, how I hate old women fools. The idea of your being classed among the elect. Great Scott! You can't make an aristocratic face out of that mug of yours. You might have half a dozen French maids and a whole retinue of servants clad in Wilshire Boulevard livery, and that Tipperary brogue and waiter-girl gait of yours will give you dead away. Only the other night I heard

you say you didn't know how to fry a potato or make a biscuit. Now what's the use of such rot as that? Why, I've often bragged about the good biscuits you used to make when you did the cooking at that old stage station on the Colorado——"

"Oh, why will you persist in disgracing me, when you know no one is anybody who admits that they ever cooked or did housework? I couldn't hold up my head among the Upstarts and the Nouveau-Riches, and our children wouldn't be looked at, if my friends knew that I ever had made biscuits or jumbles or griddle-cakes—but you do approve of my aptitude for painting, dear, don't you?"

"Do you call that last daub of yours a painting, Mrs. Casey? For the love of goodness, tell me the truth; for, really, had I awoke suddenly in the dead of night, and beheld that last conceit of yours in front of me, I would have sworn I had one of my old attacks of delirium tremens, sure. Why, that daub would stand off the crows from a forty-acre field of corn."

"Don't you perceive a tendency—an overloaded tendency—why Emerson long ago said that if Nature wishes to accomplish a result she overloads—she overloads the tendency—now——"

"Well, excuse me, but if an overloaded tendency is productive of such a pulmonary-looking caricature as that——"

"Caricature! Caricature!"

"That was the word, my dear,; and I didn't have to haul out the dictionary for it, nor write it on my shirt cuff. Pray tell me whom that pretentious daub is supposed to represent? The Sweet Singer of Michigan, I suppose, or Mrs. Hettie Green doing a skirt dance?

"You wouldn't never guess."

"I don't believe I wouldn't never could."

"Well, I'll tell you. It is a copy of Joan of Arc—there."

"Mrs. Casey, do you know what was done with Joan of Arc?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I cannot just now quickly call to mind."

"Just brush up your French a little and see if you can't tell me what was done with that unfortunate girl."

"Ah! poor thing—I have it—the auto da fe!"

"What's that? The auter der what? Don't give me any of your highfalootin French."

"Why, that's not French—that is Spanish. I mean to say that Joan of Arc, poor thing, was burned."

"And that's exactly what ought to be done with that caricature you have upstairs—it ought to be burned—the poor thing, it ought to be burned." B. C. T.

WHEN DEWEY GETS HOME

How the commons will roar as never before,
And how everybody will shout;
We'll burn tons of powder to make the noise louder,
And whoop 'er up lively, no doubt;
We'll shout ourselves hoarse as a matter of course,
With our racket we'll shake heaven's dome,
When the whistles proclaim that our hero of fame—
Our Dewey—at last has reached home!

E. A. BRININSTOOL

There has recently appeared in the prints the story of a little romance in New York wherein a railroad man married the pretty young woman who had nursed him through the effects of a railroad accident. The Cynical Man read the item and ventured: "Ten to one he married her to save that twenty months' salary."

Seen from the Fence

By E. A. Brininstool.

THAT AMBITIOUS YOUNGSTER

Some fellers like to play base ball,
An' some like football, too,
An' some thinks marbles better yet,
(An' plays fer keeps, they do).
But where they's any fun in them
Is more'n I kin see,
Fer Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys
Is good 'nough for me!

I'd ruther roam the prairies wide,
An' hunt the Injuns wild,
Than have to monkey 'round in skule
Jist like some little child.
I don't see how my folks expect
Ter make much out o' me,
Unless I'm round where Buff'lo Bill
An' all his cowboys be!

If I jist had a dandy hoss,
A gun an' pistol, too,
You bet I wouldn't hang out here
With sich prospects in view!
I'd strike right for the woolly West,
An' mighty soon I'd be
With Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys—
They're good 'nough fer me!

I'd wear my hair 'way down my back,
An' sport a buckskin coat,
With fringes runnin' down the seams,
An' open at the throat;
I'd wear a big sombrero,
An' boots with spurs—oh, gee!
If I wuz only 'way out West
Where all the cowboys be!

My mamma thinks I'm orful bad
'Cuz I don't like my skule,
An' sez if I don't try ter learn
I'll grow inter a fool;
She sez she jist can't understand
What has got inter me,
An' what they is 'bout Buff'lo Bill
That's good—she fails to see.

But then, my ma she ain't a boy,
So how is she ter know,
Fer if she wuz I bet she'd guess
The reason I think so;
She never read 'bout Dan'l Boone,
Er Injuns shot out West.
Er else she'd see why Buff'lo Bill
An' cowboys is the best!

I'm jist about disc'uraged
When I think of what a name
I'd carve in letters big an' bold,
'Sides winnin' lots o' fame;
I'd call myself the "Infant Scout,"
An' soon my ma would see
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys
Wuz jist the men fer me!

I guess they's time enough fer me
Ter go ter skule bime by;
Jist now I want ter earn a name
How kin I 'less I try?
If you like skule, why, that is jist
The place you'd orter be,
But Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys
Is good 'nough fer me!

AN UNRELIABLE YARN

A report is going the rounds of the papers that a man in Kentucky killed an immense snake, and noticing a queer bunch under the skin, cut the reptile open and found a mouse caught in a trap, which the snake had swallowed entire. As this story is from a region where moonshine whisky will curl the whiskers of Old Nick himself, it is wise to accept the truth of the narrative with a grain of caution.

AN UNDESIRABLE ROOMER

A lady on Ohio street inserted and in a morning paper for a roomer, and before night she was rejoicing to think of the wise use she had made of printer's ink. A young man with an Edwin Booth countenance rented the room, which proved to be directly over the one occupied by his landlady, and now the latter writes in to inquire how long it will take an active young man to learn how to dance the highland fling.

NOT ON SALE

An old farmer who said he hailed from "Garvanzy" went in every dry goods and ladies' furnishings store in town yesterday, making a vain attempt to buy false hair pins.

EVERY DAY

The world would grow much brighter
Every day,
And weary hearts be lighter
Every day,
If where we know there's sadness,
And sin and human badness,
We would carry smiles and gladness
Every day.

When noble hearts aspire
Every day,
To lift the fallen higher
Every day,
The echoes will be ringing,
As the message they come bringing—
There'll be happiness and singing
Every day.

WHAT THE OLD MAN CALLED IT

"And what do you call the little brother that the doctor left at your home last week?" inquired a neighbor of a small boy who lives on Hill street.

"Well," was the rather hesitating reply, "you see we haven't give him any reg'lar name yet. Pa calls him a little pink bunch of yell."

WE'VE BEEN THERE

It takes a whole lot of pious talk to convince a boy of sense who has been promised he could go to the beach on Saturday for a jolly good time, and who the night before is taken suddenly ill with something he gets over Saturday night, that there isn't a screw loose in the universe somewhere, and that it isn't a put-up job to keep him in bed.

TO A BRIDE

The following letter was recently written by a gentleman to a lady friend upon receiving her wedding cards:

"I am holding in my hands some pasteboards—three stately pluckings from the tree of ceremony. I am gazing upon a card and a name—a name with which your throbbing heart was lost.

"I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will one day be "at home"—and that is nothing new. But there is another card whose mingling there puts a fiery tongue into this speechless cardboard, enameling fate on commonplace. It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny, and that these cards are but the feeble heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friends' hands and plucked flowers shall close down on him to whom she shall be friend and flower forever.

"And now, can you, who have queened it over so many bended forms, come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart?

"Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom; watching only his breast, marking only his hours and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock, where all hearts are united around that great central heart of all.

"Hoping that calm sunshine will hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature."

Music and Art

SO MANY inaccurate and absurd accounts of Madame Labori, wife of the chief counsel for the defense in the Dreyfus trial, who was Maggie Oakey, are reported in the daily press that a little truth about the lady, from the Chicago correspondent of the Musical Courier, may come refreshingly.

The prosaic facts about Maggie Oakey are that she was a child prodigy who at eight years old could play "Home, Sweet Home," by Thalberg, and was brought to the notice of Dr. Henry Wylde, president and founder of the London Academy of Music. Dr. Wylde undertook Maggie Oakey's education, and from the time she was eight until she reached nineteen the was one of the star pupils of the institution, but she failed to realize the promise of her early years, and when I first knew of her she was playing at many "at homes" gratis. Her antecedents were by no means brilliant, as her parents were in very humble circumstances in an unfashionable quarter of London. A boarding house in Maida Vale, London, was afterward the scene of the Oakey business, and here De Pachmann went to live on his first visit to England, and fell in love with the pretty English girl.

For one year nothing was heard professionally of Maggie Oakey, when the news of her engagement to De Pachmann startled many people who had thought her destination matrimonially was in a very different direction. Afterward, under the espionage of a chaperone, she went to Vienna to continue her studies with De Pachmann, and at the end of another six months she returned to England and made her first public appearance at the St. James Hall ballad concerts, playing a solo and also accompanying De Pachmann on a second piano. After that Maggie Oakey had great success, ending with a big wedding, at which everybody who was anybody was present. To the latter one exception must be mentioned—Dr. Henry Wylde, who had been the means of her obtaining her entire education. It was remarked at the time that the only person uninvited was Dr. Wylde. After her marriage with De Pachmann she was more or less before the public until her marriage with Labori.

Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop has curtailed the last of her vacation to spending Saturdays and Sundays at Santa Monica. By the middle of September she will be hard at work again, at which time her evening oratorio classes begin study.

I do not know whether Miss June Reed, the violinist, is sensitive as to the correct printing of her name or not, but an eastern publication lately committed a most egregious lapsus calami and at the same time destroyed the poetry of her patronymic by mentioning her as Miss Jane Reed.

Mascagni is still composing, so the cables tell us, undaunted by the failure of his "Iris." Perhaps when he hears that "Die Walkure" was hissed at Buenos Ayres and "Iris" successful he will pluck up his courage and give the world another "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Harding M. Kennedy of Riverside, violinist, who has studied with W. W. Leffingwell of Chicago, is now on his way to Berlin for further study.

J. Bond Francisco has an ideal artistic life. There are no intervals of lassitude in his pursuit of art for the year, for when the dullness and heat of summer drive many musicians and painters to idle resting places, Mr. Francisco is off to the mountains with sketch book and pencil, storing up the beautiful in nature for future use in his studio. He and his wife have just returned from the mountains, and it is pleasant to chronicle that besides their having a delightful outing the excursion proved to be greatly beneficial to Mrs. Francisco's health.

Angelenos who remember Katherine Bloodgood will be interested in hearing that she has been engaged as contralto soloist for the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, one of the most exacting musical events in the United States.

From San Diego comes reports of the liveliest doings in music of any place in Southern California. Last Friday evening Birkel's fine music rooms were completely filled at a dollar a head to hear "The Persian Garden," the song cycle on the Rubiayat by Omar Khayyam, which it will be remembered was given at Blanchard Hall under the direction of Madame Martinez last spring. San Diegans are loud in their praise of the work of the artists, and from their names one can easily believe they deserve it. The quartette was composed of Miss Guelma Baker, soprano; Mrs. T. E. Rowan, contralto; Mr. T. E. Rowan, tenor; Mr. H. S. Williams, baritone; Miss Schinkle presiding at the piano.

Other chat from the bay city is that the matinee musicales that proved such a splendid success last winter will be given again this winter under the direction of T. E. Rowan during the months of January, February and March.

A room on the art floor of the Blanchard Building is now being prepared for the use of J. Bond Francisco, who will open an academy of art. That the room will have a very atmosphere of art will be foreseen by anyone who has enjoyed an hour in Mr. Francisco's private studio.

Another concert organization is one formed by Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, who has in the short time she has been here won completely everyone who has heard her brilliant soprano voice. A trio composed of the following talented musicians completes the company: Miss June Reed, violinist; Russell H. Ballard, 'cellist; Mrs. Justine Kay Toles, pianist.

The season opened at the Temple B'nai B'rith yesterday, September 1, the music being provided by the regular choir under the direction of Mrs. Orr Harralson.

On September 14 the benedicts will claim one of our most popular musicians, Mr. Edwin A. Clark, for on that day will be celebrated his marriage to Miss Augusta Heinzeman. The event will have the additional interest of being a double wedding, the bride's sister, Miss Henrietta Heinzeman to wed Mr. J. O. Cashen.

Dr. J. C. Fletcher having become president of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, Hy Koch will be vice president. These gentlemen along with Paul de Longpre will form the examining board. Mrs. N. B. Conrey and Mrs. H. G. Otis have joined the board of trustees.

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In the Gay Life

THE circumstance that Mrs. E. B.Tufts and Miss Bertha Crouch were the hostesses of a dancing party at the Casino one evening last week calls to mind a number of interesting things about those two charming ladies—for when ladies are charming and young how can they fail to be interesting things?

Mrs. Tufts, for reasons quite her own, has not shown in society for several years, but previous to that she was the acknowledged reigning beauty of California and in a State contest of some sort, at that time, won the first place as the loveliest woman of the coast, carrying off the palm from among a group of beautiful women who it is said could not be outrivalled for fair looks anywhere in the States.

Miss Crouch, pretty, young and marriageable, has thoughts of her own in quite another direction—one easily imagined—and "engagements" galore have been improvised for her, some perhaps quite as much an astonishment to her as to her friends. About a year ago, when she and her mother made an eastern trip, old lady Grundy had her enmeshed sure enough in a pre-marital tour, and the end of her journeying was to have held a waiting benedict—waiting somewhere in Missouri, with gold mines in his pockets, etc. However, if one may be a judge of appearances, it would not seem as though this young lady were repining under troubles of that kind.

It has become the fashion to go to San Francisco after a summer outing and already many society folks are turning northward. Mrs. Wilcox and her son, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, and her daughter, Mrs. Longstreet, have been among the departures the past week. Mr. Frank Miller quite outdid himself just before they left Santa Monica in tendering them a farewell dinner at the hotel. And when Mr. Miller outdoes himself—can he be outdone? Well, many of his guests this summer will carry away the pleasantest sort of recollections of this gentleman's qualities as a genial host and friend.

Mrs. A. H. Busch has been in San Francisco some time—to return to the story—and among others, called to mind just at this moment, are Mrs. Eaton and Miss Eaton, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Dr. Moore, Dr. Bayless, Judge Sterry.

A marriage in Los Angeles that is of interest to a number of the old Spanish families was that of Miss Mary Elizabeth Apablasa, daughter of Mrs. I. A. Sepulueda, to Mr. Peter Joseph Conley, which occurred last Wednesday morning. The ceremony took place in the cathedral, with the Rt. Reverend Bishop Montgomery officiating, and a large gathering of friends, to have been expected, were in attendance. The bride is a descendant of what may be claimed as the good, old Spanish stock. Much of the land on which this city now stands was owned by members of her family, and many traces of their former importance still remain with us in the names of streets and associations of old buildings. In fact they are a part of California Spanish history.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Magansan, who have had Mrs. E. K. Jamison and Miss B. Jamison of Indianapolis, Ind., staying with them, gave a dinner and farewell hospitality in their honor last Friday, at which the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Wolfskill, Miss Wolfskill and Dr. Choate.

An engagement just announced which is of interest to a great many persons between this and San Francisco is that of Miss Genevieve Goad, daughter of the late William F. Goad, and Mr. Andrew Martin. Both are residents of San Francisco but have prominent connections down the coast. Miss Goad's father made quite a reputation for himself at the bar and Mr. Martin's name is a familiar one in this section. It has likewise been brought into prominence connected with that of ex-Gov. Downey of this city, whose nephew he is. The marriage, it is said, will take place next winter, and will probably create a ripple in San Francisco, since both are members of society in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden entertained in their charming way at dinner on Tuesday evening last, in honor of Captain Edward Winston of the Nineteenth Infantry: Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hay Chapman, Mrs. M. M. Burnett, Miss Emma Graves, Miss Carhart, Mr. W. S. Burnett, Mr Robert Carhart.

Mrs. H. W. Brodbeck gave a handsomely appointed luncheon on Thursday last complimentary to her mother, Mrs. M. A. Chick, who has been her guest for the past year. The luncheon was in a way reminiscent of Mrs. Chick's home, Aurora, Ind.

Among the distinguished gentlemen in Los Angeles during the week was Colonel Varney W. Gaskill, the able secretary of the Paris Commission, who was here on Thursday and Friday last on important business for the Commission. He was taken around by Commissioner Truman and the only Frank Wiggins and was handsomely received by our leading merchants and accomplished what he came here for in an eminent degree.

The marriage of Miss Heinzeman will take place September 14th and is vowed to be only "a quiet affair."

Mrs. H. Z. Osborne and her daughter, Miss Edith, whom her friends will be glad to know has entirely recovered from a long siege of typhoid fever, from which she was suffering, are home again from their trip north.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark have returned from a trip to Montana. Miss Ella Clark, it is reported, is enjoying Swiss scenery.

Mrs. Robert Clark of Peoria, Ill., is making her annual visit home, and is being largely entertained by her many friends who are happy to welcome her among them at least once a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins are at Catalina and are occupying their cottage there.

Mrs. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson were at Coronado the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby of Coronado have been the home guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Voorhees of Danville, Ill., have taken the Willard Stimson house on South Figueroa street and expect to make their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Van Nuys is making a trip east with her daughter, whom it is said she will leave at school.

Among "returns" are those of Mr. and Mrs. Childs from Coronado and Mr. and Mrs. John Foster from Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst are about leaving for an eastern trip of four months.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

GENERAL Orders No. 9, issued August 3rd, contained changes and amendments to firing regulations for small arms of the National Guard of California. Each officer and enlisted man firing with the rifle will be allowed, annually, sixty-five rounds of ammunition, and the same will be fired as follows: At rectangular targets, one score of five shots at each of the 200, 300 and 500 yard ranges, at each of the three State shoots. At skirmishing targets, one score of twenty shots. Skirmish firing will be by company at silhouettes, at known distances, between 600 and 200 yards, at target "G," as provided in paragraph 390 of Blunt's. The order also provides that one practice at rectangular targets will be held during each of the months of September, October and November. The practice at skirmish will be held after the practice at rectangular targets is completed and may be held either in the months of November or December. Section VI of the order provides that all members of the Guard who became such prior to the 9th day of July, and who qualify in the practice for the year 1899, will receive, in addition to the usual medal and bar for 1899, a bar for the year 1898 also, in accordance with the class in which they qualify in 1899. Thus the members will not be deprived of the consecutive yearly decorations.

General Orders No. 10, issued August 11th, highly compliments the First Infantry Regiment and the First Batalion Heavy Artillery, California Volunteers, on their foreign service, and not only gave permission to all organizations of the National Guard to participate in the reception but urged as many as possible to attend.

The Governor has announced eleven promotions in the California Volunteer Infantry and Artillery. In the heavy artillery First Lieutenant J. W. F. Diss of Battery D was made captain of that battery, vice Steere; Second Lieutenant George L. McKeeby was made first lieutenant, vice Diss, and First Sergeant Frank Willard, formerly corporal of

(Continued on page 14)

MISCELLANEOUS

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EARLY AUTUMN DAYS IN THE COUNTRY
From a photograph taken in the San Gabriel Valley, showing the prolific effect of a little water

Greater Los Angeles

City and County

THE building of a city is not the work of a day, it is true, but there are broad lines on which every city of any size must be built. The great ocean grayhounds or the magnificent battle ship must be constructed on certain well defined lines that may be improved, here and there, by the ingenious engineer of ship building. A city of half a million population must, in the natural course of events, be re-modeled and re built many times over from lack of knowledge of the fathers, who possibly did their best, never having dreamed of the future growth of their city. Los Angeles has made a wonderful growth and it is predicted by all far-sighted men that she has only commenced, that this is to be a city, in the course of time, of three, four or five hundred thousand population. That Los Angeles will soon reach the mark of 200,000 population is granted by every one who has given the subject any serious consideration.

The men of capital, push and enterprise, who have faith in our city, are doing a wonderful work, building better than they know. Of course most men build houses, business blocks, street railroads, water works, gas and electric plants, etc , for the purpose of making it pay, or, more properly speaking, as an investment. There are many reasons why Los Angeles is destined to become a great city, which for lack of space we will not mention in this article; facts that enter into the minds of those who pioneer the way. Accepting it as a fact that this city has a bright future before it, it remains, to a large extent, to the political powers that govern a city whether it shall be aided in its growth or whether it shall be retarded. The city council is the legislative power, upon whom, together with its executive officer, the mayor, whether this city shall progress upon broad, liberal lines, or whether it shall be narrow and oppressive. Shall the city be governed by good, wholesome laws that recognize the industrial as well as corporate or organized bodies; that shall give the corporations their just and legal rights? Shall it look fairly at the condition of things and the rights of its citizens and deal with them liberally and generously and on broad lines that will improve the city as a whole? The rights of the people, as a people, are or should always be of paramount consideration.

There must not be too much patch work, doing and undoing the work, building only for the present day without a consideration for the future.

The municipal ownership idea has received an emphatic endorsement from the people and it now remains for the city council and other officers to see to the faithful carrying out of the people's wishes. It is the most important business that our city fathers will ever have to manage, and it is to be hoped that it will be conducted upon business principles and honestly. First of all, it is the duty of the council to make amicable arrangements with the water company, without a long, tedious and expensive litigation. The water company people are our own citizens, and can be seen any day, and it behooves our council to talk business and do business and avoid lawsuits.

Suburban transportation is another question confronting our city lawmakers. The Traction company is asking for certain franchises, the Terminal railway company are also seeking to improve suburban traffic by bettering their delivery system in the city. Both propositions are commendable and would supply a demand of the people, and they are sincere in their demand that said franchises be granted. The council should devise a systematic plan that would look to the improvement of just such rapid transit schemes that would be advantageous to the general public and the prosperity of the city.

There is the saloon question that should be dealt with on business principles and a code adopted under which they should be established and run, and not be governed by the whims or fanatical fancies of some band of cranks. The social evil demands the best efforts of our city council, and should be dealt with and regulated by firm laws. The goody-goody idea has proven an evil and a failure, and has done great harm. It is time to handle this question in an intelligent manner.

There are many other questions that must come to the front as this city continues to

grow, and it is time to lay out plans that will be broad, liberal and adequate. First of all, the new charter, that was not adopted, should be revised slightly where it was found to be objectionable, and submitted to the people, when it would be adopted.

Southern California Manufactures

Few people, even of those who have lived in Southern California for years, have any comprehensive idea of the extent or variety of our manufacturing industries. It is true that we have not yet reached the point where the productions of our factories supply the needs of our people, but as the population increases the volume of manufactured goods made here enlarges, and every year shows a gratifying increase in all lines of industrial work. It is but a few years since much of the food supplies used here were shipped from transmountain regions, but in this respect the advance toward independence has been so rapid that we may claim that our food supply comes from our own soil; and in a large measure we are making a very great portion of other lines which hitherto were supplied by the mills and looms of the Atlantic coast. This transformation, however, has been so gradual and unobtrusive that the change has been but little noted. We are yearly importing less of raw material and the void thus created is being filled by home productions, while at the same time many of the products of our soil which used to be sent to market in the crude state are reduced in bulk and increased in price by the labor of our own people. This effort to supply the home market has had the effect to open the eyes of our business men to the possibilities of this section as a manufacturing center. We have so much crude material lying dormant in our mountains, under the surface of the ground, or in the sea, that practical men are taking hold of enterprises which require capital and labor for their development. And while this matter was being gradually worked out as a means of local evolution from a pastoral, horticultural, agricultural or climatic condition, we suddenly find that national expansion is creating a demand for manufactured goods on the coast which makes it possible for us to build up a trade in such goods in competition with the East for the trade of the Orient.

The same process of evolution which built up the manufacturing cities of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri valleys to a condition where they could successfully compete with those of the Atlantic seaboard, has already begun to operate on the coast to enable our mills to compete with those east of the Rockies. Taken as a whole, the Pacific Coast has a greater amount of raw material, with the exception of cereals and cotton, than can be found in the East. Our forests, including those of Alaska, which must come here for manufacture, are as yet scarcely touched, and exceed those of the East in their virgin state; we have inexhaustible deposits of iron and other metals; our petroleum fields are very extensive and where exploited have given good returns; the sea is teeming with all kinds of fish; and our mountain streams and crude oil supply cheap motive power. And in addition, many of the products of the soil supply the raw material for a long list of food products which can be concentrated by manufacture so as to greatly increase the value and at the same time reduce the cost of shipment. It is a fact that the proportion of the products of the soil which may be considered crude material for manufacture is much greater here than in sections exclusively devoted to agriculture. And in Southern California this condition is more general than in other portions of the coast.

In respect to markets for manufactured goods we are greatly favored. There is no doubt that the greatest expansion of American commerce in the next quarter of a century will be in the direction of the Orient. The feverish anxiety of the great railway lines, since the Spanish-American war, to secure through connections with the Pacific, shows that they anticipate a large increase in freight from Pacific ports. They know that Pacific seaports will become great entrepots for the shipment of goods, and desire a share of the trade. It is apparent to anyone who studies this question that the factories on the coast will have a great advantage over those which are compelled to haul their product across the continent for shipment. This advantage will be equal to a heavy tariff in favor of the coast factories and will result in building up an industrial system that will rival that which has grown up in the Mississipi valley since the War of the Rebellion. This advantage must continue some years—until the Nicaragua Canal is built—by which time they will be able to compete with the world in this respect.

With such prospects for the future it is reasonable to expect a rapid increase in manufactures from this on. Our climatic conditions will be an additional advantage. The expense entailed by the cold weather in the East is a serious handicap in manufactures there, and this is one of the elements which is enabling Southern competitors to successfully compete with the cotton mills of New England. In the matter of cotton, the raw product can be as cheaply laid down in Los Angeles as Boston, and for the Oriental market 3000 miles nearer the consumer.

But, looking at the subject only in its local aspect, there are many reasons to expect a rapid increase in manufactures here. It will take some years before the local market for manufactured goods will be supplied, and as population increases the demand will enlarge for goods consumed here, while the increase in those products which can be profitably manufactured here for shipment will give profitable employment to large numbers of men and much capital. With the exception of the sugar beet these have not induced the investment of large amounts of capital as yet, but in like manner as this industry has grown many other brancees of such manufacturing will rapidly increase. But a favorable condition of our manufactures thus far is the fact that they have grown up from small beginnings. Many of the largest concerns now in operation are the outgrowth from little shops which a few years ago began with one or two proprietors who themselves did most of the work. This evolution still continues, showing that the market can absorb a constantly increasing supply. It is much better that the growth should be from the ground up instead of experimenting in costly and top-heavy plants where the managers are unacquainted with the requirements of the market. From such a foundation will arise one of the greatest industrial systems to be found in the United States. Its market is illimitable, for over half the population of the world resides on the hither side of the great sea, and this innumerable mass of humanity is just arousing from a state of semi-barbarism and its rise into civilization will demand unlimited supplies of all goods used by civilized man. The commercial star of empire is moving to the westward with rapid strides and soon the Pacific ocean will be threaded with lines of ships as is now the Atlantic, and the western shores of the United States will soon become the base from which these peoples must buy their supplies of manufactured goods. Commerce and manufacturing go hand in hand; where ships ride at anchor spindles will turn and furnaces glow, and the same laws of commerce which have built up cities on the Atlantic seaboard to handle the trade of Europe will, in a larger degree, make the cities on this coast busy hives of industry in meeting the demands of Oriental trade.

Why England Will Always Stand by Us.

That it exists there is no doubt. Even to people on this side of the Atlantic it is apparent, and those who, like myself, have lately passed through the United States can testify to its intensity and spontaneity. The cause which produced it is not far to seek. A great sympathy and friendship has been apparent for two or three years. Even the excitement about the Venezuela dispute failed to disturb it, and when it looked as if Continental Europe was disposed to enter the contest between this country and Spain, not so much in defence of Spanish interests as with a view of humiliating the United States, there appeared a genuine sympathetic interest, which extended from the man in the streets to the cabinet minister at Whitehall. We pitied the fall of Spain, but we could not help feeling that our kinsman were taking up the cause for which this country in the past has spent so much and made such gigantic sacrifices. As became a neutral, we were unmoved spectators of events until that whisper arose which stirred us to our depths. When it became evident that an intrigue was on foot to throw a Latin alliance into arms against the United States, the voice of Great Britain was unmistakably heard, and we showed plainly that in such an event Great Britain must be reckoned with, and any attempt to wrestle from our kinsmen the gains won by their sons ashore or afloat, by a combination of Continental Europe, would have to meet the whole Anglo-Saxon race in armed alliance. The storm passed, but that little proof of our sincerity did more than a torrent of words to establish cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain. Our kindsmen realized, for the first time, what we have never doubted over here, that, differ as we may between ourselves, neither of us would ever see the flag of Anglo-Saxon freedom dipped on either side of the Atlantic to an overwhelming combination of Continental Europe.—Lord Charles Beresford.

At an interminably long performance of "Monte Cristo," with Charles Fechter in the character of the hero, the curtain rose for the last act at a quarter of one in the morning. Fechter was discovered sitting in a contemplative attitude. He neither moved nor spoke. Just then a clear, sad voice in the gallery exclaimed: "I hope we are not keeping you up, sir!"

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Where Cool Breezes Blow

THE dull September days have come, the hottest of the year. That is not supposed to be a paraphrase applied to the current month, but a blunt statement of fact. On an average we are entitled to just about so much caloric, and since, according to the thermometer, we have hardly had any summer as yet, it is fair to presume that for sticky, murky weather September will trade with August as the hottest month and complete the "quantity sufficient," as pharmacists say. As to dullness, it is history; September is between everything. The fortunates who were able to fly to the cool retreats with the last fire-cracker on the Fourth of July have become tired; and then they must get back for a few weeks with the dressmaker. And a few weeks' seclusion with cold cream and lemon juice and tomato peels and such things are absolutely necessary before the first drawing room or other function. The gilded youths must pack off to college or university, and the children will have to make their appearance at school pretty soon. Then madame must see that the house is cleaned properly, and paterfamilias might be heard to suggest in the privacy of the breakfast table that a bank account is nice when you've got it, but they are like springs in a dry year—they are apt to run dry. So, for one reason or another, the scattering has begun, and in thirty days more bathing suits will be filled with moth balls and stowed away in the bottom of a trunk, and the big front doors of the seaside hotels will bang to viciously with the stiff winds of the autumnal equinox.

SANTA MONICA

NEXT week will come the polo pony races, when society gentlemen will bestride their nimble equines and battle for supremacy on the track. Most of the horses are now quartered on the Ocean Park grounds, and when one sees two men shake hands in the middle of an animated conversation it is the sign that a little bet is being clinched.

Afternoon teas are quite the thing this summer. They are just formal enough to be interesting, and unconventional enough to allow most pleasant social intercourse. Tuesday Mrs. Patrick Robertson poured for a few ladies at her home on Nevada avenue, and Thursday Mrs. G. L. Waring of Fourth street entertained friends, with the conventional refreshment.

REDONDO

THE ball room at Hotel Redondo was the scene last Saturday evening of one of the most enjoyable social functions of the summer, the occasion being the last and largest cotillion of the season. Thirty-six couples participated in the dance and the affair will be especially memorable from the fact that there were three gentlemen rovers. W. R. Norris led without a partner and covered himself with glory in his initial attempt at leading, scoring a success which will undoubtedly make him in great demand for this office hereafter. The favors were furnished by Mrs. Conway Campbell-Johnston, Mrs. Jean Bowers, Misses Ridgeway, Hubbard, McGoodwin, Carpenter, Benton and Seymour. The favor tables were presided over by Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. Gilbert F. Gay, Mrs. Jean Bowers, Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. Campbell-Johnston and Mrs. Noodin. Those taking part in the german were Miss Carpenter, R. A. Rowan, Miss Seabert, Robert Kimble, Miss Seymour, Percy South, Miss Bonsall, S. M. Haskins, Miss Caswell, Mr. Van Kaathoven, Miss Hugus, Carroll Allen, Miss Ridgeway, Ralph Day, Miss Echo Allen, W. W. Stephens, Miss Sargent, J. G. Easton, Miss MacGoodwin, W. H. Barlow, Mrs. Benton, Gregory Perkins, Jr., Miss Stirling, Ben Page, Miss McNab, W. G. Young, Miss McFarland, Mr. Sanborn, Miss Loring, Mr. Seabert, Miss Stephens, J. W. Wolters, Miss Mason, Ross Smith, Miss Higgins, Mr. Engstrom, Miss Memefee, Sumner Hardy, Miss Randall, Mr. Gotschalk, Miss Daisy Randall, Bruce Rowan, Miss Bond, J. S. Daggett, Miss Vatentine, A. B. Ainsworth, Mrs. C. W. Winston, I. H. Rice, Mrs. I. H. Rice, Page Randall, Mrs. Winslow, C. W. Winston, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Calvert Wilson, Mrs. Porter, W. M. Chadbourne, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Porter. Messrs. Carhart, Bishop and Porter acted as rovers.

Tuesday evening the married people at the hotel gave a dance, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Barnwell and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn being leaders in the affair, and there were about fifteen couples dancing besides a number of young unmarried people who were invited in to grace the occasion. The usual stilted round of waltzes and two-steps was varied with old Dan Tucker, the Virginia reel and lancers and festivities were kept up until a late hour.

The last of the bi-weekly local golf tournaments was held last Saturday when Mrs. W. S. Porter and H. Anderson of Los Angeles were the winners. There were a number of entries, and another and probably the last tournament of the summer season will be held today on the links of the Redondo Country Club. There was no tournament this week on Wednesday.

Miss Stirling and E. C. Stirling of Redlands, guests at the hotel, took a sail in the Bonnie Belle to Santa Monica Wednesday.

Misses Echo Allen and Annette Hugus spent Sunday at the hotel.

Edward J. Pyle and LeRoy Leonard of Pasadena spent Sunday at Redondo.

T. D. McNab of Riverside on his way to San Francisco this week spent a few days with his parents who are spending the summer at Hotel Redondo.

CORONADO

MADAME MODJESKA'S stay at Hotel del Coronado will close next week, when the madame leaves for this season's tour. She is certainly a rarely gifted woman. What noble characteristics does she not possess? She is quietly, sincerely religious; ardently, thoughtfully patriotic. At her beautiful ranch home at Arden the flag of her beloved Poland and the stars and stripes of her adopted home mingle their silken folds in the mountain breezes. She is intellectual, well read, and those who know her best say selfishness finds no acceptance in her life. The happiness of her married life gives proof that the stage and happiness need not always be divorced. Mojeska does not talk shop and she certainly does not aim to attract by a theatrical appearance. She is loveable, gentle, generous, womanly. Her love of little children proclaims the mothe r heart. She departs for the season's engagement with best wishes attending.

Pretty little Bessie Van Buskirk of Los Angeles, who is to take the part of the dauphin in "Marie Antoinette" during the coming season with the Modjeska Company, spent a part of this week as the guest of Madame Modjeska at Hotel Coronado.

Among the prominent Los Angeles guests at Hotel del Coronado the past week were: Cosmo Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Shinnine, Mr. and Mrs. M. Welch, F. W. Gillette, Mrs. Louis.

Noted among recent guests and arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are the following: R. M. Dooley, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. S. Hirschfeleer, San Francisco; H. M. D. Spencer, San Francisco; George H. Curtis, Johannesburg; J. B. Martin, Tuscon, Ariz.; R. A. Cowing, John Morelein, Charles Morelein, Miss Annie Morelein, Miss Lydia Dusenberry, Mrs. C. A. Zimmerman, John H. Dusenburry, all of Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Benton, well known in the business and social life of their homes, Fort Worth, Tex., are spending some time at Coronado.

Mrs. C. S. Thomas, wife and daughter of

SANTA MONICA

So. Cal. Polo Club
10th Annual Races
Sept. 8 & 9, 1899
OCEAN PARK, SANTA MONICA
COMMITTEE—W. H. Young, I. H. Dudley, Wilbur Parker, J. B. Procter, M. G. Burmester, G. L. Waring.
Eight Running Races, distances from ¼ mile and repeat to 1 mile. Entries close Aug. 31st.
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G. L. WARING, Santa Monica

Fine Fish Dinners
No tourist considers a visit to California complete until he has visited Santa Monica and no one seeking a Summer Resort thinks of overlooking Santa Monica. For far and wide has extended the fame of the excellent fish, clams, mussels, cockles, lobsters, etc., which are to be obtained at the famous restaurant, overlooking the ocean.
THE PAVILION
ECKERT & HOPF, Props.

The North Beach Bath House
Has perfected an arrangement by which the water in the plunge will be entirely changed daily. This year a great deal of money has been put into permanent improvements in and around the bath house, and it will be the aim of the management to cater to the best class of people, by providing everything for their comfort and convenience. We may say to our old patrons that they will hardly recognize the place on account of changes for the better.

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Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Gov. Thomas of Colorado, were noted among guests at the hotel early the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Fletcher, society leaders of Denver, Colo., were among this week's guests at the hotel.

Miss Anna Hitchcock of Pasadena is at present at del Coronado.

H. S. Pritchett of Washington, D. C., at the head of the United States coast survey, was here on business the early part of the week.

Jefferson Chandler, a large stockholder in the Golden-Cross mine, is spending some time in San Diego and Coronado, combining business and pleasure.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Jones, pastor of the Pasadena Universalist Church, who has delighted San Diego congregations the past two Sabbaths with eloquent sermons, spent Sunday at the hotel, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. de Putron Glidden of Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Handel E. Owen and family of Los Angeles, accompanied by Mrs. Allibell Hutchinson, are noted among recent visitors here.

Edward Chambers of Los Angeles, general freight agent of the Santa Fe in California, and Mrs. Chambers, guests at Hotel del Coronado, invited a party of friends to spend Monday morning on the ocean, aboard the Santa Fe steam tug. The visit to Point Loma, the light house and the government breakwater were among interesting details of the morning's outing. The guests included Judge and Mrs. J. H. Slover of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. M. Welch, Misses Halliday, Capt. Hinde, J. Alexander, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cook of Chicago gave a delightful yachting party, on the May, with Capt. Dunne in charge, Tuesday afternoon. The bay was taken in, from Ballast Point to National City. Among the guests were Judge and Mrs. Slover, Mr. and Mrs. Giles Kellogg' Mrs. Waugenheim, Mrs. Healy, Misses Mary L. Smith, Bailhache, Mary Mealy, O'Connor, Messrs. A. P. Stevens, F. E. Godfrey, U. F. Newlin, A. B. and S. Gomez-Casseres, H. D. Harrison, F. L. Sargent.

Last Saturday's golf tournament was witnessed by a large number of spectators. Mrs. R. T. Loeser and G. S. Gay carried off the prizes for the afternoon.

Summer rates at Hotel del Coronado as low as $17.50 per week, and $22 includes round trip railroad fare, with bus and baggage from San Diego depot to and from the hotel. The cheapest summer outing one can take.

Fuller particulars can be obtained of H F. Norcross, Coronado agent, 200 South Spring street.

TERMINAL ISLAND

LAST Saturday evening the reputation of the Island for gaiety was continued by a swell cotillion at the Gordon Arms. It was quite a change from the outlandish getups of the late cake walk to the brilliant evening costumes of a full dress ball; but the pleasure was as great, albeit in a more dignified and conventional way. Frank Thomas led the german and as a result of his originality the dancers were treated to some new nautical figures that were decidedly interesting. The favors were in harmony with the figures, being mostly fish, boats, etc. Presiding at the favor table were Mmes. Howard M. Sale, H. Jevne, Fred Armstrong and F. W. Wood.

On Sunday several hundred people went out in sail boats to witness the yacht race. It was a close run, the Flying Bird winning in 2:17½.

There must have been a big storm at sea on Tuesday for at high tide the heavy sea encroached on the beach front, though doing no serious damage. Along most of the shore large quantities of sand were washed away, but the beach will undoubtedly be restored by the sea later. All of the bathing rafts were washed ashore. The sweep of the waves presented a pretty view and was watched with interest by the summer colonists from the verandas along the front.

Palmistry—a Science

For some time we have been watching with considerable interest the rapid advancement of the science of palmistry in our country. In the East the objects and merits of the study of the hand are possibly better understood than in California.

The courts of New York and Illinois acknowledge the science and accept expert testimony from graduated palmists.

Within the past three months the New York World, Brooklyn Citizen and Pittsburg Press have taken up the subject of "How to select good cooks by the shape and lines of their hands." The education given the public in this direction has been very valuable.

The Strand Magazine for September has devoted ten pages of valuable space to illustrations and readings of the hands of twenty celebrated people, giving ample proof of the science. Within the past month the Lake View Sanitarium, Cleveland, Ohio, has employed a graduate palmist to diagnose diseases. Dr.

PROF. A. SEGNO

Sheerin, chief physician, says: "After putting her to the most severe tests I find she is more often correct than the most skillful diagnostician of the medical profession."

Los Angeles is keeping up to date and now supports a college of palmistry. Prof. A. Segno came here from the East last October. He opened a school for the scientific study of palmistry and also commenced to educate the public as to the merits of palmistry by means of lectures and stereopticon illustrations of celebrated hands, and by articles published weekly by one of our city papers. So successful and satisfactory have been his efforts that the department of state has granted to him and a board of trustees composed of prominent citizens of Los Angeles a charter for a college of palmistry. It is known as the Chirological College of California. Prof. A. Segno is the president and instructor.

In this college both sexes receive complete education in scientific palmistry. Certificates, diplomas and degrees are granted the same as in any other college. It will be only a short time before all people desiring to practice as palmists will be required to have diplomas from chartered colleges the same as a doctor is regulated now. This will be a step in the right direction—a safeguard to the public, as it will do away with the impostors who bring the science into ill repute. "Know thyself." Mothers and teachers can now learn how to manage and educate children, doctors to correctly diagnose diseases, business men and women to understand those they have dealings with, wives and husbands to understand each other, and thousands of other things we all should know.

Down the Line

JAKE KUHRTS was mad one day last week, and yet the incident that aroused his wrath made him pensive, for it caused him to realize how the city is growing, and how the new is gradually making way against the old. Jake had been paid a check on the street, and it being drawn on a Spring street bank well up town where he happened to be, he thought he would go in and cash it, so in he walked up to the paying teller and presented the check. The teller looked at the check and then at Mr. Kuhrts, in the questioning way that tellers can assume when they are at a loss, and then said, "Does anyone in the bank know you?" Mr. Kuhrts looked about but did not see anyone he knew, but not thinking that it could be possible that the man who had lived for two score years or more in the city and had always been foremost in it its affairs said, "No, but what's the matter? Is there anything wrong with the check?" "No," said the teller, "but I cannot pay it until you are identified!" And Mr. Kuhrts had to get out and haul in the first man he met on the sidewalk to tell the teller that he was Mr. Kuhrts. I don't suppose that there are ten men down town, outside of that teller, who could not tell Mr. Kuhrts half a block away and feel glad to see him coming.

Jake Kuhrts had to be Identified

Mr. W. H. Perry, with possibly one exception, is the richest man in the city. Those who weigh bank accounts and credits differ whether Mr. Van Nuys may not be a little in the lead when it comes to coin, particularly ready money, but Mr. Perry has enough to make him easy and to permit him to take things as he pleases. He amuses himself chiefly with his Los Angeles Theater, which he keeps rearranging and improving, putting in a new stage or reconstructing the dressing rooms or designing a new scheme of decoration when he gets a bit bored. Mr. Perry is the hardest man to fight there is in the city, for he never lets go and never forgets, but he is a good, warm friend, and he loves Los Angeles better than anything else except his own kin, and always stands ready to do anything that will benefit the city. He has a princely fad, that of delighting in grand opera. He will go to any expense or trouble to hear a good company or to get them to play in his theater. If there were more Mr. Perry's in the city, times would never be hard, and the town would grow faster than it is doing.

He Is Having Fun Now

W. H. PERRY
Rustling around in his Brougham

A pink of courtly grace is C. Modini-Wood, a man who is most generally known through his connection with the management of the Los Angeles Theater. During the late grand opera season by the Lambardi Company Mr. Wood became justly famous for his ability in stepping in at the eleventh hour and saving the company from a perfect explosion of internal dissensions. Then when the Italian warblers struck a financial snag in unmusical San Jose Mr. Wood appeared as an "angel," which in theatrical jargon means a person with wampum and a willingness to cut the string. Then it was to Mr. Wood to whom thanks were due for that fine treat of music, for it was he who braved the Mexican border and safely steered the unsophisticated foreigners through the intricacies of the custom house and unfeeling railway offices. Now, I would not like to harrow Mr. Wood's feelings with unpleasant memories, but an eastern musical paper announces the arrival in the City of Mexico of two noted grand opera artists, whose names end with "i," who might be available a little later as a nucleus for a fine company.

A Popular Impressario

C. MODINI WOOD

Chester Thomas is staying at Terminal Island with his brother Frank and has developed a great love of fishing. Some time ago a miserable looking cat who seemed to be the worse for domestic infelicity came to the Thomas house and was treated well, being given a square meal and other comforts. The next day the cat came with five kittens which it took for granted would be accorded a home as well, and Frank took them all in and gave them quarters for the summer. Chester on his fishing trips has always remembered the cat and given it the poorer quality of his catch, so the cat got the habit of waiting about at the hour of his return and making off to its kittens with the pelone. One day last week Chester came in with his last fish, a yellowtail still on his line, and laid the catch down on the porch. The cat took it for granted that the fish was for her, and at once being actuated by the regular Terminal Island appetite, proceeded to gulp it down. It soon took off across lots, unreeling as it went many hundred feet of Chester's line, and disappeared in the evening darkness with a howl and a big hook firmly fastened in its mouth. Finally the line was reeled in, the cat caught, and chloroformed by Mr. Laubershiemer, who is a medical student, the hook cut out, the cat released, and it made a dash as if going to Los Angeles, but the

And the Cat Came Back

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next morning it came back, was ready for more fish by evening; all of which goes to show that Mr. Laubershiemer as a surgeon is a success. Now the Terminal railway folks want him to remove the gall from some of the members of the Catalina Yacht Club.

Oro Fino Redivuvus

The accounts of the reception to the returning volunteers in San Francisco last week make much of the Oro Fino Club and Ben Fehnemann. The Oro Finos, according to Johnny Wray, meet once a year to discuss means and methods of making Walter Moore account for the annual dues of one hundred guineas from the Earl of Craben, who when he was here some eight years ago was made an honorary member, and it is claimed has been sending his dues regularly, though when Ben Fehnemann went away and Ed Niles fell into desuetude the club was no more, except that Walter Moore continued as president de facto and received the club's letters. Fehnemann has been editing a chicken paper ever since and has not been in Southern California that anyone knows of for four or five years. Still he bobbed up serenely and took command apparently of the Southern California end of the show in San Francisco as if he still owned 'de ate.' Johnny Wray is collecting money for the government by the hundred thousand in the revenue department, and has recently had his sphere of influence enlarged and his salary increased for his services in discovering attempted frauds on the revenue law applied to stamps on legal documents. Walter Moore has a mortgage on the fire department and lives well on the interest. Ed Niles is inspecting dead Chinese in the San Francisco health department, while Ben Fehnemann got out of politics into the newspaper business and now is rated as being worth some fifty thousand dollars. How California hens must have worked! And the Earl of Craven? Why he married Miss Paran Stevens and can pay his dues with regularity.

Between the "typewriter" and the "flat" the piano is having a hard time of it in all the big cities of the United States, says the New York Herald, and "you can rent a piano cheaper than you can rent a typewriter. Either there is a greater surplus of pianos than usual or there is a marked falling off in the demand. Maybe it is both. You can get a piano as low as $2 a month. A very good instrument can be had for $3. And these prices can be applied on the purchase of a new one. A typewriter—second hand at that—will cost you $5 a month. Is there any significance in this? Have women begun to give up the piano for the typewriter? The latter can be bought new at from $85 to $125, while the piano comes at from $500 to $1000. On the basis of the typewriter the piano ought to rent for at least $25 a month. On the basis of the piano the typewriter ought to rent for fifty cents a month. The piano has unquestionable met with severe setbacks recently. Not only has the typewriter opened a more useful field for young women than was before offered by the piano, and consequently withdrawn many of the sex from the career ornamental; it has been supplemented by the increasing mania for out-of-door sports. Instead of sitting down and twisting a piano stool, as was the custom of her sisterhood of a generation or so ago, the modern young woman mounts her wheel and takes a spin in the park and the risk of arrest for scorching on the boulevard. Flat life is death to the piano. The limited space forbids a musical instrument that encroaches so materially on the necessities of the family and which makes as much noise as a brass band. Besides the courts have interdicted the piano in flat life. It has been legally decided a nuisance. Complaint anywhere is immediately followed by suppression. The banjo and the guitar and the plaintive mandolin ornament the little flat parlor."

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Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m	9.55 a. m.	
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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

JohnniahQuinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton.
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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GERTRUDE MANSFIELD

CARYL WILBUR

IN "COLOR BLIND" AT THE ORPHEUM

Continued from page 7

Company "A" Seventh Regiment N. G. C., was commissioned a second, vice McKeeby; Second Lieutenant Hayne of Battery D was made a first lieutenant in place of J. B. Morse, who died in the Philippines, and First Sergeant D. J. Keohane was commissioned second lieutenant in Haynes place. In the First Regiment, Major Boxton of the Frst Battalion was made lieutenant colonel; First Lieutenant Curzon, regimental adjutant, was made captain; Second Lieutenant Adler of Company L was raised to a first lieutenant; regimental Sergeant Major Badt was commissioned a second lieutenant in Company L; Sergeant Dowdell of Company G was made second lieutenant of his company, and First Sergeant Swan of Company D was made second lieutenant of his company. The commissions were issued by the State and dated back to the time the vacancies occurred which they are to fill.

An article appeared in one of the local papers a few days ago with the heading, "Seventh Regiment on the Rocks," and goes on to state that the regiment is in an unflourishing condition; that the attendance is poor and that vacancies in the field and staff offices have not been filled. The article is misleading. Attendance to drill is always light in summer when men are off on their vacations and is probably as good this year as usual. Vacancies on the staff have not been appointed and elections for field officers have not been called for the reason that a great many vacancies have occurred as a result of the regiment going into the volunteer service and it is not thought advisable to fill the regimental vacancies until the line offcers had all qualified. There is plenty of good material in the regiment and a little time will see the right places. With the exception of uniforms, which will be here shortly, the regiment is better equipped than ever before and has a large supply of ammunition with which to do target practice shooting.

The Orpheum management is again showing its patriotism and good will toward the boys who went at the call of their country. They will devote the proceeds of one evening's performance to the reception fund for the California Heavy Artillery. Everybody should turn out.

Amusements

THE theatrical atmosphere is becoming delightfully thick these first days of the first fall month, and in a few days the Orpheum's monopoly will be broken by the opening of the Burbank, followed shortly afterward by a turning up of the lights at the Los Angeles theater.

I WONDER if with the coming of the Morosco's we are to see the passing of the Burbank—that is, as far as a name goes. In the advertisements under the new management the once familiar title of the house is prefixed so that it reads, "Morosco's Burbank Theater." The idea is probably to drop out the name of the late and honored owner of the theater, which from an advertising point of view is not disparaging to the memory of Dr. Burbank.

ALEXANDRA DAGMAR is a magnificent spectacle. She sweeps upon the stage with all the assurance of a queen who is about to demand homage from a houseful of new subjects. She has a range of voice from A to Z and sings for effect, in which she succeeds. She yodels and slides, and makes use of the music-hall semiquavers and turns that harmonize with her costumes and dash. After each song she retires to remove another section of drapery, until at last, in the full glare of the calcium light, her serpent costume reveals the splendid curves of trunk and limb that prompted a San Francisco daily to devote an entire page to a group of her pictures. Some women are pretty, some petite, some handsome, some charming, but this woman fits only one word—magnificent; and under the reign of the new woman would made a superb chief of police.

People who appreciate grand opera selection, even when masterly rendered on a xylophone, are not likely to become enthusiastic when the performer is standing on one foot on an unstable wire waving the other at the audience like a signal of distress. And certainly in these days of excellence in everything no one cares to see a half-way performance on the slack wire. Esmeralda would make a success in a purely musical act, but the combination falls flat.

The Cardownie troupe do not come up to the popular conception of Scotch people in physique, but for agile, graceful dancing they are marvels. The most expert southern darkey would turn a green-black at their "winging." The sword dance by one of the women is a characteristic and pretty piece of terpsichorean work.

Orpheum—Like a kaleidoscope that shifts and sparkles in a succession of varying lights, so a vaudeville house seems to be able to always have a change of novelties. The framework is the same, but there is a constant variation of the contents.

Next week there will be six new acts on the bill. Only two acts will be retained as they were this week.

Caron and Herbert, the famous acrobatic comedians head the bill. They are known to be the best of their class.

Hall and Staley, calling themselves the "Twentieth Century Burglars," have a prominent place on the bill.

The Freeze Brothers, jugglers of tambourines and batons, will provide a novelty.

Etta Butler will sing. She is said to be a vocalist of rare gifts.

Mansfield and Wilbur will produce a new sketch called "Cupid's Middemen." The Cardownies will remain on the bill as also Esmeralda, the wire walker and musician.

Orpheum

MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND
Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater

Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 4.

Caron and Herbert, the greatest of Comedy Acrobats.
Freeze Brothers, the marvelous Tamborine Jugglers.
Hall and Staley, the Twentieth Century Burglars.
Miss Etta Butler, first appearance.
The Cardownie Troupe, Dancers and Character Vocalists.
Mansfield and Wilbur, Clever Society Sketch Artists.
Queen of the Silver Wire, last appearance.

PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

Morosco's Burbank Theater—T. Daniel Frawley has brought his excellent company to Los Angeles again and will tonight open the newly decorated and newly furnished Burbank Theater. It was at the Burbank Theater that Mr. Frawley made his first success in this city, and the present engagement is like returning to an old home. It will be remembered by theater goers that his first engagement of five weeks at the Burbank Theater was so genuinely successful that it was extended to eleven, and had not other engagements prevented could have been extended even further. Mr. Frawley says that he has brought with him the largest and best company ever under his management; that he will present here a series of the very strongest of eastern successes, the Pacific Coast rights of which he holds exclusively.

It was at first intended to open the season with "The Senator," but Sardou's splendid comedy drama, "Madame Sans Gene," was considered the more appropriate initial bill, and the opening week will therefore be devoted to the lively and fascinating drama which the great French playwright has woven about the career of the laundry-girl Duchess Katherine Hutscher and some of the interesting domestic incidents of the great Emperor's life.

"Madame Sans Gene" will be handsomely put upon the stage, with special and appropriate stage settings. The cast is a strong one, embracing as it does Mr. Frawley as Napoleon and beautiful Mary Van Buren as the washer-woman who became the wife of the Marshal of France.

There will be a special matinee of "Madame Sans Gene" Labor Day, and a regular matinee on Saturday. There will be only one matinee a week during the stay of the Frawleys at the Burbank and that will of course be on Saturday.

MARY VAN BUREN—With the Frawley Co. at the Burbank

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

When ladies stand still in these narrow skirts
They're rather a pleasing sight
But when they walk—they simply walk
Very much as a mermaid might.
—*Detroit Journal.*

About Skirts

LAST year the fashion preferred for petticoats was an accordeon pleated flounce wider behind than in front. This flounce was braided with a chicory ruche which gave it a very pretty effect, and to hide the junctions of the flounce and the skirt a similiar ruche was sewn on the seam which joined them. This form is still frequently adopted, doubtless because it is graceful, practical and requires no other trimming but it has the inconvenience of supporting the skirt too much to suit the present fashion. A simple means of remedying this defect is to make accordeon pleating flounces not of taffetas, but of point d'esprit tulle, or if you want something a little nicer, liberty gauze or any soft, fluffy material.

Some times, instead of a wide gathered flounce the bottom of the petticoat is trimmed with three narrow flounces of point d' esprit tulle edged with ribbons of some light shade to correspond with the foundation. I have seen lately a charming petticoat of white cambric ornamented with five narrow flounces of the same cambric and open work hems in pink cambric. This style is at once elegant and simple, it is one of those personal arrangements that one does not find ready made and for that reason is very desirable.

A Place for Shirtwaists

Never too old to learn was the remark I involuntarily made to myself the other day when one of my girl friends took me up to her room to see how she managed to keep all her wash shirtwaists where they would be safe from dust and never be mussed. She had found a box just the length of her shirtwaists and had made a cover and tacked it on with some little strap hinges. Then she covered the box neatly with green denim. On top was a nice soft cushion and for the inside she had made a pad of lavender silkoline for the bottom and another large one she had made to go around the sides of the box. She had put a generous supply of violet satchet powder in these pads, which kept the waists nicely perfumed. I thought this was one of the handiest little arrangements I had ever seen because one's shirtwaists seem to take up so much room in the cheffonier or closet, and then they are eternally getting out of place and mussed. It is an easy matter to find a place for this impromptu shirtwaist case, usually in a window niche.

A French Paper on Children's Dresses

Children's dresses follow to some extent the fashion adopted by mothers; their little skirts have lost their fullness; their sleeves less puffed. Fortunately simultaneously with these changes the taste for making their dresses shorter has increased. Accordingly little boys, and more especially little girls, have at the present moment more convenient dresses, if their mothers do not run into exaggeration in the note given by fashion.

The form of dress known as "American" is still most preferred for infants below six years of age. It matters little whether their dress is set on a round or square yoke. The essential point is that the dress must not be tight at the waist, making them look like little women spoiled. Nevertheless the American dress can be shaped; it is more novel in style and disengages the figure.—La Vraie Mode.

Children dislike wearing anything made primarily to look odd and picturesque and they are usually quite unhappy if they are obliged to wear anything to make them unlike other children.

For a girl of twelve or younger a school dress of scarlet serge with the attached flounce made very full at the bottom of the skirt will be becoming. The waist is gathered full on a pointed yoke of embroidered batiste and the seam joining the yoke and waist, also the skirt and flounce, has a trimming of black braid.

Hotel Palms

This city, the Mecca of the hotel man, has recently witnessed the opening of a new and elegant caravansary, viz., the Hotel Palms at the corner of Sixth street and Broadway. Mr. H. C. Fryman, the enterprising and capable proprietor, who by the way commences a prominent advertisement of his hotel in this isene which is to continue some time, started on his hotel career in the East in the oil fields of Ohio when quite a young man, and is still younger than most business men who undertake as much as he is at present doing. After a short period passed in Denver he came on to the Pacific coast, locating in Southern California, and for the first year acted as manager of the Hollenbeck cafe, and has been manager of the Mt. Lowe hotel for the past four years.

On July 1 he took charge of what had beeu known at the Vincent hotel, changing the name, and after thoroughly renovating and partially refurnishing he enlarged and remodeled the entire place.

This (Saturday) evening a reception and dancing party will be given which will be a very nice affair and for which a large number of invitations have been issued. The hotel parlors have been nicely decorated for the occasion, canvas has been laid, and everyone who is present will enjoy a very pleasant time.

In the advertisement which appears on another page rates are given and such information regarding the hotel as is valuable to the prospective patron.

Snap bargains in night shirts at Coulter's.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER
OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manage
Commencing Sunday, Sept. 3d
An Elaborate Production of SARDOU'S
Madame Sans Gene . . .
Interpreted by the full strength of the
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Our Prices—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c; Box Seats 50c and $1.00; Loge Seats 75c. Box Office now open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

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ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased.

Notice of Administrator's sale of real estate.

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, made on the 25th day of April, 1893, in the matter of the Estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, or at her option, not less than one-third cash, balance on or before the expiration of one year from date of confirmation of the sale, with interest at eight per cent per annum, payable yearly, subject to confirmation by said superior court, on or after Monday the 11th day of September, 1899, all the right, title and interest of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

1st. In the City of Los Angeles, in the "Belgravia Tract," according to the map of subdivision thereof, recorded in Book 23, page 54 of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, Lots One [1], Two [2], Four [4], Five [5], Six [6], Seven [7], Ten [10], Eleven [11], Fourteen [14], Nineteen [19], and Twenty [20], excepting the north one hundred and eighty [180] feet of Lot Two [2].

2nd. In the City of Los Angeles, in the "McGarry Tract," according to map of subdivision thereof recorded in Book 26, page 69 of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, Lots Three [3] and Nine [9], Block "C": Lots Twenty-four [24], Thirty-two [32], Forty [40] and the north two [2] feet of Lot Forty-one [41], in Block "D," the east Three [3] feet of Lot Twenty-eight [28], and Lots Twenty-nine [29], and Thirty-seven [37], in Block "E"; and Lots Six [6], Seven [7], Twenty-five [25], Twenty-seven [27], and Thirty-four [34], of Block "F."

3rd. In the town of Santa Monica, in said county, Lots A and B in Block One Hundred Twenty-two [122], Lots R and S of Block Fifty [50], and Lot C in Block One Hundred and Ninety-four [194], according to map of subdivision of said town recorded in Book 3, pages 80 and 81 Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County.

Under the order of the court aforesaid the said administratrix may sell the said real estate, either in one parcel, or in lots or subdivisions thereof, as she shall deem most beneficial to said estate.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at the expense of the purchaser, or, at the option of the administratrix, a portion of the purchase price, not less than one-third thereof on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, and the balance thereof on or before the expiration of one year after the date of such confirmation, with interest on such deferred payments, at the rate of eight per cent per year, interest payable yearly, both principal and interest payable in United States gold coin—the deferred payments being evidenced by proper promissory notes and secured by proper mortgage on the property sold.

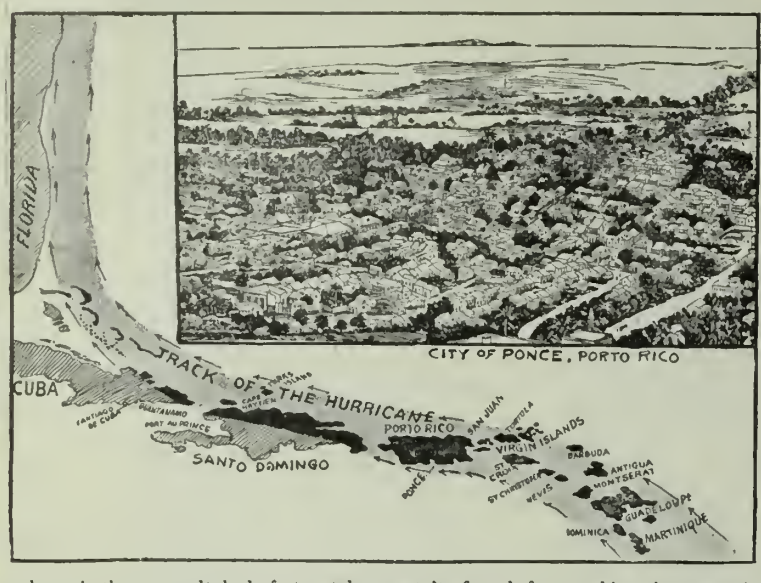
Bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Smith, McNutt & Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles city, Rooms 1 and 4, or delivered to the administratrix personally, or filed in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Los Angeles county, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

ELEANOR T. BROWN,
Administratrix of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, Deceased.

August 25, 1899. 8-26-3t

THE WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.

The illustration shows Ponce as it was before it was almost completely destroyed by the terrible hurricane. The island of Porto Rico was directly in the path of the storm and the loss of life and property was enormous. The track of the hurricane is



shown in the map. It had, fortunately, spent its fury before reaching the coast of Florida. In addition to the great loss of life caused directly by the hurricane, the suffering from the hunger and privation which followed was severe, and many more died from want of food and care. The United States government acted as promptly as possible in despatching relief to the sufferers, but to many it came too late.

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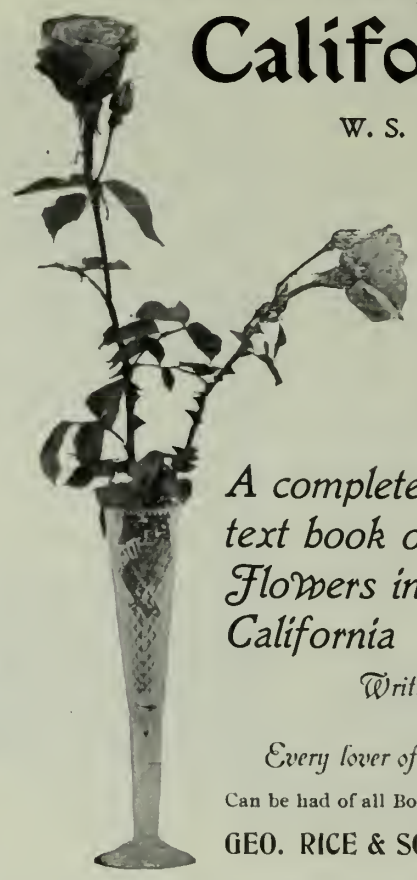

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 11.

Los Angeles, Saturday, September 9, 1899.

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FLOODED BATTLEFIELDS OF LUZON.

It was thought there would be a cessation of hostilities in the Philippines until after the rainy season was over and its effects had, to some extent, passed. The resumption of the fighting around Manila, when the country thereabouts is half under water, means unpleasant campaigning for the American soldiers. Through mud and water they are chasing the Filipinos who do not appear to be greatly annoyed by the conditions. The heat is also almost unbearable at this season.

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)
BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WHETHER or not Alfred Dreyfus is reconvicted, and he probably will be,—all though the world believes him to be innocent of everything except, possibly, extreme caution at headquarters—the French republic is in danger; and if there were a Louis Napoleon or a Gambetta, or any strong, brave, self-reliant man with abilities as a leader, it is doubtful if the republic would last another month. It is no secret that the force that has held it together for the past five or six years has been the national pride and confidence in the army.

A Republic in Danger

But the former trial and conviction of Dreyfus made the people suspicious of the integrity of many of the officers, who, it was supposed, had been selling military secrets to the Germans. The principal effect of this was to create an intense anti-Semite feeling all over France. The fact that Dreyfus was a Jew resulted in a racial prejudice that has come near breaking out into general violence and bloodshed a number of times; for throughout it all the French people have not lost confidence in their army; but they have conceived an intense animosity against the Jews. And even when Zola, in whom the better classes in France had great confidence, took up the cause of Dreyfus and made an open and positive assault on the integrity of the army and the character of some of the highest military officers in France the masses were not convinced although they were mightily stunned for a time. And while the conservative element took sides with Zola the populace generally was not at his back, and in due time he, himself, was convicted and sentenced. This made matters worse; for while the majority of Frenchmen and all the army glorified this crowning villainy there were many who believed the eminent novelist and humanitarian had been ruthlessly sacrificed for the purpose of covering up irregularities in the army that the government dared not expose.

The development of the new trial emphasizes the fact that Dreyfus is a victim of military treachery and that Zola has been inhumanly treated for exposing a dangerous condition of army affairs. The trial shows that the "headquarters" of the French army is rotten and vile and that its system has been pernicious, and that it is entirely unrepublican. Whichever way the trial ends the republic is in danger.

Three weeks ago there were lots of sports in and about San Francisco. At Del Monte there were golf and polo tournaments, at Burlingame tennis and flirtation, and at 'Frisco the three millionaire edit ors of the three morning papers were playing a game called downinggage. This latter was a miserable game and the three m. e. of the three m. p. lost heavily

---

Possibly but passing attention was given by the majority of people to a recent item in the daily papers on the dismantling of the cable house in Boyle Heights, saying that the railway company expects to realize enough from the sale of the fine machinery as scrap iron to pay the expenes of removing it. And it seems but a few turns of the hourglass since the first cable car glided through our streets, after the expending of thousands of dollars for this same fine machinery, which is now doomed to the blast furnace.

The World Do Move

When Mayor Phelan turned over the city of San Francisco to Mayor Eaton and sent him a bodyguard in the person of a trusty sergeant of police he was unaware of the presence of a better than the stalwart servitor. Fred's reply that he did not need the services of the municipal protection—that he had his wife with him—was a humming postulate and idyllic in its ingenuousness.

Worth Ten Cops in this Case

An article in these columns upon the "Right of Independence" has incited a correspondent to send the Herald a criticism of the position therein taken. Evidently the writer had not read our first article upon the subject. If he will read the two articles together he will find that the words he quotes and which cause his anti-expansion diatribe are but the conclusions drawn from the wording of the Declaration of Independence. These words affirm the doctrine that "Were the right of independence inherent in man it would disintegrate all government," and he goes at them with hammer and tongs, in true anti-expansion style. In this he is but following the illogical conclusions of those who are just now arguing for the "Right of Independence."

In re. Right of Independence

In our first article the contention was made that the Declaration of Independence was adopted to secure to the American colonies the inherent rights of the people, and these were stated to be, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which we take to be the germ of the Declaration. In fact, throughout that wonderful document the idea of independence is only treated of as a means of obtaining the above inherent rights; and the long list of charges against the king were in the nature of an explanation to the world for the reason that compelled them to disolve all political relations with the mother country. And it was expressly stated that this action was taken only after all other means of redress had failed.

The signers of the Declaration recognized the necessity of organized government and that to accomplish this many compromises were imperative. In their bill of rights only principles were mentioned, and the right of independence was not one of them.

And the wisdom of their action cannot be questioned. If independence is an inherent right, like "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," any people or tribe, however weak and insignificant they may be, would be justified in going to war for its maintenence, even if individual liberty were more perfectly attained under the old conditions than they could be under the new. If this doctrine be true the nation committed a grievous wrong in suppressing the rebellion; the English are perpetrating a monstrous crime in exercising sovereignty over colonies; Africa should be allowed to continue in barbarism, and all the lauded advantages of modern civilization are crimes against the liberties of the people.

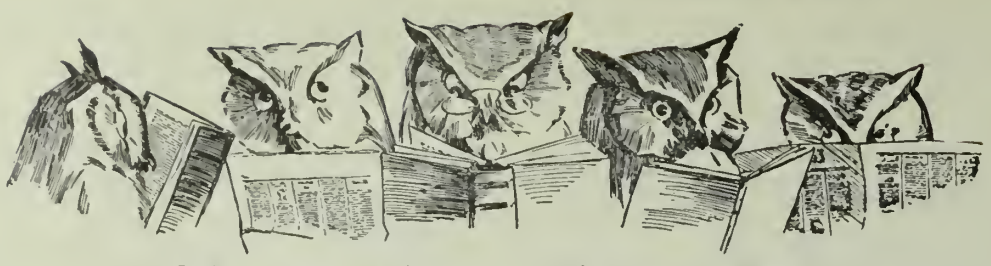
Civilization is advanced by the unification of weak peoples into strong governments—nations able and willing to protect their citizens in the enjoyment of their rights. How much better, for instance, is the condition of the people in the United States and Great Britain than those of Spain.

But, considering the war in Luzon, what right has Aguinaldo and the Tagal rebels to assume to represent other tribes in the Philippines, who have nothing in common with them in political training or religion? Certainly it cannot be claimed that they have any just claim to represent these people nor the power to fuse this mass of semi-barbarous humanity into a stable and free government.

Under such conditions it is indeed strange that any considerable number of Americans, who profess to love liberty, have so little faith in the people who have reared the magnificent structure of our government, where liberty is the watchword of the nation, that they fear the change from Spanish misrule to American citizenship will abridge the liberties of the people of the Philippines. Be Americans. Have faith in the honesty and integrity of those who are in power, and do not try to walk so near the line between loyalty and treason that it is hard to determine on which side your steps lie. Such talk has already cost the life of many a gallant soldier in the Philippines, and is making the task of our army in the Orient more arduous than need be. The fight will not end until the stars and stripes are victorious, after which the whole people will unite in demanding that just and equitable laws be given to the people of the islands, who will be guaranteed all the rights vouchsafed to American citizens under the constitution.

Mr. Bryan in his speech in San Francisco Wednesday night came desperately near endorsing the Atkinson method of disseminating tracts among the soldiers in the Philippines adjuring insubordination—which impels us to say that had Mr. Bryan, while a colonel in the army, and ordered to the Philippines, made such remarks one year ago as he did in San Francisco on Wednesday night, he could have been courtmartialed and sentenced to be cashiered or shot.

Would Bryan Have Obeyed the Order?



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

MUNICIPAL magnates that contemplate paying a visit to Los Angeles any time during the existence of the present administration of this city will be interested to learn, from this paragraph, that Mayor Fred Eaton, of hospitable and companionable nature, has been learning points on the best way to entertain visitors of his own rank and station. During his brief sojourn up north His Honor learned pointers on the best way to entertain mayors from other cities. He obtained some valuable lessons of mayoralty etiquette from Mayor Phelan of San Francisco who at once perceived the personal qualities of the chief executive of the metropolis of the south. At Stockton Mayor Eaton was the guest of Mayor Harrison, and there as well as in San Francisco nothing was too good for the man from the south. As a result of these experiences Mayor Eaton will feel more than ever brave in facing the social duties that frequently confront the incumbent of his high office.

Etiquette of Entertaining

There have been mayors, I won't say where and I won't mention names, who have shirked the social duties that pertain to the office of mayor of a great city. Some of us have heard of mayors that fled the city on the approach of some celebrity whose position merited at least a public welcome, an address from the executive head of the city, with possibly some additional entertainmemt less public and more expensive. Mayor Eaton declares that he is now so equipped that he will be in fact as well as in theory the head of the city; that he will shirk neither responsibility nor expense and will comply with all demands that may be made upon his time, his talents or his "tin." For a picnic of the Turnverein or a convention of the teetotalers, or any other event needing adornment of official greatness and the inspiration of oratory, Mayor Eaton will be found to be equally compliant.

He Will Never Retreat

The workers in the local Red Cross realize that the actual usefulness of the organization is only now beginning to become most manifest. The enthusiastic sentiments which at the beginning of the war prompted a general and generous response to appeals for cash wherewith to bestow upon the departing volunteers luxuries that the government commissaries provide not for soldiers, passed with the waning of the warlike spirit. That there was then money to spare for "housewives" which the dear boys disposed of in all manner of ways, and that vast sums of Red Cross money were expended in adding to the glorification of a returned ponderous general from Santiago de Cuba should not militate against the claim of the society for more help now, when soldier boys are returning from service, broken in health, moneyless and "jobless." If the local Red Cross had any mission on the earth now and the near future should prove it. In returning from the Philippines with their lives the volunteer soldier boys have not escaped their greatest dangers. Those men that will find themselves so dependent needs must be taken up, fed and sustained by the Red Cross—which, alas, finds its treasury empty. "You never miss the water," etc.

Red Cross Needs Funds

Observer Franklin, who does the weather detail for the United States hereabout, tells me that we will begin to have real summer weather about the time that everybody gets home from the beaches. Whether he reaches that sage conclusion by scientific prescience or whether he gives it as a rough guess based on other seasons gone before I know not. Anyway, time will show how near right he is.

Look Out for Warm Weather

In view of the transient character of most public buildings, especially churches, that are erected in progressive western communities like Los Angeles there is something almost ludicrous in the one time solemn ceremonial of laying a "cornerstone." In this country the usual diversified contents of a cornerstone are not for the edification of a future century. If, indeed, the contents remain intact for a subsequent generation to disclose the original object seems to have been subserved. There are in Los Angeles old men who were well advanced in years when the cornerstone of the First Methodist church was laid with usual rites. To them the interval of time between the building and the razing of that edifice was more brief than it seems to those now grown who were children then. And yet, considered in the light of changes, twenty-five years in Los Angeles are equal to a century in many an old and more confined settlement. Coins and documents may not within church cornerstones in Los Angeles acquire an antiquity that will make of them curiosities to those that may discover them; but newspapers and other fleeting things of today that are old tomorrow may become curiously rare day after tomorrow. In the newspapers that may this year be included among the articles that are doomed to confinement for an uncertain term in the receptacle of a church cornerstone the one feature that will have a familiar look when the edifice shall have been torn down to make way for the march of commerce, and the "curiosities" shall again see the light of day, will be the war news from the Philippines.

Laying the Cornerstone

The City Council presented to an individual the privilege of starting a new cemetery in Boyle Heights. Then, just as the man was about to set out in search of cadavers to inter in his graveyard, the City Council woke up and rescinded the action taken. The local legislators discovered that they had previously adopted an ordinance which prohibited the establishment of more cemeteries in the city limits, and the discovery not only enlightened the city hall statesmen but pleased the Boyle Heights citizens and hurt the feelings of the graveyard man. As a matter of fact there should be plenty of room for cemeteries outside the city and anyone who wants to start a new graveyard may, if he hurries before the next annexation shall take place, find ground suitable for the purpose within traveling distance of the late home of the deceased. Though possessing the advantages of a quiet neighborhood cemeteries are not usually popular with circumjacent dwellers in cities.

Took Back the Graveyard

Andrew Carnegie, wherever he may be, must be enjoying the rumpus he has caused in San Diego by offering to give to that city $50,000 for a public library building on condition the people provide a site for it. The citizens have not decided on the site, but their wrangles over the matter of selection make a sight for the world. If the bickering that is retarding the acquisition of the building fund shall have the result of sidetracking it altogether Mr. Carnegie will have caused a whole lot of fun without expending a cent.

Squabble over Sites

OMNIUM GATHERUM

THE rotund form of Mr. Joseph D. Lynch, for many years editor of the Herald and founder of the WESTERN GRAPHIC has again been seen in our midst, after an absence of nearly two years. Mr. Lynch is as intellectual and physically substantial looking as ever, and he notes with great satisfaction the erection of the Douglas and Laughlin blocks and other edifices since he was last among us. It is not saying too much that the tremendous prosperity that has been vouchsafed Los Angeles has been largely promoted by Mr. Lynch's ever faithful, facile and vigorous pen.

It has been suggested that if Commodore Spreckles had taken the Adjutant General on his yacht he would have had an able bodied Seaman aboard.

Guy Barham, in one of his felicitous moods, advances the idea that the custom of christening a ship with wine was because after wine one will take to water more fervently, for a time at least.

A scientist says that a new microbe has been discovered that is nearly all mouth. Might it not be a ward politician, or is he all mouth ?

The latest news regarding the weight of Victoria is that the estimable Queen weighs 260 pounds, which in a way explains the difficulty Albert has of getting the old lady off the thrown.

An article in an Eastern magazine says: "every one must have a father." Once in a while a great glittering fact finds its way into an Eastern magazine.

Peter Martin had been at the Del Monte tennis, polo and golf contests for a week, and gave a description at the Pacific-Union Club of an affair as follows: Why as soon as he was mounted he seized the mallet and he struck a hot liner that lodged in the net not more than two inches from the last hole. Give me a high ball.

Orders taken for all kinds of beautiful needlework. Initialing and embroidery a specialty. Convent of Immaculate Heart, Pico Heights, Los Angeles, Cal. 10 1

About the House

HAVE you eaten a pineapple salad? Fashionable women at this season are making a point of serving this little novelty. It is cool looking, delightful to the palate, and then so few people comparatively have eaten it that it has almost the value of an original idea. To make it the pineapple is shredded fine and mixed with celery—chopped. Over it goes a good, carefully-made mayonnaise. To serve it prettily hollow out and peel as many apples as you have guests and fill these with the delicious mixture. Serve ice cold. If it has not been thoroughly chilled the piquancy of your salad is lost. A warm, gluey mayonnaise is an abomination—particularly at this time of year.

Hot Weather Salads

Another good little salad which the housewife should have at her fingers' ends is made of apples and celery chopped together and dressed with mayonnaise. This, too, can be charmingly served in the apples.

Salad a la Waldorf is still more simple, and although smart restaurants have been serving it for some time it will be entirely new to many a home cook. Waldorf salad is simply chopped celery mixed with the delicious myonnaise and arranged in apples.

A word about preparing your apples. Select, of course, the largest and firmest and prettiest you can find, peel them carefully; take out the core and scrape out as much of the inside as is possible without allowing your knife to burst through. In serving them place each apple on a bed of watercress, lettuce or other green thing. They may be decorated, too, with red beets cut in fancy shapes, etc.

For a very easily prepared dish on the salad order there could be nothing daintier and more appetizing than whole tomatoes served with mayonnaise. The tomatoes are dropped in hot water to loosen the skins, which are very carefully stripped off. Arrange each tomato on a bed of green, pour a spoonful of dressing over it and put away in the ice chest for half an hour before serving.

One more delicious little salad in which pineapple plays an important part. It has just been introduced by a famous Philadelphia cafe. It is a little more elaborate than those I described first, but it is so pretty that the hostess who wants a charming table will think it well worth the trouble. For this, hollow out firm red tomatoes, removing all the soft central portion. Make a filling of chopped pineapple, celery and sweet apple, with a little of the soft part of the tomato—seeds being removed. This filling is mixed with the mayonnaise and filled into the tomatoes. They are now placed in the ice box—not frozen, however. Serve, of course, on separate plates, with a bed of water cress or a wreath of grape leaves.

At a recent smart dinner in New York tomatoes were brought to the table with fresh cream cheese and toasted crackers. The combination was perfect. The woman who is usually puzzled how to round out her salad courses should make a note of this.

Salad Accompaniment

There is a little sandwich out which is particularly chic for serving with one of these fruit or vegetable salads. Think about it, for the days may be too hot for cheese. Both graham and wheat bread are cut in very thin slices. These are buttered with very fresh, fragrant country butter and filled in with a mixture of chopped olives and celery moistened with mayonnaise. As mayonnaise is used in these be sure to have them cool.

A Rhyme of Cooling Drink.

Priscilla's good enough in winter,
When she pours the Oolong tea,
But when comes the summer weather
Marjory's the girl for me!
Would you know the reason for it—
Can you guess without my aid?
No? Well, then, sweet dimpled Marjory
Makes delicious lemonade!

How she does it I have never
Yet discovered, but I think
She must put some of herself in
This delightful, cooling drink.
O, how sweet the magic potion
That she makes, and how soon made
Marjory's a girl for August,
With her wondrous lemonade.

'Tis beyond me to describe it.
When my throat is parched and dry,
Marjory takes six luscious lemons,
While I watch with wistful eye,
Then she stirs the cooling water
Deftly in the orchard shade,
Adds "exactly so much sugar,"
And behold! her lemonade!

Sing of girls who brew the Oolong,
Ye who will—I do not care;
Sing their praises in the winter,
But when blows the summer air,
If you knew her you would worship
Marjory, my dimpled maid,
Who can stir the sweetest potion,
Tempting, lovely lemonade!

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

THAT the "jingoes" are abroad in the land is made evident by the continued utterances of public men large and small in both the United States and Canada, and by the vapid unauthenticated statements promulgated by irresponsible papers of both countries.

In spite of the more or less virulent speeches made in the Canadian parliament in reference to the supposed stubbornness of the United States over the disputed Alaskan boundary, there has at no time been the slightest ground for the fear that war would be resorted to for a settlement. Our dispute is not with Canada but with England as the legal guardian of Canada, and to talk of a war with England in view of the recent closer drawing of the bonds uniting the two great Anglo-Saxon nations is preposterous. The war of 1812 marked the final close of all strife between mother and child as far as our race is concerned just as our own war of the rebellion will stand forever in history as a bloody monument to the ungodliness of a war between brothers.

Whatever may be the right in the present case—and we cannot deny that there are two sides to every question—let us dismiss forever from our minds all idea of a settlement by the sword. We as people of the United States very naturally feel that our country is in the right, but should it ever come to a choice it would be far better to go to any point short of absolute surrender rather than to forfeit by bloodshed the family reunion so recently formed.

Taking this view of the case, it is interesting to read what that eminent exponent of British public opinion, the London Spectator, has to say on the subject, although we cannot but suspect that it takes the attitude that it does more to express in a charming way the relation of England to both the United States and Canada than through any fear that a disagreement is probable. After a careful resume of the whole subject the Spectator delivers itself as follows:

"All that this country [England] wants is to obtain a settlement fair to both parties No doubt we cannot claim to be entirely impartial in the matter. We naturally look at things from a Canadian point of view, and angle to do so. The Canadians are part of our own household (and necessarily we must in the last resort stand by them) are not only our own flesh and blood, but members of our own home. If we should ever be forced to choose between Canada and the United States (which God forbid) we must choose Canada. But though this is so, and though it is no good to pretend otherwise, Canada must not presume too much upon the knowledge and press things too far. We shall be absolutely loyal to her, but she must also be loyal, we will not say to us, but to the Empire as a whole. She must not think merely of her northwestern boundary, but of Australia, of New Zealand, of South Africa, of India, and of all our interests in China and the Far East; and what is more, of all these mighty interests welded into a concise whole. Now it is for the welfare of the Empire as a whole that the people of the United States should regard us; not as foreigners, but as their own kin, and as willing to do things for them which we would not do for foreigners. The Americans found the advantage of this feeling when they were threatened with constraint of an European coalition, and when the continent was made to understand they must not forget the existence of the British fleet. The British Empire may some day wish for a similar exhibition of feeling. We are perfectly well aware, and perfectly willing to admit, that there we have no need to curry favor with America, and that we are quite strong enough to stand by ourselves; but that is not the question. Even the strongest power may be the better for a certain amount of outside sympathy. If we can feel sure of that sympathy in America we need not be troubled to cultivate it elsewhere. Therefore we would most earnestly beg Canada to remember that the Alaskan boundary must not be treated as if it were the last transaction with America."

Those who are familiar with the Alaskan boundary dispute realize of course that it is a serious controversy in the sense that it is not merely a sentimental difference of opinion, but they also realize that it is not serious enough for any of the parties involved to be allowed to reach the environment of war. Even if the debate does grow hot and peppery the result will simply be to show to each what the metal of the other is and how common is the inheritance of both, and should the diplomats and political agitators desire war the sober hard sense of the people would find a way to relieve both. B. F. M.

"Sure yer hair is falling frightfully. You'll be bald soon if it kapes on." "Faith, I'll be balder still if it don't kape on."

Music and Art

EARLY September finds many of the musicians and artists again at their studios, limbering up their fingers and clearing their throats, eager and in good trim after their vacations to enter upon what promises to be the liveliest season, especially in music, that Los Angeles has ever had. Harley Hamilton came home this week from San Francisco, where he has been assisting in the reception of the returning soldiers. Fred A. Bacon is again in his rooms in the Blanchard building hard at work after a month or more where cool breezes blow. Mr. Bacon will immediately take up oratorio work; expecting to produce "The Creation" in about six weeks, followed later by "The Messiah." Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop will be the leading soloist. G. A. Dobinson, whose external dignity would not be supposed to stand for the familiar nickname "Dobie," as he is known among theatrical folk, is back from a week in 'Frisco.

The California Ladies' Quartet made a quasi public appearance at Alpine Tavern last Saturday and Sunday, entertaining the guests with a delightful program. Under the thorough leadership of Madame Crawford the quartet is developing fine ensemble and the numbers presented on the mountaim top would indicate that we are to have a treat when they give their promised series of concerts in Los Angeles. Following are the programs of the two evenings:

B-flat quartet, (last movement), (Weber); intermezzo, Naila, (Delibes—Moses); Passe Pied, (Gillet); waltz, "Romeo and Juliet," (Gounod); overture, (Luppa); intermezzo, (Czibulka).

Resignation; Meditation, (Fauconier); Prelude and Siciliana; Intermezzo Sinfonica (Mascagni); Cavatina, violin solo, (Raff); serenade, trio, (Windor); Larghetto; Allegro, (Mozart).

If they stick to that class of music they will certainly make a popular success.

Arthur Marshal Perry is making arrangements for a violin recital.

Miss Maud Ayer and Miss Eloise Lemon will give a musicale at the Young Women's Christian Association rooms on September 28, which will be the opening of the entertainment season at that institution.

From San Diego comes the echo of a delightful recital by Miss Otie Cheeve in honor of Madame Modjeska. Mrs. May Cook-Sharp accompanied and also played a selection. Miss Cheeve is said to be a coming violinist of the top rank and it is hoped we shall hear her in concert this season.

Mrs. Macleod, the artist, is spending about two weeks in Mirabar, near Santa Barbara.

Miss Estelle Cook, instructor at the School of Art and Design, is spending her vacation till October at her home in Azusa.

The school of music of the University of Southern California opens on September 11, and there is every promise of a very prosperous year. The buildings of the school have been repainted and the grounds are being rapidly beautified. Mrs. F. L. Heubner who has had a very flourishing violin class will in future have charge of the violin department. Miss Ada J. Miller, for some time past the successful manager of the department of music of the San Bernardino public schools, will be in charge of the sight reading department. Mr. W. F. Skeele, the dean of the college, says that it has been necessary to enlarge the pipe organ facilities owing to the largely increased demand for instruction of this sort. A new requirement for graduation will be an entire public recital to be given once during each school year by every member of the senior class.

Prof. M. S. Arevalo is busy preparing the musical program for the celebration of the anniversary of the independence of Mexico, to be held September 16. He is drilling a large class in operatic selections and patriotic songs.

Many of our musical people will be glad to learn of the success in the musical world of Miss Lydia Gross, who has recently been appointed under Emil Pauer as one of the faculty of the Solfeggio department of the National Conservatory of Music of America, in New York City. Miss Gross is but nineteen years old. Her father is a barber and musician and resides at 3603 Central avenue, this city. Her first musical instruction was given here in Los Angeles under Wm. Piutti when she was a very young girl, but her ability as a singer soon became apparent and Herr Anton Schott instructed her in that branch both here and in San Francisco until such time as her father felt able to send her to New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colby are visiting at Mr. Colby's old home at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, near Milwaukee. Both are employed professionally at St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, and Mr. Colby writes that the big $12,000 pipe organ which he is now playing at that place is an enjoyment which he will never forget. Mr. and Mrs. Colby will return to Los Angeles about the last week of this month.

Mrs. Marion M. Cook, who for so long had charge of the musical department of the Los Angeles Times, is now en route to New York City in fulfillment of a contract which she has entered into with Victor Thrane in the capacity of advance agent for the various high class musical attractions which will tour America this year under Mr. Thrane's direction.

J. Bond Francisco has received great encouragement in his Academy of Art, for since opening he has received over forty applicants for admission. His work will be most thorough and the novice who expects to paint Mt. Shasta or play a Sarasate varie with a month's practice will be grievously disappointed. Beginning with charcoal work from casts, the classes will work through still life painting, costume models and the nude. A part of the course, which will be of unusual benefit, will be a trip into the mountains, painting and sketching. Mr. Francisco is well acquainted with forest and stream and this work will be a happy combination of work and vacation. Mr. Francisco has maintained classes in music

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"Why did Parker appear on the golf links with his coachman this morning? Want him for a caddie?" "No; someone told him the rules required him to start off with a driver."

and painting almost continuously since his return from Europe some eight years ago. He will open an exhibit in his studio within a few weeks, of sketches made during the last few months.

Miss Estelle C. Heartt, a contralto of this city, has been receiving most flattering notices from the San Francisco press. She has appeared with pronounced success in a number of concerts and recitals and was with Paloma Schramm in that city. Miss Heartt is well known here as a singer and in society and is a pupil of Mrs. Kimball-Forrest.

Speaking of Paloma Shramm, it is with regret that we mention her illness, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, her collapse. Herr Schramm has been cautioned many times of the great risk, but in the face of opposition and his own common sense the child was given the work of two concert players, often holding the stage for fifteen consecutive pieces, and leaving it in a state almost verging on physical and nervous collapse. It's a reign of mammon, anyway.

Professor Morrison, comfortably ensconsed in his luxurious studio, predicts to the GRAPHIC's readers a fine musical season. Already he has received many applications from far and near, and he feels that Los Angeles, with its exceptional advantages, is fast gaining ground as the great musical center for the southwest. Professor Morrison will conduct a ladies' quartette this year, which will appear in recitals and concerts.

Owen Foster is brimming full of his opera, "La Fiesta," successfully produced in San Diego. The rehearsal held last Thursday evening was well attended and showed good material. Mr. Foster expects to produce the opera at the Los Angeles Theater early in December. The list of principals has not yet been filled.

"Two years of symphony cost me $800 cash, besides goodness knows how much time," said Director Harley Hamilton yesterday. Together with faithful Len Behymer, the business manager, and J. Bond Francisco, concert master, Professor Hamilton has worked as few men would to place the Symphony Orchestra on a solid footing, but the work has not met with sufficient financial appreciation. A strong musical feeling has been raised, however, during the past few years, and beyond doubt the orchestra could be self-supporting this coming season. Mr. Hamilton expresses himself as more than willing to donote all the time necessary for the work and it is probable that steps will be taken to organize.

At B'nai B'rith there will be holilay services Yom Kipper eve, September 13, at 7 p. m. and September 14, Thursday, at 10 a. m., at which beautiful music suitable for the holiday will be given by the choir: Mrs. Haralson, soprano and director; Mrs. Scarborough, contralto; Mr. J. P. Dupuy, tenor; Mr. H S. Williams, basso; Miss O'Donoughue, organist.

Hebrew anthems, hymns and traditional responses — *Choir*
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"Out of the Depths of My Contrition"
MRS. SCARBOROUGH
To Thee We Give Ourselves Today" — *Goldstein*
MR. WILLIAMS
O Lord Have Mercy — *Stradella*
MRS. HARALSOM
Holy City — *Adams*
MISS FREDA HELLMAN
Organ Solos
MISS MARY O'DONOUGHUE

Congregation B'nai B'rith celebrated Rosh Hashonah holiday September 4 and 5. Special music under the direction of Mrs. Orr Haralson was given by the choir, assisted by Mrs. Modini-Wood, who sang "Dream of Paradise," and Mrs. A. C. Jones who sang "Show Me Thy Ways, O Lord" (G. Torrento).

frou-frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

Worry is forethought gone to seed.
Worry is the father of insomonia.

AS UPON every other subject, there are a variety of opinions, but upon the subject of veils there are but two very important standpoints. First, the woman's standpoint. There is no doubt that a woman past the fearless stage of early youth looks much the better behind a veil. The soft mesh conceals the ravages of sorrow and time, and a delicate face looks twice as refined and pretty under the much abused veil. Nearly every woman can admit, to herself at least, that she wants to be beautiful, and to this end she often sacrifices health. The veil is a real godsend to some women. For instance, take the tired working girl. Hot and weary, she starts for home, perhaps to meet her husband or sweetheart, and she pulls down her veil with a feeling of immense relief. This is not vanity, however, but woman's rightful privilege. It is like saying, "Don't look too closely at me. I'm tired now; in the morning I shall be fresh again."

The Hygiene of Veils

A society woman wears a veil because it is stylish and it tones down her costume; it lends refinement and chic, and besides there are so many fascinating veils to choose from, and altogether it is a comfortable sort of thing, like one's gloves or parasol. There are some women, strongminded, advanced women we will say, also very young fresh girls, who despise veils. The first says sternly:

"I'll be as God made me; if I'm old, no matter; let the sun shine down on my crowsfeet all it will; no folderols for me."

The second edition says:

"Oh, I hate 'em; can't see; I hate gloves and hats too; I love the sunshine and rain and the wind."

There are many girls like this, and usually they can afford to be so careless of themselves, either having no beauty or else too much to spoil.

Then there is a practical point of view. This subject has been brought up and elaborated a great deal through the press but if we don't keep hammering away at it what has been said may be forgotten.

Eminent occulists in New York city have decided, after careful testing of women's eyes, before and after using veils, that a woman looses from ten to fifty per cent of her visional power while she wears one. But she likewise looses ten to fifty per cent of her years to gain thereby 100 to 500 percent in attractiveness. Occulists and specialists all agree that veils are injurious if worn constantly or while reading, but one well-known specialist has said that in a restricted sense the veil is not as injurious as some think.

Dots and fancy veilings are surely bad and it is always hurtful to read behind one, but in many instances the veil is beneficial. This opinion will fill with delight many a woman's heart. That is to say, a clear, plain, modified veil is often a safeguard to the eyes in the city where smoke and occasional cinders are flying through the air. The heavy double-mesh veil is certainly trying and cannot be called beautiful. Still, after neuralegia, bronchitis, etc, it might be a comfort to hide behind this fashionable veil. The spotted veils, either with big, far-a-part or thick dots, are the most in vogue, while the simple black or white plain mesh is the sensible society veil.

The time-honored and generally-considered invincible hat has been dreadfully outstripped by the drooping golf hat, made brave by long, stiff quill, but these later favorites have the advantage of shedding the light from the eyes, and are so easily secured to the head.

The Favorite Golf Hat

The arrangement of the hair in the nape of the neck is one which creates great difficulties in millinery matters. Nothing is more terrible or disgusting to the contour of the face than a gap between the crown of the hat and the coils of the hair. Yet many, many girls are to be seen who allow themselves to become such "frights."

The Back Hair and the Hat

The angle for the hat when the coiffure is low is slightly off the forehead when the comb now so much in vogue is inserted at the base of the crown coils; then the hat tips slightly downward. Another method of disguising the vacuum between crown and coiffure is to have a half circle of flowers, preferably crushed roses, beneath the brim; but this is only when the hat is of a fancy straw, such as the glossy kind which this season has introduced to us.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Sale expect to make a trip to San Francisco about the first of October.

Of all the Fiesta queens it is agreed that none were so beautiful nor so gracious as La Reina Mildred Howell Lewis. And now Los Angeles is to lose this charming matron, who will leave shortly to join her husband, Mark B. Lewis, in Alabama, where they will make their home. The whole hearts of many whom she does not know as friends will go with Mrs. Lewis to her new home.

A pleasant reception was given Thursday evening at the Brownsberger Home School of Shorthand and Typewriting, Broadway. The lawn was beautifully illuminated with Japanese lanterns, where a great many of the invited guests repaired at the completion of a well-arranged musical and literary program. Refreshments were served throughout the evening, and everyone seemed delighted and charmed with the hospitality of Mrs. Brownsberger and daughter, the hostesses of the occasion.

Miss E. C. Collins has returned from the east after an absence of six weeks.

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Down the Line

DOWN at San Pedro there is an able lawyer who is noted for the readiness with which he will sustain his arguments with his fists if called upon to do so. He is Judge M. H. Savage, and he has the notability of being the only man who ever beat Dewey in a fight. This was 'way back in '64, on board of the sloop Mississippi, off New Orleans. Savage was then in the navy and was acting as orderly for Capt. Melanchon Smith, then in command. The captain had been annoyed during the day by his orderly being away for the purpose of striking the bell, and he gave orders that this duty should be performed by the messenger boy hereafter. So when Savage went on duty in the evening he was given his instructions not to leave the captain's cabin to strike the bell or anything else; but he failed to carry out the latter instruction, as will be seen. Lieutenant George Dewey was the officer of the deck, and along about time to strike one bell for eight o'clock he ordered Orderly Savage to strike the bell. "I can't, sir," was the reply; "the captain has given orders that his orderlies are not to do that any more." "But I tell you to do it," said the lieutenant; "strike the bell, sir." Now, as a matter of technical ruling Savage should have struck the bell, his duty being to accept the orders of the last officer with him; but he was a broth of a boy of nineteen and pugnacious by nature, and then he had the captain's direct orders, and perhaps it was that as he had the reputation of being the best boxer on the ship, and as Dewey at that age liked a mix-up better than his breakfast, both men rather helped each other to come together. At any rate Savage replied again: "I cannot strike the bell, sir; 'tis the captain's orders," and he saluted and turned to walk away. "I give you my word," he said, in telling me the story last week, "I got the worst clip under my ear I ever had, and I dropped to the deck like a log. When I came to there was Dewey waiting for me to get up, and I said to myself 'here is a man that it will take strategy to handle,' so I edged away a bit and made a move to get up, but just as I figured, he was only waiting for me to rise to give me another; but I fooled him, for I dropped back to the deck and his fist shot over me, carrying him with it by impetus, and he fell right over me. Then there was trouble. We scrapped back and forth over the deck until we were both hammered to pieces. Who got the best of it? Well, if there had been a referee I think I would have gotten the decision. I was hauled off by the sergeant of the guard and put in double irons, but as soon as Dewey heard of this I was released, and through his instrumentality I never heard anything more about the matter. In those old days the officers liked a man who could and would scrap, and if he was otherwise straight they would never punish him much, even if he mixed things up with one of them. Dewey was the most magnanimous man in the world and the fiercest fighter, be it with fists or big guns. I got a letter from him just after the taking of Manila, in which he refers to 'our little affair on the quarterdeck of the Mississippi' in the most good-natured way. God bless him!" It is the fact that the navy has been officered by such men as the Deweys and manned by manly scrappers like the Savages that has given it its glorious record.

He Thrashed Admiral Dewey

The prodigal sons about this part of the country now have an easy time of it. When they wish to enjoy the fatted calves, they do not have to seek the porcine purlieus of the ranch, but take a front seat at the Orpheum, and Dagmar does the rest.

Front Row Seats, No Husks For Them

Henry Dockweiler was in the city from his copper mine during the first part of the week, and at last accounts had not met Major Burke. There is a well-defined story going the rounds that there is a feud between these two Democrats, and that when they encounter each other there will be trouble—a war of more than words. What it is all about no one seems to know accurately, but there is supposedly a disappointed political ambition connected with the matter in some way. The Major is quick with his hands and Henry is a husky youth, so the outcome will be watched with interest, unless arbitration is resorted to to settle the difference.

Has Not Met the Major Yet

Col. Fred Truitt, the manager of the Associated Press in this city, has cast his crutches and now walks like Jefferies doing a morning warming up promenade. Freddie sprained his ankle some months ago and was forced for some time to limp along the best he could with canes and other aids. But now when anyone hears a keg of beer being rolled down stairs it fails to call forth any remarks that formerly jarred the sensibility of this amiable and able newspaper man.

Has Cast His Crutches

John Barnhart of the Palace has a resort at Long Beach where he makes life enjoyable for his patrons who like good things to eat and Bishop's temperance beer on the side, though it is not up to the exhilarating effects of good honest Pilsener. John was fishing out of one of his windows one day last week, his place being under the wharf, and suddenly his person was seen to shoot up in the air and almost jump through the window into the sea beneath. A devoted waiter caught him by the feet and then ensued a contest that would make a crackajack Orpheum act. John seemed determined to go out of the window into the water; he seemed to pull against his friend the waiter with all the strength of his well muscled body, and the kellner braced his feet against the wall, hung onto John's trousers and yelled for help. Soon the waiter commenced to lose ground, and strange cries came from John, and others came to the waiter's help. The trousers held all right or there would have been no John to welcome guests to the Palace, for it seems he had hooked a shark and never thought of letting go of the line when he felt himself pulled towards and nearly through the window. At last John was rescued and the shark was captured, and the supply of temperance and all other beer was materially reduced by those who aided in shouting hoch der Johann as he was placed on his feet and resumed command of the Pavilion.

John Caught a Shark

All of the newspaper gang will remember W. D. Wasson who some three years ago was on the press in this city, the Herald and Record. He went to San Francisco and became city editor of the Report of that place, but recently has given up daily paper work and has started the "Dramatic Review," which appears today in San Francisco for the first time. Mr. Wasson is a genius in journalism because he is first and all the time a hard worker. He is bright and has indefatigable qualities which have won for him a success that few of the rest of us can claim. When Wasson was on the Herald he held the record for "scoops" and knew how to write them as well.

Has His Own Paper Now

There was an unrehearsed effect at the Morosco theater, better known as the Burbank, on Sunday night. In a certain part of the house some of the spectators became so absorbed with the surroundings that at the end of the performance they couldn't rise. Ordinariiy this might be accepted as a remarkable tribute to the delightful acting of Mr. Frawley and Miss Van Buren, but there were other causes. It seems that in the very complete renovation of the house some of the painting was left to the last moment. Unfortunately some of the seats had not entirely absorbed the paint, which was of a brilliant red. Some of the paint then was absorbed by the settees and some of the exhibits thereafter were distinctly humorous. A very stout butcher who had been enjoying his joint with his confreres at Agricultural Park took in "Sans Gene" in the evening. He attributed his difficulty in rising to his day's pleasures and to his interest in the play. It was not until he journeyed over to the Palace for his nightcap—in a bottle, of course,—that his decorations were pointed out to him.

Sat Tight at Morosco's

Oranges in Porto Rico

It is of interest to Southern Californians to learn that one of our new dependencies, Porto Rico, gives promise of developing into an orange-growing country. W. W. Miner, a Florida orange grower, has recently been making extensive experiments in the island that have thus far proved very successful. He has purchased one thousand acres of land a few miles from San Juan and three thousand trees, transplanted from Florida, are now bearing fruit. Mr. Miner expects to plant twenty-five thousand trees in Porto Rico, as he says the conditions in the island for the cultivation of oranges are favorable in every way. The soil is excellent and the fruit is safe from damage from frost, being protected by the Gulf stream.

Some women are tickled to death if they have something to worry and be unhappy about.

Robbie—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a locket? His Mother—To remind me that he once had some, Robbie.

THE ARREST OF PAUL DEROULEDE

THE DEROULEDE–CLEMENCEAU DUEL IN 1892.

By Ben C. Truman.

THE Western Graphic gave a picture last week of Paul Deroulede, whose sensational arrest in Paris a few weeks ago and whose presumed arraignment for high treason is a close sensational second to the Dreyfus episode, which is at present attracting the attention of the whole world.

M. Paul Deroulede looks less the duelist than Clemenceau, Rocheforte, Cassagnac, Millevoye, Mores or Perrierer, the most noted of all modern French duelists, but came to the front as a fighter by standing up before Clemenceau in 1872, the most distinguished duelist and truest aim in the "field of honor."

Deroulede is an editor and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and quarreled with Dr. Clemenceau. I remember seeing him often ten years ago, as he was a regular boulevardier, and looked nothing like his pictures of today. He was a lean man and wore a very long, green frock coat, buttoned close about him, and making a great show of a red ribbon in his buttonhole. His moustache was black and waved to a sharp point like the moustache of the duelist of tradition. As a Paris paper said of him at the time: "He talks long speeches, placing his hand upon his heart and making frequent use of the words 'liberty,' and 'the revenge,' and alluding many times with his eyes back in his head to the statue of Strasburg which he visits with a tear in his nose, also carrying two wreaths to place upon the pedestal unless the police stopped him. If he is interfered with he makes a speech which causes all Paris to require the action of the police. He was a follower of Boulanger and a leader of the 'patriotic league,' and he amounts to nothing. He is a man you would laugh at in any country. I long to kick him beneath the green frock coat."

The duel was a serious affair, and the general opinion was that Clemenceau saved Deroulede's life, because appealed to do so, although his own life would be put in danger. It was a rare case of magnanimity. But there is proof of this in the great radical's dueling record. In his first encounter he told the seconds that he should put a bullet in the forehead of his antagonist just above the right eye. Clemenceau had detected his opponent in improper relations with his wife and he killed him just as he said he would. On another occasion Clemenceau declared he would take off the left ear of his antagonist. It happened as he said it would, and the man still goes about with but one ear. In a third encounter Clemenceau faced a colonel in the French army.

"He's a soldier and I don't want to kill him," said the already famous duelist. "I will break his right leg."

He kept his promise. It is absurd to say that such a man could have missed his mark in three successive shots at twenty-five paces. He simply yielded to the solicitations of the ministers and deputies and spared Deroulede's life.

The duel took place, after many attempts at arbitration, at St. Ouen, a Paris suburb of 20,000 inhabitants. General Saussier's refusal to act as arbitrator left no other resource but for the two deputies to meet each other upon the "field of honor." The idea of arbitration was everywhere ridiculed as an evidence of cowardice on the part of M. Deroulede, who suggested it, and General Saussier himself is said to have uttered a very emphatic remark which showed his views of the case and put a stop to any idea of using the old soldier as a buffer to prevent a collision. Upon General Saussier declining to have anything to do with the affair, M. Deslaudes was appealed to and he at once proceded to arbitrate in a way to bring things to a climax.

As soon as the decision had been delivered providing the terms on which the duel should be fought Clemenceau and Deroulede made preparations for the encounter. The parting between Deroulede and his friends before his start for the dueling grounds was very affecting. He embraced them repeatedly and assured them he would die in a manner worthy of the Legion of Honor. When one of his friends expressed the hope that the encounter would not have a fatal result Deroulede shook his head mournfully. He fully expected, he declared, to lose his life, but he had no regrets to express for what he had uttered. He allowed his friends to divide a few locks of his hair between them and then stepped into a cab with his seconds and was driven rapidly toward the new race course at St. Ouen. In the meantime M. Clemenceau prepared to go to the scene of combat. He gave directions about the issue of La Justice, and left orders as to the management of the paper in the event of any fatality occurring to him. The staff crowded around their chief while some of them shed tears and begged him not to expose himself to more danger than was necessary. M. Clemenceau gently rebuked these advisers.

"I have stood on the field of honor too often," he remarked, "to have any apprehension now."

He said he preferred death to dishonor and spoke in a tone of resignation that evoked the admiration of his assistants. M. Clemenceau was also driven to St. Ouen, his cab being followed by other cabs containing reporters for various papers.

The meeting took place at three in the morning of December 22, 1872, and each fired three shots, the encounter lasting from 3.05 to 3.10. The weapons were pistols and the contestants stood at twenty paces (say sixty feet) and when the word was given each advanced five paces and fired as he pleased. But their bullets "never touched" their mark. So they considered the honor of each had been vindicated and they kissed and made up. Clemenceau has never admitted that he did not try to hit his man; and Deroulede—well, he was in it for corpuscles of blood from the start.

It was a duel awaited by a portion of the world with bated breath, that portion of the world not acquainted with French affairs of honor. M. Deroulede was esteemed, if not as good a shot, at least as awfully desperate. Each principal parted with his friends in all form; there were last farewells and much weeping; and then each man, at only twenty paces or thereabouts, shot three times at the other and missed! Then followed peace with the usual embraces.

To the Anglo Saxon nothing can be much more ridiculous and more contemptible than this burlesque on real battle. When two of his own race meet in a duel the chances are that some one will get hurt. That, in his blunt opinion, is what a duel is for. As to an affair like the Clemenceau-Deroulede one, he concludes that all was not real or that each man involved was so nervous under the circumstances that he could not shoot well. In justice let it be said that the latter is the just conclusion.

And in this connection must suggest itself a curious theory, and it is believed a just one, regarding the quality and cause of the termination of French duels. Why are they absurd? Are the French a nation of cowards? Not much!

This race whose heroics vex us, whose innocuous encounters make us laugh, is one of the bravest in the world. The bones of these effusive gentlemen lie in the soil of a thousand battle fields, where those who died fell ever with their faces to the foe. Of just such a type are the Frenchmen of today, are MM. Clemenceau and Deroulede.

The moral of it all would seem to be that an emotional race shouldn't fight duels. The tension is a little too much for the aim. The preliminaries, the meeting and the subsequent proceedings become all serio-comic. But these opera-bouffe persons are real men and are brave men. When they have the swing of things, which is lacking in a duel, they are all right. Look out for them in the swirl of battle with a Napoleon, or one like him, at their head!

Snooks—I am celebrating my golden wedding to morrow. Chooks—Golden wedding! Why, you've only been married two years. Snooks—Yes, but it seems like fifty.

Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.

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Every day	9.30 a m	1.30 p m	5.30 p m
Sundays	8.10 a m	9.30 a m	10.45 a m
	1.30 p m	5.30 p m	7.00 p. m

Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles

Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m returning leaves Los Angeles 11.30 p m

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European rate, 75c. and up per day
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Where Cool Breezes Blow

THIS department heading is getting to be too suggestive of the cold forenoons along the coast; the dripping eaves, bedraggled shrubbery and hazy landscape are all too real in their coolness, and the chilly, fog-laden winds of the morning and evening are a shock to the summerers who are determined to get the worth of their lawn dresses and linen trousers. The golfer makes his morning round in a sweater and two pairs of hose, and the devotee of early morning plunges peeps through the shutters, shudders and hunts the warm spot he just left between blankets. But to offset the dismal present the learned gentleman who bears the stupendous title of meteorological observer says we are to have a spell of Arizona weather before the month is out, and that it is just holding off to make people sorry they all went home.

Catalina is emptying her sunburned transients on the main land as fast as the boats can take them across the channel.

Redondo has had a hard time of it and it makes one feel badly to hear that genial and capable host Warner has been obliged to give up his lease through lack of patronage. And the departure of his charmin wife is no less a loss to the jolly crowd that are loyal to the place.

Terminal Island's principal hotel is not big or old enough to cut much figure in the patronage of the watering place; and the cottages, which are strong features of the long, slim town all have their broad doors open when the sun breaks through the fog.

Santa Monica is the grandmother of all the beach resorts, and is so convenient to the city that even busy people can enjoy their night's rest within sound of the breakers. It is the Coney Island and Sunday always finds more or less of a crowd rolling on the sand.

REDONDO

THERE is a high tide of social activity at Redondo. Whatever may be said elsewhere this resort knows no other word at present but pleasure. Pleasure in many forms. Every evening finds the guests of the hotel and their friends from the cottages engaged in some diverting pastime. Thursday evening was devoted to cards. Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Norris were the hosts, which is equivalent to saying that the party was an enjoyable success. The evening was devoted to seven-hand euchre, that facinating game which bears the same relation to cards that golf does to out-door recreation. Miss McNab was the fortunate winner of ladies' first prize—a pretty china cup and saucer. The ladies' consolation—a diminutive stein—fell to Mrs. Winston. Will Bishop captured gentlemen's first award, a decorated stein of ample proportions. Mr. Wm. Pridham was consoled for his poor score with a very handsome pointer pup, imported from Germany. Punch and other light refreshments were served.

The Redondo Beach Country Club has been making great preparations for the handicap golf tournament which began Friday and continues through today and tomorrow. Saturday evening the club will entertain its guests with a golf ball in costume at the Hotel Redondo.

Friday evening was devoted to a plunge party in which many of the guests of the hotel and the visiting golfers of Los Angeles indulged.

There have never been as many pleasure seekers domiciled at this place during the entire summer as there are at present. The report that the Hotel Redondo would close September 15th, was incorrect. It is the intention of the new management to keep the house open until Oct. 1st at least.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner made many warm friends during their two years conduct of the Hotel Redondo, and their cordial presence will be greatly missed.

CORONADO

THIS has been a week of genuine pleasure attendant upon the four performances given by the Modjeska Company at San Diego, hundreds of Coronadoans enjoying the same. Tuesday evening drew the largest theater parties of the week.

Col. J. M. C. Marble of Los Angeles, who is sojourning at the hotel with his family is one of the successful and devoted nimrods. He and General Churchill have brought in several of the finest strings of fish caught during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chambers of Los Angeles, guests at Hotel del Cornado during a part of the past month, returned to their home Monday last. Miss Jennie Cox of Chicago was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers during the last week of their sojourn. The delightful yachting parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Chambers during their stay at Coronado are among summer events that will not be forgotten.

J. M. Johnson of Chicago, Vice-President of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Cox and nieces Mrs. Norton and Miss Cox, touring California in Mr. Johnson's private car, were among recent guests of distinction sojourning at Hotel del Coronado. Mr. Johnson and his party were the recipients of various honors and much attention during their stay on the beach.

Mrs. Alfred Abbey of San Francisco entertained a large number of friends Sunday evening in the parlors of the hotel, giving one of the rarest of musical treats to her guests. Mrs. Abbey was assisted by Miss Schinkel, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Rowan of San Diego, and Wadsworth Harris of Boston, Shakespearean reader and actor.

Miss Nellie Stocking of Coronado, is visiting in Los Angeles, the guest of Mrs. Raymond F. Stocking of 698 Rampart street.

Major W. H. Bailhache is attending the reunion of Southern California Veterans' Encampment at Long Beach, expecting to be absent about ten days.

Mrs. H. A. Francis of Coronado, is spending September in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Alfred Abbey of San Francisco, having spent six week here is at present at Catalina.

Mrs. Charlotte Oliver of Los Angeles, spent the week at Hotel del Coronado, the guest of Mrs. Jos. Dwight, of Cincinnati.

Elizabeth, the dainty little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks of Los Angeles, who has been at the hotel with her mother the past six weeks, is one of the prettiest and most expert of little swimmers frequenting the pool. The The little maiden is also seen in the bay and ocean, where she is as thoroughly at home as many of the older swimmers.

Last Saturday's dance given in the ball room of the hotel was attended by 400 dancers and was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable events of the social season.

Capt. Chas. T. Hende and nieces, the Misses Halliday of Cario, Illinois, left for the east Tuesday last.

Mrs. Clara Ingle left on an extended European tour the first of the week, accompanied by Mrs. Amy Strong.

Samuel M. Shortridge, lawyer and Republican orator, of San Francisco, is a guest at the hotel, as are also A. P. Stewart and H. J. Mayer of the Golden Gate city.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson P. Stephens entertained charmingly last week in honor of Count Bozenta and Madame Modjeska.

W. G. Wells, of Los Angeles, superintendent of the Santa Fe Pacific, and Mrs. Wells, in company with a party of friends, including Mrs. Wm. B. Childers, of Albuquerque, N.M., Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. R. W. Burnham, of Los Angeles, and W. R. Burnham, of Norwich, Conn., spent a part of the past week enjoying life by the seaside, guests at the hotel.

A daily paper prints the information that "Hon. Abbott Kinney has presented to the park commissioners two packages of forest tree seeds to be grown in one of the city parks. Their names are 'Sterculia heterophylla' and 'Lagunaria Patersonii,' respectively. It is believed they will prove a welcome variety to the foreign forest trees which now adorn our park groves." Now if Mr. Kinney guarantees that he is not perpetrating a practical joke on the unsuspecting park commissioners by handing them a package of snake eggs it is all right, and we will all agree that if only for their names they will be the pride of the city.

Too Many Names in the Prayer

A little four-year-old girl was saying her prayers the other night, and after her "Now I lay me" asked God to bless her papa and mamma, each one of her brothers and sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, mentioning a lady and gentleman of whom the child was very fond, who had dined with the family that night.

Her wise older sister of six years listened critically to the prayer, and when it was done said severely:

"It isn't necessary to pray for anyone outside your own family. You shouldn't have prayed for Mr. and Mrs. Brown. God mignt get so many names mixed up."

An Encore

Bessy was lying in her crib. Presently she sat up, peeped over the side and called out: "Papa, how do you feel?" I feel pretty well," he answered. "How do you feel, Bessy?" "I feel mad!" she cried. Of course there was a general laugh, but it died away and there was no more notice taken of Bessy. She stood this as long as she could, and then she cried out: "I feel another mad!"

In the Gay Life

IF the soldier boys do not fall all over themselves at the feet of the young society women of this town, when all the fetes and things come to pass—they do not deserve to be soldier boys at all, that's all. Not including other things, there are at this moment at least sixteen young society maids who are busy with the single event of the Orpheum matinee of next Friday, devising deep-laid schemes for inveigling mankind as it enters the theater lobby to invest its five dollar gold pieces in boutonnieres of their own making and souvenir programs. Fancy that lobby turned over to sixteen buds and buds-to-be, all in white frocks, with perhaps a dash of rose color to remind one of their own blossoming charms or of the pretty poseys of which they are to be the vendors. The list of maids up to this time includes the Misses Mary Hunsaker, May Babcock, Mary Darling, Daisy Cross, Hettie Milner, Christine Kurtz, Alby Easton, Fanny Layng, Helen Eaton, Melia Symonds, Gertrude Mason, Katherine Kemper, Azubah Higgins, Nora Sterry, Florence Silent, Lillian Carleton. Mrs. Howard M. Sale will have charge, and that is saying a great deal for the success of the affair, which has our very best wishes.

Mrs. Sale returned from her cottage at Terminal Island last week and for the past seven days has taken up her daily avocations beside the telephone, whose "line is busy" constantly with kind inquiries and congratulations on her home-coming, for perhaps no place in town promises the wide hospitality and good cheer of the house on the hill.

The Misses Maude and Belle Ainsworth of Redondo are en route from Europe, where they have been spending a year. They expect to return in about two weeks to be in good time for the marriage of their brother, Mr. Harry Ainsworth, which is to take place Oct. 4th. This wedding, the fiancee being Miss Anna Williams, will doubtless usher in the gaieties of the coming season, since it is looked forward to as the most important event on the social horizon of '99-'00.

It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Wilt Norris will make their home in Mexico. They are visiting there now and probably know their own minds. There must, one would presume, be strong reasons for burying oneself in so sizzled a landscape, unless it be with a view to a gold mine. Whether the Wilt Norrises are going gold mining or not, they have not as yet confided to the secrecy of the WESTERN GRAPHIC. Perhaps society here is only making them tired.

No one likes to say who they are visiting in Mexico. Why not? If Mrs. Bradbury can stand it, why cannot we? A lady of Los Angeles who visited there last year says that Mrs. B. is perfectly happy in her life of seclusion and that she is adored by the people. She goes around Lady Beautiful-ing, doses the Mexican babies and trims the women's hats! Fancy the change of living. I wonder how many society women here would be willing to undergo it, even though they were reported to have been so much the superior of the woman who made the woeful blunder of upsetting her life with a crash instead of letting it gently go to pieces.

The "Palms" is giving a new lease of life to the hotel recently known as the Vincent and situated on Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Mr. H. C. Fryman has just taken the management, and an inaugural dance was given there last Saturday evening which was a great success. There were about a hundred persons participating in the dances, while many others took part in a promenade concert which preceded the ball proper.

The engagement has been made public of Miss Emma Graves and Mr. William Strong. Both these young people are very young, Miss Graves having just made her debut about a year ago, and—"may joy go with them."

Mr. F. W. Wood and family have closed their cottage at Terminal for the season and have returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Baruch and sons expect to leave in October for a year's absence in Europe. They will first visit the cities of Germany, then go to Italy and visit the Paris exposition before they return.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting, children and nurse, Mrs. W. H. Keating, Miss Jones and Mr. D. L. Keating are at the Gordon Arms, Terminal Island.

Mrs. Matthew Gage and daughters, of Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap and daughters, of Redlands; and Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery, of Los Angeles, and their two sons, have been among the many who have recently enjoyed the hospitality of the Idlewild Cottage, Long Beach.

Miss Henrietta Milner and Miss Christine Kurtz have gone to San Diego to visit friends, and will later spend a short time at Coronado.

Mrs. B. F. Coulter and Miss Fanny Coulter are at Redondo for the week.

After golf at Redondo there is to be a golf ball this evening at the hotel. Then everyone who does not know now will learn what a golf ball is like.

Mrs. Genevra Johnstone Bishop has acceded to the request to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" at the benefit.

Mrs. G. A. Caswell and her daughter, Miss Georgia, are in San Francisco.

Mrs. Plater has returned home from Santa Santa Monica.

Major W. C. Furrey is at Catalina.

Mrs. W. S. Moore, Miss Marguerita Moore and W. S. Moore, Jr., have returned from a visit of three weeks in San Francisco, leaving Miss Rowena Moore a student at Berkeley.

Mrs. J. Wilmer Hughes has returned to her home in San Diego, after having been extensively entertained by friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Blinn are in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sumner have gone to Coronado for a week.

W. C. Hogaboom and family have returned from Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Woollacott are in San Francisco with their son Albert H., whom they will leave at the San Mateo Military Academy.

The death of Miss Anna Marie Carson, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Carson, of Dominguez, takes away one of the most exemplary, dutiful and beautiful young ladies that has ever graced Los Angeles society, and gives great grief to multitudes of young and old. Her death took place at the residence of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis, where she was surrounded by many relatives and friends. There were services at the house and afterwards at the Cathedral, and there were a great many floral offerings by those who knew the young lady, and only knew her to love her. To her parents and brothers and sisters, and to Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Miss Guadaloupe Dominguez, Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Guier and others our heartfelt sympathies are extended.

Among the Los Angeles people who will remain at Santa Monica through the month of September are Judge and Mrs. Chapman and family, Major and Mrs. Kinney, Captain and Mrs. Thom, Judge and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz and the Misses Schwartz, Mayor and Mrs. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hoyle, Lieut. and Mrs. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. Loeb, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tufts, Mrs. and Miss Crouch, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood, Mr. and Mrs. John Wigmore and the Misses Wigmore, Major and Mrs. Russell and Miss Keating, Dr. and Mrs. George Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Herron, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wilshire and Miss Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Gaffey; some uninitiated males and unprotected females.

Coronado Comfort

The society resort, and the best for the least money. Weekly rates as low as $17.50 for fine outside rooms and best table on the coast. Baggage taken free from San Diego depot to Hotel del Coronado; from hotel to depot, 25 cents. Passengers in 'bus will be charged 25 cents each way.

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Elsinore Hot Springs Hotel and Baths
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Rates per week—$8, $9, and $10, including Hot Sulphur Baths. No Consumptives taken : : : :
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10th Annual Races Sept. 8 & 9, 1899
OCEAN PARK, SANTA MONICA
COMMITTEE—W. H. Young, I. H. Dudley, Wilbur Parker, J. B. Procter, M. G. Burmester, G. L. Waring.
Eight Running Races, distances from ¼ mile and repeat to 1 mile. Entries close Aug. 31st.
For particulars apply to
G. L. WARING, Santa Monica

Seen from the Fence

By E. A. Brininstool.

JIM

When the war talk flew around
Our boy Jim said he was bound
Fer to w'ar a suit of blue,
Pack a gun and knapsack, too;
Sed he 'lowed 'twould be all right
If he went ter war ter fight.
When he left so slick an' prim
We jist called him "Private Jim."

Made us feel right proud of Jim
When a letter come from him,
'Fore they sailed fer Cuby's isle—
Made the tears come—made us smile
When we read that on parade
Colonel Teddy there had made
Place, he said, more fit fer him,
An' he signed it "Sergeant Jim."

In that Las Guasimas fight,
Fellers sed Jim wuz a sight,
An' that he wuz strictly biz
Usin' of that gun o' his;
Sed 'at when he gin a yell,
Charged right through the chaparrel,
Every feller follered him,
Jist becuz 'twuz Sergeant Jim.

Colonel Teddy praised him, and
Said he wuz fit ter command
A Rough Rider column, so
What did Roosevelt do but go
Git Jim a commission, where
He could wave a sword in air,
An' we felt like huggin' him
When he writ "Leftenant Jim."

When he led the Terrors on
Up the slopes of ol' San Juan,
Through that awful boomin' hell,
Cheered 'em with the Yankee yell,
Ev'ry feller forged ahead,
Tagged Jim ever'where he led,
Wa'n't no backin out with him,
Sandy—wuz Leftenant Jim.

Arter roll call that same night,
When they rested from the fight,
Colonel Teddy sent fer Jim,
Sed he 'lowed the place fer him
Wuz up higher in the ranks,
'Sted o' bein' on the flanks,
An' when next we heard from him,
Letter come signed "Cap'n Jim."

We wuz mighty proud o' Jim,
'Lowed a future wuz 'fore him,
But that Santiago fight
Darkened of his prospects bright;
Letters stopped a-comin' back,
Wondered why Jim wuz so slack,
Wondered what had come o' him—
Prayed, we did, fer Cap'n Jim.

Letter come from his command
Written in a stranger's hand;
Sed a bullet laid Jim low,
But his face was t'ords the foe.
Though it made the tear drops start,
Well nigh broke his mother's heart,
We knew when God called fer him,
Ready, wuz our Cap'n Jim.

CHINESE STYLES

The festive almond-eyed Celestial from the Flowery Kingdom has many peculiarities, and among the leading characteristics of his make-up is the way he gets off a street car. A Chinaman who gave his name as Ah Gow On, gave an exhibition of his acrobatic powers on a University car yesterday afternoon. When the car reached the Plaza, Ah stepped down on the running board, and before the conductor could prevent him had taken the prominent turn of his life. Of course he stepped off backward—all Chinamen do—and the next minute the air was full of dust, wide pants, yells, pigtail and Chinese profanity. Such a beautiful parabola as "Charley" described can't be seen outside the Orpheum. When he struck the cobblestones and mopped up the mud where a sprinkling cart had just passed, he rolled over a few times, picked himself up and blandly remarked: "Heap biggie fool conductle. Me sabby you nex' time," and walked toward Chinatown, shaking his fist and swearing United States like a professional mule whacker.

WORDS OF WARNING

One of the most peculiar signs that ever decorated an article for sale was seen yesterday at a fruit stand. Over some boxes of exceptionally fine apples was scrawled in immense letters: "God helps the man who helps himself, but God help the man who helps himself to these apples."

HE COUNTED THEM

The editor of the San Jose Sketch says there are 584,726 railroad ties between Los Angeles and San Jose. He was in the city a few days ago and said he had counted them.

GETTING A BOY OUT OF BED

There is a boy out on Washington street who hates to get out of bed worse than an old maid hates to drop her false teeth in public. This boy is allowed to sleep in peace until breakfast is ready, and then his mother opens the hall door and calls "Willie." There is no response and she calls a trifle louder, "Willie." The bed-springs squeak, signifying that an impression has been made and that Willie has turned over. Still no response. Then his mother calls sharply, "William, come right down to breakfast or I'll send your father up there with a whip." This so affects Willie that he immediately goes to sleep again. But when the hall door opens with a bang and Willie's pa goes up the stairs six at a time, the boy, oh, where is he? Willie jumps out of bed like a man who has sat down on a yellow jacket's nest, and the next minute is dancing a war dance, the coochy-coochy and the minuet all in one, while papa acts as ringmaster, with a good gad to put on the finishing touches and to enliven the occasion. Then he addresses the youth something after this wise: "Now, you young skunk, you hustle into that shirt an' them britches and pike fer that door. Come a:runnin', now, or I'll know the reason why." And Willie meekly obeys. This performance holds the boards at the house on Washington street every morning at seven o'clock.

WOULDN'T HE, THOUGH?

We don't want to be irreverent, nor called

LOS ANGELES PACIFIC R.R.

The Scenic Route to Santa Monica....

LEAVE FOURTH ST., Los Angeles, every thirty minutes on the hour and half hour from 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.

LEAVE BAND STAND, Santa Monica, every half hour on the quarter and three quarter from 5.45 a.m. to 7.45 p.m., 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

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disrespectful, but, all the same, we would like to ask Col. Bob Ingersoll: "Colonel, how'd you like to be the ice man?"

CAN'T ALWAYS TELL

A woman named Day who lives up near Bakersfield gave birth recently to two pairs of twins. You can't always tell what a day will bring forth.

CAN MAKE ONE

We received a letter a few days ago from a man in eastern Illinois who inquired if there was an "opening" out here for him. As he owes us $25 and there is no chance of our getting even otherwise, we can only say that if he will come out here we will try to make an opening. The soil is soft and we can handle a pick and shovel like a true son of the Emerald Isle.

BEATS THE CALIFORNIA LIAR

It is reported by a "truthful James" of Colorado that a hen in his vicinity ate some sawdust, under the impression that it was cornmeal, and then went out and laid a nest full of croquet balls, and after sitting on them for three weeks hatched out a pair of doors and several window sashes, besides a set of parlor furniture and a combination kitchen table. She must be a nobby kind of hen to have around. What a furniture trust a fellow could start with a flock of critters like that!

A SONG OF GLADNESS

Sing away your troubles and your soul-disturbing fears,
Smile away your sorrows, your heart-aches and your tears,
Let the sunshine follow you through all the coming years,
Sing a song of gladness forever.

When the day is gloomy, songs will make it bright,
When the burden's heavy, smiles will make it light,
Sunshine will follow in the trail of darkest night—
Sing a song of gladness forever.

GOING UP

Persons who reside in the vicinity of the Downey avenue bridge were suddenly startled one day this week by a huge object going rapidly up in the air, apparently close to the bridge. As the Standard Oil Company is in close proximity the object that rose so rapidly was probably the price of kerosene.

The Sunset Hour.

Midst clouds of shimmering gold and pink,
Mere specks against the sky so blue,
The sun behind the hill now sinks,
The mountain takes a rosy hue.

The golden hues that flood the sky,
Present to view a wondrous sight.
The birds unto their nests now fly,
The day is passing—now cometh night.

LOTTIE H. TOWNSEND.

Small Boy (near the second green of the Redondo golf links)—"Oh, look at all those swell-looking people picking pumpkins!" Caddie—"Aw, gwan, the're lookin' for a ball."

A young man who knows, says his experience is that a flirt is a fool who delights in fooling fools and the fool who is fooled by such a fool is the foolishest kind of a fool. That fool has certainly been fooled by a fool.

"It seems queer, remarked an old maid to us the other day "that if some people were like other people there would be no people like some people." Now will some one tell us what she meant? We have racked our brain trying to solve the conundrum.

A boy went to church for the first time. Watching very closely while the collection was being taken up, he turned to his father and whispered: "Half of them got in for nothing."

One of the warmest poker games on record was the one where the boy stood on the burning deck and called his father.

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Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7 00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10 35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7 40 p. m.

Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.
Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Johannah Quinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton,
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Amusements

NOT an act on the Orpheum bill this week looms up with any special degree of luminosity, but the program is made up of old time vaudeville numbers that got a glad hand and made the treasurer's sack heavy with worthless silver. It is rather out of the ordinary for a black face song and dance team to carry special scenery and the fact that McMahon and King have shown progressiveness in that line is greatly to their credit. The drop representing a six coach train at night with light streaming from the windows is a clever piece of the scene painter's art, and helped to disguise their familiar turn.

Mansfield and Wilbur have risen some six thousand degrees in the estimation of regular patrons of the Orpheum by presenting a new sketch, and let it also be said that it is infinitely better than last week's comedy. It leaves more to the talents of Mr. Wilbur than "Color Blind" and is much more subtle in its interest.

The most talented of the galaxy of performers is Miss Etta Butler, impersonator. She is an attractive young woman and is clever in her work, especially in her imitation of Madame Modjeska as Magda, for which she is best suited in physique. It requires a pretty elastic imagination, though, to associate her slender, graceful figure with the 250 pounds of May Irwin.

Hall and Stanley produce a "kid-sized" comedy which excites the risibles of the younger part of the audience, and Carson and Herbert, clown acrobats, and Freeze Brothers, tambourine jugglers, were so recently here that theirs might be termed a return engagement.

MISS Pearl Landers, whose picture is the frontispiece of this week's GRAPHIC, is the soubrette of the Frawley Company and will make her first appearance next week in "The Senator." She will play Josie Armstrong, the part that made Jane Stuart and Gladys Wallis famous. Miss Landers is only fifteen, and is considered the most beautiful girl on the stage.

ONE of the most brilliant and appreciated ideas that has come from the brain of a theater manager in a long time is by Mr. Bronson of the Orpheum. Just as the orchestra strikes up the opening overture a card is disclosed by the raising of the fire curtain bearing the inscription

LADIES,
Now is an opportune time
TO REMOVE YOUR HATS.

Which mute appeal arouses considerable enthusiasm and causes many ladies to blushingly comply, whether their hair is nicely dressed or not.

While original ideas of advertising value bring nice gobs of filthy lucre in the east, I will offer gratis a novel one for the Orpheum. Have posted at the ticket gate a sign

PROGRAM TONGS FREE
to holders of 50-cent coupons,

and a few yards farther on provide a stack of such implements suitable for handling the grimy amusement bill of fare.

A DELIGHTFUL surprise awaited even the strongest friends of the Frawley Company in the opening production of Morosco's Burbank theater this week. Some of the press had all but succeeded in making people think that T. Daniel Frawley's dramatic organization was as a sinking ship, and that with the desertion of Blanche Bates, Hope Rose and Augustus Cook the craft was doomed to destruction on the rocks that have so often heretofore loomed up before the Main street house. But Mr. Frawley has lost none of his good judgment and good management and the success of "Madame Sans Gene" augurs a brilliant season for the company.

ETTA BUTLER—Impersonator at the Orpheum

The story of love and jealousy and intrigue in Napoleon's court is a familiar one, but of double interest in its artistic telling. It is almost incredible that Miss Van Buren was a stranger to the title role a week before the opening night, and her carrying of the long and difficult prologue under the circumstances marked her exceptional ability. And she is a beautiful woman and shows her womanliness in every movement.

A strong feature of the new Morosco theater is the fine orchestra under Arnold Krauss. A good theater orchestra is a treat and the entr'acte music amounts to little less than a concert. The theater is clean and sweet; is comfortable and roomy; and the show is worth double the money.

Orpheum—The very finest card in vaudeville is found in Felix Morris and his company. The Orpheum is to the front with an announcement that Mr. Morris will begin his engagement here next week, beginning tomorrow evening.

In order to admit of an unusually strong bill for the benefit next Friday afternoon, Mr. Morris' engagement was broken into in San Francisco, and he was brought here two weeks before the original schedule called for his appearance.

Felix Morris has been known as one of the finest character actors in the world for a great many years. As Rosina Vokes' chief support he achieved an enviable measure of fame, which was augmented by a long term of service as leading man in Daniel Frohman's Lyceum theater in New York. Vaudeville secured him two years and he has proven a boon to the vaudeville houses and probably has lined his own nest with golden doubloons. He was the most profitable attraction ever played at the Orpheum here, with the exception of the Hungarian Boys' Band.

Mr. Morris will stage a comedy from the French called "Behind the Scenes." It is said to be the best of his large repertory.

The Mouliere Sisters, the only horizontal bar acrobats of the feminine gender in the world, will be new comers. Apoll, a high wire artist; Caron and Herbert, acrobatic clowns; Freeze Brothers, tambourine jugglers; Hall and Staley, the "Twentieth Century Burglars;" and McMahon and King, black face comedians, are all on the bill.

Morosco's Burbank Theater—"The Senator" follows "Madame Sans Gene" Sunday night and promises to be a splendid production. Mr. Frawley will be seen in the title role, which he plays at Crane's suggestion, and the cast will engage all the principal members of the Frawley organization. Complete, it will be as follows:

Senator Hannibal Rivers, T. Daniel Frawley; Alexander Armstrong, secretary of state, Charles Warner; Count Ernest von Strahl, an Austrian diplomat, Harrington Reynolds; Ling Ching, secretary of Guinese legation, J. R. Amory; Lieut. George Schuyler, Frank Mathieu; Isaiah Sharpless, ex-congressmae, Wallace Shaw; Rastus, Reginald Trevis; Mabel Denman, Hortense Neilson; Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. F. M. Bates; Mrs. Armstrong, Irene Everett; Josie Armstrong, Pearl Landers; Mrs. Hillary, an unsuspecting young widow, Mary Van Buren.

The great English drama, "The Fatal Card," will follow "The Senator." This play ran for nearly a year at the Academy of Music, New York, and was sent on tour for two seasons by Charles Frohman. Mr. Frawley has purchased the Pacific coast rights. "Trilby" is also announced for early production.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER
OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager
All Records Broken--We Have Come to Stay!
Today and tonight, last appearance of
Madame Sans Gene

Commencing Sunday Evening, Sept. 10th, Frawley Company in Crane's Greatest Success
THE SENATOR
Prices—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c; Box Seats, lower $1.00, upper 50c; Loge Seats 75c. Telephone Main 1270.

Orpheum
MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND
Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater
Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 11.
MR. FELIX MORRIS One-act comedy: Behind the Scenes
Mouliere Sisters, first appearance in this city.
Apollo, a positive novelty.
Caron and Herbert, the greatest of Comedy Acrobats.
McMahon and King, continued success.
Freeze Brothers, the marvelous Tamborine Jugglers.
Hall and Staley, the Twentieth Century Burglars.
PRICES never changing—25c and 50c; Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

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Under management of Mr. JOHN C. FISHER
Monday and Tuesday Nights and Saturday Matinees . . . MARIE ANTOINETTE.....By Clinton Stuart
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Friday Evening, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING .....By William Shakespere
New and elaborate scenic production
Seats now on sale

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THE War Board has decided to hold the Orpheum benefit performance on Friday evening, the 15th, instead of the 14th, as previously announced. This change was made on account of the Jewish holidays. Several boxes have been sold at very high prices and those that are left will soon be taken. The receipts from the baseball game at Fiesta Park last Monday between the nines from the city hall and county court house amounted to $80.60. It is expected that Modjeska will participate in the Orpheum benefit performance, but no official announcement has yet been made.

The War Board has authorized Company A, Seventh Regiment N.G.C. to give a ball on the 26th inst. in honor of the boys of Battery D at the Seventh Regiment Armory. The ball will doubtless be a grand affair.

Company I of Pasadena is having trouble in getting in new members on account of the frequent use of the black ball by a certain clique in the company. An effort is being made to get rid of these men so that the company may be recruited to its full strength again. The frequent use of the black ball has ruined more than one military and social organization, and members of companies should exhaust all other means before using it.

The Badger sailed from San Francisco last Tuesday on an eight days' cruise with the naval reserves of Eureka, San Francisco and Oakland on board. They will probably go as far south as the Santa Barbara Channel. On the 19th inst. the Badger will sail from San Diego with the naval militia of that port and Los Angeles on board for an eight days' cruise. The section located in this city has been doing a great deal of shore work since its organization last month and its sea cruise will be of great benefit to it.

The Red Cross is still active in its good work and expects to keep open until after Battery D returns so that they may render any assistance that may be needed by the returned soldiers.

The Tennessee and Iowa regiments are the only volunteers now left in the Philippines and they have been relieved of active duty and will be sent home by the 20th of this month, and about the same time the new U. S. volunteer regiments will begin to arrive in Manila.

The Uniform Board of this State met in San Francisco last Tuesday. They rejected the bids of Pettibone Company and Litchfield & Co. and will call for new bids which will be opened on October 7. This delay in equipping the Guard with uniforms is very demoralizing as men do not like to drill in civilian dress and most of the companies of the Seventh Regiment have no serviceable uniforms at all.

The press dispatches announced the forc part of the week that Capt. Dennis Geary has authority to organize a provisional regiment of volunteers in this State and is now awaiting authority from Governor Gage and further orders from the War Department to proceed with it. Other dispatches announced that the Governor had the appointing of four officers—one captain, two first lieutenants and one second lieutenant, one of which would probably be selected from Southern California. However, there seems to be nothing definite as yet.

BELGIAN HARES

I HAVE have a friend who has got it. He's had it for four months, coming the 31st. He first became affected through a Denver paper, then he talked with a real estate agent on First street that had it, and then it began to take hold of him. He's got it bad. Got what? Why hare; regular hare on the brain.

He can't see anything about Belgian hares but what he stops and reads it.

The other day he was going down Broadway when he looked in Laux's window and saw a lot of tooth brushes on sale. A great big card said, "Special. Genuine English Hair Tooth Brushes," and he bounced right in and bought four and took them home.

The next morning bright and early he was out scrubbing his rabbits' teeth with them. His wife caught him at it. When she asked him where he got on to that new wrinkle he said he said he just thought it out. Since then I understand he's been corresponding all over the world to find out how often he will have to scrub his rabbits' teeth.

One day he was out in the suburbs and he saw a sign, "Hair Razor," and he climbed off his wheel and went in to see the new device. The man got mad when he told him to learn to spell "raiser" correctly. He got a black eye for it.

He heard a man say he had a hairless dog and he wanted to buy him right away. Felt sorry for him; anything with hair to it catches him; don't matter what the rest of it is, just so it sounds hare on the beginning.

The other night at dinner table his wife said she was afraid her hair was loose, and he jumped up and ran out in the yard and was gone fifteen minutes. When he came in he said she was mistaken, as he had counted them all over and they were all in the pen. She asked him what she was talking about, and he said the hares of course.

He went into a lime supply house the other day and heard two plasterers talking; one said "Hair 's eight cents a pound now but I think it's sure to come down before long." He spoke right up and said, "You'll find it a mighty cold day before you ever get one of mine at any such price. Mine are all blooded," and he turned and walked out. They thought he was crazy.

The other night as he went home on the cars he sat near two young ladies, and he heard one say, "That gentleman on Washington street has got the blackest hair I ever saw; just as black as coal." He walked from one end of Washington street to the other and asked everybody he met who it was that had a black hair. He asked one boy, and the boy said he didn't know, but there was a man on Thirtieth street that had red hair.

The other night he was reading a hare journal, when his wife remarked, "I see Mr. Dunn scored 52 at golf today, and Dennis scored 53." "Well, it 's dollars to doughnuts that none of them can ever come up to Lord Britain; he scored 95½. He's a peach," he replied as he turned over another page.

He went down to the New York restaurant for lunch and two Englishmen sat down at the table back of him. He heard one say, "The hair his helegant today," and he nearly broke his neck trying to see what they were eating. When he went out he asked the proprietor where he procured his hare, and the proprietor told him he grew it and if he was in need of a wig there was plenty of places in town where he could buy one and not go round prying into other people's affairs.

He was on Wall street one day when his eye was attracted by a sign that said, "Nurse, Does Housework." He never saw anything but "Nurse Does," and in he went. An old man came to the door and he asked him to let him see the nurse does; the old man did not know what he was up to. My friend said he was hunting for some nurses; wanted five of them. The old man opened his mouth with astonishment. "What's the matter?" the old man said. "Nothing," replied my friend, "but I've just got four new batches of twelve each and I've got to have some nurses to take them."

The old man grasped the door jam. "All at your house?" he asked.

"Of course," replied my friend." "Where would you think I'd keep them?"

"Good Lord! four times twelve is forty-eight? Are they all alive?" queried the old man.

"Of course they are, and as strong as any youngsters you ever saw," replied my friend.

"Gee whiz! I'm going right in to tell Mary to come out and see you. Jist wait a minit. How's the mother doing?"

Just then my friend read the sign again and he fell down the steps and made his escape on his wheel while the old man went in to find Mary. FRANCIS M. TOWNSEND.

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ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased.

Notice of Administrator's sale of real estate.

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, made on the 25th day of April, 1893, in the matter of the Estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, or at her option, not less than one-third cash, balance on or before the expiration of one year from date of confirmation of the sale, with interest at eight per cent per annum, payable yearly, subject to confirmation by said superior court, on or after Monday the 11th day of September, 1899, all the right, title and interest of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

1st. In the City of Los Angeles, in the "Belgravia Tract," according to the map of subdivision thereof, recorded in Book 23, page 51 of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, Lots One [1], Two [2], Four [4], Five [5], Six [6], Seven [7], Ten [10], Eleven [11], Fourteen [14], Nineteen [19], and Twenty [20], excepting the north one hundred and eighty [180] feet of Lot Two [2].

2nd. In the City of Los Angeles, in the "McGarry Tract," according to map of subdivision thereof recorded in Book 26, page 69 of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, Lots Three [3] and Nine [9], Block "C"; Lots Twenty-four [24], Thirty-two [32], Forty [40] and the north two [2] feet of Lot Forty-one [41], in Block "D," the east Three [3] feet of Lot Twenty-eight [28], and Lots Twenty-nine [29], and Thirty-seven [37], in Block "E"; and Lots Six [6], Seven [7], Twenty five [25], Twenty-seven [27], and Thirty four [34], of Block "F."

3rd. In the town of Santa Monica, in said county, Lots A and B in Block One Hundred Twenty-two [122], Lots R and S of Block Fifty [50], and Lot C in Block One Hundred and Ninety-four [194], according to map of subdivision of said town recorded in Book 3, pages 80 and 81 Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County.

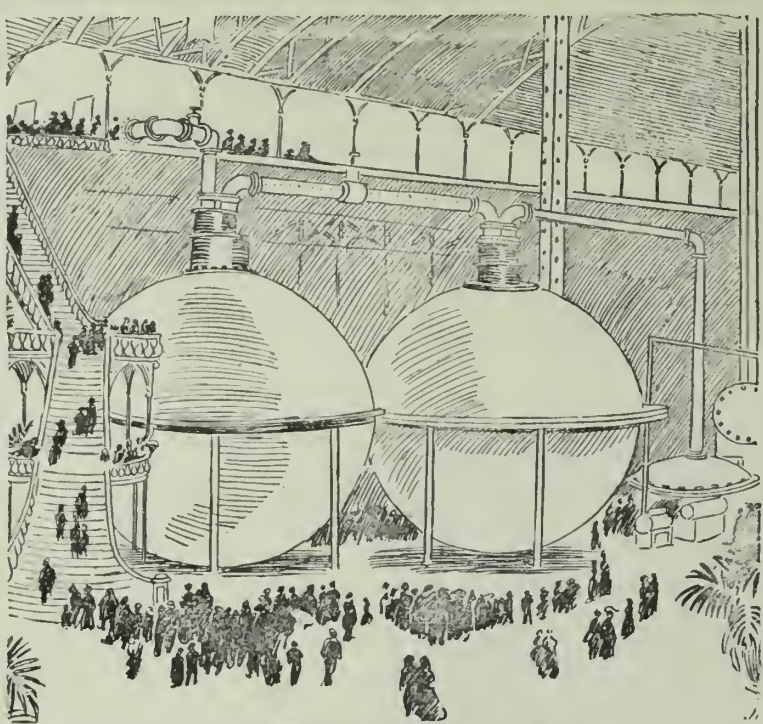
Under the order of the court aforesaid the said administratrix may sell the said real estate, either in one parcel, or in lots or subdivisions thereof, as she shall deem most beneficial to said estate.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at the expense of the purchaser, or, at the option of the administratrix, a portion of the purchase price, not less than one-third thereof on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, and the balance thereof on or before the expiration of one year after the date of such confirmation, with interest on such deferred payments, at the rate of eight per cent per year, interest payable yearly, both principal and interest payable in United States gold coin—the deferred payments being evidenced by proper promissory notes and secured by proper mortgage on the property sold.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Smith, McNutt & Hannon, 315 New High street, Los Angeles city, Rooms 1 and 4, or delivered to the administratrix personally, or filed in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Los Angeles county, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

ELEANOR T. BROWN,
Administratrix of the estate of Thomas B. Brown, Deceased.

August 25, 1899. 8-26-2t



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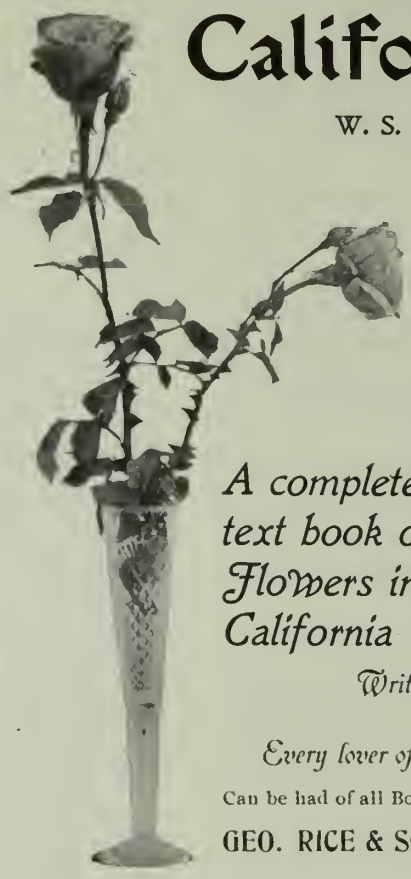

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 12.

Los Angeles, Saturday, September 16, 1899.

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Western Graphic
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE WESTERN GRAPHIC is not accustomed to the use of its own cornet, although such papers as the Chronicle and Argonaut, Chicago Tribune and New York Times have paid this paper high compliments. But we cannot refrain from referring to the splendid literary contributions from Joseph D. Lynch, Major Ben Truman, Otheman Stevens, W. R. Ream, W. C. Hogaboom, E. A. Brinninstool, Shirley L. Holt, B. Franklin Mansfield and John Sharp in this week's issue.

THE DREYFUS INCIDENT

THE so called verdict of the so-called judges of the French court martial of guilty is precisely what was planned by the grim old monsters of the French army styled generals and expected by the world, which, while receiving the verdict with horror, was not surprised. It is the most monstrous proceeding in all the events of jurisprudence of modern times and the press and people of all the civilized nations of the earth stand aghast at so stupendous an outrage.

The Verdict

Indeed, no person of reasoning faculties and who has given daily attention to the Dreyfus episode, from first to last, can resist terming the outcome the most infamous verdict of the century. It is as plain as the nose on one's face that of the four men who had much to do with secret service work at headquarters Dreyfus is seemingly absolutely innocent, and the only one of the four that was not a villain and a traitor.

Lieut-Col. Henry, one of the four, forged a telegram in the secret dossier (a bundle of papers) and on discovery and arrest committed suicide; Lieut. Du Paty de Clam, another of the real villains, entered into a conspiracy to entrap Dreyfus and Picquart and forged telegrams and performed other nefarious work for Mercier, Billot, Roquet and other officers of high rank, and at one time dressed up as a "veiled lady," and was finally kicked out of the army; Count Esterhazy, the leading villain of all, and the writer of the bordereau ("notes, accounts," according to the definition in the French dictionary) has also been expelled from the French army, and has a number of times confessed his treachery and denied it—so he is a liar at any rate. What a dramatic volume Dumas or Victor Hugo could have written! Monte Cristo and Notre Dame would not be in it.

The Villains

Still, we believe that coolness will take the place of the calore now existing and that the masses of shopkeepers and mechanics who will be affected should a boycott of the exposition be actually set in motion, will welcome even the unequivocal liberation of the martyr. Even the army will acquiesce in any pardon that Loubet may see fit to extend, as its generals have as much good sense at times as any like characters anywhere. It will not take long for Loubet to make up his mind, however, although Casimir-Perier believed in the innocence of Dreyfus and was thrown out, while Faure, his successor, sided with Mercier and the headquarters staff, and the whole gang of villains. No wonder he died of appoplexy.

A Prediction

So far as the Exposition is concerned the threat to boycott it will die away, and shopkeepers will continue to buy the things that their customers require. Not one hundred ladies in the land who are accustomed to wearing Parisian silks and satins and French gloves and bonnets, will forswear these articles long, and not one hundred gentlemen who are addicted to Moet & Chandon and Chateau Yquem and Chablis and Chambertin will quit them a week, notwithstanding their horror and indignation over the abhorent result. We only wish the latter would abandon their French wines absolutely, for California would be a hundred millions the gainer in ten years. So far as nations, as such, are concerned it would be impossible for any one to change its attitude, as that would be hostility to a nation with whom the other was on friendly terms.

The Exposition

Nevertheless, the threatened hostility of exhibitors may not be so exceedingly unwise, as the money expected to flow into Paris—and Paris is France to a great extent—would amount to hundreds of millions of dollars, and the French Exposition is master of ceremonies every eleven years. Indeed, the Exposition of 1889 saved France from revolution and killed Boulangerism stone dead. This was admitted by all English and Continental newspapers.

The whole world declares the Dreyfus verdict the greatest and most infamous outrage of modern times. There is a disposition on the part of all nations to emphasize their sentiment. The Exposition may be a sufferer unless Dreyfus is pardoned or in some way treated according to his desserts. And the Exposition will see that this is done. It was the first Napoleon who, when an uprising was once announced, ordered the dome of the Invalides regilded. It was Louis Napoleon who kept the masses in order by making boulevards. It was the Exposition of 1889 that destroyed the Boulanger ferment, and it will be the Exposition of 1900 that will engender satisfactory favor for Dreyfus and end the ephemeral tumult that at present prevails throughout the world.

The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt takes one of the best as well as one of the richest men in New York, and his charities have been substantial and abundant for many years.

The great Admiral will arrive in New York in ten or twelve days and then the hero of Manila will be given the greatest and most magnificent reception of any time.

Very curiously the opposition to the annexation of the Philippines comes from two adverse interests: the sugar trust, which bases its opposition on a desire to obtain cheap labor for the sugar plantations in Hawaii, and also the labor organizations, the latter professing to fear that an influx of cheap labor from the Orient will result. The sugar trust is logical in its position, for the matter of getting cheap contract labor is of more importance to it in the operation of its Hawaiian plantations than the matter of tariff. It now imports its raw sugar at a profit under the Dingley tariff, but if the cost of production is increased by a rise in wages enough to equalize the cost on the island and in California, they will lose their present advantage over our sugar-beet growers.

The Sugar Trust and Expansion

But the fear of an influx of Malayan labor as a result of annexation is not well founded. By annexation the Philippines become an integral part of the nation, subject to its laws, the same as the States and Territories heretofore constituting the Union. Such being the case, the Chinese exclusion act becomes operative there as soon as the legislative branch of the government formulates statutes for its enforcement, and Gen. Otis' late order excluding Chinese emigration to the islands is a precautionary measure to bridge over the intervening time. And as to laws general in their nature, like the tariff, navigation laws and the exclusion act, the Supreme Court, if it follows its own precedents, will undoubtedly decide that they became operative upon the ratification of the treaty of peace. This being so, it is only with the present population of the islands that we have to do, and it is proper to inquire to what extent are they a menace to the labor market of the nation.

The population of the Philippine Islands is estimated by the best authorities at 7,000,000 The area of territory is 114,326 square miles. This gives a population of a little over sixty to the square mile. The united population of New York and Pennsylvania is 11,253,877. They have a total area of 92,835 square miles and the number of inhabitants to the square mile is 120. It will be seen by this comparison that our two most populous States have just double the density of population that exists in the Philippines. In order to bring the population per square mile of the two sections to parity it would be necessary to substract from the two States mentioned almost the entire population of their two most populous cities—New York and Philadelphia. These figures show that danger of immigration from that quarter does not exist.

The climate and fertility of the soil make the Philippines capable of supporting a much denser population than can be maintained in the States mentioned; and had it not been for the repressive policy of Spain their population would now be as dense as that of Japan. China and India support populations relatively much more numerous than that of our oriental possessions, and with the exclusion laws enforced there is a probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that the tide of emigration will set the other way. The Philippines are in a measure undeveloped, and with the large influx of American capital that is sure to follow American occupation, the demand for labor

will be so largely increased that laborers will have their condition so greatly improved that they will have no reason to emigrate to a climate unsuited to their physical conditions. The natives of the tropics are not migratory. The people of India have preferred to remain in their native land where the lines between a meager livelihood and actual starvation run close together than to seek a home in a more rigorous climate. With the Chinese the case is different. They migrate to other countries and thus relieve the mother hive. The Filipinos are of the Malayan race, who have never gone from their native shores, and even if they were as crowded as the Indian, would not run counter to the characteristics of the race. But occupying the most sparsely settled portion of the Orient, it will be to their interest to remain at home.

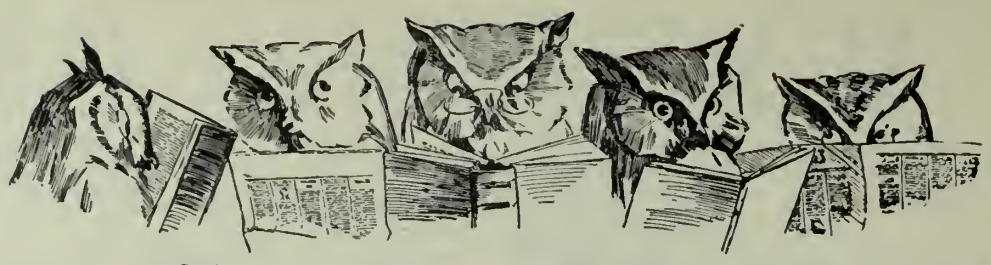
But, says one, can we extend our tariff and exclusion laws to this portion of the Union? The Constitution does that, and the objections of other nations cannot be regarded. And in this case the Constitution and our interests run in parallel lines. Under our navigation laws foreign vessels cannot trade between domestic ports. They can trade on equal terms between a foreign port and one on our coast, but the coasting trade is reserved for American vessels. Thus no foreign ship can run between San Francisco and St. Michael in Alaska, nor between either of these ports and New York. In like manner the carrying trade between Manila and American ports must be done in vessels having American registry.

The effect of this law will be to give American vessels a monopoly of the commerce between home ports and those in our new possessions, and inasmuch as transportation from there to our Pacific ports is much cheaper than to the ports of any other commercial nation, it will make American interests predominant in the Philippines, and bring this rich trade to our Pacific ports.

It will, in the first place, build up an American marine on the Pacific, making a demand for shipyards for the building, repair and outfitting of vessels, creating a demand for labor. This will bring manufacturing industries that will supply merchants with goods to maintain depots in Manila for distribution in the Orient.

No wonder the syndicates who wish to grow sugar with cheap contract labor from China and Japan, who see that this will be prevented by the extension of our exclusion laws to our new territories, are wishing that our army in the Orient may be defeated; but it is strange that laboring men, who would be thrown into competition with this cheap labor are unwilling to have their own field extended by raising up the laborers in the Philippines from their former hard conditions.

The effect on the sugar-beet industry will not be injurious, but beneficial. Whatever enlargement of the growing of sugar in the Philippines make take place will be absorbed by oriental people, and the increase in the cost of labor in the production of sugar in Hawaii will bring the cost of the raw product here and at Honolulu nearer to a level than at present. The cry comes from those manufacturers of the home product who now ship raw sugar here to be refined and not from the growers of the beets. With the unfair competition of Hawaiian sugar, because of cheap labor, removed there would be a great impetus given to the raising of sugar beets throughout the Pacific coast. J. S.



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

The Council and the Picture

IN a general way Los Angeles has been criticised for lack of appreciation of art, but hitherto the City Council has escaped the unenviable distinction of specific denunciation for pronounced deficiency in aesthetic culture. Many severe things are said of the Council, but seldom if ever has that body been charged with failing to recognize a good thing. If you want to know how sordid are the artistic senses of the councilmen ask Julius Ludovicci, who is a painter of pictures in oil. Ludovicci made a large painting containing some full-sized figures of human beings, one of them in a blue military uniform of the period of the early 40's. The painter said that the picture represented Captain John C. Fremont accepting the command of the Californians under the "bear flag." It is reported that Mrs. Fremont objected to the picture because, for one reason, it showed her distinguished husband as a very thin man—almost impossibly thin on the belt line. She never fancied the picture of her "disemboweled" husband—a word which she, on the authority of the artist himself, used to describe the attenuation of the central figure in the historical painting. After keeping the canvas for some years as a studio show piece Ludovicci, not long ago, presented the picture to the City Council. For some time the painting stood within the ornamental fireplace of the council chamber, directly in front of President Silver. The other councilmen, when attending to business, had their backs to the "bear flag" picture and did not feel its baleful effect. For a long time President Silver did not know what ailed him, but finally he found that his gaze was constantly going beyond the row of statesmen and becoming riveted on the picture of the "disemboweled" General Fremont, and he would feel in his own person the answering pangs of an imaginative tightening of the General's belt. Even Clerk Haskins found, now and then, that the presence of the picture seemed to make him halt and stammer in the reading of a stack of demands on the treasury, especially when he would come to bills for fire department hay and pest house groceries. The councilmen, following the gaze of the distraught President Silver and Clerk Haskins, would look around, see the cause of it all, and feel in a mild way the same sinister influence. The fat councilmen realized a sense of depreciated avoirdupois and the lean councilmen became fearful after they realized their danger.

These facts are related in justice to the councilmen who finally, in united and unofficial action, caused the removal of that historical painting from the niche of fame and hung it in the committee room. As the council has before this reversed the order of things, no surprise should be felt that in this case hanging should precede the solitary confinement that is inevitable.

McNally's Turkish Smoker

That the elegant Turkish smoking room attached to the villa of Andrew McNally, at Altadena, should have gone up in smoke may accord with the eternal fitness of things, but that can have no ameliorating influence upon the feelings of the loser. The Turkish room that was so recently burned was the dream of a rich man, and within its sensuous environment of divans and tapestries and hookahs even a poor man could, even without mixing any "hop" with his tobacco, for a moment imagine himself a pet of destiny. Chicago millionaires have had some losses in Altadena, where Editor Joe Medill owned a beautiful house until a careless servant girl burned it down for him. Editor Medill's house was not rebuilt by its owner, but Publisher McNally considers his loss but a trivial one at the most, and the replica of a seraglio will be restored in even more magnificence.

Lime Stone Miner's Desert

T. J. Fleming, who while he was county treasurer handled much public money, is now doing something with rocks of his own. You would scarcely take Tom Fleming for a stone quarry man but that is what he is. The hardest work he does is to try to induce laborers to leave nice comfortable idleness in Los Angeles to go to good paying jobs up at Oro Grande, in the desert. The weather is fearfully hot up there, but as the removal of the quarry to more salubrious climate is not practicable Mr. Fleming undertakes what seems the easier feat of transporting men to the works. Mr. Fleming finds much excitement if not pleasure, in starting for the front at superheated Oro Grande, with a squad of workmen that are engaged at Los Angeles, and watching his forces melt away by desertion before he arrives at the quarry. He usually gets through alone, but he is built on lines suited to a fervid climate.

Even Lightning is Harmless

The bolt of lightning that struck a tower of the Bannings' hotel at Avalon may not have been subsidized by C. A. Sumner or T. E. Gibbon to terrorize the autocrats of the summer island, but some people will think so no matter what I may have to say about it. That the lightning's attack was almost as devoid of result as are the frequent attempts of sundry boating parties to land at Catalina without paying the toll seems to indicate an ability on the part of the Bannings to guard their principality against surprise from any quarter.

Wanted: an Earthquake

Jerry Illich is hoping for another earthquake. He has reason to be glad over the visitation of the latest tremblor, and for the chances of more benefits upon his rural land holdings he is willing to risk the trembling of his brick blocks in the city. One of Jerry's ranches, up near San Bernardino, was by the recent earthquake made to spring a leak. From a rock on the ranch,

scarcely damp before, there burst forth and continues to flow a stream of water, that is found by actual measurement to be an inch and a half in volume. As water is worth by the inch, and convulsions of nature are even less expensive than rainmakers, many of us can join in the hope of a recurrence of subterranean rumbling that shall open new reservoirs and make glad the hearts of the farmers.

Will be Hard to Lose Toll

Councilman Toll is on his way to Syracuse. More than 2000 years ago it became the fashion for noted men, orators, statesmen, and poets to go to Syracuse. If Aeschylus and Pindar and those other fellows could add to their glory by abiding in Syracuse for a season, 500 years before the beginning of the Christian era, why can not the Fifth ward statesman extend his horizon by doing likewise now? That quite another Syracuse is the objective point of Councilman Toll is true; but in the concourse of solons that are versed in management of municipalities the man from Los Angeles will not be eclipsed at the New York salt city where only strangers are fresh.

FISHING AT CATALINA

BY HOGABOOM

AFTER about ten years of intermittent planning I at length succeeded in getting to Catalina Island with my family for a few days of rest and recreation. These few days I put among the pleasantest of my whole life, up to and including the present writing. I look back upon that experience, and it seems like a dream, passing suddenly, hut leaving in the memory a sense of something immeasurably delightful. I do not know how to express in words the charm which the island and the life there had for me, and I can best show my appreciation by going there again at the first opportunity.

Kind and thoughtful friends, upon learning of my intention, had told me all about how sick I would be on the boat, and had furnished me with an ample supply of advice on procedure in cases of seasickness. I take this opportunity of thanking them for all their kindness and of informing them that the advice will be returned to them, upon application, in as good condition as it was when I took it. It is not damaged in the least.

We took ship at San Pedro. The bay was as calm then as the surface of a mill pond. The lines were cast off and the steamer gracefully ploughed the blue waters as she passed out between Dead Man's Island and the huoy which marks the channel. The decks were crowded with light-hearted passengers.

Presently the vessel began to rise and fall and roll gently upon the long swells, and soon, as we passed the farthermost point of the land, to toss about some, as she breasted the waves. The wind was blowing rather stiffly from the northwest, and the course of the vessel occasionally threw her into the trough of the sea.

But there was no sign of a storm; the stars were shining overhead, the sea was not particularly rough and there was really nothing to indicate any great danger, when suddenly someone rushed along the crowded deck among the startled passengers uttering the fearful cry: "Pepsin chewing gum; good for seasickness!"

In an instant all was confusion. People were hastily plunging into their pockets for nickels, while some, in their terror, grabbed the gum first and reached out their nickels afterward. During all this excitement the brave captain remained upon the bridge, and the crew, heroes every man of them, calmly stuck to their posts, and ever and anon poured tobacco juice upon the troubled waters.

Finally we reached the island all safe and sound, and there were fireworks and a lot of people to meet me as I walked down the gang plank with a hot-handled gripsack in either hand.

I would be pleased to learn the full name and correct address of the person who took the trouble to inform the fish around the island that I had been making some boastful statements previous to leaving the mainland. I really did not mean anything in particular, and I think it was a contemptible, underhanded thing to do. It has come to a pretty pass, indeed, if a man is no longer permitted to talk about his ability as a fisherman without some officious person taking it upon himself to go and tell on him.

I inquired especially about the bait, knowing from experience that fish are sometimes particular regarding that very thing. "It all depends on what you are going out for," said the boatman who was getting our outfit ready.

"Well," I said haughtily, "we are going out after fish. You didn't suppose we were going coon hunting, did you?"

This sagacious remark seemed to irritate the boatman some, but I did not mind that. It gave him to undersand that I knew what I was about, and that I was not a man to be trifled with, so without another word he tossed a bucket of bait into the boat and shoved us off from the shore.

Arrived at the fishing grounds, we threw the anchor overboard, baited our hooks and cast them into the sea. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when I felt a mighty tug at my line. I started to haul in the fish but, contrary to my expectations, the fish didn't seem to want to come in. He was a big fellow; he must have weighed fully ten pounds.

"Play him!" shouted my companion.

I had supposed, up to that time, that I was playing him. It seems not. He was playing me. He played me false. I let him have his own way for a while, and he proceeded to execute some startling and intricate maneuvres under water. At times he would have all of my line out, and pretty soon I would have more slack than I knew what to do with. It was quite a heavy fish; he probably weighed about twenty pounds or so.

Finally I got the line tangled around my legs and my arms, and wound around my neck, and at last I decided to haul him into the boat or know the reason why. He came forward so reluctantly, however, that I began to lose my temper. I didn't propose to have no forty-pound fish fooling with me. He must have realized after a while that I meant business for he began, all at once, to come along quietly, and he kept on coming until he got near enough to the boat to recognize me, from a recent picture in the GRAPHIC. Then he turned suddenly and retraced his footsteps, and not calculating the length of the line rightly, he failed to slow up when he got to the end of it, and swish!—he was gone. The line had parted. He never came back.

I have no particular excuses to offer. Even the best and most skillful of fishermen will sometimes lose a fish that way. And it had been a long while since I bad hooked an eighty-pounder, so that naturally I was excited, and maybe a trifle over-anxious.

But we fished on. I use that word "fished" in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. For five hours we fished on. People in other boats around us caught plenty of fish, and we fished on. The only trouble with us, as near as I could learn, was that we had the wrong kind of bait, the wrong kind of lines, the wrong kind of hooks, the wrong kind of a hoat, and the poorest kind of luck that you ever saw. Probably if I hadn't started out by hooking a hundred and fifty pounder, and then losing him, we might have had better luck. But that hoodooed us.

Later in the afternoon I felt a nibble on my line and gave a mighty yank. I had out a heavier line this time, and the fish was securely hooked before he knew what was up. I had no intention of losing this one, however, so instead of attempting to play him I simply stepped ashore and fastened the line securely to a large tree. Then we rowed the boat out around him and gradually drove him in shore. We followed quickly and I leaped from the boat and chased him across the beach. I didn't propose to take any chances with him like I had with that two-hundred-pound one that got away. He dodged behind some rocks when he saw me coming, just as I was getting ready to kick him in the stomach. So then I drew a huge war club, one that I brought back from Africa with me eight years ago, and have carried about with me in my pocket ever since, and rushed at him, intending to beat his brains out. He was too quick for me, however, and bounding over the rocks soon came to the tree where the line was fastened and sprang up into the branches. Realizing now that desperate measures must be resorted to, and never stopping to think that the action might perhaps be considered unsportsmanlike, I drew my revolver and shot the monster just behind the left ear. He fell from the branches, dead at my feet, without uttering a sound. We placed the carcass in the boat and rowed back to Avalon.

The above narrative is substantially a lie, with the exception of the statement that we rowed back to Avalon, which may be depended on as being correct.

Having made the discovery that I am a poor fisherman I thought I would see what sort of a fish liar I would make in an emergency, supposing that I should be called upon unexpectedly to tell about my trip.

After my return from the island a kind friend, learning somehow of my experience, sent me a newspaper clipping reading as follows:

"A Minnesota man captured a kingfisher when the bird was quite young and made a pet of him, and trained the bird to capture fish and lay them at his master's feet. In summer the bird is taken to some place where fish are known to abound and set at liberty. The bird poises high in the air, and suddenly dropping, grasps his victim and promptly delivers the fish to his master."

Anyone learning of the location of a kingfisher's nest will do me a great favor by sending me the information at once. I want a young, intelligent and energetic kingfisher, the worst way.

How different it all might have been, though, if my line hadn't parted when I had that big three-hundred-pound fish on!

He—I notice you have a piano, Miss Clara? She—Oh, yes; but it is my sister who plays on it, not me. He (rapturously)—Clara, I love you. Will you be my wife?

Music and Art

ONE of the most promising signs of the times is the deep interest taken in orchestras and orchestral playing. Every city of a hundred thousand and more should not be without one. New York, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, San Francisco, not to mention many other cities, have their orchestra. Now let the movement extend to smaller cities. A large orchestra is not necessary. The classics can be adequately interpreted by a medium sized, or even a small, band. The general musical good of each community will be vastly bettered. If we had our will the State or National government should furnish its citizens good music. A great moral agent is music and far more ennobling than the "bread and circus" of the Romans. No true music-loving nation is a nation prone to evil. So saye-th the Musical Courier editorially and no truer words were ever penned or easier to endorse. There should be a movement inaugurated at once toward the healthy establishment of a symphony orchestra. The GRAPHIC will do its part; let the musicians get together and give Mr. Hamilton at least moral support.

In a letter to the GRAPHIC Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Rowan of San Diego express themselves appreciatively of the mention of San Diego musical doings in this department. Further, in support of the higher musical tendencies of the bay city they say: "The music lovers of San Diego are lovers in every sense of the word, supporting every attempt to raise the standard of music by their dollars as well as their influence. On our arrival here some two years ago we found that the audiences were not satisfied with less than compositions of the great composers and that the lighter or rather shallow compositions were received but poorly.

"'Tis seldom that a town can furnish both composer and librettist as well as performers for an opera, but such was done and well done by Mr. Owen Foster and Miss Grace Bowers.

"The Amphion Club is an organization for the study of music, and each month some composer's work is given, such as Greig, Wagner, Schuman, Schubert and Mendelssohn. This year the club opens with a program of ancient music traditional of the times when sung centuries ago.

"So you see our city though far away from the musical center has established a musical world of its own, leaving out the petty jealousies and only thinking of the beauties and charms that music give to all."

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Three of our prominent musical artists, Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, dramatic soprano; Miss June Reed, violinist; and Mrs. Justin K. Toles, pianist, expect to give an elaborate recital some date in the latter part of the month of October. The program will be announced in this paper a little later.

Edward S. Warren has returned from his vacation trip through the east, where in New York, Boston, Washington and other cities he delved among the music stocks for new music and visited with the virtuosos on his instruments, absorbing new methods. Mr. Warren is arranging with Valentine Abt, the celebrated mandolin soloist, for two concerts here during the season.

Willis M. Ames, manager for the California Ladies' Quartette, Madame Crawford's talented organization of strings, has returned from the coast and is at work on the itinerary for the season. Thursday evening of this week the quartette gave a recital to the members of their families, who, needless to say, were doubly enthusiastic over the results of their earnest work.

Miss Mabel Ryland, the pianist, who with her mother has been enjoying the summer season at Long Beach, has returned to the city.

The art gallery in the Blanchard building will open October 10, and the awards offered should bring a large number of exhibitors. For the best oil painting $75 will be given, and a like amount to the best water color exhibited. The second prize in each class of work will be $25. The awarding of prizes is conditional on the number of contestants being sufficient.

Messrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, J. P. Dupuy and Rector Charles E. Spalding of St. Paul's (pro-Cathedral) expect to give a grand concert some time in November at Blanchard Hall. The church choir under the direction of Mr. Dupuy will be the principal feature of the concert. The names of the soloists will be announced later.

Prof. F. A. Bacon, director of the oratorio society, announces a rehearsal next Tuesday evening, September 19, at Blanchard Hall. All who took part in the Chautauqua festival are requested to come and bring the scores of "Creation," which will be the first work this season and will be presented in the near future, to be followed about Christmas time with "The Messiah." Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop has been engaged to take the soprano part in both these oratorios, and the best artists obtainable will be selected for the other parts. All good readers are invited to attend the first rehearsal to be enrolled for the winter's work. Professor Bacon will spare no expense in producing these great works and will have not less than 200 voices in the chorus, besides a full orchestra.

Professor Wilde has increased the choir at St. Vincent's church to thirty-five voices, and has already taken up several new masses, some of the heaviest of Haydn's and Gounod's.

MUSIC AND ART ANNOUNCEMENTS

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OMNIUM GATHERUM

WHEN General Mercier admitted that he had placed a few additional papers in the secret dossier he confessed himself a greater knave than Poker Davis ever dared to be, for the bunco game that takes away a few dollars from a covetous countryman is not a marker to that infamous one that degrades an officer of the French army and sends him to a dungeon to atone for some other's crime.

If the pictures of Jouaust, the prosecutor, that we have seen in the daily papers are at all accurate, one may account partly for his rulings in the Dreyfus case. Why, the generally devised caricature of Fagin the Jew is a Beau Brummel in comparison. The picture of Jouaust in a San Francisco daily is the meanest looking thing we have seen in print for a long time.

The scale upon which the Paris Exposition is to be constructed is indicated in the fact that the catalogue will cost $90,000 to print and will contain about 100,000 names. In a competition with three firms as contestants the contract was awarded the Lemercier company at 480,000 francs, or about $90,000. That of the exposition of 1889 cost about $40,000, or less than half the amount to be paid for that setting forth the exhibits of the 1900 exposition. The catalogue will be printed in eighteen volumes, according to divisions of exhibits, and must contain the names of all exhibitors. Of the estimated 100,000 exhibitors the United States will have 2000, though that number could have been greatly increased had there been more space for exhibits, and every foot yielded by boycotters, if any is yielded, will be snapped up at the drop of the handkerchief.

If only Jouaust, Mercier, Gonse, Roget, Billot and some others of the star chamber "court" that reconvicted Dreyfus could be given a few tons of Edward Atkinson's anti-imperialistic literature their punishment would be adequate.

We believe it was France that exclaimed "Perfidious Albion!" Well, Perfidious Albion isn't in it with the nation across the channel.

It is surprising that the editor of the Record that fills space so prolifically with hyperbolic flings at any other writer he can think of should lay himself open to the charge (sic) of pedantry and egotism by belittleing Ignatius Donnelly and shaving the entomology of Shakespeare down to "Shakspere."

Consciously or not, John Bernard of the Palace restaurant did a clever piece of advertising in "firing" the Berth orchestra. It was a convenient opportunity to let them have a well-earned two weeks' vacation without losing patronage meanwhile.

The Shamrock is the most formidable craft ever brought over to contest for the America cup; and it has shown itself to be a hummer so far in all its trial trips. The first trial took place with a fifteen-knot breeze and the challenger carried only cruising sails, but it made a twelve-knot tugboat busy to keep up with it as it sped before the wind. The next day another spin was made and the trim craft drew on all its resources and showed what it could do when its gib topsail and swelling spinnaker flew their white pennons over the sea. Its performance in a stiff breeze added to the confidence of the crew. Certainly these trials under her racing flag indicate that there is fleet work for the Columbia if it retains the coveted prize.

Some of the Shamrock's crew are reported to be afraid she will not hold together under her big sails. Her captain, however, seems to have neither fears nor doubts. Capt. Hogarth, moreover, has no apprehension about being crowded by small boats. One of his men, speaking of this probability, remarked:

If any craft gets in front of us in a race, God help 'em, that's all I have to say. Cap'n Hogarth will cut 'em in two as sure as buttons. He'll run them down first and protest afterward. That's his style. They say the Puritan crowded the Galatea out of the course in their race. They won't crowd Cap'n Hogarth, no sir; not while the wind holds out. He'll keep right on, an' if the other boat gets sunk —well that's their fault.

There is one fact of unusual interest about the Shamrock. It is an Irish yacht, manned by a Scotch crew, with a German adviser in the person of the captain of Emperor William's Meteor, that enters the contest in behalf of England. Americans, however, will formulate no objections on that score. Notwithstanding the brilliant performance of the Shamrock, when she tries her wings against the Columbia she will find a competitor who will give her the opportunity to use every inch of her sail. Both vessels have done brilliant work in trial efforts; nothing but the actual test can decide which is the fleeter, and, therefore, the light-winged champion of the sea.

Sir Thomas Lipton is a true sport and a public-spirited gentleman. It is he who has offered $250,000 for the lakes of Killarney, the lakes to go to the Irish people as a monument park, if the offer is accepted. To the crew of the Shamrock, should she win, he gives $1,000 a year (each) to the end of their lives. Surely if the Columbia is to be beaten we would like to see the Shamrock win.

Seen from the Fence

By E. A. Brininstool.

MEANEST MAN IN TOWN

THE meanest man in Los Angeles has just been discovered. He is so mean to his family that he refuses to let them eat from anything but a round table, as he fears they would otherwise get a square meal. But to top off the whole mean thing of all, he took his boy down town on his birthday last week "to get him a present," and after going around to all the toy stores and getting the boy's enthusiasm wrought up to Santa Claus pitch by allowing him to look at all the nice things, he took the youngster into a barber shop and got his hair cut! If a meaner man lives in town let him step forth, while all the earth keeps silence.

NEVER JUDGE FROM LOOKS

The other day a remarkably handsome young woman was seen standing in front of the People's store. She was dressed in the height of fashion and we supposed at first sight that it was Modjeska. Diamonds flashed from her tiny, shell like ears, and on her slim, white fingers the beautiful gems gleamed. Yes, she was a beautiful creature. She stood studying some dress patterns in the window until an old chap with long whiskers came out of the store, whereupon she remarked, "Say, paw, haint yeou goin' to git me a new caliker 'fore yer dough plays out?" Shades of Barnum's ghost! It wasn't Modjeska after all.

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

It's queer how a man will go camping out, and let the fleas, punkies, horseflies and mosquitoes sample his anatomy, and never a kick from him, and when he gets home with a face broken out like the smallpox he will tell you what a delightful time he had, but let one lone flea begin playing pullaway in his bed after he has got back home, and he will make more fuss about it than he did when whole brigades of the insects were marching and countermarching beneath his shirt, and he will hunt long and diligently, yea, even until long after the middle watch of the night for that one poor critter, and when he gives it up and gets into bed again and the second act begins, he will get mad enough to swear a hole twelve feet square through a brick wall.

THE LAZIEST MAN

To match the meanest man in town the laziest man has just been discovered. This chap is too tired to feed himself at the table, so has an ingenious contrivance arranged to hoist potatoes and veal cutlets to his capacious maw, while a similar arrangement dumps a cup of coffee down his gullet. This man will never die. He is too lazy to draw his last breath.

THE WRONG CAR

Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock the patrol wagon was called down on San Fernando street to that portion of the city familiarly known as "Dogtown." A big Irishman who had about four fingers too much of "sheep herder's delight" concealed beneath his vest was lying in front of one of the numerous saloons infesting the district, and as the wagon backed up to the curb and a cop grasped the old duffer by the collar to lift him to his feet, he looked up and inquired in a quizzical manner: "Shay, c'nducter, ish thish (hic) the car fer B'ile Ites?"

CORRECTLY NAMED

There is a carpenter living in the southwestern part of the city named Chipman Wood. Undoubtedly he is a chip of the old block.

ANOTHER WOMAN BLAMED

Bob Burdette says he lays all his success in journalism to his first wife. Some men blame their wives for everything that happens. 'Twas ever thus.

Down the Line

IT IS customary at the seaside to note the incidents about the women that are likely to bring into prominence their little weaknesses and fads for the amusement of the men, but on Sunday last I noticed an episode which shows that men are not devoid of modesty and that women rather enjoy an incident that causes embarrassment to the sterner sex. A couple of men were in bathing in the afternoon, one of them, Mr. Dick Simmons of Pomona I am told was his name, was buffeted about by the breakers, and when the water rolled back he stood for a moment happily unconscious of the fact that his trunks had been washed away from their fastenings and were floating away, leaving him clad in his jersey alone. There was a shriek of laughter from the crowd of women, girls and men on the sands, and his companion seeing what was wrong at once pulled Mr. Simmons under the water. Then ensued a ludicrous attempt on the part of both to restore the trunks to their proper position, the breakers sadly interfering with the work, frequently tumbling both men over and over further exposing the Pomona man's predicament. All the time the crowd, composed mostly of women, formed a laughing line and kept up a fusilade of jeers and giggles. Mr. Simmons did not like his notoriety and redoubled his efforts to clothe himself properly, finally succeeding, and then he walked savagely out of the water to the seclusion of his dressing room, one look at his face showing that it would not be safe to laugh at him at this time unless the laugher was ready for a scrap then and there. Now do you suppose that if a similarly embarrassing accident had happened to a young woman that the men on the beach would have made life such a momentary burden for her?

Sex Traits at the Seaside

If you see a well known newspaper man of the city throwing money around as if he had three barrels of it, you will observe one of the luckiest fellows in the craft. He went to the Polo Club races at Ocean Park on Friday and Saturday of last week and out of ten races, the full card, he picked nine winners, and having backed them with courage at the pools he came back to town with all of his pockets and a hat full of all sorts of money. N. B.—Managing Editor R. H. H. Chapman of the Herald enjoyed the Polo Club races last week with much gusto.

An Editor Rolling in Wealth

I see that Charlie Willard has gone to Chicago as the representative of the Chamber of Commerce to the anti-trust convention to be held in that city. Mr. Willard will make an ideal representative for he is the Chamber of Commerce personified and more than that he knows all about trusts, for did he not read a paper before the Sunset Club some months ago in which he argued that they would become one of the greatest blessings of the world? There are a lot of us who believe with him that trusts are nothing more than the beginning of a socialistic movement that will become applied to all important parts of industry, and if there is ever a pro-trust convention I would strongly favor sending him to it as a representative of the trustites.

Charlie Willard an Anti Truster

One of the first newspaper men of the city was Bascom A. Stephens, who made things warm for the editor of the Express some twelve years or more ago. Since then he has been all over the country from Lower California to Dawson, and now has come back. Bascom has had many adventures since he left here which will make other stories.

Bascom Has Come Back

Len Behymer is in management of the Lambardi Opera Company, which last week was to have, and in fact did open the new operahouse at Albuquerque; that is, Mr. Behymer opened it—with an axe. It seems the house had been the subject of litigation and the judge of the court gave Mr. Behymer permission to use the house, but some of the litigants objected and locked the place up. Behymer found out the condition of things in time to break in the doors, hire a lot of carpenters who put in seats, and his stage carpenter fitted a baize proscenium arch, placed the company's scenery in place and the opera went on. There was a row of course the next day, but all that Behymer has to do is to talk to smooth any difficulty away, so he appeared before the judge, pleaded his case and won the jurist completely, so that it was all he could do to prevent having to take the operahouse as a present before leaving the town. One of the papers suggested that he stay there and offered to make his candidacy for the mayoralty for him. "Albuquerque needs such men," said the editor, but so does Los Angeles, so Len will come home soon with a sack of New Mexican dollars.

He Opened the Operahouse with an Axe

Councilman Louis Vetter says he is not contemplating a candidacy for the mayoralty but all the same I am of the opinion that he will be heard from about convention time. He has no faults, does not drink, smoke or chew, and cannot tell a pair of deuces from a busted flush. He can make a good speech and he knows a hawk from a handsel. All he needs to make him what he ought to be is a wife, and such an addition to his belongings is not so remote as some people may think. And more than all he has the backing of the Bishop of Broadway.

Louis Vetter for Mayor

Senator Del Valle and Col. John W. Mitchell returned last Monday from a visit to the Camulos ranch of the Senator's in Ventura county where they spent a week in outing and did good work as well. It seems that the ranch is situated between two mountain ranges and that in the early days, on top of the highest peak of each range, a cross was fixed to mark the presence of succor for the weary travelers who wandered back and forth between Santa Barbara and this city. When they saw the solemn figure on the mountain top they would know they were close to a haven of hospitable relief, but of late years these crosses have become storm worn and broken, the paint was washed off by successive storms and they no longer served the purpose for which they were erected. Colonel Mitchell and the Senator decided that a good vacation work would be their restoration and so they set out, one carrying a pot of white paint and the other hammer and nails, and by dint of three days of hard climbing and the wearing out of several pairs of pointed shoes the crosses were restored and now as of old announce to the observer the presence of the most delightful hospitality in Southern California. Colonel Mitchell feels himself again at home in the bosom of the church and the Senator admits that the spiritual in life is of much more worth than the political.

The Crosses Are Placed

Henry Carter heard about Dagmar's shapely legs and her well developed understandings, and he at once became convinced that he could beat the handsome Russian singer's proportions, though he is fully six inches shorter than the delicious song bird who has been delighting the Orpheum audiences of late. From Manager Bronson it was learned that Dagmar's calf measured exactly sixteen inches, and Henry made a bet that he could beat this. A committee consisting of General Pierce and Phil Stanton acted as official measurers, and found that the Carter leg was but fifteen and three-quarters inches in circumference. When Guy Barham heard of this he gave a scornful sniff and has issued a challenge to any chorus girl, bicycle rider, or anyone in the world who has a calf they bank on, that in proportion to weight he can beat all comers.

Henry Carter's Graceful Calf

DUELING IN FRANCE

SOME HIGHLY ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF NOTED MASTERS OF PISTOL AND SWORD

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

HAVING written a history of dueling, which has been translated into French and German, and recognized as the standard work of the world on the subject, I naturally sought the acquaintance of the most noted duelists in the world during my two last visits to Paris, and from them I received much information.

It is a noteworthy—if not, indeed, a lamentable—fact that dueling is increasing throughout all civilized countries, except the United States, Canada, Sweden and Great Britain, notwithstanding sentiment and law and Christianizing influences are essentially adverse to the practice. In 1889, while in Paris, I met Henri Rochefort, and in the course of a very interesting chat with this famous master of dangerous weapons, he informed me that, while the swash-buckler of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was no longer a denizen of the French capital, fashionable dueling was increasing throughout France and its colonies. He also informed me that there were in France alone at least 4000 duels, or so-called duels, fought yearly by private soldiers, whose names were never gazetted, principally because they never killed each other, and seldom inflicted injuries that required the aid of a physician to heal.

"These duels," said M. Rochefort, "are generally brought about by subalterns, who are commonly known as *des tateurs*, and who

are generally proficient swordsmen, and whose business it is to ascertain the amount of nerve possessed by new recruits. The custom is for the *tateur* to fasten a quarrel, and subsequently regimentally to emphasize a demand for satisfaction, which inevitably leads up to an encounter. The soldiers, if they be cavalrymen, meet with sabers, while the infantrymen fight with sword bayonets or skewers. On all such occasions two non-commissioned officers stand upon each side of the combatants, and it is their business to parry too dangerous or too animated thrusts. These contests are not unlike the student duels of Germany, in which country it is the aim slightly to cut or disfigure and to not permanently harm.

"Next to these are the meetings of French journalists, which average one a day, a tenth of which result in a wound that terminates in court plaster or death. These are increasing rapidly as every new journalist, in particular, or other fledgling ambitious of literary or artistic preferment, must have been a principal in an affair of honor to secure social recognition or eligibility."

M. Rochefort informed me that he had fought twenty-two duels, in seven of which he had received wounds. He was one of the most excellent swordsmen of any day and was a dead shot with a pistol or rifle, although he fired four times at Portalis, the bullets going—no one knew where.

Rochefort was a bad looking man—such an one if I were to meet alone on the Coloradc desert I would say, while holding up my hands, "Take all I've got—it's yours!" But he was a lineal descendant of the fiery characters that shed their blood under the banner of the Bourbons. Born and raised a nobleman he threw to the winds his crests and medals and all "heraldric trumpery," and announced himself as "Citizen Rochefort." No man of account has led a more romantic life, for he has been in nearly as many jails as he has duels; was once charged with being a Communist before the tribunal of Versailles in 1871, and sentenced to death, which sentence was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life at Noumes; he made one of the most thrilling and hair-breadth escapes on record, and passed through San Francisco for Europe, taking one meal at the Palace Hotel; he spent a number of years in Switzerland, and was again restored to the boulevards by the amnesty of 1880, and since then he has been everything that was fantastic and picturesque.

While in Paris in 1887 I met Dr. Clemenceau, who once practiced medicine on Staten Island and at another time gave music lessons in Hartford, Conn.

"So far as what are known as the duels between the gentlemen of *la petite presse*," said Dr. Clemenceau to me one day, "I deem it the proper thing for a journalist to be able or at least ready to draw his sword in defense of his pen."

Clemenceau had been out seventeen times, des Perrieres more than twenty, and de Cassagnac about the same. Drummont, Massaid, Fournier, Dion, Scholl, Andrieux, Laburyerc, and young Bernhardt are all experts with the sword, the latter being allowed by his mother 200,000f. a year to live like a gentleman, drive a tandem, and to draw his sword in her defense when necessary.

The same year I met Carle des Perrieres and Paul de Cassagnac, and it was their impression that at that time dueling was increasing in Austria, Germany, Italy and France.

"There are not so many duels to the death in my country," said M. des Perrieres, "as in the sixteenth century; but I should judge that out of 40,000 meetings in the course of the last ten years there have been 400 men killed, twice that number dangerously wounded, and 2000 or 3000 more who can show scratches or worse. There are many of my countrymen who are perfectly willing to face an adversary with a blade who would faint away in front of a pistol. There are very many who are willing to scratch or get scratched with a sword who do not relish the effects of a bullet. Yet, while firearms are undesirable and terrorizing, when hot-headed ones go into the forest to kill or be killed, there is a tendency to resort to agencies that promise double deaths or wounds."

One of the greatest sensations of the modern field was the duel between Rochefort and de Cassagnac, January 1, 1886. It was a meeting that would have drawn a quarter of a million people at 5f. each. It was to be an encounter with pistols by the most noted duelists living; and, while each was equally skilled with pistol and sword, it was generally conjectured that if only one of the combatants was hit at the first discharge that one would not be Cassagnac, as he was the cooler man of the two under fire. Cassagnac's own account of the encounter is really exhilarating:

"After a vain attempt to fight in Belgium, where the gandermerie kept on our heels, we found ourselves face to face outside Paris, near St. Denis. It was the first day of the year and the snow fell in large flakes Rochefort fired and missed me. I fired in reply and Rochefort fell. I supposed he was killed, as I aimed to hit him just above the hip, and I saw the impact of the bullet, which went just where I intended it to. The doctor rushed forward and picked him up. But he was not dead. Indeed, he was not seriously hurt. No gaping wound; only a violent contusion. The bullet had deviated. But how? Why? Where? The doctors searched. But no bullet could be found. But they soon discovered a medal of the Virgin, which some friendly hand had secretly sewed in the belt of his trousers. The ball from my pistol struck the medal and glanced. His life was saved."

A Paris paper had this concerning these two duelists.

"Of the duelists now living in Paris whose deeds have created the greatest sensation among the public, Paul de Cassagnac and Henri Rochefort are conspicuous. Both have fought times without number. Rochefort generally gets wounded, because he is too impulsive; but Cassagnac, fiery as he is in the tribune of the chamber, is as cool as a cucumber on the field, and is rarely hurt. This was the case when they fought together. It was a remarkable encounter."

Paul de Cassagnac and M. de Lissagaray fought a desperate duel in the forest of Visinet, on the 29th of August, 1868. It had its origin in an article published by the latter, in which he declared the Cassagnacs, father and son, unworthy of his sword as well as of his pen. Paul replied with a challenge, which was accepted. When they met Lissagaray threw himself upon his opponent with fury. Cassagnac kept cool, parried the thrusts of Lissagaray and wounded him twice. Three times the duel was stopped only to be as often renewed. The fight had continued half an hour when Cassagnac ran Lissagaray through the lungs. The foil was very slim and when withdrawn left scarcely a mark, and only a few drops of blood escaped from the wound. Lissagaray fainted away and the surgeon said the duel must be stopped. The wounded man regained his senses and insisted upon continuing the battle. He had to be carried from the field by force. Two months later, before his wounds had healed, he again sent his seconds to Cassagnac with a challenge.

"Sir," the latter replied, "I left your body perforated like a skimmer. I consented to become your opponent. I cannot consent to become your butcher."

Friends finally convinced Lissagaray that the number of his wounds ought to satisfy him and the encounter was ended.

THE MAN ON THE THE CAR

B. FRANKLIN MANSFIELD

HE STOOD on the rear platform of a Santa Monica car patiently waiting for it to start. He was a little man and his face bore that resigned expression that comes only after years of domestic felicity.

"Strange how easy some people are," he remarked almost to himself as he slowly removed his eyes from the constellation of punctures in the hatband of the girl in the back seat.

His remark being addressed to nobody in particular there was no reply, and he continued in the same listless tone of voice: "Now take me, for example. I suppose I am about the easiest mark for the average toucher that ever happened. I know all their tricks for I have had them all worked on me, yet I never quill up and go right on handing over the equivalent like a sixteen to one free dispensary."

The little man paused and seemed to bury himself in deep thought. In the meantime the car started and as the conductor came round for the fares it was noticed the little man presented a pass but with no sign of that air of satisfied superiority so common to dead heads the world over.

This ceremony finished he seemed to collect himself and edging closer to his neighbor he continued in a non-confidential tone: "I never had much experience with professional swindlers—guess I don't look prosperous enough for them—but for the two bit to a yellow boy toucher I am a graft. I have made a study of the men and their methods and guess some day I will write a book of my own experiences—might be a benefit to mankind and a warning to future generations.

"The 'hurry' toucher, as I call him, is the most common of them all. He rushes up to you on the street, beads of perspiration standing out all over his face, and in a broken-winded voice springs some sort of hard luck story that he thinks will nail you. 'By Jove, old man,' perhaps he will exclaim, 'lucky I saw you—I'm in a hole—life insurance premium due today—forgot all about it—only amounts to a nine-spot but bank's closed—lend me a sawbuck, will you, and I'll see you tomorrow?' He probably gets the money and as the days roll by you gradually remember that tomorrow never comes.

"The next time he sees you (and he will take care that it is not very soon) he will run off a new song and dance—gas bill due or grocer getting obstreperous—and if your brain stopped running in early youth, as mine did, he will probably succeed in touching you again.

"Then there is the toucher who has the

rich friend or relative coming to see him the next day and pay day still nearly a week off. 'Must show him a good time, you know—thinks of putting some money into that little scheme of mine—told you about that, didn't I? No? Will later—haven't time now—just appoint me guardian of a brace of canaries until pay day, will you, and I won't forget the good turn?'

"You perhaps shell out a gold medal or two and very likely he will graciously invite you to help him spend some of it, especially if he has any cause to think you may be afflicted with a previous engagement. When you meet him next, which will only be when there is no corner for him to dodge around after spying you, you may consider yourself playing in luck if he remits to the tune of two dollars with perhaps an air of doing you a great favor in paying you anything so soon.

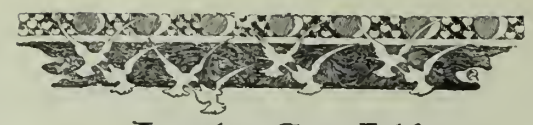
"Personally I never had much to do with what you might call the toucher with the gun metal nerve, especially since I have been married, because—hm—I seldom go out evenings. But I am told by my convivial friends that he is a particularly hard customer to shake. His mode of operation is to approach you in the morning when your hat feels like some other man's and your eyes wear a far away look of remorse, and he tells you with many a poke in the ribs of the fool things you did (or he says you did) the night before. It always turns out that he officiated as your banker at your request, strange you can't remember, and you thought you knew your limit, too, but nevertheless you feel bound to honor the little memorandum he has kept of his expenditures on your behalf.

"But not all touchers are out for the actual stuff itself. You may be buying a new hat when one of your acquaintances with touching proclivities passes the store and seeing you inside comes in to help you with his advice or to ask after the health of the latest addition to your family. Any old excuse will do, for however it begins it always ends the same. He loses his heart to the hat you have selected and suddenly decides that he must have one just like it. Perhaps he remembers that his wife told him 'more'n a week ago' that he needed a new one and he thanks you for reminding him. The clerk has the hat wrapped up and delivered to him before he remembers with a spasm that he has left his pocket book at home in his other clothes. 'O well, send it c.o.d.—no, by gracious—can't do that—won't let my wife do it—mustn't set her a bad example. I say, Jones,' he exclaims, turning to you as if struck by a sudden inspiration, 'you settle for the hat and I'll settle with you.'"

The little man stopped speaking and for fully a minute chewed his unlighted cigar in meditative silence. Finally he said in a tone that seemed to indicate a more cheerful frame of mind:

"There is one breed of touchers that appeals to me more than all the rest put together. He is the man with the 'family away' yarn, and fact is I have never had the heart to turn him down. Any of you married?" the little man suddenly asked, turning to his listeners. "Yes? Well then you know how it is yourselves. This fellow gives you a long spiel about his wife and children being off somewhere in the country—money all gone—must return unless funds are forwarded—hates to think of baby (who is sickly) shut up in the hot city all summer—can't help it—collections slow—etc.—etc.—will you help him out a little? Of course you will—that is you will if you're anything like me. So you cheerfully pass over a double eyrie or two with a sort of comfortable feeling that you are casting your bread upon the waters—may be in the same boat yourself some day."

The car stopped and the little man stepped off. When last seen he was sitting on one of the benches with folded arms and head bowed down while the band softly played "I Want Dem Presents Back."



In the Gay Life

SOCIETY failed to turn out in bulk at Modjeska's first night. With the exception of half a dozen heads, not deadheads, representing social Los Angeles, the boxes and loges seemed to be occupied mainly with anybody. Why should not the reporters and caterers and the rest of the business world not take advantage of the off season—that is when everyone is off to the beaches—and pose as smart folks. Now is the time when "'enery" and his sweetheart can ape his master and mistress. One of the New York papers the other day had a clever skit of the factotems of Newport's swells doing society while their "families" are away. The butler of Mr. So-and-So was announced to give a most fashionable dance, while the famous caterer to the So-and-So's was to furnish the refreshments, and Mary Ann was to appear in the famous costume which had made her mistress the cynosure of all eyes on the occasion, etc. There were many little take-offs in the article, which of course has just now escaped me.

On Monday evening, at the Los Angeles, there was one lady in particular in a box who harrassed my memory for an hour puzzling me to recall a half-forgotten remembrance of where I had seen her before. Her hat in red and black had that backwoods slant which marked her beyond the pale of milady's set whose all-round mirrors would never tolerate such a discrepancy in tilt. Was it some one I had once seen in a play trying to act the lady on the stage? or was it a hazy recollection of a schoolmate of my long-lost youth? Various partitions of marshmallows and peanut candy laid out in squares began to take shape in my fancy. Then a famous soda fountain on Spring strets, then the face minus the hat, and there you are. What pranks the mind takes and what a difference a hat makes.

Perhaps society is properly remaining at home doing good form because the stereotyped winter theatrical season cannot be said yet to have opened. One might presume, however, that the beaches would send in their summer inhabitants for so important an engagement as Modjeska's. Hasn't it struck you somewhat that we are having a good deal of Modjeska lately. This of course is sheer treason. But lets be traitors for once. Take Marie Antoinette. Did it not make you groan to be unable to hear more than one-half of what the great actress had to say? Did it not occur to you that her accent was more than uncommonly marked? And did it not make you feel you wished you could be a man and go out and hit something during that interminably long performance. But, come to think of it, wasn't it astonishing that everybody sat it out? So much for the pre conceived impression of a good actress's worth. What a marvelous woman Modjeska is. Marvelous that she has the power I have so frequently heard narrated of making people remember her acutely more than a score of years back, leaving an ineffaceable impression of her art through some character she has portrayed. Only the other evening a gentleman reminiscently called to mind the occasion of his seeing her four-and-twenty years ago at her first appearance in London doing Adrianne Lecouvrier. "Their is no mistake about it," he said, sighingly, "she is a very fine artist indeed." Then as another instance of that peculiar influence this artist makes felt—there is a gentleman of Los Angeles, an all-round man, really quite a long way round (in newspaperdom), who does things to a "T" and some other of the A, B, C's you know, who on occasions has been known to dwell quite lovingly on the impression Modjeska made on him as a young man many years ago in New York when she was playing Camille. The gentleman was a young Georgian, fiery, impetuous, blooded and chivalrous to a degree, as a true Southerner should be, and in fact to this day exhibiting that delightful reverence for womankind that was born with him and that never changes, although as time goes on he and his pen have taken on some caustic points in most other respects that were unknown in his earlier self and writings. He tells of the wonderful fascination the actress and the play had upon him, how he went regularly every night of the engagement, and how during all these years he has carried with him the imprints indelible of a remarkable woman's power and art. Who can say that an actress or anyone is not great who can bring the mind and heart through recollections that extend backward a score and more of years?

"Who is Count Bozenta?" some one said the other night after the play. "Did he ever do anything?" Of course he did. He married Modjeska and he paid the penalty of the usual effacement accruing from having a noted consort. "Well, Count Bozenta is all right," some one else remarked—"delightful raconteur, as everybody has read, of course, and don't you know," he went on, "it is not always the wine of an after dinner that lends the sparkle to his wit, but he can tell a story just as well early in the day. I have known him at an English house-party to come to my room in the morning before I was up, sit on the foot of my bed and get off the best yarn you ever heard while he was rolling cigarette after cigarette."

While on matters theatrical—the Evening Express wants an axe "to cut a drama from dramatic situations," etc., in Marie Antoinette. Where is the man with the hoe? The same critic tells a story of little Bessie Van Buskirk's first appearance in song in one of the concert halls of Chicago, that is quite tearful. "That the public might see her," the C—— informed us, "she stood upon a piano. The floral offerings covered the child while the tears of the audience," he tells us, "bedewed the tributes." Poor thing! For then she could not have prognosticated that shower bouquet to prove a dewy offering and that her Express critic of so many years hence should deserve "the same."

Society leaders were given a hint at polite entertaining in one of the latest of the Harpers. This was a precept from, oh, a very great society leader, somewhere, who it was alleged had originated a perfectly novel entertainment for her luncheon guests. Luncheon guests, it must be remembered, must be entertained with something other than the old-time conversation now fallen into disuse, if it is only counting beans! I do not know whether Harpers "made" this story, but at any rate they made it seem perfectly natural. They told how the hostess in question had delighted her guests in the surprise of having had all answers to her invitations sent to a soothsayer in chirography and the characteristics of the authors described from the handwriting. Of

course it was stated the tact of the hostess was displayed in having eliminated whatever might prove too unpleasantly painted.

Now Los Angeles might have this kind of a "party," only that it has become the fashion here to answer everything by telephone or not at all. Polite society seems to think that it is sufficient for a hostess to know whether her invitation has been accepted or not when she sees the guests come or not. If they come she naturally understands an acceptance. If they do not come she knows her invitation has been declined without thanks.

As to answers by telephone, would it not be a pleasant caper to have an expert in voices, guess the characters of the speakers from the tones over the wire, and have them exploited for the delecation of the guests.

A marriage of note in Los Angeles, though quietly performed, was that on Tuesday evening last, of Miss M. Carrie Davis and Mr. Durward Star Griffin. The ceremony took place at the bride's home in South Flower street, her brother, Mr. Charles Cassatt Davis, giving her away. Mr. Griffin is considered one of the rising young men of Newberry, Cal., where the young people will reside, after a trip of some length through the scenic portions of Colorado and the northern States.

Miss Maud Masac, who is doing some clever work as a pen artist, and who has a wide circle of friends through her art and her social qualities, gave a whist party at her home on West Washington street last Tuesday evening, at which some forty guests were entertained.

Mrs. William Pridham gave a luncheon at the Redondo Hotel one day last week to meet Miss Ethel Valentine, which proved a very delightful hospitality.

Miss Katherine Hearne and Miss Stella Klauber, both prominent society girls of San Diego, are the guests of Miss Laura Works, daughter of Judge Works, formerly of San Diego. Miss Works introduced the visitors to Los Angeles society last evening at the Casa de Rosas.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Rule are at the present time in San Francisco.

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Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

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City Office 246 S. Spring St. Telephone Main 1031

L. J. PERRY, Superintendent

Mr. W. D. Woolwine and family are guests at the Gordon Arms. Mr. Woolwine seems to have adopted Terminal Island, particularly since he has disposed of his house in Los Angeles to Mr. Braly. Mr. Braly's daughter, Mrs. H. G. Bundrem, is now making it her home.

Miss Genevieve Smith and Miss Kate Landt have been in San Diego visiting their old friend Mrs. John Gay, *nee* Daniel.

Miss Clara Ingle of San Diego is en route for Europe to remain about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Schumacher are back from Santa Monica.

Miss Winona Huntley is the guest at San Diego of Mrs. Fred Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick and Mr. and Mrs. Barnwell have been spending some time at Terminal Island.

Mr. Fred Dunn and daughter have returned to Los Angeles after spending three months at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Graves of Alhambra closed their cottage at Terminal Island last week and are again at home.

Mrs. Jean W. Bowers of San Francisco, will pass the winter in Los Angeles and is stopping at the Belleview Terrace.

Mrs. F. H. Pattee and Miss Eleanor Pattee left here last week for Europe expecting to remain abroad about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Bishop have returned from their summer outing at Santa Monica.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are back from Terminal.

The event of the double wedding which has occasioned so much social conjecture for some months occurred last evening, the principals being Miss Augusta Heinzeman and Mr. Edwin H. Clark, Miss Henrietta Heinzeman and Mr. James O. Cashin. The brides, both brunettes of handsome type, were exquisitely gowned, though the weddings were extremely private, a fact that occasioned not a little disappointment to the many friends of the young people. Miss Henrietta wore a very rich robe of white satin with chiffon overdress elaborately trimmed in rare point lace, and Miss Henrietta had chosen for her bridal attire an airy creation of white mousseline de soie over white silk. Beautiful flowers were carried by both brides and bouquets of the same blossoms were arranged about the rooms under the supervision of Captain Gray. This writer has exploited the charms of the brides and the talents and high position of the grooms on various occasions; suffice it to say, then, on this occasion that two establishments will have been added to Los Angeles society through these double weddings that will be a noted acquisition to the community. The young people will reside at the corner of Union avenue and Ingraham streets where the father of the brides has bestowed two beautiful cottages as wedding gifts to his daughters. We add our congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson are about leaving for Columbus, Ohio, to remain several months. They will be accompanied by their daughter who on her return will add another interesting event to society in her marriage with Mr. Rae Callander of this city. Mrs. Patterson entertained a number of her friends with a thimble party one afternoon last week.

When Depew heard of the death of Vanderbilt "he sobbed bitterly." The great humorist never lets even a grave occasion pass without getting off his little joke.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

WHEN girls stand still in these narrow skirts they're rather a pleasing sight. But when they walk they simply walk very much as a mermaid might.

The fact that an eastern correspondent tells us that the fad next winter for underwear is to be the showiest and finest batiste or unstarched cambric leads us to believe that the tight clinging effect in skirts is to be retained another season. That reminds me of a remark I heard made recently that struck me as particularly funny. A friend of mine was wearing one of those very tight-fitting plain back skirts for the first time. And although she looked very charming that day I asked her if she was wearing the skirt because she liked to or because it was the swell thing. She smilingly replied that to tell the plain truth it was probably for the latter reason because she felt very much as though she were incased in a pair of her husband's trousers. The bell skirts are certainly a revelation, but if they set well on a pretty figure the wearer can be easily forgiven. Speaking of set well reminds me of another incident that occurred the other day. One small boy with a large desire to lay aside the juvenile feminine apparel that had been his share ever since his birth and be arrayed in real pants, was sitting on the floor in the middle of the room apparently absorbed in his toy wagons, horses, blocks, etc., while his mother and the seamstress were wrestling with various garments that seemed to refuse to "set well." Totally unconscious of the child they fussed and fitted and worried about the ill fit, etc., the whole morning. All this time our small member was playing but at the same time thinking awful hard about those pants he didn't have. Finally he broke out in a fit of indignation with, "Oh, set well! set well! You better be talking about boys' pants."

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A LETTER FROM THE GRAPHIC'S FIRST EDITOR

A GREAT RECORD IN A CYCLE OF DRY SEASONS—THE REPRODUCTION OF TWO YEARS OF DROUTH IN THE SIXTIES

DEAR GRAPHIC:—Having been called on urgent business to Los Angeles a week or so ago, I looked with great interest over that matchless valley and the scarcely less interesting valleys tributary to it. Los Angeles, to employ the slang of the day, is now up against two years of downright drouth. In fact, so dry was the year which introduced these two years of extremely retrenched rainfall that many persons have no hesitation in saying that the City of the Angels has had to deal with three consecutive dry years, although this is not strictly true. Two years of drouth constitute a sufficiently crucial experience, and it is within the bounds of truth to let it go at that.

Do you know that to one whose memory goes back to the time when Los Angeles was a "'dobie" town no period in its history has been marked with a more victorious growth, with a distinctively metropolitan ambition and animus, than these last two years of drouth? There is something interesting and inspiring in the sublime confidence in the future shown by the capitalists who have cast in their lot with the Angelic City. Instead of being intimidated by the sour dispensations of the weather clerk, the determined business men and capitalists of Los Angeles have shown their faith by their works. The Douglas and Homer Laughlin blocks in the business heart of the city, to take two shining examples, show that the moneyed men of the second city of the Pacific coast—the city whose only rivals as to a tremendous commercial prism are San Francisco and Denver—are firmly convinced of the supremacy ahead for the metropolis of the citrus belt, not only as to the United States but as to the world. The prodigal outlay in building operations, not only in the business but in the residence portions of Los Angeles, shows that the Angelenos and the people within their gates look forward to the immediate future of Los Angeles as being par excellence built up in a city of palaces. One has only to go out to the vicinity of Westlake Park to get an idea of the architectural magnificence that even now makes the City of the Angels one of the beauty spots of the world. Even now one is confronted with the anachronism that years of drouth are making of this favored spot what the storied lands of the Mediterranean cannot equal in natural and artificial splendors.

Of course it would be unreasonable to say that the people of Los Angeles have not been disconcerted to some extent by the two years of harsh fortune which Jupiter Pluvius has dealt out to them. They have not enjoyed the drouth the least little bit. But they have met the situation with dauntless courage and confidence. Their plumes of local loyalty have never moulted a feather. The probabilities are extreme that the coming winter will be an early and wet one, and that it will be succeeded by so many wet years that the rainfall will become a secondary consideration;—that is to say, before the next drouth dispensation so many sources of water supply, through impounding running streams and developing artesian and other wells, that an occasional year of scant rainfall will scarcely figure as an appreciable factor in the prosperity of the country. It is safe to say that, after the experiences of the last two years, the abundant waters of our streams will no longer be permitted to go to waste but will be husbanded, while thirty thousand miners' inches of well water, which have been developed in Southern California during the past two years, will be developed into ten times that amount during the next decade.

I have made a careful study of the statistics of the rainfall of Southern California during the years following the American occupation and, in no case, have I found a record of three consecutive dry years. The two years of drouth through which we have, I hope, emerged, are an exact reproduction of the two seasons 1862-63 and 1863-64. The California rainy season, varying from, say, November of one year to May of the next, results in a rather cumbrous and confusing meteorological nomenclature. In grouping one season one appears to be referring to two. After the double dry years named the next severe drouth was that of 1876-77. That is to say, after the drouths of 1862-63 and 1863-64 there were twelve consecutive good years. After the drouth of 1876-77—a single dry year—we had twenty consecutive good years—far more than can be found in any of the eastern states, much as this truthful statement will surprise many persons unacquainted with the facts. We are thus justified in looking for from twelve to twenty years of abundant rainfall beginning with the present year, of which we had a little flirt the other day.

JOSEPH D. LYNCH.

HOW ENGLAND GOVERNS HER POSSESSIONS

SINCE the Roman Empire declined no other nation has been so successful in colonial government as Great Britain. Spain at one time possessed greater dependencies, but the inherent weakness of her system caused them to disintegrate until the Spanish-American war toppled over the remnant of her greatness.

The British possessions now comprise 11,250,000 square miles of territory, with a population of 500,000,000—one-third the population of the globe—and yet this vast array of territory and stupendous aggregate of population is governed, and governed well, by a standing army of only 214,437 regular troops and 148,000 native Indian militia, making a total of a little over 362,000 men. In India, besides the native troops, there are only 74,623 men employed, and most of this small force is used to guard the northern frontiers of India from the incursions of Tartar chiefs and the encroachments of the Russians. The native troops do most of the duty of preserving peace in the interior of India.

Great Britain did not attain success in her first efforts at colonization, but only after 100 years of trial. The first years of her reign in Asia were full of dismal failures, accompanied by many dark clouds of oppression, for in the genesis of her expansion policy her power was often represented by men whose only ambition was to amass wealth. But while the Anglo Saxon sometimes learns slowly, yet in the long run he is a lover of justice and eventually reaches a point where his rule blesses the people. The great and complex problem which the British people had to learn required much study and continuous effort, but at last the lesson was well learned and the result has been glorious.

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The secret of her success may be outlined n a few words:

First, that in all colonizing enterprises the interests of the people to be governed must be conserved. With this end in view no taxes are imposed upon the people for the benefit of the home government. In this her policy has been the reverse of that of all other nations. All taxes imposed are disbursed for the government, education and well-being of the people. Railroads are built, jungles cleared, arid plains irrigated and an honest and intelligent civil administration kept up by the aid and co-operation of the representatives of the crown and native officers.

In the second place John Bull never interferes with the religion, caste or racial peculiarities of the people. He does not object to the coming of missionaries, but they must not interfere with the established order of things, except as the natives may voluntarily consent. He does not carry the gospel in one hand and the sword in the other, but leaves the civilizing and Christianizing of the races to be worked out by gradual evolution.

England being a free trade country grants to all her dependencies perfect trade freedom, so that she retains no advantage over other nations. She meets all the world on equal trade conditions, and has built up her vast commerce in competion with other nations.

She also gives to the people as large a degree of local government as possible, and at the present most all of her possessions are independent of the home government, except the suzerainty exercised in a very mild way under the empire. Even in India the government is largely in the hands of the people. Its people now enjoy a larger degree of liberty than ever before, and never knew such prosperity.

Great Britain has solved her great problem by lifting up the millions under her rule. Her experience is of value to us in the government of our new possessions. She being a monarchy has practically created republics where formerly were semi-civilized or barbarous governments. We being a republic must guarantee to the people of our dependencies as large a degree of freedom and liberty as they are capable of enjoying, and above all they should be protected from the rapacity of the men who would use our power for purposes of acquiring wealth at the expense of the liberty and material welfare of the people. It is not a question of how it will affect the sugar planters of Hawaii or the men who desire to make fortunes in Manila, but of how it will conserve the happiness and prosperity of the people of those remote portions of a common country. By so doing trade and commerce will be fostered while the people who have just become a part of the republic will be raised in the scale of civilization and in time become strong bulwarks of the nation in a portion of the world where we shall need strength in the impending struggle for the trade of the Orient. J. S.

Robbie's Hint

"Now, Robbie," said mamma, just before company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more pie." Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath, and addressed himself very audibly to the guest on his right. "Ain't that dandy pie?" he asked.

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Fair Traveler—We had a lovely voyage. Escaped storms and fogs and icebergs and—

Little Flossie—And the big letters, auntie?

F. T.—What do you mean, dear?

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Arrives at Redondo	10.35 a. m.	2.10 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leaves Los Angeles	8.30 a. m.	9.55 a. m.	
	1.30 p. m.	5.35 p. m.	7 00 p. m.
Arrives at Redondo	9.10 a. m.	10 35 a. m.	
	2.10 p. m.	6.10 p. m.	7 40 p. m.

Last Train Returning Leaves Redondo 8.00 p. m.

Sunday Concerts by Seventh Regiment Band

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Johannah Quinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton,
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Total $1,426,742

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Amusements

WHAT with all three theaters in full blast and the big Reception Fund benefit at the Orpheum Friday afternoon, the seeker of entertainment had but to use his foresight in arranging his itinerary to see something new every day of the week. Despite the oft-repeated assertion that this is a poor show town all the theaters enjoyed good houses, even in the face of the unusual draft on pocket-books for the half-eagle-per benefit.

OF central interest in the week's repertoire of Modjeska at the Los Angeles was the new drama by Clinton Stuart, "Marie Antoinette." The merit of the play lies in its historical accuracy and scholarly workmanship; its demerit in the interminable curtains and consequent dragging of action, which is an error for a modern playwright. Of course there is the reasonable excuse of the great fatigue of the actors in heavy drama, necessitating some minutes of rest; and the numerous acts and scenes provide for elaborate and magnificent stage settings. But withal, a four hours' siege is tiring on both performers and audience. Madame Modjeska is the same as ever, but it is our love for the woman that seems to draw us nearer to her finished art. Never faltering, always graceful, this flower from Poland lives in her roles, making those around her appear like leaves fanning the rose—the quiet, stately rose. John E. Kellerd is not disappointing as a leading man, except that his voice is not as big as the man. But he is an artist and is equally acceptable as Louis XVI, Robert Dudley or Macbeth. The support is good and evidences good management. Scenically the productions of the Modjeska company are superb, the same being also true of the costuming. Only one serious criticism can be made in the stage direction—thunder and other necessary noises should be greatly moderated when Madame Modjeska is speaking.

THE magnet at the Orpheum this week is Felix Morris and company in "Behind the Scenes." It is a decided novelty to exhibit the naked interior of the stage to the people on the shadow side of the footlights, and the operation of setting stage was an interesting revelation to many who have not been privileged to witness the mysteries of the gridiron and the wings. Mr. Morris has a clever entertainment in the little comedy, and with his art makes the most of it. In the story of the attempt of Monsieur Dufard (Felix Morris) to secure an engagement for his daughter the denouement of her final dramatic effort is lost sight of to many in the hurried curtain. That a pinch on the arm by her father should wring the last agonized wail from the girl, and thereby insure her acceptance by the manager and authoress, is pathetically humorous, and in an audience like the Orpheum's, where close attention is hardly expected, the climax should not be dimmed by the rattle of the drop.

The Freeze brothers would have frozen the audience but for their lively Irish dancing, and even that failed of hearty appreciation until they "hot-footed" to Yankee Doodle.

The Mouliere sisters succeed in their presentation of an athletic act because they are women. They are good at their work, too, but a straight acrobatic number is a thing for vaudeville managers to shy at. The evidence can be had in Apollo's graceful act on the tight wire, which does not arouse as much enthusiasm as the ladies' hat sign.

MANAGER BRONSON read the GRAPHIC last week and straightway girded up his loins for mortal combat or human chops, or anything else that might include the shedding of gore. His graceful face was a cloud of wet-year proportions, and as he strode from his den toward the program closet one could see that something was going to happen. "I'll see," said he, "whether program tongs are to be used about this Thespian temple or not." Softly he turned the knob. Zounds! the door was locked! With muttered exclamations he threw his 130 pounds with a crash through the oak panels, and in just seventy one seconds had destroyed several thousand second-hand programs. Bully for Rush.

While on the subject of theater programs, I would point out to Manager Morosco of the Burbank that his programmer is inserting some most objectionable advertisements—quack doctor announcements that are unfit for any publication except the Police Gazette and the Los Angeles Times.

NOTHING in the week of local theatricals has been quite so effervescingly captivating as the gatling gun delivery of T. Daniel Frawley in "The Senator." When he comes to a climax and gets his auctioneer tones in full operation, beginning in the middle of a sentence and talking both ways, one cannot help but to enthuse with him, if for nothing more than the force of his example. As the Senator, Mr. Frawley has the burden of the show on his shoulders and a much better opportunity to display his talents than as the stuttering young Lieutenant Schuyler, which part he formerly played. But he can never disguise the fact that he is Frawley, and in spite of the Imperial tuft which he affects his characteristics are ever apparent. Miss Van Buren is just such a widow as would turn the head of even a veteran of a score of conquests. Her freshness and clear, perfect articulation are towering accomplishments that make her a delight to the eye and a comfort to the ear, especially in these blase days of butchered English.

Pearl Landers made her first appearance with the company in the ingenue role. Her petite figure and pretty little face in an aureole of golden curls fitted the part exactly and she shows a remarkable talent for a sixteen-year old.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the general management and the orchestra of the rehabilitated Burbank. Under Mr. Kraus the orchestra frequently receives applause after entr' acte numbers. There are no waits that bore the theatre goer to distraction; the orchestra begins promptly at 8:15 and loses no time between acts.

Orpheum—A great bill of new vaudeville specialties goes on at the Orpheum next week. A novel mirror dance by two San Francisco youngsters, Arnold Grazer and La Petite Hazel, is to be the leading feature. The dance is said to be a most beautiful and striking exhibition. For three weeks it has drawn crowded houses at the San Francisco Orpheum.

Montrell, a European juggler; White and Harris, sketch artists; the biograph, with a lot of new views; Felix Morris and his company in "The Vagabond;" the Moulier Sisters, lady acrobats; and Apollo, the high wire performer, make up the bill.

Morosco's Burbank Theater.—The Frawley Company will show its versatility the coming week by jumping from comedy to melo-drama. "The Senator" will give way to "The Fatal Card," a drama by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson, which had a long run in New York. Mr. Frawley owns ths Pacific coast rights of the piece, having purchased them from Charles Frohman. The cast is as follows: Gerald Austin, Francis Byrne; George Forrester, Harrington Reynolds; Jim Dixon, Wallace Shaw; Harry Burgess, T. Daniel Frawley; Terence O'Flynn, J. R. Amory; A. K. Austin, George Gaston; Harry Curtis, Charles Welch; Sulky Smith, Charles Warner; Hiram Webster, Frank Mathieu; Cyrus Wackford, Clarence Chase; Two Detectives, Reginald Travis and Harry Woodward; Margaret Marrable, Irene Everett; Mercedes, Mary Van Buren; Cecile Austin, Pearl Landers; Miss Penelope Austin, Mrs. F. M. Bates; servant, Hortense Neilson.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THE funeral of Lieutenant Colonel L. B. Butler, who died in Sacramento, was held Tuesday afternoon at his residence on North Hope street. Among the floral tributes was a pillow American flag from the N.G.C., a star and crescent surmounted by a dove from Columbia Rebekah Lodge No. 194, and a standard ivy wreath from the Loyal Legion. The sermon was delivered by Rev. W. A. Knighten, chaplain of the G.A.R. The cortege consisted of the Veterans' Fife and Drum Corps; Bartlett-Logan Post, G.A.R.; American Lodge I.O.O.F., and the second battalion of the National Guard under command of Major Frank C. Prescott, headed by the Seventh Regiment band. The remains were interred in Evergreen cemetery. Lieutenant Colonel Butler, retired, served for many years in the National Guard in this part of the State and was one of the best known officers in the First Brigade.

The various companies of the Seventh will hold their first state shoot on the following dates: Company A, Los Angeles, September 24; B, San Diego, September 18; C, Los Angeles, September 17; D, Pomona, September 17; F, Los Angeles, September 28; G, Redlands, September 27; I, Pasadena, September 15; K, San Bernardino, September 28; L, Santa Ana, September 30; and M, Riverside, about September 29. Maj. C. T. Meridith, brigade staff, will inspect Company B; Capt. C. M. Baker, aid de camp, will inspect Company I; Lieut. E. C. Thaxter, Redlands, will inspect Companies G, K, L and M; and Capt. T. B. Thomas will inspect Company D. The second shoot will occur in October and the third shoot, together with the silhoutte firing, will take place in November. It is hoped that all members will make an effort to attend these shoots as the law requires each company to parade

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER
OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of "THE SENATOR."
Commencing Tomorrow (Sunday) Night, The FRAWLEY COMPANY in
"THE FATAL CARD"
Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinee Saturday only. Telephone Main 1270.
Sept. 28—DEWEY DAY—Fireworks, Etc.

Orpheum
MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND
Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater
Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 18.
Arnold Grazer, assisted by Hazel Callahan in "The Mysterious Mirrors."
Montrell, the Juggler Supreme of two Continents.
Felix Morris and Company in "The Vagabond."
Apollo, a positive novelty.
Mouliere Sisters, continued success.
The American Biograph with New Views.
PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

thirty-two men at the state shoots. Those members earning medals this year will also be entitled to medals for the year 1898.

Col. John R. Berry returned home last Saturday from a three weeks' sojourn in the central part of the State, and is putting in a good many hours a day at headquarters catching up on the routine work.

The press dispatches last Tuesday announced the following appointments in the volunteer service: To be captains, John Cooke, late captain Battery C, California Artillery, Forty-third Regiment U.S.V., George O. Duncan, late captain Sixth California Volunteers, Forty-third; William Elliott, late captain Eighth California, Forty-third; A. Forbes, late major Eighth Infantry, Forty-third; Frank C. Prescott, late major Seventh California, Forty-third; Peter T. Reilly, captain Eighth California, Forty-second; D. R. Weller, late major Seventh California, Forty-four. To be first lieutenant, K. C. Mastellar, late second lieutenant, Sixth California, Fortieth.

Last Tuesday the press dispatches announced the appointment of Maj. Frank C. Prescott and Maj. D. R. Weller of the Seventh Regiment N.G.C. as captains in the Forty-third and Forty-fourth U. S. Volunteer regiments respectively. This leaves the regiment with only one field officer, the colonel, and only a few staff officers. Promotions in the regiment will come thick and fast when they once get started. One of the hardest vacancies to fill will be that of adjutant. There seem to be no candidates for the position who are capable of filling it.

Sergeant Harry Mitchell of Company M, Riverside, was in town for a few days this week. He reports Company M doing as well as could be expected under existing conditions and expects an improvement will take place this winter.

The handsome souvenir badges for the Battery D reception are being disposed of at a rapid rate and those without them will not be in it. The badges are being sold for fifty cents apiece.

Preparations are going on for the ball to be given by Company A in honor of Battery D on Tuesday evening, the 24th, inst. The invitations are being carefully distributed and the ball promises to be a swell affair from every standpoint.

Colonel Duboce of the First California Volunteer Regiment has declined a commission as major in the Forty-fourth Volunteer Regiment. The condition of his health and private interests are reasons given.

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Suits made to order, goods the very best, prices the lowest. Repairing promptly done.
H. L. YERGER, 118 West Second Street.

Where Cool Breezes Blow

REDONDO

REDONDO gaieties will reach a climax next Saturday evening when the close of the season will be celebrated with a farewell hop at the hotel. There are still quite a number of society people remaining at Redondo and it is their intention to have a final fling before transfering their attention from summer pastimes to the more serious thoughts of town. These have all invited their friends down and it is probable that next Saturday's hop will be the most notable social gathering that any of the seaside resorts have witnessed this season. The big hotel is now about to close and the coming week will see the departure of all the present residents to their several homes. The hotel will probably remain closed until next summer when it will again be opened under the immediate management of the company.

During the last week there have been a number of pleasant little parties at the hotel. Tuesday evening was devoted to the delights of the chafing dish. On Thursday evening the guests and their friends from the cottages enjoyed an informal musicale.

One of the prettiest affairs of the summer was the luncheon given by Mrs. Wm. Pridham on Monday in honor of Miss Ethel Valentine. The table appointments were unusually artistic and formed a fit setting for the circle of youth and beauty which surrounded it. A unique guessing game furnished a deal of fun and a graceful medium for the expression of the generosity of the hostess in presenting a couple of handsome prizes. There were at the luncheon Mrs. Campbell-Johnston, Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, Misses Angelyn Benton, McGoodwin, May Sterling, Sargent, Ethel Valentine, Clara Carpenter, Marita Seymour, May Ridgeway, McNab.

There was a delightful dove party at 238 last Friday which excited no end of curiosity on the part of those unfortunates who were not invited and was apparently enjoyed to the fullest extent by the exclusive few who were. The chafing dish furnished an excuse for the gathering—further than that no excuses have been given. It has not been stated who won the prize—but all the guests used Pond's extract the next day. The guessing contest usual at such parties was left to the outsiders, who are still at it. The nearest anyone has arrived at a solution is the venture of the young man occupying the room underneath, who says that the gentle sounds which occasionally came down through the ceiling (dislodging a few square yards of plaster) suggested a game of spirit rapping—he didn't mention what spirits.

CORONADO

FOR some time past a system has been in effect by which the Hotel del Coronado advises thousands of eastern people of the temperature at Coronado. Among curious responses made upon receipt of the postals the following recently received from a woman in Arkansas is perhaps the most curious: "Proprietor Hotel del Coronado—Dear sir: I write to inform you that my late husband took great pleasure in reading your temperature cards. He often expressed a desire to visit California, but instead he has gone and died, and it won't do him any good to send him any more of your temperature cards, so please quit."

W. H. Brown has been experimenting with a box kite recently, and finds in the possibilities of the kite pleasure and profit alike. It is Mr. Brown's desire to take photographs of the Hotel del Coronado and vicinity by kodaks raised by these kites and worked by electricity, also to obtain temperature observations in the same way from heights above. On Saturday afternoon a large and beautiful American flag waved at a great height above the hotel apparently suspended in midair, but a second glance discovered the box kites in the distance and the flag was held by the string of the same.

Coronado Comfort

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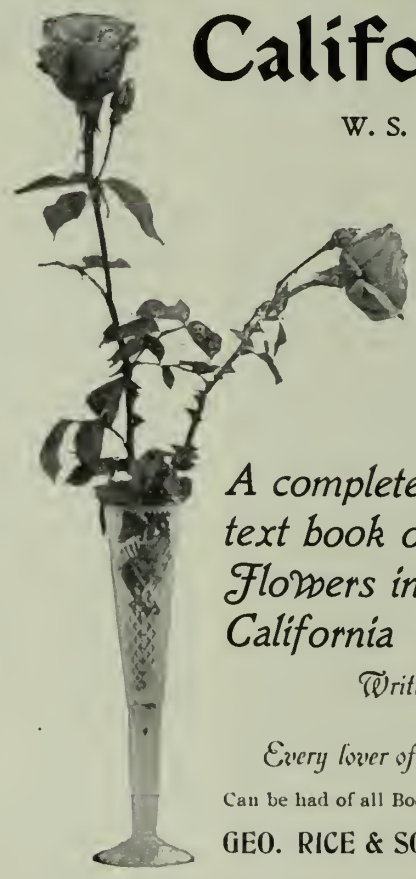

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII. Number 12.

Los Angeles, Saturday, September 23, 1899.

Edition de Luxe 10 Cents a Copy

The Captain's Wife

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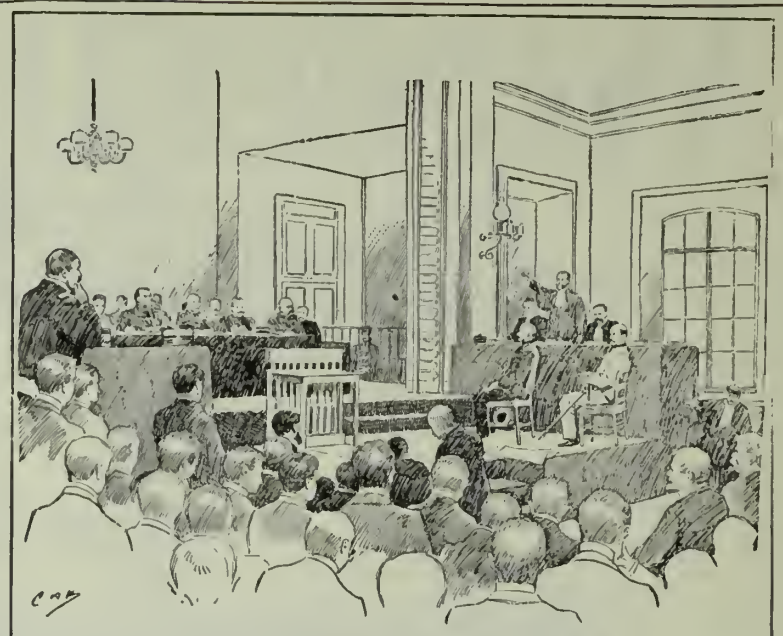

CLOSING SCENES AT DREYFUS TRIAL.

No similar event has in modern times attracted the attention that the whole world has given to the trial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, at Rennes, France. Even France, accustomed to frequent disturbances, crises and revolutions, has been unusually stirred up over the affair. The eyes of all Frenchmen have been turned towards Rennes for several weeks. In the trial chamber at the Lycee the tension has been continually strained to near the breaking point. The scene pictured is of the closing days of the trial. It shows the military judges at the left, Dreyfus and his guard near the center, with the lawyers for the defense, Labori speaking, behind the accused.

Western Graphic

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GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE :-: ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WHAT SHOW HAD DREYFUS?

WHEN one investigates the ensemble he will naturally inquire, "What show had Dreyfus?" For there was never in medieval ages anything so systematically infamous. To go back a little, it may be as well to state that there had been so much that was rotten at "general staff headquarters" that a sensation was imminent that should engulf all—general officers as well as lesser officers—and therefore it was determined by the generals to make a sacrifice, and they selected Captain Alfred Dreyfus as the one to be immolated.

The Drama Begins

It will be understood that among the waste particles at the German Embassy were found the pieces of paper which, when pasted together, formed the secret information (bordereau), unsigned and undated, of course, but in Esterhazy's handwriting. Now the real drama begins and Esterhazy, Du Paty de Clam, Generals Mercier, Roget, Billot, Boisdeffre, Cavaignac, Zurlinden, Gonse, Le Pellieux and, later, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry and Captain Lebrun-Renaird get to work. Count Walsin-Esterhazy, as will be seen, is the heavy villain of the play, and he commenced operations by writing a letter—the "Dixi" article for the Eclair, attacking Colonel Picquart, the former head of the Intelligence Bureau, on private information illegally sent him by the War office. Later Esterhazy and Du Paty de Clam forged two telegrams—the "Blanche" and "Speranza" telegrams—which they sent to Picquart with the object of "bluffing" him into the belief that a lady who was in the "plot" had given away the "secret" that he forged the Esterhazy "petit bleu," the latter a telegram found at the German Embassy, written by Colonel von Schwartzkoppen, the German Military Attache, to Esterhazy, inviting him to call. It was torn up, the writer having changed his mind about sending it. Then came the "Weyler letter," a forgery by Du Clam, incriminating Dreyfus. The "document liberateur" was the production of Esterhazy, which he threatened Felix Faure he would disclose unless protected against Picquart. He alleged it had been stolen by Picquart for a foreign embassy. Esterhazy finally returned it to the War office after it had served its purpose.

The Adventurer

Esterhazy is a soldier of fortune of the shadiest type. M. Matheiu Dreyfus having denounced him as the writer of the bordereau, he was tried and acquitted, amid an anti-Jewish manifestation. Subsequently arrested on a charge of forging the "Speranza" and "Blanche" telegrams, but liberated on a technical point. He was, however, expelled from the army, and has gravitated between Holland, London and Paris, now fully admitting he wrote the bordereau by desire, and now denying he ever said so. There is no doubt he did write it. With Du Paty de Clam he stooped to any anti-Dreyfus trick, no matter how mean, but he played all parties equally false.

The Heavy Villain

Lieutenant Du Paty de Clam is the melodramatic villain in the piece, one of his acts being to set a trap to surprise Dreyfus by dictating to him the text of the bordereau. A warm supporter of Esterhazy, he acted the part of the "veiled lady," assisted in forging telegrams to entrap Picquart, and did the dirty work of the War office. Since disowned and expelled from the army.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry was Colonel Picquart's successor in the Intelligence department. To supply non-existent evidence he forged a telegram in the secret dossier. On discovery and arrest he cut his throat in Mont Valerein.

The Duel

On March 5, 1897, a duel was fought between Colonel Picquart and Colonel Henry. The former had been disciplined for giving testimony favorable to the case of M. Zola at the trial of the author, and he fought with swords in the riding school of the military school, with Henry, who, in the course of his testimony against M. Zola, denounced Picquart as a liar. Colonel Henry was wounded in the arm. With the first encounter Colonel Henry was slightly scratched on the forearm, and at the same moment his blade appeared to touch Colonel Picquart's neck. Senator Ranc, Colonel Picquart's second, then intervened, but his principal was shown not to have been touched, and an encounter at close quarters followed. Colonel Henry was eventually wounded on the elbow, and the duel was brought to a close. After Colonel Henry's wound had been dressed he went home, where General Boisdeffre was awaiting him. Officers acted as seconds for the two duelists, and Colonel Henry's wound was dressed by a civilian.

Lieutenant Colonel Picquart, ex-head of the Intelligence department, took up the cause of Dreyfus on the ground of insufficiency of evidence, and also produced the famous petit bleu (telegram), alleged to have been written to Esterhazy by the German attache, Colonel von Schwartzkoppen, making an appointment, but then torn up and the pieces thrown into the waste paper basket, whence they were recovered by secret agents. He was removed from the army and imprisoned on a charge of forging the petit bleu himself. Since liberated. He is the Chevalier Bayard of the "Affaire."

Dramatis Personae

The following is a brief biography of each of the generals and some others who put up the job to do away with Dreyfus:

General Mercier—Minister of war (November, 1893—January, 1895) when Dreyfus was arrested. His most bitter foe, and utterly implacable. It was he who laid secret evidence before the courtmartial judges.

M. Cavaignac—Minister of war (October, 1895—April, 1896; June, 1898—September, 1898), announced the discovery of Henry's forgery, but reaffirmed his belief in the guilt of Dreyfus. He is a cousin of De Clam.

General Billot—Minister of war (April, 1896—June, 1897) during the time of the Henry forgeries. To him Scheurer-Kestner opened up his doubts on the validity of the conviction of Dreyfus. Billot played him false and took his stand on the "authority of the chose jugee." Muddled the Zola trial and stands convicted of consistent underhand practices.

General Chanoine—Minister of war (September 18, 1898—October 25, 1898). A creature of Zurlinden. Chiefly memorable for his stagey resignation in the Chamber.

General Roget, the manufacturer of nearly all the war office lies about Dreyfus, the revision of whose trial he bitterly opposed. He was savior of the general staff in its most illicit machinations, and that is why M. Deroulede tried to induce him to march on the Elysee.

General Gonse was the immediate superior of Picquart, against whom he was, after a moment's hesitation, a consistently warm supporter of Esterhazy. Unquestionably had doubts about Dreyfus' guilt till the influence of headquarters made him solid with the other generals, since when he bitterly opposed revision.

General Boisdeffre, chief of the general staff at the time of the Dreyfus prosecution. Resigned because Henry deceived him. Was in touch with all the Esterhazy trickeries. Now ill, and keeping in the background.

General Zurlinden—War minister (January, 1895—October, 1895). Ex-military governor of Paris. Chiefly memorable for his expression in the Chamber of absolute conviction of the guilt of Dreyfus. A fine type of the military blusterer.

General Le Pellieux, also on the French general staff. Supported Esterhazy and used the Henry forgery in the Zola trial as an "absolute proof" of the guilt of Dreyfus.

Colonel Sandherr, member of the general staff and a fanatical anti-Semite. Died from brain disease soon after the first trial, at which he played a prominent part.

M. Lemercier Picard, war office agent and forger of the humbler type. Laid a trap for the Dreyfus party which failed. He was imprisoned and hanged himself.

Captain Lebrun Renaud, an officer to whom, so it was at one time alleged, Dreyfus made a confession. As a matter of fact, he did nothing of the kind; only the war office, by purposely distorting the captain's report on the circumstances, made it appear that he did.

M. Gribelin, the keeper of the archives and an abettor of Du Clam.

Mme. Le Boulancy, a relation of Esterhazy and an acquaintance of Colonel Picquart. Esterhazy tried to drag her into the conspiracy hatched against Picquart by suggesting she wrote certain letters. It was absolutely false.

The Veiled Lady was Du Paty de Clam,

disguised, who handed the "document liberateur" to Esterhazy, near the Arc de Triomphe. It was suggested that Esterhazy thought the lady was inspired by revenge on Picquart.

Mme. De Pays, the mistress of Esterhazy.

L'Envoi

The above is the biggest batch of villains ever known in a single case at court or seen in a play or read of in a book. No single volume of Dumas, Sue, Dickens, Reynolds, Buntline or Lippard has contained a third so many leading scoundrels—and these are all real as against the imaginary ones of the novelists above named. But what a book the story would make—what a tremendously-sensational historical-military novel. And there is just one man living equal to the task—Zola! Zola, because he is one of the most realistic writers who has ever lived; and, Zola, because he is one of the personnel of the great drama; for it was Zola who published his now famous letter of accusation ("J'Accuse") against the entire French general staff, accusing them, in point of fact, of a gigantic conspiracy to convict Dreyfus. Put on trial, convicted, fined and sentenced to imprisonment, he appealed, and his sentence was quashed. Again prosecuted, but on a sentence in his article which barred any reference to the Dreyfus case. Hence he permitted judgment to go by default, and being condemned left the country, appealed and lived in England, returning only recently to France. His celebrated denunciation is now proved to have been founded on absolute truth.

Wrong Again, "Herald"

IT IS astonishing how some people confuse the rights of citizenship and the privilege of the elective franchise. Many writers speak of them as meaning the same thing, and the editor of the Los Angeles Herald falls into this error in an attempt to controvert the position taken by the WESTERN GRAPHIC upon the subject of how to govern our new possessions. He says:

> When the supporters of the administration's war against the Filipinos are maladroit enough to get into an argument on the question, it is amusing to see what assumptions they make. . . . This observation is called forth by an editorial article in the WESTERN GRAPHIC which tries to reconcile the President's war of aggression and conquest with American principles of justice and right of self-government. The GRAPHIC says:
>
> "The fight will not end until the Stars and Stripes are victorious, after which the whole people will unite in demanding that just and equitable laws be given to the people of the islands, who will be guaranteed all the rights vouchsafed to American citizens under the constitution."
>
> We would like to ask the editor of the GRAPHIC upon what authority he bases his belief that, if the Filipinos accept the sovereignty of the United States they will be "guaranteed all the rights vouchsafed to American citizens under the constitution." President McKinley has never declared so much, either through his peace commissioners sent to the Philippines or in his public or private utterances. To extend to the ten millions of inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago the full rights of American citizenship is something of which the administration in all probability does not dream. The utmost that has been offered them in the sugar-coated proclamation issued by the peace commissioners is the blessings of good government under American rule.
>
> If the administration were contemplating the enfranchisement of ten millions of the mixed peoples of the archipelago, embracing every grade from enlightment to semi-civilized and barbarous, it would not have the hardihood to propose such a scheme to the people of this country. The idea that those people whom the administration press have declared over and over again to be utterly incapable of self government should be incorporated into the body politic and given a large voice in the government of this country is so preposterous that it needs only to be stated in terms to show its impossibility. Yet this is what the editor of the GRAPHIC, in his hit-or miss defense of imperialism, says we intend to do.
>
> Neither the administration nor the Republican party nor the people of this country contemplate anything of the sort. The utmost proposed under Mr. McKinley's plan of "benevolent assimilation" is to make the Filipinos a subject people. That we claim is contrary to the spirit of American institutions and violative of our most sacred traditions.

The editor of the Herald is not happy in putting up this man of straw to be knocked down by his logic. No intelligent man will contend that it would be good policy to grant universal suffrage to the people of the Philippines. Certainly this journal has not done so; neither has it ever said that the President contemplated such a policy; and guaranteeing to them "all the rights of American citizenship" does not convey such a meaning to those who can discriminate between citizenship and the conferred privilege or duty of voting. But the arguments of the "aunties" against expansion bear out the conclusion that they are either designingly confusing these terms or are ignorant of their constitutional import.

For the enlightenment of such people we will state that a citizen of the United States is one who is entitled to be protected in the enjoyments of all the natural and conferred rights guaranteed by the constitution; and these rights are placed above and beyond invasion by legislative power. But the right to vote is a conferred one and, under certain restrictions, can be extended or withdrawn by the legislative power of the different States or the Federal government. Thus, women are citizens, although they are not voters. The laws governing the exercise of the elective franchise vary in the different States, some requiring other qualifications than mere citizenship, and in some instances it has been enjoyed by foreigners before they acquired citizenship. The only inhibition made in the constitution is that no one shall be deprived of it on account of "race, color or previous condition of servitude." Educational and property qualifications for voting have been quite common, although the latter is falling into disuse, while the educational qualification is growing in favor. There is no invasion of the rights of citizenship in these qualifications for voting.

But citizenship is a right granted by the Constitution, and every native or naturalized inhabitant of the country is entitled to the protection of the federal government in its enjoyment. These principles are so well established that it is surprising that they should not be understood by everybody.

While the GRAPHIC has never expressed the opinion nor suggested the idea of granting suffrage to the ignorant inhabitants of our new possessions, yet we believe that it is the duty of the government to protect them in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights and that it will be good policy to give them just as much participation in their local government as the degree of intelligence they possess will admit. Our idea of federal government does not contemplate nor encourage the centralization of unlimited power in the federal authorities. While it is true the general government has unlimited power within the territories, it has always been the policy to give them a certain amount of local control and admit these territories into the Union as soon as Congress is convinced that they have the intelligence necessary to sustain state autonomy. This sometimes comes quickly, as in the case of California, but generally a longer term of tutelage is required, as in New Mexico and Arizona, where the federal power has been supreme for over half a century.

In our new acquisitions the same policy will have to be pursued, and the twentieth century will probably wane before portions of the Philippines will be admitted to the full enjoyment of statehood. But while this process of "benevolent assimilation" is going on there is no need to deprive the people of the islands of local self government. This at first will have to be greatly restricted, but the inhabitants should be made to feel that they are a part of the nation and realize that their future prosperity depends very largely upon themselves.

The trouble with the anti expansionists is that they assume that the administration is going into the Philippines for the purpose of rapine and plunder. Assuming to possess all virtue themselves they remind one of the resolution said to have been passed by a meeting of Puritans, which declared, "First, that the earth and all the inhabitants belong to the people of the Lord; second, that we are the Lord's people." But the American people cannot be hoodwinked into endorsing such a transparently selfish political policy. They know that our acquisition of the islands came through the fortunes of war; that we have had thrust upon us duties and obligations, which we must assume, and they propose to go forward with the pacification of the country even if it requires the thorough whipping of the rebels in the islands and the political annihilation of those who advocate the hauling down of the flag while it is being shot at.

The President is being called an imperialist and at the same time railed at because he has no policy in regard to the Philippines. He announced that the only policy he has is to subdue the rebellion, after which it will devolve upon Congress to develop a policy. In the interim his only power is as commander in chief of the army and navy, to maintain peace, and when Congress has acted he will undoubtedly enforce whatever laws may be enacted.

In the meantime the President is doing everything in his power to obtain reliable information about the islands to lay before Congress at its coming session, and when the two houses meet he will lay before them a mass of information that will enable them to act intelligently, and if the people of the Philippines are not "guaranteed their rights under the Constitution" it will not be the fault of William McKinley.

CAPTAIN STEERE, MARTINETTE.

RETURNING volunteers of Battery D are telling their friends of Los Angeles something about their experiences in the Philippines. They declare that Captain Steere, whom many of them knew in civil life, became tyrannical in the islands. Ignoring them socially, they say that he was constantly annoying them with needless and unpleasant evidences of his superior authority, and that he seemed to delight in making life uncomfortable for them.

"If he had ever been on the firing line," said one of them to Col. J. Marion Brooks, "he might have had an unpleasant experience. That he knew how the men felt was indicated in more ways than one. The latest evidence afforded by him that he was persona non grata with the men was when we were coming home. He had decided to remain in the Philippines, as we believe, to avoid the return passage with us. However that may be, he did not come to the wharf to see us off, although he was in camp. Any officer who had felt any real regard for his men would have been glad to accompany them to the steamer and to bid them good-bye. It was well for him that he did not appear. There were men in the battery who would have been glad to seize the opportunity to shove him off the gang-plank." —Record.

BATTERY D RECEPTION FUND BENEFIT

A SURE way of touching an American's purse strings and heart strings for patriotic or benevolent purposes is where, with the giving, they get a certain amount of "value received" in the shape of entertainment or advertisement or other consideration. The truth of the statement was proven in the success of the theatrical benefit for the Battery D reception fund last Friday afternoon, at the Orpheum. Society put on her best bib and tucker and completely filled the theater, proud and happy to help the brave boys who will today set foot once again in their homes, and determined to get their money's worth.

Did She Get Past Them?

The sixteen young ladies who for the afternoon became vendors of boutonnieres, programs and badges, were disposed at intervals along the foyer, and he who could pass from the sidewalk to his seat without buying of their wares was indeed unsusceptible to the charms of beautiful womanhood.

Laying in Wait for Latecomers

The long program was carried out with a degree of smoothness little short of remarkable, and all the performers put forth their best efforts.

The event reminded one a little of an incident in the opera "Mikado," where Koko proposes to give Nanki-Poo a gorgeous funeral after his execution, with a procession and fireworks, etc.

Nanki Poo did not seem to appreciate the suggestion, but Ko-Ko assured him that "While you won't be there, everybody else will, and it will be a grand time." In this case the bon ton set had a royal good time in the name of the boys, who are now in San Francisco, but their time begins today with the parade, and there are enough balls and parties and dinners on the tapis to fill them with the glory of the occasion. The countless lovely girls who are ready to fall down and worship at the feet of the young warriors would be enough to turn the heads of less stolid and level headed sons of the earth. While Los Angeles has not provided a fifty-thousand dollar surplus for the entertainment of her boys the welcome will be none the less hearty, for it is not only to their native country that they are now coming, but to father, mother, brother, sister and sweetheart, and their's will be a joy that comes with nothing but the return of a soldier.

Madame Modjeska fooled one camera with her parasol, but the GRAPHIC's artists were too numerous for her modest attempt to escape.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

STANDING by the ruins of the planing mill Tuesday morning, a working man gazed with glistening eyes at the smoldering heap of debris, where but the day before he was one of many hearty fellows who were happy in the work that provided for the necessities and comforts of their wives and babies. A friend noticed his pre-occupied expression, and, in the way of the world, ventured that it was an enormous loss of property. With choking voice the man with a heart replied: "Why, man, the whole town would not pay for the lives of the two poor fellows who are lying on slabs up at the morgue." He turned and walked away, leaving his worldly friend something to think about besides the few dollars that mingled with the heavens as smoke.

It is with true brotherly feeling that WESTERN GRAPHIC welcomes to the field of high-class weekly journalism "The Arizona Graphic," by Paul Hull of Phœnix. It is a twelve-page quarto with cover, printed on fine coated paper, in the beautiful, delicate Cushing type. Typographically "The Arizona Graphic" could easily be mistaken for a printing trades journal, so fine is the workmanship.

MRS. DION ROMANDY and her son GOUNOD, who asked that he might "play in papa's place for the soldiers."

Like the blare of a fish horn one Alger of Michigan announces that he will not be a senator. The ingenuousness of the statement suggests the story of a little girl who volunteered "I had my sixth birthday yesterday; guess how old I am."

It cost Mr. Vanderbilt over five millions of dollars to die, such being the aggregate amount of the inheritance and war taxes on the estate.

A fellow painter vented his anger by lathering with paint the face of Mr. Daubs, who now probably considers his erstwhile friend a perfect daub of a painter.

Santa Monica seems to be getting cooler as the end of September comes upon us and Los Angeles hotter and hotter—and yet most of those who took themselves to the former place during July and August have returned. Quite a number availed themselves of the moon's big light and the delightful rides over the electric during the week, however. To us it seems that nothing can equal this trip for an evening's outing.

MADAME GENEVRA JOHNSTONE-BISHOP, as Columbia, descending from her carriage at the theater entrance.

General Alger states that he has retired from politics. But to a man up a tree it would seem that politics had retired from General Alger.

Guy Barham is as witty as he is suave and good mannered. His companion at the Orpheum matinee called his attention to the pretty young Sales ladies present, and remarked, "A constellation of beauty, eh?" And Guy replied, "A perfect gal-axy."

On Sunday evening last W. A. Spaulding, editor of the Herald, delivered a lecture that was overflowing with wisdom and food for serious thought. Indeed, what he said was brimful of truth and prophecy. Mr. Spaulding is a man of the soundest kind of good sense, and he is not afraid to say what he thinks on matters of political economy, and those strong men who deride may yet become the first victims of the coming cyclone. At any rate, whatever stand Mr. Spalding takes, he is never a demagogue. He may be mistaken, but he never purposely flirts with facts or premonitions.

THE GATHERING OF THE CROWD, with Harry Wyatt about ready to run the gauntlet of the sixteen program girls who never "made change."

Music and Art

THE incorporation of the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art, with G. A. Dobbinson at the head of the board of directors, is a step in the education and artistic advancement of Southern California that will add another stone to our fame. Our matchless climate, so favorable to the cultivation of the voice, will undoubtedly attract students from all over the country and the success of the enterprise is from many points assured. The subscribed capital stock is $10,000 and the other directors are S. Borden, B. R. Baumgardt, W. C. Patterson and J. D. Hooker.

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop has taken upon herself the task of managing a concert to be given in December for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home. Besides solos by Mme. Bishop and other well known artists, a chorus of newsboys will take part.

De Pachmann, the Russian pianist, opens shortly in New York. His appearance in Los Angeles is practically certain. De Pachman is recognized the world over as the greatest interpreter of Chopin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colby are expected home from Chicago the last of this month. Mr. Colby will be the organist of the Independent church, of which Mr. Thomson is to be the pastor.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan, the talented young pianist of this city and one of Herr Becker's advanced pupils, informs this paper that she has just received word from Miss Russell Brown, also one of our leading pianists, that she is now in New York City where she will remain for about a month in order to attend the Joseffy concerts. When she returns in October she will have much of interest to relate, musically.

Speaking of the organization of the oratorio society by Prof. F. A. Bacon calls to mind that in eastern cities, particularly in the New England states, such societies are important factors in the musical life of these localities. In Boston the oratorio of the Messiah is always given at Christmas time while in Worcester, Springfield, Mass., and other important points the annual festivals of these societies always attract large crowds.

Miss June Reed the violinist and Mrs. Justin K. Toles, pianist, have formally taken possession of their new studio in the Blanchard building, the announcement of the former appearing in the column on this page.

As an example of what can be done in art by industry and practical application the success of Miss Esther A. Hunt can be pointed to with pride by her friends. Miss Hunt has made a specialty of Chinese studies in water, and orders for her work have multiplied until now she is kept busy filling them, having made herself independent through a combination of talent and business sense. Her work shows dash and brilliancy and faithfulness to the subject.

Mrs. Grace Henderson Matthewson has recently received a very flattering notice in the New York Times on a musical work she recently issued entitled "Seven Little People."

J. Bond Francisco's studio contains many objects besides his paintings and violins which render a call upon him replete with interest. Particularly worthy of notice is his collection of photographs, usually bearing the donor's autograph, of celebrities in the musical and artistic world. These were presented to Mr. Francisco in almost every instance by the artists themselves. Notable among these is a daguereotype of Jenny Lind; a photo of Remenyi, who also presented Mr. Francisco with a fine violin bow; a photo of Baron von Hesse Vortagge, husband of Minnie Houck, noted traveler and writer; one of Pianist Scharwenka; one of Moszkowski, pianist and composer; of Camille Urso, violinist; three or four of Ysaye; one of Jean Gerardy, the great 'cellist; one of Ole Bull; one of the violinist Joachim, and of Sarasate, the great Spanish violinist; one of Composer Grieg, and one of Bougeron, the famous painter.

The Unity people have decided upon a series of vesper concerts to be given on each alternate Sunday afternoon at 4 p. m. at the Unitarian church. It is the intention to place these concerts each under the charge of and participated in by the different local musical talent of the city, the first one being given October 8 under the direction of Mrs. Orr Haralson assisted by Mrs. Scarborough and Miss June Reed. The other musicians who have thus far signified their willingness to participate in the program, insofar as the committee in charge have been able to ascertain, are Mrs. Modini-Wood, Miss Mary L. O'Donoughue, Prof. D. H. Morrison, Miss Blanche Rogers, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, Mr. F. L. Huebner, Mr. J. Dupuy, Mrs. W. D. Larrabee, Miss Anna V. Metcalf, Mrs. Catherine K. Forrest. The remainder who have been invited have not yet been heard from, but their names together with the programs will be published in advance of the time in this paper.

Clarence Eddy, the greatest living organist, has placed Los Angeles on his booking lists for this season's concert tour. Owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances his last visit was not crowned with financial success, but this year's reception of the master will be all he could wish for.

T. Daniel Frawley always keeps a weather eye out for new material. As Miss Myrtle Canady left the stage at last Friday's benefit for Battery D, at which she had volunteered her violin solo, he made her a good offer to join his company. Miss Canady has a splendid presence and is very attractive and accomplished. As yet she has not accepted the offer, but her addition to the company would add much to its worth.

Mrs. Francis L. Hord and little son and daughter have returned from the east, and Mrs. Hord will resume her work at once.

The first rehearsal of the oratorio society was held Tuesday evening in Blanchard Hall. About one hundred were in attendance, and work was begun on The Creation. As many were familiar with the oratorio, work went smoothly. The meeting night has been changed by Director Bacon to Monday evening as being more satisfactory. Good readers are urged to join the society.

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop has composed a "coon lullaby," which is now in the hands of the publishers. It is a sweet, plaintive song, and will undoubtedly score a success, both with society and the boys who whistle the latest airs. It is probable that the only

Continued on page 14

ETON SCHOOL FOR BOYS
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In the Gay Life

OCCASIONALLY there is a great social event that carries everything before it. Los Angeles society has had several. Yesterday added another. This was the farewell reception tendered Mrs. Mark Lewis by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Howell, than which there has not been seen a more elaborate or more important social function since the occasion of the inaugural ball given by the Howells several years ago for their daughter previous to her coronation as La Reina de la Fiesta.

Mrs. Lewis will leave shortly, probably about the third of October, for Montgomery, Ala., where she will make her home permanently, Mr. Lewis having preceded her some months ago, and yesterday was the time appointed for society to make its last bow to one of the most beautiful leaders it has ever had, and to pay its final homage to a queenly and lovely woman whose fantastic reign of a three days' period of festivity gave her a national reputation, but whose continued sovereignty as the apotheosis of sweet and gracious womanhood has established her in the affections of a community.

The reception, which took place in the large Howell mansion on West Seventh street, was held from three until five o'clock, with all society at its call, nearly three hundred invitations having been issued. The whole house was en fete for the occasion, music was heard a long distance away, the scent of many flowers was in the air, and a dozen or more of society's fairest specimens of young womanhood were in attendance, a number of them having "waited" upon their hostess as her maids of honor during her famous period of La Reina.

These attendants were Miss Lillian Wellborn, Miss Dorothy Wellborn, Miss Genevieve Smith, Miss Kate Landt, Miss Harriet Smith, Miss Sara Goodrich, Miss Maude Newell, Mrs. Robert Clarke, Mrs. Lewis Taylor Ely, Miss Genevieve Deming, Miss Lelia Daniel. They were all en decollete and served punch in one of the enclosed verandahs. Two additional attendants, not mentioned among the "faire maids," and who were the very willing victims of some merciless railery as the "belles" of the occasion, were Mr. Walter Chanslor and Mr. Le Grande Howell. These two gentlemen were "inveigled in," it was said, and did their parts "to labor and to wait" remarkably well.

Mrs. Lewis was faultlessly gowned, as she always is, in fine white satin, heavily laid in Duchess lace and jewel trimmings. The whole effect was simply exquisite, the wearer's clear cut beauty with its dainty pink and white coloring never having appeared to better advantage. Mrs. Howell was likewise handsomely attired, her gown consisting of yellow brocaded-silk contrasted with black velvet-trimmings, fastened with jewelled buckles.

The countless expressions of regret gave a keynote of sadness to this brilliant reception, like an undertone below the ostensible surface of fashion and gaiety, and hundreds of best wishes for the future happiness will follow the young wife, mother and one and all time queen to her new home.

Society will remember the two young Southern girls, Miss Howell and Miss McQueen, relations of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Lewis, who spent a winter here two years ago and who caused such a sensation for their beauty and native-born manner. Miss Howell, it has been heard, is surrounded in her old home, Ashville, N. C., with all the admirers she would be sure to have, and Miss McQueen, whose home is in Montgomery, Ala., was married last April and made a most brilliant match. She married Mr. O. P. Bartlett, a very prominent man of the South and extremely wealthy. The wedding, it is said, was the largest and grandest ever having taken place in the State, over a thousand invitations having been issued. "She is just as happy as she can be." Who would not be glad to know that?

The sale of bouquets and programs at the Orpheum benefit last Friday was due, without any punning, to Mrs. Sale, and that gift she has in all affairs, social or charitable, of making a success of whatever she unkertakes. It was said that comparatively few men were in the theater. That is easy. They never got further than the bouquets. And one young man,—well his first name is Mr. Willie—bore away his three little flowers tied with a string in a manner like Kipling's discription of Mulvany in love walking on "rolling clouds." He carried the little bunch straight in the air for fear a breath of it would disturb its tender blossoms—until he got out of sight of the young lady in the pink hat—when he let it roll down a rear pocket. Thackeray might say something funny of the attaches that might be dug up out of that rear pocket during the unearthing of those "faded vegetables."

Azula Higgins, Rose Hunsaker, Fanny Lang, Jane Bryant, Lillia Simons, Mary Hunsaker, Gertrude Mason, Daisy Cross, Lillian Carleton, Mary Babcock, Kath. Kemper, Miss Milner, Mrs. H. M. Sale, Christine Kurtz, Nora Sterry

THE YOUNG WOMEN WHO SOLD FLOWERS AND PROGRAMS
Will anyone affirm having resisted them

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drake Ruddy will shortly take possession of their new residence in the Wilshire Boulevard. The house has been planned in the old mission style and is as artistic as possible. The interior partakes of a similar idea and the furnishing possesses the cozy charm that characterized the old home of the Ruddys on Coronado street. This home was the scene of some most delightful hospitalities the last year or two, extended to select circles of Los Angeles society, and was likewise a center for prominent visitations from Mrs. Ruddy's former state, Minnesota, where Mrs. Ruddy as Miss Giles was well known in a literary and social way. Both these characteristics have followed her here although a charming domestic quality may be said to be running parallel, if not preceding either, a circumstance that will of course make "the Mission House on the Wilshire Boulevard" sought as eagerly as the home of the past.

Judge and Mrs. C. N. Sterry have gone to Chicago to remain three months.

Mr. Edward Off, familiarly known as Ed Off, has surprised everybody by going and getting married in Chicago. "Ed" was the nicest kind of a beau and never minded in the least being considered "engaged" all summer at the coast resorts where he was always popular as swimming, dining or dancing escort. At Catalina two or three years ago the young swain was considered rather "eprit" with a Miss Marcia Patrick, an old schoolmate of his and a member of a prominent Chicago family. The young lady was very beautiful, a blond, and very much sought after. I believe she is now living in Chicago. "Ed" is in luck, first for having passed a thorough course in the ways of womankind which always makes a good husband of a man, and secondly in having carried off a prize in a wife. The young lady is, I am told, a charming character and as Miss Merle Sargent was a popular member of society in the Windy City. The marriage has occurred quite recently and the young couple are expected here some time next week. The name of Off is a familiar one in Los Angeles, "Ed's" brother, Mr. J. W. A. Off, having made himself conspicuous in a business way during the time of the boom in pharmacists' interests,

(Continued on page 14)

Grand Reception

Fall & Winter Millinery

Mrs. J. M. Erdman announces her Millinery Opening for MONDAY, SEPT. 25TH.

The Ladies will see a Special Display of the handsomest patterns ever shown in the city.

Mrs. J. M. Erdman
308 S. Broadway.

Down the Line

MAURICE BURMESTER, the jovial young Englishman from Bakersfield who has been summering at Santa Monica, is a great chum of young Harden-Hickey, who was a prominent figure at the beach, and who had a horse or two entered in the Polo Club's races—but he did not take any stakes back with him to Riverside. Burmester, the story goes, was induced to make some brag about his voice, and gave

Burmester's Serenading

A GROUP OF BATTERY D BOYS IN FRONT OF THE OFFICERS' HEADQUARTERS. From photo by D. W. Kirkland, of the Owl Drug Co.

it out that he was one of the best amateur singers in the State. One of the most attractive young women of Santa Monica heard of this and made "Burmy" promise her that after the club dinner, two weeks ago, on his way home he would serenade her, which as soon as he had done caused him much perturbation, for he cannot sing two notes in unison, and still he did not wish to have his want of this particular talent discovered. One of his friends—who, I suspect, was "Galloping Waring"—told him that Harden-Hickey was a splendid singer, so "Burmy" sought him out and induced him to promise to take his place, go to the young woman's front yard late that night and sing Braga's Serenade for him. Harden-Hickey is a true sport and never backs out of anything he undertakes, but this time he found when he commenced the song that his voice had disappeared, and, the story goes, he made the most fearful noise imaginable. The next day everyone was laughing at "Burmy," who tried in vain to make people believe that he had got Harden-Hickey to take his place. I cannot vouch for the truth of this yarn, but it is believed at Santa Monica, and that it is just like "Burmy" no one will deny.

L. E. Mosher has returned from his Santa Monica vacation and has gone to work again, as the editorial columns of the Times show, for his paragraphs are unmistakable; they always have a point to them, and sometimes a decided twang as well. He has the luxury now of an amanuensis, to whom he dictates his "stuff," for as a result of his many years of using a pencil and pen he finds himself afflicted with writer's cramp, so that for the purposes of his trade his right arm is useless. Mosher, like Major Norton, has learned to write with his left

Suffers From Writer's Cramp

hand, but finds this a little too slow for newspaper work.

Mr. J. F. Wilson, of Prescott, Arizona, who is the national representative of that territory, passed some time recently in this city, for the purpose of spending some time and money, in both of which desires he was successful. One day he went to Santa Monica with a pleasure party, and in the evening he was asked if he would have a Welsh rabbit. He had heard a great deal about the Belgian hare fad in this city, and some one had invited him to a hare dinner and had told him the best portion of the animal to select. So when he was asked to join in the Welsh rabbit party he got the other affair in his head, and astonished the friends with him by saying: "Yes, I will be

Preferred the Hindquarters

SERGEANTS CAMERON DE HART THOM and CATESBY CHARLES THOM, noble sons of a noble sire and a noble mother.

very glad to join you, that is if you will give me the hindquarters, for I am told that is the only portion that is fit to eat." When he was informed that rabbits from Wales have no hindquarters, he at once showed that one Arizonan at least knew what to do when a rabbit was on him. So the corks popped briskly while the rabbit was being cooked.

Harry Brook has just come back from Riverside, which he found, for a man with a German taste for good beer, most impressively Philistine. He told me a story of a Los Angelenan who went there on a Sunday recently, and could find nothing to drink but water, nothing to eat but food, and not wanting either he tried to buy something that had a little alcohol in it, for the depressing effect of the rigid Downeast Sunday observance was too much for him to bear. So he went to a drug store and induced the clerk to sell him a bottle of Hostetter's stomach bitters, which are said to have exhilarating effects if taken

Too Prohibitionist to Even Permit Corkscrews

in sufficient quantities. "Loan me a corkscrew till I pull the cork," he said to the clerk. "No, sir, I cannot do that," was the response; "it would be a violation of the Sunday law." And so the thirsty man from the city was forced to wander about for two hours till he came to an orange ranch kept by an Englishman who had a corkscrew which he was not afraid to have used on a Sunday. You may not believe this story, but if you ask Harry about it he will verify it.

William Schneider of the Palace knows Dreyfus, having been the maitre d'hotel at L'Hotel de Londres in Paris, where the famous prisoner lived in 1887. He describes this persecuted victim of the General Staff as a most amiable and courageous man, who evidently had the best instincts of a soldier and a gentleman. Mr. Schneider says he was most devoted to his wife and children, and won the respect of all of those who met him by his high character and attractive traits.

He Thinks Dreyfus Innocent

Jay B. Arnold of the Herald has returned from a two weeks' holiday time which he spent at Charley Edson's ranch in Antelope Valley. Arnold killed two deer while he was away, and found a grizzly bear's tracks near his cabin one day. He left the tracks and the bear, however. He had plenty of sport, for while he was not hunting he and Edson talked free silver, and each told the other how it was that both Melick and Eaton had been elected. Edson, it will be remembered, is the almond grower who thought he had a chance to beat Melick for the Assembly last fall. He is a good fellow and can sing like a bird, but he has got to remedy his politics if he wishes to get into the swim.

He Got the Deer but Left a Bear

Lady Blessington, who was accorded the name of "the gorgeous," when Prince Louis

In the days of rejoicing over the return of our soldier boys, let this picture remind us of the brave fellows whose names will remain engraven in history long after these head-boards shall have crumbled to dust.

Napoleon, the last emperor of the French, was an exile in London, was remarkably courteous to him, extending her hospitality in the most lavish way. After his accession to the throne of France she was in Paris for a season, and somewhat naturally looked forward to an invitation to the Tuileries. Time passed and none came. But at a sumptuous ball given elsewhere the emperor passed in the full splendor of his triumph. Catching sight of his benefactress he smiled and asked: "Ah, Lady Bessington! You remain in Paris for a time?" "Yes, sire," said she; "and you?"

As between Jefferies and Jouaust the latter takes the cracker trust.

Our Returning Heroes of Battery "D"

J. W. F. DISS, CAPTAIN

First Battalion Heavy Artillery California United States Volunteers

THREE VIEWS OF THE BOYS OF BATTERY "D"

JOHN F. LUCEY, SR. 2ND. LIEUT.

GEO. L. MCKEEBY, FIRST LIEUT.

FRANK WILLARD, JR. 2ND LIEUT.

LAST MONDAY'S FIRE—THE BIGGEST IN THE HISTORY OF LOS ANGELES

Photos by a GRAPHIC staff artist with a Premo camera

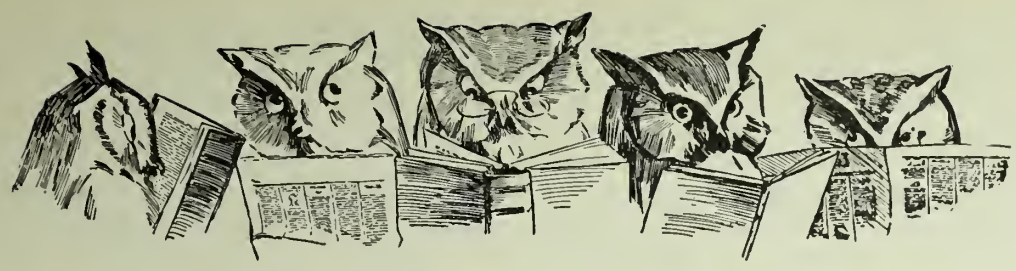
An aggregate loss of $250,000 to the Perry Mill & Lumber Co. and the Los Angeles Farming & Milling Co.

View from Commercial and Wilmington streets five minutes after the first alarm. The smoking building is the offices of the Lumber Company.

The Lumber Company's offices twenty minutes after the fire started. The firemen making an heroic attempt to save the Milling Company's building.

The first streams on the office building of the Lumber Company. Two minutes after the first picture.

Looking across the ruins of the lumber mills forty minutes after the first cry of fire. Flour mills, boiler and stack through the smoke.



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

OWNERS of houses that are sufficiently presentable to suffer no disparagement in the public view have an idea that, as their light should not be hid under a bushel, neither should their dwellings be concealed behind great broadsides of billboards. Unfortunately the owners or occupants of dwelling-houses sometimes have no jurisdiction over the adjacent vacant lot upon which the billboard man obtains a right, for a paltry rental, to erect his expanse of bedaubed lumber. It is said that the billboard man pays a rental of two dollars a lot for the direct privilege of maintaining thereon his outrageous show of painted puffery and printed posters, and the incidental right to blockade the view of neighbors and offend the sight of those that pass that way. That many of the owners of the vacant lots need the monthly two dollars may be true, and that the billboard men are doing a service to many land-poor individuals by providing such an income for what otherwise would be unproductive property, may be granted; but the needy owners of unimproved lots in a neighborhood of occupied houses might be able, by judicious foresight, to see a way of obtaining from his neighbors more than two dollars, provided he would steel his nerves against the wiles of the billboard man and steadfastly refuse to permit the concealment of his own property and the affront to the people that live near by. To the vacant lot owner that finds real pleasure in the presence of the billboards because of the annoyance they cause to others against whom he may have a spite, I can present no persuasive argument, for the reason that I have not the time to go out and club everyone that needs clubbing. The real estate agents that hold vacant lots for non-residents should, perhaps, be allowed to rake in for themselves what they can make from the liberality of the billboard man, for the real estate business is dull in a dry season. If, then, we take all blame from the needy and the spiteful owners of lots, and extenuate the agents for their own private enterprise, and concede the right of the billboard men to make money in their own way, who is to blame if Los Angeles becomes, by reason of its obscuration behind high, long and gaudy billboards, the laughing-stock of the world? The Council? The citizens who begin to realize the disfigurement of the city have suggested to the Council that the wooden obstructions should be regulated, that the size and height should be limited, and that there should be some way by which the rights of near-by dwellers may be protected. For the sake of the lot-owners that need the two dollars, I would not abolish altogether the billboard business; but I would, if I could, so restrict the size of the things that they would not wholly obscure good, presentable houses of two stories or more in height, occupied by people that can see, if given a chance.

Billboards as Obstructions

Brave indeed was that philanthropic person that evolved the audacious idea of attempting to deprive high school girls of their time honored prerogative to practice gastronomic feats appalling even to an ostrich. How could he or she presume confidently to expect for the effort an expression of appreciation from those for whose benefit the movement was designed? Does not everyone know, and did not everyone always know, that school girls make sumptuous repasts of pickles and cake for mid-day regalement? And is it not true that in this favored land the caloric tamale is already in high favor as school luncheon piece de resistance, because of the ease with which it can be kept warm even on cloudy days? And yet some person comes forward with a suggestion that a real kitchen and a sort of restaurant should be provided at the high school building to serve meals, actual square meals, to the thousand or more pupils that would be available as consumers. That is, to be sure, the number of possible consumers would be at hand, but could the girls be induced to forego their predilection for small sours, very sweets and real hots, as represented by pickels and cake and tamales, to devote the forty-five minute noon hour to the eating of food that could be digested? With the boys the problem is easy; but with the girls, a haze of uncertainty envelops the future of the scheme. That the restaurant plan works successfully in some eastern places we are assured. That its adoption here would result in a decrease of gastric troubles we could consider reasonably certain were we convinced that the students of the cooking department would have no hand in the preparation of the food.

To Feed the Students

The public will have more confidence in the utility and economy of the automobile when occular demonstration shall be made that there is no necessity for carrying along a couple of able bodied men for often required aid in pushing the contrivance along when the mechanism proves inadequate. There are times when automobilists would not care to take along with them a pair of strong armed but unsympathetic strangers to boost the horse emancipator over the grades, and yet they would not want to undergo the risk of experiencing such a necessity with the hired help absent. When the automobile shall possess the merit of reliability as well as of being capable of guidance with one hand, the horseless carriage will become more popular with those young people who consider that "two is company" and that more than that number constitutes a howling mob.

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SOME REMINISCENCES

BY BEN C. TRUMAN.

ONE of the most perfect and precious—and completest—of all Americans was Colonel Thomas A. Scott, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, who started, like Garfield, as a canal driver, and who amassed millions and died on May 20th, 1881, at his home in Philadelphia.

Thomas Alexander Scott and the railroad system of the United States were identified in the youth of both, and grew up together. He was born at Loudon, an old settlement at the head of the great Appalachian Valley, in Franklin county, Penn. Though never more than a village, Loudon was a place of some importance before the days of railroads, for it was on the great highway between Chambersburg and Pittsburg, and was celebrated for its manufactory of Conestoga wagons, the freight cars of the turnpike. Among the early settlers in the vicinity of this village was a Scotch-Irish family named Scott. It came originally from Donegal and settled in Lancaster county, from which some of the members strayed into Franklin. The father of Thomas A. Scott kept the principal hotel in Loudon, and under the roof of his tavern the future railroad president was born on December 28, 1824.

The boy started in practical life early. Almost all of his education was received at the village school before he was ten years old. About that time his father died, and his mother was left with slender means to support her family. Young "Aleck," as he was called then and for many years afterward, seems to have made his first venture in the world as a driver on the State Canal, but was soon afterward taken into the store of Diller & Baker, who had extensive iron works in Huntingdon county and, as was usual in those days, kept a "company store." In 1839 Governor Porter appointed Major James Patton, an active Van Buren man, collector of tolls at Columbia, and when Major Patton took charge of the office he installed his brother-in-law, "Aleck" Scott, as a clerk in his office. The youth soon became the most popular young fellow in Columbia, and he had an exhaustless flow of animal spirits combined with extraordinary mental energy. At his desk he was an expert accountant, running up three rows of figures at once in less time than his associates could add up one; but, while he faithfully attended to all the duties of an onerous position, he found time to attend all the merry-makings of the country side, as well as the meetings of a kind of informal club composed of ten or a dozen young men, nearly all of whom rose to positions of distinction, and some of whom are now living.

Young Scott must have been a picturesque character at that time. He is described as a strikingly handsome boy, with a round, rosy face, blonde hair, hanging down on his shoulders, and a very broad-brimmed hat tipped back on his head. He was careless in his dress, but there were few dandies in Columbia. His vitality was as remarkable as his mental vigor. He was temperate in his habits, but was fond of a game of cards with his companions, and would often sit up all night with them; but an hour's nap and a good breakfast would fit him at once for the day's work, and no matter how often this experience was repeated it never seemed to affect him. Withal he was cheerful, kind-hearted, always ready to oblige a friend, but self-reliant and independent far beyond his years.

It would require a volume to even briefly describe the rapid progress of this fine character up the tremendous ladder of success and to take the reader along with him from the old canal to the head of one of the greatest railways in the world. I first met him at Louisville in March, 1862, through the medium of the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 12, 1862.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT,
Assistant Secretary of War,
Louisville, Kentucky.

MY DEAR COLONEL: This will be presented you by a young man who has been in my employ (Benjamin C. Truman), and who has been appointed on the staff of Andrew Johnson, who has just been made military Governor of Tennessee and Brigadier-General U.S.V. Truman has been hurried on to Louisville in advance to make arrangements for the transportation of the Governor and his party from Louisville to Nashville. He will also act as special correspondent of the Press and of the New York Times, and I wish you would do anything you can to further his official and other duties. He will present you an official letter from Secretary Stanton, and I have also given him a letter of introduction to Mr. Prentice.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN W. FORNEY.

It is hardly necessary to mention that I was cordially received and hospitably treated, and that I had no trouble in arranging for the transportation alluded to, which consisted of a "special" composed of a dilapidated baggage car and a locomotive afflicted with influenza, which was all that could be spared at the time, as the bulk of the rolling stock had been destroyed by Albert Sidney Johnson when he evacuated Bowling Green. I never met Mr. Scott again until he came to Southern California ten years afterward in company with Colonel Forney, Senator Sherman, Governor Throckmorton of Texas, Governor McCormick, and some others, whom I helped entertain and escort out to Lake Vineyard and other noted places in the San Gabriel Valley, General Banning being the promoter of the excursion.

General Cameron has given a graphic account of his assistant's splendid work in the government service, and it can be best told in his own words.

"When Congress met one of its first acts was to pass a law authorizing the appointment of an assistant secretary of war. Up to that time Colonel Scott had no other position or authority than that conferred upon him as colonel of the District volunteers and my order making him manager of the military railroads and telegraphs. When the law was passed creating the office of assistant secretary of war, the question as to the selection of a man came up in the cabinet meeting. Mr. Lincoln suggested David Davis, present senator from Illinois. Montgomery Blair, as well as his father, my intimate friend, desired the appointment of General Sherman. I said, 'No, gentlemen; what we need is a man who can deal with railroads and the transportation of troops and munitions of war, and I have a candidate for the place whom I think all of you will be pleased with.' Mr. Chase said, 'Who is he?' 'Col. Thomas A. Scott,' said I. Mr. Lincoln, who had seen something of him in the department, at once said, 'I am for Mr. Scott,' and that day Mr. Scott was made assistant secretary of war. From the day he took control I gave myself very little concern about matters connected with his department. He was the readiest man with his figures and

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plans I ever met. He was quick to decide, energetic in action, and always reliable. He had been assistant secretary less than a month when Mr. Lincoln said to me, 'Cameron, you deserve credit for selecting such a man. He is a perfect master of the position.' I naturally felt gratified that my selection was universally approved, especially as I had had my way over two such eminent candidates as had been named before him. Soon after his appointment he became acquainted with all the cabinet, and was a favorite with them all. I remember going into Mr. Lincoln's apartments about a month after he became assistant secretary and finding Scott with his coat and vest off and his sleeves rolled up, pointing out to Mr. Lincoln his lines of communication with the army and explaining his general plans of management, and then writing out at Mr. Lincoln's dictation the President's entire approval of them. When I left the war department he was still there, and the material branch of the army management, under his control, was matchless.

"No other man in America, in my judgment, could at that time have fulfilled the requirements of the service as Col. Thomas A. Scott did. It needed a man of untiring energy, quick decision and great nerve to deal with the every-day requirements of the situation, and no man possessed all these qualities in such a degree as he did. It was a part of my policy at the beginning of the war not only to take and operate railroads in the enemy's country which we captured, but to build lines of railway to follow the army as nearly as practicable. Most of our old army officers thought this could not be done, but Col. Scott demonstrated its entire feasibility almost at the beginning of his career as a military railway manager. In an infinitely short time after he came to the department he had his office placed in telegraphic communication with all the army stations that could be reached, and with every telegraph station in every loyal State. He had great responsibilities and a great work to do. I had taken possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad before he arrived, and it of course passed under his management as soon as he took charge. He then built a line of railroad through the streets of Washington to the Long Bridge, so as to make a direct connection with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad beyond Alexandria. In less than a month he had so systemized his portion of the duties of the department that he could tell the capacity for transportation to every division of the army. His marvelous mastership of details connected with his business, and his power to reach your judgment almost without explanation, are characteristics of his mind which have seemed to make him in every respect the greatest railroad manager that ever lived. J. Edgar Thomson was, perhaps, his superior in solid foresight and mental grasp, but no man ever excelled him in executive ability. He and Thomson formed a combination of brain and railroad talent greatly diverse but so harmonious as to be effective of great results on all occasions. Two days before the battle of Bull Run Col. Scott and myself went down to look at the position of the troops, their necessities, etc. Neither of us was pleased with the situation, for it was evident that after the Confederate army concentrated at Manassas our forces were not in condition for the fight. We returned to Washington impressed with this idea. Gen. Scott and myself had an interview on the subject, and he scouted the idea that the Confederates would concentrate at Bull Run, and said that Gen. Patterson, who was then at Martinsburg with his forces, could certainly prevent it. I thought it impossible, and urged the sending of all available troops to Bull Run. It was late in the day when the decision was reached to forward all troops that could be gotten to Manassas, and there was a question as to the time. Col. Scott was called upon, and solved that problem by landing upon the field in time for the battle the New Jersey regiments which were then in Washington."

The nature and personal character of Col. Scott are well described by his old friend, Col. John W. Forney, in a sketch written some years ago:

"His cheerful and bouyant temper, his bright face, genial, gentle manners, and, above all, the readiness with which he answered every request and the grace with which he would say no, as he frequently had to do, proved that official labors came easy and natural to him, and that the cares so sure to break down an ordinary man bore lightly upon him. It was pleasant to note how quietly he met the leaders of armies and the leaders of the Senate, and how in every circle, no matter what the theme, he was unconstrained and self-poised. Perhaps one of the secrets of his popularity was his avoidance of all political discussions. Intensely attached to his country, Col. Scott is claimed by no party, and has as many friends in one as in the other. His early training was among Democrats, though many of his nearest connections were with old line Whigs and Republicans. As the real head of an enterprise which is gradually assuming more than international porportions, and must depend for its success upon the support of the whole people, he has little time to play upon the petty politics of the hour. He possesses two inborn gifts uncommon to one who has not seen the inside of a school-house since his eleventh year—intuitive mathematical perception and singular ability in preparing legislation. He dispatches business with electric facility. He dictates to his shorthand reporter as rapidly as an expert, and when he rises to speak in any of the business conventions his suggestions are so many flashes of intellect, and his sentences are short, terse and clear. He is happy in getting rid of difficult questions in a moment. One subject dropped he seizes another at the proper time, and is as punctual to a promise, an engagement, or a contract, as he is faithful to a friend."

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

Johannah Quinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton.
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Continued from page 7

and having since carried out besides a prominence in mercantile ways a high position in the polite world through his marriage some years ago with one of the first girls in society.

Miss Martha Scott of San Diego who made a recent visit here to her sister, Mrs. Carl Kurtz, is now in San Francisco, and I hear has had quite a good deal of attention socially. She was a guest of honor at a dinner one day this week given by the officers on board the Pensacola.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Babcock and Mr. Dan Laubersheimer. These young people were entertainers and entertained at rather a furious rate at Terminal Island this summer and when it was published a week ago that Mr. Laubersheimer "has returned after, etc , etc ," this scribe was tempted to give him a paragraph to himself exploiting his talents as a seaside host. Now in the light of the present news the paragraph may go without saying, for the fact that Miss Babcock was a guest at his home speaks the story for itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bundrem, Col. and Mrs. Neville and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tufts with their small daughter have taken apartments at 1019 South Hill street for the season.

The marriage of Miss Hortense Levy and Mr. Goldsmith will take place the third of next month. Miss Lyela Edelman and Mr. Brandeis will be wedded some time the last of the year, the date depending on the return of the groom elect's father from Europe. The marriage will take place in Los Angeles but the young couple will reside in Omaha, Neb., Mr. Brandeis' home.

"How in the world," I asked Miss E. the other day, "did you manage to become—"

"Become engaged?" she inquired, naively.

"No, of course not that, but how did you manage to become engaged to a man in Omaha?"

"Well it was this way," she said. "He fell in love with my picture and he came all the way out here to see if I looked like it."

"And you did?"

"Well then," she went on without hearing me, "I went to Omaha, etc., etc., etc. Do you know I will like living in Omaha although I will hate awfully to leave my friends."

And I am sure her friends will "hate awfully" to have her go, for she has hosts of them. The picture, by the way, had been sent to a cousin in Omaha where the young gentleman saw it and recognized his fate.

Mr. H. W. Hellman and family are at home again after passing the summer at their beautiful country home at Alhambra.

Next Thursday evening Prof. E. W. Payne opens the season at his dancing academy with a hop. Hicks will cater and the recipients of invitations will undoubtedly enjoy themselves.

Mr. Jasper Parish, who has been prominently identified with the Boston Dry Goods store for a number of years past, was united in marriage on Tuesday morning last at 11 a. m. with Miss Elizabeth Jones, a young lady resident of this city and possessing a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The wedding took place at the First Baptist church on Flower street and was strictly private, only a very few intimate and close friends being present.

The wedding of Miss Inez Raible, of Prescott, Ari., and Robert M. Fletcher of Indianapolis, Ind., was celebrated Wednesday last in this city, Rev. J. C. Fletcher officiating. After the ceremony the couple, accompanied by a few friends, repaired to the Hotel Palms where, in handsome apartments fitted up for the occasion, an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. Rose carnations and ferns decorated the table and beautiful hand-painted menus were placed at the plate of each guest.

A trolly party of the guests of Hotel Palms will go out for a jolly ride over the lines of the Los Angeles Electric Railway on Saturday evening next.

A high tea and reception was given last Wednesday evening by Miss Marguerite Fabean, Miss Nora Harper of Boston being the guest of honor. The room was artistically decorated with roses and maiden-hair ferns and a green light was thrown throughout the house, which made a beautiful effect. An impromptu musical program was rendered, followed by dancing. Thursday evening Miss Fabean was the hostess of a box party at the Burbank.

Miss Marguerite Fabean has as her guest Miss Nora Harper of Boston. Both young women leave tonight for a week in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Mausard entertained at whist Thursday evening at their charming home on Albany street in honor of Miss Mausard, who is visiting them from San Francisco.

Continued from page 6

May Irwin will be the first to sing this little conceit, entitled "Baby Coon, In the Moon."

Mrs. McLeod, the diriotor of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, has returned to the city after spending two weeks very delightfully in and around Santa Barbara.

Miss Vyne Bowers, a talented mezzo-soprano of San Diego, is studying with Prof. Morrison.

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop has received a flattering offer to go to Honolulu, which she will decide a little later, when the proper time arrives.

The anniversary of the independence of Mexico was celebrated last Saturday evening by the "Junta Patriotica Mexicana," and a large gathering of the best members of the colony enjoyed speeches in both English and Spanish, after which an elaborate musical program was rendered under the efficient direction of Prof. M. S. Arevalo, assisted by Prof. Sierra and orchestra. Prof. Arevalo's guitar club showed most efficient training, and the music was artistic. The evening's entertainment ended with a grand ball.

All the local pictures in this issue were taken by members of the GRAPHIC's staff with Premo cameras; headquarters for them at Howland's, 211 South Main street, opposite cathedral.

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Wednesday Afternoon, 27th Sept.

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National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

ONE of the principal events in connection with the return of Battery D will be the ball to be given next Tuesday evening at the Armory by Company A. Invitations have been issued with great care and it is expected that the hall will be comfortably filled with friend and admirers of the Philippian veterans. Music will be furnished by F. R. Wismer and an orchestra of the best talent in the city. The hall will be decorated with the national colors and everything will partake of a military spirit.

Company I of Pasadena held an election of officers last Monday evening. Capt. D. M. Greene, who was elected commanding officer of the company, is a veteran of three wars and thoroughly competent to fill the position. The newly elected lieutenants are J. D. Jones and Sergt. L. D. Collins.

Company D of Pomona held their annual state shoot last Sunday under the supervision of Capt. Robert Wankowski. The three highest scores were made by Private R. B. Midgley, 57; Corporal W. E. Stevens, 53; and D. Andrews 52, out of possible 75.

Capt. C. S. Biggin of Company G, Redlands, was in the city this week on a short vacation.

Troop D is enjoying a ten days' camp at Redondo.

Capt. Charles L. Collins, Twenty-third U.S. Infantry, who was formerly on the staff of General McCook in this city, died in the Philippines September 7.

Mrs. Wm. Willis of San Francisco has just returned home after spending a few weeks in Los Angeles. Mrs. Willis was a particular friend of Company A during the Seventh's stay in the sand hills, and her kindness to the boys and their captain will remain as one of the bright spots in the memories of that campaign.

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Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
	11.00 a m	4.15 p m	5.45 p m

Theater train Saturday night leaves Redondo 6.30 p m
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Amusements

THRILLING, old-fashioned melo-drama, with a puffing, moving locomotive, murder and robbery and all kinds of villainy, brightened at intervals with hearty humor, gave the Frawley company new opportunities this week. The title of the piece is suggestive enough of things that are dark, and Burbank patrons with a predilection for that class of theatricals, and there are lots of them, had no cause to be disappointed in "The Fatal Card." The card of special significence happened to be the Jack of Clubs, the discovery of which in a young man's dress-coat pocket changes his murderer into his rescurer. I wish Miss Van Buren had been left out of the cast. After seeing her in all the stateliness of "Sans Gene," and again as the fascinating, handsome widow in "The Senator," it is too big a drop to the character of a Spanish bar maid in a mining camp. Her grace and charm are too manifest for the illusion.

Mr. Frawley struck a part that exactly suits him. As a bashful swain in the last throes of courtship he is par excellence, and, further, it fell to his lot to furnish the major part of the comedy element of the play. Scenically, the drama is worthy especial mention, the live engine in the prologue being a particuarly fine sample of stage mechanic's work. The fair portion of Burbank audiences are ever admiring the gowns of the women of the company, which is no slight tribute, considering woman's natural penchant for critici-m.

FELIX MORRIS touches the tenderest spot in American's hearts in "The Vagabond." With incomparable art he portrays the old soldier whose dissolution is but the result of a lost life, and the subtle blending of pathos and bathos is a touch of the master that appeals to the most stoney nature. The program states that the incidents of the play are founded upon fact, which information, with the exercise of one's credulity, adds considerably to the interest of the developments. This character-study opens the eyes of many Orpheum-goers to the versality of Mr. Morris. Heretofore his roles have necessitated a French accent and his departure this week into the vernacular of a war veteran was a revelation.

The act next in excellence on the bill was the spectacular dancing of the two children, Arnold Grazer and Hazel Callahan. They are marvels of precocity, especially the boy, who performs feats in toe dancing most astonishing. They are lavishly dressed and have a clever illusion in the "mysterious mirrors." The spectacle is a pretty one; the childish grace, the dainty costumes, and the irridescent light all combine to please the eye; but there is not a mother's heart but will twinge when the little pair begin to sing in their strained, forced treble.

A close observer can sometimes find most amusing inconsistencies in the lines of a play. For illustration: in "The Vagabond," at the Orpheum, it develops that the daughter of the old soldier is twenty-three years old and that the time of the action of the play is in 1884. Then in reciting the loss of her father in battle the young woman speaks of how well she could remember him taking leave of home in 1863. Others besides mathematicians are apt to wonder at the remarkable memory of the girl, which according to the story was vivid to within two years of her birth.

Morosco's Burbank Theater—The very talented and versatile company which T. Daniel Frawley has surrounded himself with will be greatly strengthened for the production of Paul Potter's dramatization of DuMaurier's "Trilby" at the Burbank theater, commencing Sunday evening. The new additions are the well and favorably known couple, Mr. H. H. Duffield and Miss Phosa McAllister, both of whom were original members of the Frawley Company. Another event which is creating considerable talk locally is the fact that Mrs. W. E. Besson has been engaged by Manager Frawley to sing Ben Bolt. She is the possessor of a beautiful voice and her numerous friends, who have heard her sing in private theatricals, have already organized box parties for the different nights during her brief engagement. Mr. T. Daniel Frawley will essay the very exacting role of Svengali, a character he never before attempted, but one which he has always had a strong desire to play and which he will undoubtedly make an emphatic success of as he has worked faithfully on it. The "Trilby" of Miss Van Buren is being looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by her many friends. She played the part in the eastern cities and the leading lights of the press there were enthusiastic in their praise for her. The comedy characters will be in the keeping of Phosa McAllister as Mme. Vinard and Frand Byrne as Zou Zou. Little Billee will have a clever exponent in Frank Mathieu, while Taffy will be well taken care of by Harrington Reynolds. The scenery and costuming will all be up to the usual excellent standard. The gown used by Miss Van Buren in the third act is a special crea-

T. DANIEL FRAWLEY

tion for this production by a famous costumer of New York. The remainder of the cast will be The Laird, H. S. Duffield; Dodor, J. R. Amory; Anthony, Reginald Travis; Lorimer, Charles Welch; Rev. Thomas Bagot, George Gaston; Colonal Kaw, Wallace Shaw; Mrs. Bagot, Mrs. F. M. Bates; Honorine, Hortense Neilson and Angelene, Pearl Landers.

Orpheum—A vaudevilie tide that is to bring several new and brilliant vaudeville cards to the Orpheum stage will set in next Monday evening, at the corner of First and Main streets.

Charley Case, a famous funmaker, will be the biggest theatrical fish cast up by the tide. Case is one of the highest salaried monologue artists in the business. He has been seen and heard at the Orpheum before, so there is no doubt concerning his merits.

The Bachelor's Club Quartette will provide a distinct novelty. The four young fellows who make up the quartette appear as clubmen in a club smoking room, where they indulge in club jokes, sing club songs and other songs, and altogether give a rarely typical club entertainment. The act is a New York hit and one of the best ever brought to the coast by the Orpheum.

The Crawford sisters, jolly little maidens, who sing and dance after the fashion of gay soubrettes, will be among the new comers.

Felix Morris will be seen in a new piece: "The Old Musician"; Mortell the juggler will remain another week; Arnold Grazier and La Petite Hazel, with their mysterious mirrors, are to be on the bill, and White and Harris, knockabout comedians, complete the list of acts.

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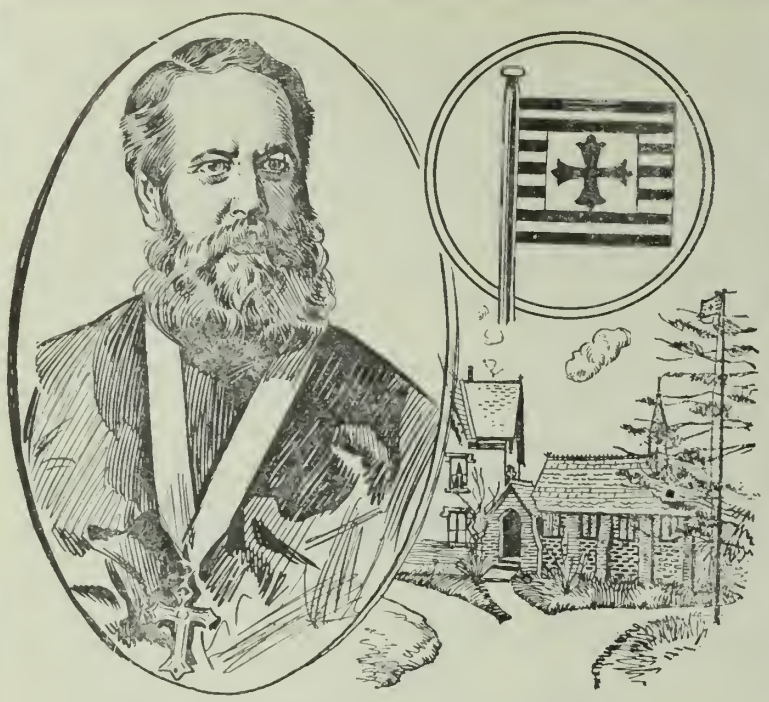

BISHOP COLEMAN RAISES A CHURCH FLAG.

On last St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, Bishop Leighton Coleman, of the Episcopal diocese of Delaware, hoisted at Bishopstead, Wilmington, Del., his church flag. The bishop hopes this flag will be generally adopted and floated over every religious edifice on important festal days and anniversaries in ecclesiastical history.

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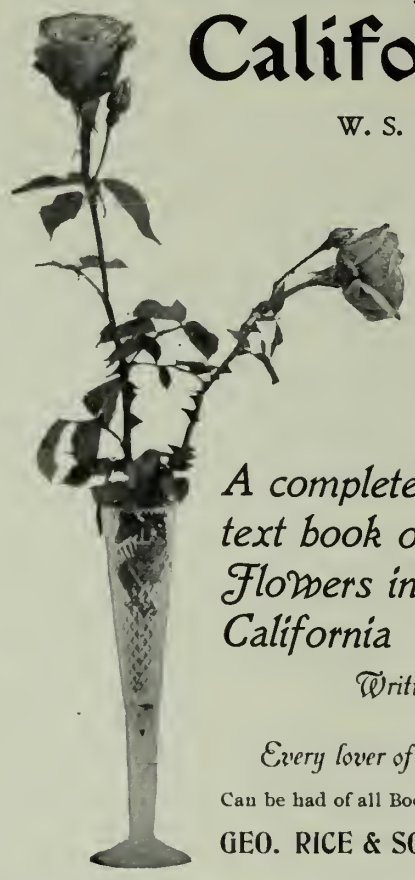

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Volume VII.
Number 14.

Los Angeles, Saturday, September 30, 1899.

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

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Western Graphic
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

BEN. C. TRUMAN :-: :-: :-: EDITOR
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Hurrah for Dewey!
Welcome Home!
Thrice Welcome Home!
The Whole Nation Honors Thee!
Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant!
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

THERE are people all over the United States who have feared that the Dreyfus circumstance would intimidate projecting exhibitors, and possibly endanger the Exposition itself. But the student of French history and dissector of French character could not lose his equanimity in the premises, because the Universal Exposition in Paris, every eleven years, is both master and mediator. There can never be a serious uprising in France during the year of preparation or the year of holding an exposition in Paris.

The Exposition is the Government

In 1888-9, the years of immediate preparation for and holding of the last Exposition, France experienced its most threatening excitement for nearly a decade, and in one day President Carnot, the republican, arrested more editors than had been incarcerated during the entire reign of Louis Napoleon, the monarch.

This was during the prevalence of the Boulanger movement, and when, on a certain evening, after Boulanger had been ordered to leave Paris for his provincial command, over eighty thousand people crammed the railway station and so overflowed the tracks that the train could not start. For miles out from Paris these pastmasters in the art of disturbance accompanied the General, who at last had stolen away on a locomotive; and at Melun, Fontainebleau, Nevers, and at other towns were assembled thousands to see the train pass, while at Clermont Ferrand there was a tremendous demonstration.

This much must be said for Boulanger: This hero of a spontaneous movement that went up like a rocket and came down like a stick seems to have avoided rather than encouraged these honors from his rowdy admirers. He probably realized, as a man of sense, that the populace simply used his name as a means of expressing their discontent with the Government of the day.

No form of government in France ever retains for more than a few years the affections of the people of Paris. It seems to be the destiny of the mercurial people of that metropolis to turn against kings, emperors and presidents. Sometimes they rise in fierce revolts and have to be shot down in the streets; or, as under the Terror or the Commune, they get the upper hand. At other times they carry on a war of wit against the ruler of the day. They sting him with barbed epigrams or pelt him with scurrilous libels; they exhaust every form of falsehood to make him ridiculous or detested. It was said long ago, in apology of just such mobs as scoffed at Dreyfus and cried "Down with the Jews!" that this was the resentment of Republicans against oligarchy or despotism; but the Commune rose against the National Assembly—freely elected by France—with equal readiness, and committed greater atrocities than had marked the insurrection against kings. The effervescence that frothed around the name of Boulanger was only another illustration of the incurable levity of men who think little but feel much, and have the taint of revolution in their blood. Gambetta was once a god of gods. He began his campaign in 1870 by leaving Paris in a balloon. He was later hissed at Belleville, and soon afterward shot himself. Boulanger went off in great shape, amidst tremendous acclamations, on a locomotive, and subsequently went down a grade that led to the heroic way out of the world by suicide. Three weeks ago the name of Dreyfus was on the tongue of every Frenchman, and, for that matter, on the lips of every other civilized man in the world. Nine-tenths of the newspapers of Paris "dared" Loubet, with devilish spite or glee, "to pardon the traitor!" Some of the petite presse threatened an uprising and declared that the war dance should open its bloody maze. To most outsiders things had an ominous aspect—a great calamity was inevitable and the pardon of Dreyfus was the appalling act that should bring down the avalanche. But Dreyfus was pardoned and left Rennes quietly, and he is still in France, and there hasn't been so much excitement as we have many times seen around a pool box.

Our readers will remember that the same day Loubet pardoned Dreyfus he visited the Exposition grounds and remarked that "Now was the time to drop all bickerings, and labor to make the Exposition of 1900 the greatest industrial and artistic event the world has ever known." And there you have it—the Exposition is the wizard that will solve all problems for the present year and the next; the majesty of its proportions and the stupendousness of its financial promises will prevent all disturbances of a serious kind. It holds itself as a ransom to the republic. It engendered the pardon of Dreyfus and stands by the workmen of Paris and the President of France. After the Exposition there will be some new sensation of the hour. Until then "Vive la Republique!" will be the regulation cry, and the "Marsellaise" will remain the national air.

MR. BRYAN, in his speech in reply to Mr. Cockran, at the late anti-trust Congress, suggested a three-cornered remedy for the evils of trusts. It was as follows:

Mr. Bryan's Remedy for Trusts

1. The right of the States to grant franchises for private corporations to do business within their borders.

2. State right to impose limitations upon corporations of other States.

3. The Federal government to have power to impose restrictions upon corporations doing business in more than one State

This plan would complicate the matter rather than afford a remedy. The first suggested plan is already in operation. The second has been attempted in many States but has been overthrown by the courts. The exercise of the last would clash with both of the preceding suggestions.

The trouble with our present laws upon this subject is that the States possess too much power in a matter which is purely national in its operation. Under modern business conditions the regulation of corporations is a necessary power to enable the Federal government to regulate commerce between the States, and the laws should be made so clear that there will be no question as to where jurisdiction is lodged.

As matters now stand the State of New Jersey, for instance, can organize a corporation which can do business in other States, which in effect gives it power to legislate beyond its borders. Now, if other States can limit, or practically forbid, the operation of corporations within their borders, we have the anomalous condition of two States having the right to exercise diametrically opposite powers. By Mr. Bryan's plan the Federal government would be brought in and a trinity of legal inconsistencies created.

The only remedy lies in the enlargement of the powers of the Federal government. The right to create and regulate corporations which do business in different States should be lodged in Congress exclusively. Some lawyers believe that under the power to annul laws in restraint of trade Federal courts can prevent the operation of trusts, but this is only a negative power, and provides for the destruction of trusts and not their control. It would be very much better to give the power of such legislation into the hands of Congress by amending the Constitution. This would enable the people of the whole nation to enact whatever legislation is necessary. But to complicate the question by conferring conflicting powers upon State legislatures and Congress would play into the hands of the trusts, and prevent any control. If the law required that before a corporation can operate outside of the State where it is organized it should be required to procure an additional charter under laws enacted by Congress, the Federal courts would have original and exclusive jurisdiction without any interference with the rights of the various States.

H. S. Channing of Pasadena, who has for eight or ten years served as volunteer observer, and also been connected with the government office in this city, gives it as his opinion, based on careful study of records and climatic conditions, that we will be blessed with most abundant rains this winter. He expects rain almost any day, and would not be surprised if it rained torrents within ten days' time All the "old timers," who go by the general cycle of seasons, prophesy an enormous precipitation for 1899-1900, and he who plows, plants and sows in harmony with the early-rain-and-plenty-of-it idea will reap an abundant harvest.

Rosy Outlook For Rain

INEFFICIENCY OF THE COUNTY HOSPITAL

THE late investigation of the charges preferred against the management of the Los Angeles county hospital, although it did not result in the inauguration of any reformatory measures, gave the public a glimpse of the inefficiency of its management and may eventuate in calling the attention of the people to the regretable fact that the hospital is not doing as effective work as the amount of public money expended should show. The WESTERN GRAPHIC has not investigated the methods of administration in force in the hospital, nor the personal fitness of the executive officials, enough to give a basis for an intelligent opinion as to the cause of this lack of efficiency,but looking at it in a general way,our conclusion is that it arises from a want of proper business methods in the appointment and management of executive officers and physicians.

The hospital of a county of the population and wealth of Los Angeles should be a pattern and example to private institutions of like purpose, instead of being a sort of dernier resort for those who are unable to pay for medical attendance and care. One reason for the financial success of so many private and quasi-public institutions that have come into existence in this county, and in which a large amount of private benevolence is expended, is because of the prevalence of a belief in the community that the methods and practice in the county hospital are behind the age and its work still further palsied in efficiency by too much politics and favoritism in the appointment, retention and dismissal of the em ployees. This feeling may be an injustice to the supervisors whose hands are somewhat tied for the lack of the available funds necessary to increase the efficiency of the service; but if this be so, a frank appeal to the people stating the true condition of the finances of the hospital would result in measures being adopted to supply the deficiency, for the voters would sanction whatever increase of taxation may be necessary to make the institution one of the best of its class in the country, even to the extent of voting bonds. But, first of all, there should be a full explanation of the methods now being pursued, the class of medical skill employed, and the checks and balances provided for the honest administration of the business of the institution. In addition to this, there should be a complete abandonment of that short-sighted policy which resents, as attacks upon the board itself, of all efforts to investigate the affairs of the hospital.

It appears to us that one cause of the discord which so often crops out among the executive officers arises from a want of fixed and definite responsibility. The finances are wholly managed by a committee of the board of supervisors. It is of course proper and right that the board should have full control over the raising of money for the hospital fund, and exercise a strict and vigilant watch over the expenditure of this fund; but a legislative body should relieve itself as much as possible from the executive work arising from its legislation. This can be done by appointing officers, under bond, and making them responsible for the proper conduct of the business. There should be a steward appointed to relieve the physician in charge of all the administrative features of the business, and provision should be made for not only the resident physician (who under his present multifarious duties too often lightens his burden by shifting it onto the shoulders of young and inexperienced assistants) but also for the employment of the very best medical skill available in all branches of medical science. No man, however well trained in his profession, can successfully handle the various branches of medicine and surgery which embrace the hospital practice, even if he had no care of the administrative duties.

The great advances which have been made in medicine and surgery have added greatly to the possible happiness of mankind, but they have brought in their train a great increase in the cost of medical attendance. To such an extent has this increase of expense gone that very few of even the well-to-do are able to employ these newly-discovered remedial agents because of the small fortune necessary to pay the charges. This is a great reason why our hospitals should keep step with the discoveries in medical science, to the end that the poor may have a share in the beneficial results flowing from the researches of the masters in medical discovery, and not be compelled to sacrifice their lives because the rich alone can pay the toll which leads to health.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

ALONG the line of the Santa Monica electric, near the Sherman junction, among other fence advertisements, is one that reads, "Mama varnishes her chairs with"—and then the name of the varnish, etc., follows. There is no doubt about Mama doing the varnishing, and the dishwashing, and Daughter, well, she bursts the air with fingers from the upright and jerks demi semi-quavers out of the mandolin. But you may everlastingly gamble that Mama varnishes the chairs, or they never would be varnished—at home.

A certain married man whom we will not name declares that he often arrives at his home after his dinner has got cold; but, all the same, that his wife makes things hot for him.

Today marks the last of the summer at the seashore places, although the opening of the city schools brought a large number of our people who have children in their families back. As usual Santa Monica summered a good many families either in cottages or at the Arcadia, although the Doria and Windermere housed a score or more permanently. All the cottages on Ocean avenue have been rented and the Arcadia, which closes today, did almost twice as much business as last summer. The bathing has been excellent all the season, and we are constrained to pay the North Beach bath house the same high compliment we did at the end of last regular season, and add that its genial proprietor carried out what he promised:—freshly pumped water in the plunge daily, and much more that was appreciated. And that reminds us that preparations are being made to keep the plunge open if not all the time certain days and nights during the winter. The Redondo has also closed and nearly all of the cottagers have returned to their homes in town. The same may be said of all the other beach places, except that at Terminal Island many of the residents hang on until the rainy season makes things too forlorn. The GRAPHIC has given much space weekly since June to doings at our seaside resorts and flatters itself it has done a good deal to keep things humming at (anything but) the sad sea waves.

The only case of stingaree we have heard of this season was at San Juan by the Sea, where, about four weeks ago, Marco Forste got a slashing sting from a big fellow that got in Forster's way. Our friend Tom Mott, who gives in this information, laughingly added: "But general results were reversed, for Don Marco is well and the stingaree is dead."

The way our rich American girls are being bartered off for effete noblemen prompts us to inquire if the Fourteenth Amendment has been made inactive.

And that reminds us that Papa Swift declares that his daughter shall not marry the Servian prince. But Mama Swift has not been heard from. She will favor the marriage and then Papa Swift will take a back seat.

"For a brief spell," says Liberty Enlightening the World, "I am not in it."

Oh, no; the School Board do not need looking after; they have been looking after themselves.

The Dewey welcome in New York seems to have developed a Pistolesi in the person of Roe.

The latest acquisition to Aguinaldo is Thomas Brackett Reed. Bryan is surely gaining ground, for there are Atkinson, Reed, Boutelle and—and—some others.

After reading Burdette's sermon in the Times of Monday morning we adhere to the fact that he is one of the leading humorists of the age.

At the Normal School, Monday, a professor thanked God pathetically that He had let so many boys return. But what about those that died in the hospitals and trenches and can never return.

This was heard by an attache of the GRAPHIC on a Santa Monica Electric Tuesday morning: "Do you know, sir, the sublimest character in Los Angeles is I. N. Van Nuys? Yes, sir; he and I stood alongside each other at one time during the fire, and I said, 'This is rocky, isn't it?' and he replied: 'Well, if none of our men or the brave firemen are injured it is not so extremely rocky. There are few business men who can go through life and not sustain some serious loss. This is my first loss of the kind, and I am almost inclined to look lightly upon it, if no one is seriously hurt,' and the man fairly smiled, even though the destruction of his property threatened to be complete. There was sublimity of character for you!" The speaker was W. H. Perry.

Much quiet admiration has been off and on expressed for the bravery of those fifty-five Spaniards who, living on bats and rats, snakes and dogs, held an old church of Luzon for 337 days against thousands of attacking Filipinos. The deed was brave, but no braver than other deeds done by Spaniards during the recent war. Cervera's dash at overpowering forces, the self-sacrifice of the riflemen who fought from trees till riddled with bullets, and the stand at San Juan hill, where 600 Spaniards fell out of 770 who were in battle, were all eloquent testimonials of the quality of Spanish bravery. The war showed, as much as anything, the superiority of intelligence to mere desperate courage. The American soldier and the Spaniard both proved their valor, but the educated, thinking, quick witted citizen of the free republic was ever the superior in efficiency over the Latin, who knew nothing but to stand and die.

Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

THROUGH the medium of a newspaper paragraph the Associated Charities acknowledged, with expressed gratitude, the receipt of a hundred empty paper bags that some thoughtful housewife had saved up, pressed out nice and flat and sent up to the office in the court house, there to be used as containers for doles to dependents. In the lack of knowledge regarding the ability of the doner to have given some full packages along with the empty pokes, neither the motive nor the value of the donation should be made subject of criticism, especially as the Associated Charities, in half a dozen lines of print, expressed thanks for the thoughtfulness that prompted the gift. Even though we grant that the value of the card of thanks, at the usual advertising line rates of the newspaper containing it, would equal the cost of ten times the number of new paper bags, we still must consider the thoughtfulness and the thriftiness and the patience of her who saved up and pressed out the sacks redolent of departed tea, coffee, cheese and the various things of which only a memory remained. That the small boys of the family were deprived of the pleasure of converting all those sacks into wind bombs to be loudly exploded by the impact of hands is a possibility not sufficiently serious to be here considered, for so long as the paper torpedoes escape untoward vent there remains in them material for some boy's momentary delight. I have a lurking suspicion which I fear to confirm that the Associated Charities in publicly thanking the doner of twenty cents' worth of paper bags hoped thereby to call attention to the need of contributions to provide the contents. That the charities need more contributions in order to supply the necessities of worthy poor is a fact that some persons in affluence seem disinclined to believe.

Thanks for Small Favors

The fact is daily becoming more evident that sometimes bonds are easier to "carry" than to unload. Nobody seems competent even to guess when the school bonds will be converted into cash, and no one appears to care a picayune what becomes of the water bonds. The exhilarating excitement of voting the bonds affords so much amusement for some people that subsequent circumstances lose all interest to them.

Like a Humpback's Hump

Perhaps, after all, if the undertaking is ever to be completed, all good citizens will have opportunity to join a volunteer pick and shovel brigade and dig out that Third street tunnel. A tunnel-digging bee would be a novelty. It would at least have more visible result than has followed the dilatory tactics of contractors who seem to concentrate their energies upon throwing each other out of the embryo hole in the ground and telling their troubles to the police court. All this time the city's taxpayers are paying interest on $140,000 worth of tunnel bonds. The capitalists that hold the securities worry not at all because the tunnel work lags. They do not even care if taxpayers howl anathemas at the City Council in the belief that the local legislators could hurry matters.

Fakirs of the Tunnel

There is an old story about a sculptor who claimed that an image was imbedded in his block of marble, and all that was required to disclose it was to chip off the environment of unnecessary stone. It is equally true that there is a tunnel through the Third street hill. All that is necessary is to take the dirt out of it.

Hole is There, but Filled

The solution of the bill board problem is proposed in an ordinance designed to limit the height of the advertising abominations to six feet from the ground and to move them back twenty feet from the street. That much is all right, but the proposed ordinance provides that exceptions may be made by permission of the Council. That body, by holding out hopes to the billboard man ambitious of raising his new obstructions to great height, is laying up trouble for itself. The ordinance provides that no permits may be given for the erection of billboards except on presentation of the lot owner's written consent. Nothing is said about consulting the wishes of the adjacent dweller or property owner.

Trifling with Billboards

While disclaiming all desire to "knock" a co-laborer in the vineyard, and innocent of intention to defend a play writer from the charge of perpetrating an anachronism, I feel impelled to take issue with the GRAPHIC dramatic critic who expressed a doubt of the possibility of a grown person remembering a circumstance that occurred when she was but two years old. I have the best of reasons for the assertion that there are authenticated cases where such immature minds have been so impressed with some momentous fact that the memory thereof was never effaced. The soldier's daughter in the Orpheum play may have been mistaken about remembering the departure of her father for the war when she was a tot of two years, but I know personally a woman who had a parallel experience in her own life. She does not think she remembers her father in army blue; she knows it. As she could not have seen him after her second year of life the probability of a mistake is minimized. I know, even more intimately, a man who can see in his memory, as plainly as though it was the occurrence of yesterday, his very narrow escape from being killed by a calf. How old the calf was the man does not now undertake to say, but he has reason to know that his own age at the time of the encounter was less than two years. I approach this subject with some fear lest it be taken as incentive to the opening of a discussion in which the question of veracity would figure to such an important degree.

Maybe She Did Remember

Many close newspaper readers will remember how suddenly the big fight in the council between the electric companies over the city lighting ended, and the apparent good nature preserved among the corporation's heads. At last light has been shed upon the enigmatical exhibition of brotherly love in the purchase in New York by the San Gabriel Electric Company of 850 street arc lights, notwithstanding the fact that the contract for a year's illumination of the city was awarded to the Los Angeles Electric Company. Besides, through the GRAPHIC's underground news system it is learned that the long fought for bone has been turned over to the former company, beginning with the first of the year, and that Mr. Cline (the high muck-a-muck of the Los Angeles Electric Company) wears an expression of having successfully disposed of a gold brick.

City Lighting Aftermath

Greater Los Angeles

City and County

IT IS time that Southern California put a little more vim into the work of exploiting our resources. It is true that we are but just out of a prolonged drouth, but our fruit trees and vines have come out of it in splendid condition, while the necessity for more water has resulted in an enormous addition to the wealth of the land through new sources of water supply which have been developed, which has demonstrated the fact that the sources for still increasing our water supply are practically unlimited and only need a continuation of the same energy that has been displayed this year to bring it to the surface. With this knowledge before us there is no reason why we should not tell people of the great undeveloped resources of Southern California, for the country will more than make good the most roseate statements that may be made. It is time for the pessimist to go out of business and give that much abused individual, the optimist, a chance to get in his work.

One phase of the water development of the past year is being overlooked. That is the number of private wells that have been dug. These are not heralded, but in looking over the country one sees that the number of windmills is rapidly increasing and also that many new pumping plants are working. Within a mile of where this is written nearly a dozen new wells have been opened up during the past year, each of which is doing considerable irrigating work and thus relieving the public systems. From this source is derived no inconsiderable portion of the newly developed water, which is a permanent addition to the wealth of the county.

The prospects for a large tourist travel this year are very good. Last winter was a very severe one in the east; the summer just closing has been the most prosperous one in a business point of view in many decades; and the people have more money to spend for pleasure than ever before. This will bring many thousands of people here, and most of them will have money for investment. It may therefore be taken for granted that much property will change hands at good prices and that the amount of revenue derived from the "tourist crop" will be greater than ever before.

Music and Art

THE MOCKERY OF MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

WHETHER the boys shall learn to toss the indigestible pancake and the girls be taught to shove the plane may be interesting questions. Experimentalism is the order of the day, and public schools are nothing if not legalized experimental stations. (*Vide* N. E.A. speeches and reports.) There is, indeed, a field in which experimentalism has been getting in its deadly work for, lo, these many years—that of music study. And to what end? Public-school music has been a jest and a by-word in the mouths of musicians ever since its inception. It was born in ignorance, it has lived in empiricism and it is dying of utter futility. These are strong words, surely. And yet they are not uttered lightly, nor are they incapable of proof. There will probably be no contention that the main purpose of teaching is to inculcate honestly and with directness and sureness that which is not only true in itself but that which will be in positive line with future usefulness. The school does none of this. It does even worse than none of this, for it teaches much that is absolutely false and much that, while seemingly true, is really deceptive. Ask an eighth-grade pupil the key of a hymn tune signatured with two sharps and she will say D—because of the signature. It is not true. It is absolutely untrue. Nothing is known of minor keys except that they are recognizable when *heard*—because, forsooth, the minor mode is a miserable bugbearish offshoot from the major, fit only to be kept in cold storage till the crack of doom. The text books—chop and change as you may—are models of faultiness, most of them being based upon the puerile idea of going through one thing in order to get at another — the worst of all teaching. The fact is, the whole basis is erroneous. *Music* is supposed to be taught in schools. But music is not necessarily singing–indeed it never should be singing—any more than singing necessarily is music. Nine-tenths of the evils that the long suffering "voice builders" are called upon to counteract find their rise in school singing, while the intellectual outcome is beneath contempt. But it were useless to attempt to enumerate the absurdities of school music. This page would not contain the half thereof. The remedy? When the dear public demands results; when school boards seek the advice and judgment of musicians of high standing; when superintendents are themselves musicians; when teachers have become trained exponents of a practical system; when voice gives place to brain—then the dawn is at hand. But not till then.

FREDERICK STEVENSON

It has been oftentimes observed that Los Angeles has been fortunate in drawing within its art and music limits many who have made themselves distinguished elsewhere. The same may be truthfully said of architecture and literature.

In art and music, however, Los Angeles has much to boast of, many splendid musicians and such painters as Longpre, Bond Francisco and others. And now the artist Floie, (Mrs. Arthur Bull) whose works adorn many

MISS JUNE REED

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private collections in Europe and the United States, has taken up her residence among us, and which, it is presumed, will be permanent, as she has a beautiful home at Ontario, where she spends part of her time among her books, her birds, her fruits and flowers. And, by the way, some of her most excellent productions are fruits and flowers, although her more pretentious pictures are heads and figures. Indeed, these latter are so perfect in shape and tone as to appear as human and real as possible, no such beautiful and realistic flesh

MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY, Founder of the Mrs. John Vance Cheney School of Life and Expression, Chicago

tints ever having before been hung in this city; nothing that stands out so clear and prominent and possessing such wonderful lifelike characteristics.

In glancing at any of her productions at her beautiful home at Ontario, and those which she has at her studio (133 Stimson Block), it is at once impressed on the critic that Floie is an indefatigable worker, and as conscientious as she is indefatigable.

Her studies were for the most part in Italy and France, always under eminent masters, and although these studies in Latin countries impress themselves in most of her work, some of her best efforts are seen in Flemish and Bohemian sketches. Her cattle and sheep have taken medals, while her "Eve Before Her Fall" was sold to the late D. W. Powers, owner of the famous "Powers Gallery of Fine Arts" at Rochester, N.Y., and is the painting upon which ex-President Harrison and ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower of New York bestowed such high praise. One of her latest pictures, entitled "Expectancy," a beautiful work, has just been purchased by Mrs. Wm. Willis of San Francisco, and was shipped to that connoisseur on Saturday last.

Madame Johnstone-Bishop will give a recital next Friday afternoon between three and five o'clock at her parlors in honor of Miss Gladys Cummings of San Francisco, who arrived last Thursday to make an extended visit with Mrs. Modini-Wood. Miss Cummings will be elaborately entertained during her stay in this city. Among the numbers to be rendered at the recital will be vocal selections by Miss Gerta Hatch, Miss Lila Fairchild, Miss Edna Bicknell and Mr. H. H. Barnhart, and violin solos.

Mrs. Helene Kerr, a talented pupil of Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, has accepted a position in the Universalist church, Pasadena.

Mme. Johnstone-Bishop has been engaged for a tour through Texas during the month of November, giving a series of ten concerts in the principal cities of that state.

A chorus of ragged newsboys will not be the only startling feature of the concert to be given for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home. Mr. Modini-Wood has in process of construction a real, sure-enough one act minstrel show as a curtain- and hair-raiser. Society's handsomest young men will apply the burnt cork and be just too cute for anything that homeless little youngsters may be housed the better.

The opening reception of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design will take place on Friday evening next at the school building, 614 Hill street. Certificates and diplomas will be awarded, Dr. J. C. Fletcher presiding. The Rev. Hugh K. Walker will deliver an address.

Attention is called to the attractive advertisement of the Bartlett Music Company's sale of musical instruments which appears at the bottom of page seven of this paper. This, the leading musical firm of Southern California, is always at the head of the procession.

Owing to the increased business as the fall season is advancing, Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord and Mrs. James Franklyn Cook find their studio is inadequate to accommodate both, accordingly henceforth Mrs. Cook will occupy a studio on the same floor of the Blanchard building at No. 316.

"The New Education and the Art of Living" is a subject title as fascinating as life itself. No sentence could be more expressive of what should be the most alluring trend of thought of the times. On these lines Mrs. John Vance Cheney will deliver a course of

(Continued on page 14

FIVE LECTURES ON

"The New Education and the Art of Living"

Mrs. John Vance Cheney, founder of the School of Life and Expression, Chicago, is giving in the cities of the Pacific coast a course of lectures on "The New Education and the Art of Living." The first lecture in Los Angeles will be delivered

NEXT WEEK

Wednesday, October 4th

Hour and place will be announced in Sunday morning's papers. For further information apply to Miss Lucy D. Bogue, Secretary, Van Nuys Parlors, daily from 12 to 1.

These Five Lectures to be given by

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The BOSTON POST *says: "Mrs. Cheney's drawing-room lectures have made her famous from Maine to California."*

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BARTLETT . . . MUSIC HOUSE

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Old California Editors

MEN WHO BACKED THEIR OPINIONS WITH GUNS

BY BEN. C. TRUMAN

THE mere mention that the brilliant John P. Irish is to receive a splendid life position from President McKinley reminds me that he was the last editor of the Alta California, which gave up the ghost some eight or nine years ago in the forctieth year of its age, after having been for more than a quarter of a century the most powerful and influeutial daily newspaper in San Francisco or elsewhere on the Pacific coast. I am also reminded that the Alta's great success was on account of its stand with the Vigilance Committee, which attitude, by the way, was the result of a "jeffing" by the printers of the Alta. John Nugent, who before coming to California was a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, was the editor and proprietor of the San Francisco Herald, which in the early days of San Francisco was the best money-making paper on the Pacific coast. The Alta was owned by an association of printers, who just managed to make both ends meet. It was known what course Nugent would pursue. He was an out-and-out "law-and order" man, a Democrat from the word go, and a virulent opponent of vigilante methods. The printers on the Alta were about equally divided, the majority being opposed to the methods of the committee, however. But one of them, with a little Tallyrand in his make-up, said:

"Now is our chance to forge to the front. Nugent will oppose the vigilance committee, but the people are with it."

"But," cried another typo, "there is a leader already on a galley denouncing the vigilantes."

"I move that one from each side jeff whether we come out for or against the committee," suggested the foreman.

This was agreed to, and the em quads were got and the "jeffing" commenced.

In a few moments the contest closed, those in favor of sustaining the committee being the winners. The next morning the Alta came out virtuously for heroic measures and the Herald against the committee. There were two sides, but one was like a pigmy looking up at the pyramids. There was only a sickening minority. It was the grasshopper in the turkey gobbler's mouth. Nugent was known to be as true as steel to his principles and to his friends, but whole broadsides of big advertisements went from the Herald to the Alta. The latter was enlarged and became the organ of the people, and the chivalrous Herald sickened and died.

The Alta went on and upward, and made many a man rich. One of its proprietors made over a million dollars and lost it all in stocks, and afterward borrowed $100,000 from Leland Stanford. He died a few years ago a total wreck, and his paper was resuscitated by James Flood, the Central Pacific Railroad Company, some friends of Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field, and a man named McLaughlin, who was killed shortly afterwards by a man named Cox; and for a few years the dear old Alta eked out a precarious existence by getting a little out of the railroad, the Water Company, and the Sharon estate, off and on, until, all forsaking it, on account of its loss of circulation and lack of power and influence and generally turgid ways, it died a solemn and almost unnoticed death.

But it had been a great paper in its day and had made many millions of dollars. It had two of its editors killed in duels. It followed Broderick, Baker and Starr King to their graves. It stood out for the Union all through the war and died an impoverished pensioner.

In 1853 the Hon. Edward Gilbert, formerly of Albany, N. Y., was editor-in-chief of the Alta, and was regarded as the most brilliant newspaper writer in California. At the same time Gen. James W. Denver was Secretary of State and considered a superior man in every way. A bill had been passed by the Legislature to send a relief train to overland immigrants who might be found in a destitute condition anywhere upon the route to be taken. Denver was to be in command and Gov. Bigler was to escort it out of Sacramento. Gilbert let fly his animated pen at this parade and burlesqued the Governor and maligned the General. Denver, who was pretty handy with a pen himself, replied to Gilbert, and so completely used him up, so to speak, that there was no way out for the editor but to challenge Denver to mortal combat.

"This is inviting death at the drop of the handkerchief," declared Ed McGowan, "for Denver is the surest rifle shot in the State."

"It is too bad," said Dave Broderick, "and the affair must be settled in some other way. The General is too brave a man to decline the challenge, and Gilbert will be killed at the first fire."

"Too brave a man to decline! Ah, Dave, he hasn't reached that point of bravery yet. It requires more real bravery to decline a challenge than to accept one. The man who refuses to fight when challenged is outside the pale of genteel society."

"But it should be adjusted."

"Yes, it should be, but it cannot be. Denver's retort is too terrible, and alas! too true."

"But a brilliant young man will be killed. Denver is a dead shot."

"Gilbert is no novice. He is a man of great courage, and the stain put upon his name must be wiped out with blood."

Mutual friends did their level best to prevent the duel, but to no account. Gilbert declared that death was preferable to the stain Denver had put upon him. "I'll fight the Secretary to the death!" exclaimed Gilbert to his warmest friend. "I am as clear headed, as sound, as honorable, as brave, and as good a shot as Denver. We have both seen service in Mexico and are not afraid of death. Nothing shall prevent our meeting."

The duel took place at the "Oaks," forty miles from Sacramento, forty-five years ago. As the combatants stood twenty paces from each other, with rifles, Denver whispered to his secretary: "I shall throw away my fire and give that Hotspur a chance for mutually-satisfactory adjustment."

"But that is no way to fight," exclaimed Dr. Wake Brierly. "Your adversay has challenged you and you have accepted his challenge, and you must not throw away your life foolishly. Gilbert has made up his mind to kill you or be killed."

But Denver threw away the first fire, and Gilbert took deadly aim, but his shot missed the manly spot. Then every person on the ground except Gilbert worked energetically and faithfully for an adjustment. Denver sent word that pacification was easy, but Gilbert replied:

"D—— pacification! In my difficulty with Nugent I agreed to an adjustment, and a shadow was cast upon my honor and courage. I would prefer death to compromise."

When Denver was informed of Gilbert's sensitiveness, he sent word to his opponent that he would advance and take him by the hand.

"Never! Gentlemen, never!" cried the infuriated editor. "That would be a compromise; and, upon such occasion, a compromise means dishonor."

The rifles were then reloaded, and Gen. Denver, while removing his coat, remarked: "I must defend myself." Then the men were placed, and each took deliberate aim at the other. Denver escaped untouched, but Gilbert fell dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Gilbert was the first representative in Congress from California, and Denver served in the same body in 1855-6, his colleague being Phil Herbert, who killed a waiter in a Washington hotel about that time, and who himself was at the battle of Mansfield, Texas, while in command of the Seventh Texas (Confederate) Infantry.

Poor John Nugent, I knew him well. He died a long time after his Herald. He was chivalrous and liberal, hot-headed and kind, and was as fond of looking upon the wine when it was red as if it were of a more subdued color. In 1852 he made a severe attack upon John Cotter, an Alderman. Both were from New York. Nugent was thirty-one and Cotter was fifty-two.

"I hear that Cotter is going to make a bitter personal attack upon me at the meeting of the Common Council to-night," said Nugent to Hamilton Bowie one afternoon while the two were discussing twin punches at the bar of Barry & Patten. "If he does, I shall call upon you to act as my friend."

"I shall hold myself in readiness," replied Bowie.

And sure enough, at the next meeting of the Common Council, Alderman John Cotter made a bitter attack upon the character of Editor John Nugent. In those days such things meant fight. Nugent was celebrated as a superior shot, while Cotter had never fired a pistol. He was, moreover, near-sighted and generally understood to be a non-combatant, if not actually cowardly. Both were Democrats, but each was conspicuous on the opposite side of the local politics of the day.

Upon the publication of Cotter's speech Hamilton Bowie, on behalf of Nugent, waited upon Cotter and demanded an apology, which Cotter refused, alleging that Nugent was the aggressor, and offering to apologize after Nugent. This Nugent declined, and in the course of subsequent negotiations Cotter offered that both should write letters of apology, and that each should be published at the head of a column side by side in the Herald. This was rejected, whereupon Bowie delivered an out-and-out challenge from Nugent to Cotter, which was promptly accepted.

It was arranged that the fight should take place at Contra Costa, not until four days following the acceptance of the challenge, the object being on behalf of Cotter's friends to allow Cotter to practice somewhat with the pistol. It was the intention of both to cross the bay of San Francisco early on the morning of the duel, but, it being reported that there would be an order of arrest to prevent the fight, Cotter crossed in a rowboat the night before with Winchester Britton and John Crane, the former his friend and the latter his nephew, one a member of and the other Clerk of the Board of Aldermen.

He remained overnight at a small hostelry, which at that early period was almost the only building in that place. Cotter slept well and soundly and arose early, in time to witness the arrival of Nugent and his seconds, Hamilton Bowie and John K. Hackett, the former experienced in the code duello, and the latter (afterward a prominent Judge in New York) one of the most remarkable shots of that day. Soon after, David C. Broderick, then State Senator, arrived, and, with Winchester Britton, acted as second to Cotter. It was originally intended that the fight should take place too early for

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spectators, but delay occurred in arranging the preliminaries. Cotter, knowing the practiced skill of Nugent, insisted that the distance should be eight paces and the weapons Colt's navy revolvers, remarking that "this would place the contestants upon greater equality." After a warm discussion, Nugent's seconds protesting against the unusually short distance, it was agreed that the distance should be ten paces. As the parties started for the ground selected, about a mile away, two steamers were seen approaching from San Francisco, each crowded with the partisans of the respective combatants.

Upon the ground were arrayed upon each side about 1,000 persons fully armed, each party anxious to resent any apparent unfairness on the other. A gold piece was tossed for selection of position, which was won by Nugent, who selected a line east and west, so that one of the combatants would stand with his face and the other with his back to the bright sunlight, and if the former should be Cotter's position, his sight would be greatly impaired. This was not without a remonstrance from Cotter's seconds, although unavailing. By the toss, however, Cotter obtained choice of position. Choice of weapons and the call in like manner falling to Nugent, all things were in readiness, and the parties took position.

Nugent, slightly built, came upon the ground with a dress coat tightly buttoned, and a jaunty cap with a tassel, while Cotter, in his usual attire, wore a common silk hat and a frock coat. He displayed remarkable coolness and apparent indifference before taking his position, asking that Nugent be pointed out to him, it being one of the singular features of the encounter that the combatants had never met. It was agreed that the second should call "One, two, three—fire," and that after the word "fire" either party remaining in position could continue to fire until all the chambers were discharged.

The Sheriff of the county arrived upon the ground as the combatants took position, but was held by force upon his horse until the fight was over. The word being given, Nugent fired first and Cotter right after, both ineffectually; neither being able to cock his pistol again with one hand, both being used, Nugent obtained the level when Cotter's pistol was only half cocked, but, perceiving this, with extraordinary presence of mind, Cotter leveled his pistol half cocked, which drew again ineffectually the fire of Nugent; whereupon Cotter cocked his pistol and fired as Nugent was about raising the pistol for the third fire.

Nugent sank down upon the greensward, his pistol falling over his shoulder. It was found that he had received a compound fracture of his left thigh, which resulted from the fact that he had moved his left leg out of line with his right. It being feared that the shot would be fatal, Cotter expressed a desire to be reconciled to a man against whom he had no personal enmity; but Nugent, lying on the ground, pale and calm, answered: "Never, until he retracts." Whereupon Cotter remarked. "As we wouldn't retract before the fight, I guess we won't after."

Thus ended a duel which at the time of its occurrence created great excitement throughout the State, as, before the fight, the opinion prevailed that Cotter was going to sure death.

In 1853 Nugent again went upon the field—this time with Alderman Tom Hayes. Hayes was a Texan, I believe, and he was known as a dead shot. Nugent, after his first duel, had practiced occasionally with a rifle, as he considered that he must be always ready with a weapon to defend the purposes of his pen. This duel took place in San Francisco, and the weapons used were Mississippi rifles at twenty paces. Neither were harmed at the first fire, but at the second Nugent was dangerously wounded. A few years before he died Nugent once remarked, in the hearing of the writer, that, had he his life to live over again, he would never attack a man on account of his physical habits or infirmities, and, also, he would see to it that what he said concerning the fitness of a person seeking public preferment should be strictly true, and then, "if any fighter came after me," to use his own words, "we would have it out right then and there, and no going out on the so-called field of honor on an errand of deliberate murder." Nugent came near going upon the field with Gilbert of the Alta, but the "affair" was nicely adjusted by mutual friends.

The County Government

SOME QUESTIONABLE ACTIONS OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

IN THE administration of public affairs some men become knaves, others simply fools, and others, none the less culpable, appear to have been born in one or the other category. In view of some recent developments in the County Board of Education it becomes the GRAPHIC's duty, not necessarily to brand certain of its members with any particular stigma, but to give the facts in a few cases of irregularity, at least, that he who reads may draw his own conclusions.

The first item of mal-administration to involve the unlawful squandering of the public money was in the printing of the Teacher's Manual, a pamphlet issued annually by the board. In previous years the work has been let through the Board of Supervisors, which body invited bids and awarded the printing to the lowest bidder. Two years ago the work was done for $74.25; but this year the fingerwork of dishonest combination are apparent in the giving of the same work direct by the Board of Education, without competitive bids, for $141.90. Nearly one hundred per cent for somebody's pocket. This was possible through a combination among three members of the board, which has become known as the "Solid Three," and is said to be composed of Luther G. Brown, president of the board; W. H. Wright of San Gabriel, and Edw. W. Pallette, a young physician of Los Angeles. Thus with a majority pledged to one another's interests, they are enabled to override all precedents and completely annihilate the honest efforts of Mr. Strine, the secretary of the board and County Superintendent of Schools.

That the "Solid Three" are alive to the emoluments of their offices is evidenced in another way. It is their duty each year to check up the examination papers of all the graded schools, a job that usually requires about two weeks. As the board is paid for such services at the rate of five dollars per day and mileage, it proved an acceptable addition to the bank account of the "Solid Three" to take up the work, question by question, thereby stretching the job to about seven weeks. Further, the action was a direct insult to every teacher in the county.

Prof. Strine and J. J. Morgan deserve unbounded credit for standing together in the interests of honesty and efficiency, and while their heads are bowed in subjection to the insults of the "Solid Three," knowing their characters as they do we predict that sooner or later they will arise in their wrath and bring forth an avalanche of evidence that will result in the ousting from office of the "Solid Three." The GRAPHIC has begun the investigation of irregularities in the courthouse, having begun on the top floor that the work may be thorough and clean, and with the help of public opinion will undertake the saving of a nice round per cent of the public funds.

If some of those swell New Yorkers who are "getting up family trees and tracing their ancestry back as far as possible" will go far enough they may find that one or two of their ancestors ended on a tree—not necessarily family, either.

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Every day	8.00 a m	11.00 a m	4.15 p m
Sundays	7.00 a m	8.00 a m	9.30 a m
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ELSINORE CAL.

Down the Line

WHAT was that drygoods-store man thinking of when during some alterations in his place on Spring street, he put up a sign, "Temporary ladies' waiting room?"

Some Queries to Ponder

What will Louis Vetter, Guy Barham, John Brink and the other Elks do to the artist who made the pictures of them that were printed in the Express of Thursday? Did L. E. Mosher write the erudite editorial in the Times of Thursday on "Hope for the Hairless"? How was it that Phil Stanton's horse was arrested? Is George Trowbridge wearing a halo or is it a crown of thorns that is being pressed down upon his high forehead?

This is Willie C. Patterson just after a hard day's work in his money factory. He is happy but not so much so as he might be, for he only made a million on the day this picture was taken.

He Has All Kinds of Money

W. C. Patterson

All he has to do is to go to his bank, press a button and the coin comes in, which explains why he can afford to buy store-boughten clothes, and belong to the Sunset club. Despite the fact that he is a rich man, he a pretty good fellow. Note his expression; it is the one he always wears when he is looking for some one to whom to loan a lot of money.

Harry Wyatt and Manager Morosco are seen in this snap-shot just after having sung a verse of their favorite specialty, "Two Old Pas." They form the most complete mutual admiration society known in Southern California, though there was a time when—but that is another story that has been told. Mr. Wyatt will naturally be admitted to be the handsomest man of the two, but Mr. Morosco has a winning way that makes him like the famous Mr. Wilkes of England, who was a very ugley-faced man and a man with a questionable character with the fair sex, but who often made the boast, and made it good, that with ten minutes start he could beat any man in England in winning the favor of a fine lady. Mr. Morosco has the winning manner, a face that is worth thousands, and a character that is above reproach; if you doubt any of these assertions, ask Wyatt.

They are Singing "Two Old Pals"

Oliver Morosco Harry Wyatt

The principal figure in this picture is not President McKinley or God; it is Hon. J. R. Newberry who is rejoicing with R. H. Howell over the success of the Orpheum benefit matinee for the reception of Battery D. Mr. Newberry looks and acts very much like George Washington, and of course as long as he keeps on doing good works for the public it is hoped that it will be a long time before he makes his farewell address.

J. R. Newberry R. H. Howell

I have long had an idea that Professor George Cann, who leads all the bands worth leading, has acquired the habit of throwing bouquets at himself and now the camera has proved this, for here you see him just as he has caught one that his right hand, not willing to let his left hand know what it was doing, had thrown straight at him. But you cannot blame him. When he is in his Seventh Regiment uniform he looks like Napoleon; he is a living rhapsody in A major sforzato cresendo.

Can Cann Catch Bouquets

George Cann

Good-natured Al. Levy is the possessor of the gladdest hand in town this week, and he clasps those of each of his patrons with much more fervor than ever before, all because he has arranged to have his patrons provided with music every evening after the theaters close. Instead of making hay while the sun shines, Al. makes it after the curtain goes down on the last act. Frankinstein, the popular leader of the Orpheum orchestra, with his corps of able musicians, occupies a position just above the stairway, and from this point the music can be distinctly heard in any portion of the large public and private dining rooms.

Probably no hotel man in California is more widely known or better liked, by both the members of his particular profession and patrons of hotels, than Mr. Geo. W. Lynch, president of the Southern California Hotel Association and proprietor of the Hotel Bellevue Terrace, Sixth and Figueroa, this city. Since he has taken the management of this popular high-class tourist hotel he has inaugurated many improvements, gives the closest attention to every detail of the management of the house, so that it always looks neater and nicer than a new silk hat just out of its box.

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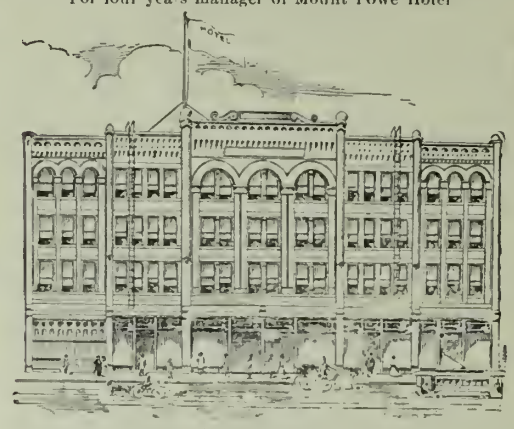

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THE ELKS ALWAYS DO TEAR THINGS UP

Photos by S. M. Berry, Expressly for WESTERN GRAPHIC

The above pictures show with startling effect the result of the wreck of the Elk special on the Santa Monica excursion. A committee of big buck Elks have crowded about the dismantled engine; John Brink has offered to pull the train back if Guy Barham would loan him his garters for traces; Louis Vetter is concocting a little epic on the event, contrasting it with a wrecked mayoralty boom, while Harry Schofield has volunteered that if there had only been a National cash register in front the engine would still be intact.

In the Gay Life

THE term "marriage in high life" is frequently misapplied, but the marriage of Miss Margaret Winston of this city to Mr. William C. Woodard of Chicago, which occurred here last Thursday morning, may fall under the true appliance of the words. Miss Winston, through her family connections and the traditions of her forbears, has occupied a leading position in the "high life" of California. Aside from this, the young lady has held a conspicuous place in society through her beauty, and, if the truth must be told, from her manner of dress, which in its perfect taste would have attracted enviable comment anywhere.

Mr. Woodard is a member of a good family in Chicago, and he and his father have made a record in railway projects in various parts of the country. Mr. Woodard's home has recently been in Arizona, but his fate was met in a stay at Santa Monica this last summer with his father and his sister, Miss Patty, all of whom were deemed "just a lovely family" by the hosts of friends they made during their sojourn there. Mr. Woodard some months ago met with a sad accident that endangered his life and cost him the loss of a foot, and some pretty stories are told of how two young people sat out dances, etc., etc. The stories go on to say that this was truly a love match.

The marriage ceremony took place very privately in the parsonage of the old Plaza Church, only the relatives and a few intimate friends attending and being present at the wedding breakfast, which was given at the home of Mrs. Arcadia de Baker.

The intention of the young couple is to make Los Angeles their home after a wedding trip of indefinite duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter have closed their cottage at Redondo for the summer and have returned with their family to their beautiful home in the west end. Miss Valentine, a friend of their daughter, Miss Clara, is at present their house guest and for whom they formed a swell little dinner party at Santa Monica on Thursday evening. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Miss Valentine, Miss Carpenter, Mr. Walters and Mr. Burnett.

Mrs. J. H. Braly gave a luncheon at her cottage at Terminal Island yesterday, for which a number of guests went down from town. Mr. and Mrs. Braly are expected to return here shortly, and they intend to stay at the Van Nuys Annex for a while until they leave for a contemplated trip east.

An addition to society has been made in the family of Mr. Carlisle Barriere, of Columbus, O., who has been elected cashier of the Southern California Savings Bank, and who has taken up his residence at 2703 Hoover st. Mr. and Mrs. Barriere are old friends of Dr. and Mrs. Salisbury, whose daughter, Miss Helen, introduced Miss Jean and Miss Mary Barriere to a large gathering of the young set of society one afternoon last week.

Mrs. Y. Cox Gray entertained informally Monday evening, in her rooms in the Baker Block, in honor of Miss Maggie Winston. Covers were laid for ten and the bride-elect given a most enjoyable evening. Mrs. Gray had just returned from her ranch, "Guajone," in San Diego County.

Mrs. T. D. Mott and her daughter, Mrs. Van Der Leck, who have been enjoying four or five weeks at Capistrano, have returned home.

An engagement in high life in Santa Barbara will culminate in an October wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hoyle return from Santa Monica today after nearly four months' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Marx and Mrs. Hambarger, who have been occupying the Robert Jones cottage at Santa Monica; Judge Chapman and family, who have had the Kennelly cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz and the Misses Schwartz, who have occupied their own cottage, completed in June last, return to Los Angeles to-day. Mr. Truman and family and Mr. Newmark and family, still hang out on Ocean avenue and bid defiance to the fogs.

George Rice leaves today far a four weeks' or longer trip east. He will visit Chicago and other points.

The little colony that made things swim in Santa Monica all summer and that by its wholesome gaiety reestablished that charming resort as the leading rendezvous on the coast has scattered to several other points of the compass but will be reunited here in due time. The Wilcox family went to San Francisco, and I believe Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Miner are expected home today; Mrs. Wilcox and the rest of the family probably accompanying them. Lieutenant and Mrs. Miner will go to the Van Nuys for the present or until Mrs. Wilcox takes possession of the handsome place of hers out on Adams and Hoover streets that has been in the course of building for some time and that is just being completed. Mrs. Wilcox has been occupying the Miners' charming little home on Scarff street and as soon as she moves into her new house the Miners will come into their own.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hoyle are about leaving for the north but will be back for the middle of the month and will then take possession of their city home on Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sartori have returned from Santa Monica and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Silent who have spent part of the summer in Mrs. Silent's old home in San Jose and in Monterey and San Francisco returned a few days ago and are at present domiciled at the Abbotsford Inn. They will move into their own home on Severance street by the fifteenth. Mrs. Silent is expecting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, and her brother, Mr. Clifford Dennis, of Nevada City here shortly to spend the winter with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Griffith have returned from Santa Monica and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffith have been at home some time. Judge Chapman's family will remain until the first. Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood came back to town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Parker made a very sudden change of plans for the winter on account of the illness of Mr. Parker. Instead of going to Mexico as they intended they made a hurried departure for Mrs. Parker's home in Cleveland, Ohio, at almost a day's notice, Mr. Parker having been taken very ill just after returning from Santa Monica.

Miss Carrie Waddilove is again with her aunt, Mrs. Plater, in the Baker block after her annual visit to her relatives in the north, and society congratulates itself periodically that she is not over persuaded to remain away. Since she cannot be in both places at once her friends are happy to be satisfied that she is willing to divide her time.

They say, or at least some of the papers state, that a number of society people at the beaches expect to spend the summer there all winter. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Kinney, who will remain at Santa Monica, and the Dan McFarlands, who expect to stay at Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Parker have leased a house on Orchard avenue and Twenty-ninth street. Mrs. Parker will be at home on Wednesdays, naturally, I suppose, since Wednesday is the Harper Tract day.

Mr and Mrs. W. G. Wilshire and daughter are also among the recent returns from Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Stephens have taken apartments at the Rosslyn for the winter. The marriage of Mrs. Stephens' niece, Miss Annie Wethern, to Mr. Herman H. Kerckhoff will occur there October 4. Mrs. Stephens has taken the greatest pride in the education of her nieces, one of whom is the young lady in question, and while she has allowed them with all due caution to pass the portals of society, where their faces may occasionally be seen at some swell function, yet the prime foundation of her instruction has been to lead their footsteps in those walks of life that tend to the ennoblement of mankind through various highly philanthropic channels, an education quite to have been expected from a person of Mrs. Stephens' status, whose ideals as carried out in the lines named are so well known in Los Angeles and in many parts of the State.

Opening of Fall and Winter Millinery Monday and following days at WOLCOTT'S Yosemite Millinery Store, 115 S. Broadway A cordial invitation is extended you to examine our stock and patterns priced within your reach

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

NOTWITHSTANDING that it is the fashion to wear shawl-shaped overskirts, and that long-laid-by shawls were heralded to have a great revival, the promise has not borne fruit. However, one instance that I am reminded of that seems exquisitely appropriate and at once elegant. I was invited to inspect the trousseau of a friend, lately, who you all know and who is to be married to one of our wealthy young business men in the near future. The best of it all is that she is helping to make all her own gowns and when she came to the gown supreme I was amazed at the ingenuity used in its construction. The principal point I want to mention is the overskirt. The gown is of heavy cream satin with an overskirt of real lace. The lace is a shawl worn by the aunt of the bride elect and worn by her at her own wedding many years ago. The effect is obtained without cutting into the shawl but simply draping it from the waist As a fact the most of our American women are too indifferent to real lace to pay for it, as a trimming, and those who own fine shawls and flounces which could be put to use cannot bring themselves to the point of allowing them to be "cut up"; but if one just has a little tact the shawl can be most effectively draped without the least injury to the pattern.

In the old country lace workers are so numerous and skillful that the custom of having real laces altered to suit the changes in fashion makes expensive lace a source of pleasure to people of even moderate incomes. Much the same point of view is taken of jewels, which are habitually set and reset many times in ones life, as modish caprices are introduced in historic dress periods. One is thus encouraged not only to possess from the start what is genuine, but of real merit, and a sense of the beautiful becomes a thing of permanent growth. There is no question but the wearing of pinchback ornaments lowers the highest taste. Every refined woman feels it and shrinks from it and when the craze for straus jewelry first began every well-bred woman refused to join in the vulgar display. Fashion's laws at last won the day till the query now is, Who is it who is not wearing some thing spurious?

There is something almost shocking about the swathing lines which now so unequivocally reveal the entire figure of a fashionable woman. I have already told that she has divested herself of every possible morsel of inside drapery, which it is given her to discard, and wears her frocks "neat," to quote a big man milliner, over combinations or long woven vests which reach to the knee, where they are joined by lace or silk flounces.

Troubles of the Tight Skirt

Of course this new skirt, fitted as it is without a single wrinkle over the back, when trailing a foot or two in length over green lawn or velvet-pile carpet, is all very well; but how about the half-attempted, half-accomplished version of the country dressmaker, who just misses the right curves and grows creases in the wrong places? Then, indeed, the drastic denouement is obvious. The new dresses in her hands become deeds of disaster instead of things of beauty, and there is much gnashing of teeth over disappointed ambitions. Women who are compelled by the exigencies of pocket-book, or want of it, to go thus far afield for their fashions should deny themselves the pleasure of being in the very latest cry; but do they? The answer is obvious—they do not.

The general tendency this year is toward great elaboration in the dressing of hair and the use of, practically, wigs—for such does it amount to when the women of the great world wear two or three pounds of false hair. Titian red is the fad of the hour. All the women who have alternately been golden peroxide blondes or maids with jet black tresses will now appear as red-gold enchantresses.

Fads for the Hair

The tendency to wear much hair is supposed to conceal the remote suspicion that it is not nature's own. Flowers, wreaths, and Alsatian bows of wired lace have entirely superseded the ostrich plume, the tiara and the aigrette of last season as the newest ornaments.

The Paris Exposition

The part we are to take at the Paris Exposition next year now rests with us. The ceremony of formally transferring to the United States ground in various annexes of the foreign section took place the other day. We are now in formal possession and can proceed with the erection of various pavilions. The ground plan is ambitious and up to the present time we have nothing to complain of. The commissioner for this country has been zealous and intelligent in his arrangements, and the concessions that we have received are flattering to our national pride. It now remains to avail ourselves of our opportunities. No other country in the world, not even France on her own grounds, has it in its power to make such an imposing display as our own, and even the best we can do will but faintly express our standing among nations in science, education, invention, manufacturing and general production. This is not boasting, but the simple statement of a truth that is now self evident and universally admitted. We can stand before the world at this congress of industry and the arts in our true glory, glory that we have won by the exercise of faculties that have blessed and benefitted mankind. The occasion is one that ought to appeal to the energy, enthusiasm and public spirit of American business men, and we have no fear that they will neglect their opportunity. It is in such international competition that our title to pre-eminence can be made secure.—Boston Transcript.

The late W. G. Wills, the playwringht, though lavish of money when he had it, hated parting with it in any formal way. When a friend to whom he owed five pounds, took advantage of his just having received a check for a play to ask for payment, the debtor declined on account of the "claims" upon him. The friend, who knew his ways, came back a few hours later and asked him for five pounds to help him out of a difficulty. "Certainly, my boy," said Wills, entirely fergetting what had gone before; "take what you want." And he handed him a handful of sovereigns.

At a late soiree at the Redondo a grande dame who had seen many summers and had once been quite embonpoint was asked why she had lately dressed in a less decollette fashion than formerly and her reply was, "My dear I have resolved to throw a veil over the past."

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THE POLICE COURT ROUNDER

THE habitual police court rounder is a constant thorn in the flesh of the police of nearly every city in the country, and Los Angeles is no exception. This troublesome and expensive individual is usually a drunkard, and his sole occupation in life is alternating between the jail and the gutter. In the one he is warm in winter and cool in summer and is otherwise happy in the surety of the necessary medical care and sufficient food. In the other his woes are made endurable by the torpor he is in and by the knowledge, born of experience, that the police wagon will remove him to more comfortable quarters in good time. This form of procedure is necessary on the part of the police and is perhaps all right as far as the old offenders are concerned, but it does not provide against the recruiting of their ranks but rather it tends to swell their numbers on account of the necessity of treating in the same way both the hardened in crime and those who are hardly over the threshold. The consequence is that as the old rounders wear out and go to the poor house or the potter's field a new generation is constantly coming on to fill their places.

All this is manifestly wrong. What is the cause, and wherein lies the remedy?

The cause is multiplex by reason of the different channels through which it operates, yet it is simple in its origin. In nine cases out of every ten it is due to the fact that the laws go at the problem from the wrong end. They prescribe the penalty and the penalty is enacted. The offense is repeated, so is the penalty; and so the victim slides along the road to hell, whether cast into jail for thirty days or turned out of jail for a briefer period, to drink, starve and be re-arrested. The police court judges cannot be held to blame for it is their duty to obey the law by enforcing it, and their discretion is limited.

If, therefore, the law is responsible, how about us—the people—who make the law? Can we persuade ourselves that we have done our duty when we encourage this official game of battledore and shuttlecock between the jail and the gutter? We call ourselves Christian people, we are full of zeal for the conversion of the world to righteousness, we are supporters of foreign missions, contributors to all sorts of worthy works everywhere, yet we know less of what goes on in our own police courts and jails than we do of the state of affairs in darkest China. We do not like to hear a word about these things. They make us feel uncomfortable. And yet we are responsible for the laws that cause them.

In the same way, inasmuch as society through its laws supplies the cause, so society through its laws and by a change in public opinion might supply the remedy. The subject should be presented in all its barrenness and horror in order that society may correct the evil it is responsible for, and if there is to be a hopeful consideration of the question there must be a perfect readiness to look at and discuss the subject in all its phases. This has not been done and the indifference of the people in the matter is amazing. Both men and women shrink from talking about subjects and acts in themselves disagreeable, forgetting all the time that until they are met face to face and discussed no substantial progress will be made. The very people who would contribute to the relief of a distant land when they heard such things were going on, are deaf, dumb and blind to all that is taking place in their own midst. We have heard it said that this comes from a sense of helplessness, but such an assertion is not well founded, while the fact remains that society owes relief through the enactment of preventive measures to those of its members who lack the strength to stand alone. If we had the element of reform let into our criminal laws there would be something ahead for these unfortunates.

It is a demonstrated fact that the missionary societies here and elsewhere accomplish a great deal of good and there is no doubt they deserve the liberal support and encouragement that they receive, and yet it is impossible to contemplate the police court rounder, who is a phase of our social evil, without feeling the conviction that there is a very important missionary service to be performed at home.

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

JohannahQuinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton.
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Continued from page 7

five lectures beginning next Wednesday. Mrs. Cheney comes to Los Angeles fram San Diego, where she was received most enthusiastically.

Miss Anna Virginia Metcalf has returned from her summer's vacation at San Diego and Coronado so much improved in health and spirits that she scarcely looks the same person. The Matinee Club consisting of some twenty odd ladies of this city conducted by Miss Metcalf will hold its first meeting this fall on the first Thursday in October.

Miss June Reed has delighted her friends by locating permanently in Los Angeles and in solo and ensemble will give her artistic self to the public. The GRAPHIC is pleased to present a late picture of Miss Reed in this issue and to call attention to her announcement in the musical column.

Mrs. Helene Kerr, a pupil of Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, is having great success wherever she makes her appearance. The following notices will be of interest: "Miss Helene Kerr has a rich contralto voice of great range and sympathy and her singing was thoroughly enjoyed."—Oakland Enquirer. "Miss Helene Kerr, formerly of Minneapolis and one of the finest contraltos heard on the coast, appeared here in concert last eve, singing selections from The Messiah—'He Was Despised' and 'Come unto Him.'"—San Francisco Examiner.

Miss Lillie Scanlon, the contralto soloist at St. Vibiana Cathedral, contributed to the musical program yesterday at the dedication of the new Catholic church at Ontario.

Mrs. Katherine Kimball-Forrest will leave during the early part of next month to join her husband, Dr. Forrest, in New York. Mrs. Forest leaves a large circle of acquaintances, her beautiful voice and kindly, womanly nature having greatly endeared her to the musical community.

After an absence of six years, Miss Harriet Knickerbocker has returned to this city. A part of her time has been spent with her parents at Las Vegas, New Mexico, Kansas City and New York While in the latter city she took supplementary lessons with the great Errani, whose fame as a vocal teacher is international. In Kansas City Miss Knickerbocker was engaged in concert and oratorio work as well as church singing. Her work here will be of the same character, besides teaching a limited number of pupils. Her voice is much improved, and is a high soprano of wonderful volume and is well in control. She will be heard Sundays in solos and quartet at St. Vincent's church, having accepted the position permanently.

Miss Myrtle Canady left for San Francisco this week to take up her residence there. At the time of her departure she had not decided to accept or decline the position offered her in the Frawley Company. Mrs. Cook will take the studio in the Blanchard building thus left vacant.

"If you can sing and read well, come to the rehearsal of 'Creation,' by the Oratorio society." Such is the admonition of the director, Mr. Bacon, who is steadily increasing the attendance. The next rehearsal will be held in the Congregational church, corner of Hill and Sixth streets. The orchestra scores have arrived. Herr Arnold Krause has been engaged as concert master, and rehearsals will begin at once. Over forty instruments will blend their tones with from fifteen to two hundred voices in the grandest production of this work ever attempted in Los Angeles.

As predicted in this column last week, a movement is already on foot by a number of prominent ladies to re-organize the Symphony orchestra and furnish a financial foundation. Mrs. E. T. Earl has suggested that a number of those who are able contribute $100 each for the season and together with Mrs. Mossier, Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. Slauson and others have conferred with Prof. Hamilton, director, as to the feasibility of the plan. J. Bond Francisco expresses the opinion that musical feeling has been educated to such an extent by the previous work of the orchestra that with another year the organization would undoubtedly become permanent. He suggests that a directorate be formed of several prominent ment men, not necessarily musicians, who could lift the burden of the business management from the the director, and make it more thorough. Prof. Hamilton devoted a great part of his time to this work, but one man can hardly be expected to take all the responsibilities upon his shoulders indefinitely. All success to the enterprising ladies.

By unpardonable neglect the daily papers in their report of the Elks' concert gave credit for the accompaniments to the various numbers to the wrong person. Miss Mary O'Donoughue accompanied all but two of the numbers.

Joseph Dupuy has been re-elected as leader of the Monrovia Apollo Club and will begin the fall season next Monday evening with a largely increased attendance. Mr. Dupuy will also open work at Downey with the Symphony Society. He began the Y.M C.A. classes last week with a good attendance.

Mr. A. Miller, tenor, has begun teaching and will for the present be found in Professor Bacon's studio, Blanchard building, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mr Miller is solo tenor in Immanuel church.

Mrs. J. Bond Francisco and mother, Mrs. Gottschalk, left Wednesday for a visit of several months in St. Louis. Mr. Francisco remains here and expects to open his life class in the academy in about a month.

The Independent Church of Christ will hold its first service tomorrow in Simpson Auditorium. A feature of the services will be the splendid music, Frank Colby having been engaged as organist and the following well known singers as a quartet: Anna Virginia Metcalf, Emma D. Crepin, Albert F. Coombs, and Edward Quinlan, the latter director and basso.

Mme. Johnstone-Bishop opened an oratorio class Wednesday evening with forty members. "Elijah" is the work in hand, special attention being given to solos and quartets. The class will give a concert in the spring, just before Mme. Bishop's departure for Europe.

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COMPANY A's reception and ball given in honor of Battery D at the Armory last Tuesday evening was the most successful and brilliant affair of the kind ever given in this city. The executive committee, consisting of Sergt. Albert S. Clark, Corp. C. M. Good and Private Charles Lehn deserve great credit for their untiring efforts to make the event the unqualified success it was. The hall was profusely decorated with the Stars and Stripes. The lights were tinted with the national colors and the effect of the whole was beautiful. At 9:30 the grand march began, led by Gen. C. F. A. Last and Mrs. J. W. F. Diss, followed by Captain Diss and Mrs. Last, Gen. H. G. Otis and lady, J. O. Koepfli of the war board and Mrs Koepfli.

The festivities in honor of Battery D still continue. The next event of interest is the "smoker" to be given at the Armory next Monday evening by Company F. Captain Reynolds of that company is making every endeavor to give the boys a thoroughly enjoyable time. A number of the prominent civic and military organizations have been invited and toasts will be given by a number of prominent citizens.

Sergt. George O. Lockwood succeeded Lieutenant Halpin as military instructor at the Los Angeles Military Academy which opened its fifth school year last Monday. Lieutenant Halpin resigned his position with the school to accept a captaincy in the the Thirty fifth U S. Volunteer Infantry. His successor, Sergeant Lockwood, is well known in National Guard circles as a thorough soldier, he having served in Company A of the Seventh Regiment for a number of years.

Company A held their state shoot last Sunday at the Mission road range under the supervision of Company F. The attendance was large and the scores averaged high, Lieut. Samuel Crawford leading with 63; Private L. C. Dalton, 59, and John Magnone 58.

Company C held their state shoot last Sunday at the Mission road range. The Company has been unfortunate since its organization in not having a range at which to hold practice shoots. Since the election of its present officers, however, the company has begun to pick up and Captain Cole is confident that they will soon be in a flourishing condition. Among the scores made were Private Carson, 46; Private Ingraham, 39; Private Bell, 36; and Private Day, 35.

Adjutant-General Seamans has just returned from a ten-days' cruise on the U. S. S. Badger with the naval militia and will spend several days in this city before going north.

At the last meeting of Company I of Pasadena a letter was received from Captain Greene expressing his regret at being unable to serve them. He has recently received an appointment in the government service at Washington, conssquently could not accept the position tendered him by Company I. The command of the company will be turned over to Lieutenant Collins, as soon as he qualifies. Another election for captain will probably be ordered soon. The company is in a fairly prosperous condition again, three applicants having been received at the last meeting.

A letter just received from James P. Dockery, secretary of the committee of the N. S. G. W. having charge of the distribution of medals, states that all discharged men who enlisted for the war with Spain, from California, will receive medals from the Grand Parlor N. S. G. W., commemorative of their service to their country.

Company G of Redlands held its State shoot last Wednesday. Sergeant L. Brown made score of 64, Sergeant Hunt, 59, and Corporal Balbridge 59. The shoot was held under the inspection of Lieut. Thaxter, I.R.P.

Amusements

THE same high standard of stage management, scenery and costuming that has characterized the previous productions of the Frawley Company was overwhelmingly apparent in the presentation of "Trilby" this week. The old moon, whose revolutions are as a clock for many peoples, has probably smiled a good many times on the Burbank since there were as numerically good and enthusiastically appreciative audiences as greeted Frawley's Svengali and Mary Van Buren's Trilby. And the score of other performers were also duly recognized in the apportionment of the public's approval, and though a three hour play there was no waning of effort by any one of the company. I think the bouquet scene was about the jolliest bit of stage work ever put on, and when the short-skirted grisettes and vari-costumed men got in full action in the dance it would have proven too infectious for anyone not tied down by propriety. From the way little Pearl Landers entered into the spirit of the affair I judge she really enjoyed herself, but some of the other girl revelers were pretty particular about exhibiting any more hosiery than absolutely specified by the stage manager—and the fit of any of their stockings was nothing to be ashamed of.

OLIVER MOROSCO, MANAGER BURBANK THEATER

I could not but feel a trifle sorry for Miss Van Buren in the first act, where as Trilby she is obliged to sit on a couch well down stage, and under the eagle gaze of every eye in the house remove her sandals, thereby completing the undressing of that part of her superb figure which is below where her garters are supposed to be. It is nothing against her histrionic talent that she should be self conscious in the situation. Altogether the Frawley's presentation of Trilby suffers nothing by comparison with Blanche Walshe or anyone else, and when the price is considered—well, the good seats were all taken three days ahead.

CHARLEY CASE and the Bachelor Club Quartet divide the honors among the new comers at the Orpheum this week. Charley Case is an old favorite that holds his job because he is a humorist with a brain that will give forth new things, instead of being obliged to become a student of almanacs after the first whirl around the circle. A hearty laugh is worth a good deal these days of red ink balance sheets, and though his burnt cork is entirely superfluous Mr. Case could well be billed as a "specialist in liver troubles."

The Bachelor Club is an original idea and is as true to life as would go on the stage. As a quartet the young men do not force the musical critics into spasms of superlative adjectives, but their singing is melodious and combined with the novel action gives them the heartiest applause of the evening. Guy Barham was nearly tickled to death to see the "old admiral" get his "leg pulled" so smoothly and regularly.

In "The Old Musician" Felix Morris is at his best, though it may be that it is because it was in this character that we first knew him that prompts the remark. The lover of the legitimate can feast in the perfection of Mr. Morris' work, even though the color of the play is a trifle sombre for the average Orpheum audience. Mr. Morris is to be commended for his patience with the amateur member of his company, but he cannot take offense if one should suggest the retirement of the young man to afternoon rehearsals for a while.

The Crawford Sisters are a rather pretty pair of youngsters with good vaudeville voices and nothing more in the future for them. They sing other people's songs, dance with youthful abandon, and wink with judicious regularity at the gallery, but as a matter of fact they ought to be attending school and darning their father's socks in the evening.

THE footlight switch of the Los Angeles theater will next be thrown on October 9, when Ben Hendricks will open a three nights' engagement in "A Yenuine Yentleman." Mr. Hendricks' inimitable facility in Swedish character will undoubtedly draw a house full of dollars.

Morosco's Burbank Theater.—The Frawley Company, which scored even a bigger success with "Trilby" than with "Madame Sans Gene" at the Burbank Theater, will next be seen in that powerful and strangely fascinating play, "The Dancing Girl." As a writer of that order of drama which touches the human emotion to a greater degree than any other, Henry Arthur Jones, the author of "The Dancing Girl," is perhaps the peer among his contemporaries. When one recalls "The Silver King," "The Middlemen," "Judah," and "Saints and Sinners," also from his pen, the truth of this is more apparent. The story of the rise and fall of Drusilla Ives from a Quaker home to the leading professional dancer of London, and of her intrigue with the Duke of Guiseburg. is told in such a fascinating way that the interest never flags for one moment throughout the four acts.

In "The Dancing Girl" that distinguished actress, Mary Hampton, the leading lady of the Frawley Company, will make her first appearance. She will play Drusilla Ives, and no better part for her opening here could be imagined It will test her ability to the utmost, but those who have watched Miss Hampton's career have no fears of the result. Mr. Frawley, of course, will play the Duke of Guiseburg.

Orpheum.—Next week the Hungarian Boys' Military Band. the organization of youngsters who captivated the city with their playing two years ago, return to the Orpheum. Since their long engagement here the boys have toured the big cities of the East and played in pretty nearly all of the capitals of Europe. The most expensive feature that it is possible to book in vaudeville, because of the great number (fifty) in the band, the Orpheum has yet brought the little fellows back to the Coast to maintain the reputation so long enjoyed—that of the most liberal and enterprising vaudeville circuit in America. The little fellows can be assured of a hearty welcome when they appear on the Orpheum stage to-morrow evening, before a house that it is inevitable will be packed to the roof.

Hallen and Fuller, two of the best known farceurs in the country, are also on the bill. In fact, the straight vaudeville part of the bill, instead of being weakened to even up the expense of the band, is instead distinctly stronger than usual. Hallen and are Fuller 'headliners" in Eastern vaudeville theaters. Hallen was with Joe Hart as a partner in "Hallen and Hart" for years. He has not been in Los Angeles for years. Miss Fuller is a graceful dancer and sweet singer, and the team will probably duplicate its eastern and San Francisco successes.

The Bright Brothers, athletes and acrobats of the sensational order, will be the only men of muscle on the bill.

Charley Case will tell new stories: the Bachelors' Club Quartette will sing new songs; the Crawford Sisters are to vary their dances and songs, and Arnold Grazer and La Petite Hazel will begin their third week of a very successful engagement.

A NEW PLEASURE PALACE

WE ARE soon to have in Los Angeles a cafe and popular resort which will equal the Zinkland and other famous resorts of our northern metropolis. The Imperial Cafe, at 343 South Spring street, is being fitted up in magnificent style. Already the interior of the establishment is spic and span with new furniture, pretty wallpaper and neatly frescoed ceilings, and the old natatorium adjoining, and which opens on Broadway, is being remodeled and refurnished throughout, at tremendous expense. A fountain will play in the center of the room, tables and chairs will be arranged at convenient intervals, and an orchestra will discourse music. Mr. R. J. Stahman, the proprietor, is a caterer par excellence. Four years or more his headquarers have been Pasadena, latterly having had charge of the tavern at Terminal Island. Educated in good European style, from the ground up, he has catered to kings and princes in the Riviera, and coming to the United States, was for many years steward for Senator Stanford in Washington, D. C., later traveling with him through Europe as interpreter.

His experience in conducting hotels and cafes in Germany has been successful and extensive, and his intentions in reference to the Imperial Cafe are strictly of the highest order. His methods of conducting the resort are and will be such that they will bear the closest investigation by the best elements of the city and Southern California. His advertisement appears for the first time in this issue of this paper.

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OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager
This Evening—Last Performance of "TRILBY."
Commencing To-morrow (Sunday) Night,
Elaborate presentation of Henry Arthur Jones' famous Drama,
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Orpheum
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Bright Brothers, the Marvelous European Athletes.
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Charley Case, everybody's favorite
Bachelor Club Quartette, High-Class Vocalists and Eccentric Comedians—Entire change in their vast repertoire.
Crawford Sisters, Character Change Artists—Final week.
PRICES never changing—25c and 50c; Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

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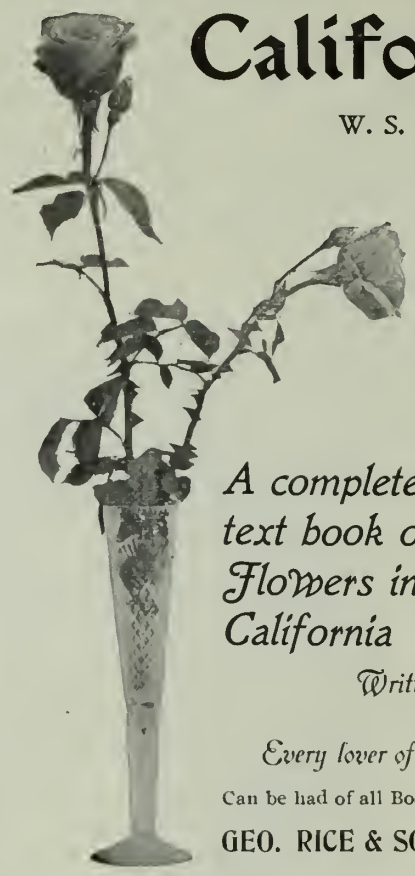

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Volume VII.
Number 15.

Los Angeles, Saturday, October 7, 1899.

10 Cents
a Copy

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Published Every Saturday Morning by
GEO. RICE & SONS, (INCORPORATED)
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Telephone Main 1053. LOS ANGELES, CAL.
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WESTERN GRAPHIC

Volume VII.
Number 15.

Los Angeles, Saturday, October 7, 1899.

10 Cents a Copy

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT
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ENTERED AT THE LOS ANGELES POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

BEN. C. TRUMAN - - - EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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THE County Board of Education finds itself in an unenviable, because suspicious, predicament—forced to take a defensive stand and make bold essay to explain away and smooth down certain accusations that have unpleasant sound. While it is possible for boards of education so to conduct themselves as to be above suspicion, such course of procedure does not now seem to be in fashion. As a breeder of scandal the county board displays an alarming tendency to emulate a municipal aggregation of school directors, the memory of whose transgressions long will linger hereabout. The "Solid Three" of the county board should be warned of the fate that befell the "Solid Six" of the unlamented city board. The members of the "Solid Three," being so young, may now be less susceptible to well-meant advice, that is based upon precedent, but for their own good let us hope that they will realize that the rapids are below them before it is too late.

A Sop For Cerberus

The fate of the "iron hand" methods in the city school department should be a warning to the very young men that form the integral majority of the county board. Undue exercise of exacting authority by three school teachers, who by the political whirligig have been lifted above the necessity of working for a living, is in bad taste. These very young men have set about to rip up and down the county school department, and have succeeded in creating some unhappy demoralization, at considerable cost to the county. If these young men insist upon a theoretical upheaval there is manifest unfairness in their training their own immature business faculties at the expense of the taxpayers. "Bullyragging" teachers at so much per diem, and no time lost by the thrifty crew, is exciting sport, but expensive to the county that pays the bills.

If the "Solid Three" expended county money injudiciously, in the vain hope of paving the way for correlative benefit, that investment is already regretted by the young men, who have charged up the excess amount to the account of "Education"—of themselves. That a "sop for Cerberus" had not the hoped-for result is only one of the many disappointments that young people, starting out to run the world, are likely to encounter.

The County Board of Education has already succeeded in attracting to itself and to its policy and methods the observing eyes of the public, and as has here been broadly related, that body is called upon to defend some of its actions and hedge upon others for which no semblance of excuse could be advanced. The Board of Supervisors, for the credit of the county, should show the Board of Education the error of its ways.

Americans love a fighter. Brave men, like Dewey, Hobson, Roosevelt, Funston and Wheeler have always won admiration and often been rewarded with civic honors. Now that Roosevelt has decided that he would rather continue to be governor of New York than run for vice-president, and there being a desire expressed that the Republican candidate for second place should come from the West, we have the opportunity to reward one of the bravest soldiers that went to the war, who, besides his soldierly qualities, is a man of brains and great popularity. We refer to General Frederick Funston of Kansas, whose services in Cuba and at Manila have inspired the enthusiasm of the country. In every emergency in which he has found himself, from his youth up, he has shown himself brave, intrepid, resourceful and true—a splendid example of American energy and brains. General Funston is now on his way home from the war and in a few days will arrive at San Francisco. It would undoubtedly be a gratifying reception to him to be met by the inauguration of a movement for his nomination for Vice-President of the United States. And it would be good politics on the part of the Republicans. He is and always has been a Republican; he comes from a section of the country which is returning to the fold after straying off after the silver calf; he is a concrete embodiment of that idea of expansion, which will be the main issues of the campaign, and the Great West will be honored in his election. McKinley and Funston would be a winning ticket.

Gen. Funston for Vice President

An Eastern paper proposes a scheme that has the advantage of novelty, if nothing more. It suggests that cities offer inducements to celebrities to settle in their midst, somewhat similar to the way in which factories and other commercial enterprises are oftentimes offered freedom from taxation for a term of years, and not infrequently even a free gift of land and buildings.

A Bonus For Celebrities

If this is sound in theory, why should not a city, Los Angeles for instance, bid for a retiring president, or any other celebrated personage, by offering him a house, rent free, located wherever he might desire, and stocked with a goodly supply of free fuel and lighted by free electricity? The city might consider itself amply repaid by his granting it the right to announce officially that he had selected this city over all others for a residence. We recommend the scheme to the careful consideration of Brother Wiggins.

If it were not for the fact that the GRAPHIC does not consider the majority of the County Board of Education possessed of sufficient intelligence to discern beans when the bag is open, we would call their especial attention to the leading article in the Music and Art department of the last issue of this journal, in which Frederick Stevenson, an admitted authority on musical matters, casts some bright rays of light upon the nugacity of the present musical instruction in the public schools.

In regard to the rainfall for the past few years a remarkable fact may be noted. In the six years just passed the rainfall at Los Angeles for that period was 62 22 inches, and the average 10.37 inches per year. With the exception of two years (76–77 and 84–85) there has never been a time when the rainfall for any single year did not exceed that of the six year period just passed. Last year's rainfall very nearly approximated the lowest ever known since the settlement of the country by Americans, or to speak more accurately, since a record has been kept, but the year last mentioned was preceded and followed by years of abundant rainfalls. Had such a severe and long-continued drouth occurred before the era of irrition the country would have been turned into a veritable desert. The fact that our orchards and vineyards have safely passed through this severe ordeal speaks volumes for the beneficial effects of irrigation

Astonishing Rain Figures

Statistics obtained by sunshine recorders are interesting. Some curious facts have been recently published by the French Meteorological Bureau at Paris. Spain has 3,000 hours of sunshine a year; Italy, 2,700; France, 2,600; Germany has 1,700, while England has but 1,400. This is all very interesting, but the fact that the average number of sunshiny hours a year in Southern California is 3,211 takes the wind out of "Sunny Italy's" record by nearly 43 days, and beats Spain about 20 days.

Ahead of Them All

Matters appear to be assuming rather a bellicose attitude in South Africa. The friction in the connections between Great Britain and the Transvaal has been going on so long now, and working up to such a high heat, as would hardly seem to admit of the adjustment of the machinery of either government to the requirements of the other, without a smash up in some direction—any overt act now on either side leading to hostilities.

The Transvaal Question

It is possible, even at this late hour, that the exhibition of the military force England is now assembling in South Africa for the protection of her vast interests in case of war, and in the event of her demands upon the Boers not being complied with, may tend to cool down matters somewhat, and perhaps lead the crafty old President Kruger and his obstinate associated patriots-for-personal-profit to adjust the vexed differences before electing to face the consequences of their final arbitrament of war.

As we have said in a former issue, "the tendency of modern civilization is rather towards the consolidation of peoples under strong governments than towards independent nationality. Were the right of independence inherent in man it would disintegrate all government." And the Boers, like the Filipinos, must fall into line if things are to work smoothly in those portions of the globe where Anglo-Saxon influences must predominate. The old giving place to the new in all things terrestrial.

Omnium Gatherum

SUPERIOR JUDGE ALLEN is accused of changing a case on the calendar from Friday, October 13, to an earlier date of less superstitious suggestiveness. If a red headed nigger should cross his legs in sight of the bench, we presume the Judge would adjourn court, but if he has heard some of the woes of the Seventh Regiment he would be justified in any such action. It is stated that from the sinking of the Maine until the late appointment of Lieut. Chappelear every order received by the ill-fated regiment was either dated on a Friday or the thirteenth of a month, or else specified one of the unlucky days for the obeyance of the order.

Every newspaperman has his story of a "cranky" proofreader, but the Evening Express has capped the climax with its new "style" of using figures for all numerals. This from a future issue: "Black Pete, 1 of the 2 robbers, walked about 3 miles to the river, where 4 officers overtook him 5 hours after the hold-up, which occurred at 6 o'clock."

When we read of a person being killed or maimed by a street car, the thought is suggested that car speed should be reduced. But when we are homeward bound, tired and hungry, we are apt to wish the motorman would turn on a little more juice."

While the present County Board of Education is in power we are not likely to be confronted with the question that perplexed Congress some years ago, "What shall we do with the surplus?" Such special bills as $1694.80 for fingering examination papers will save Los Angeles County from worry about treasury surplus.

It is evident that the lair of the monster Calamity is not in Hollywood. The people of that beautiful suburb concluded that they must have electric car service. But nothing but a bonus of $15,000 could induce the company to supply it. Then the citizens promptly fished the cash out of their pockets, and they will soon be made happy by the bang of the gong, with its warning to get out of the way.

It touches the tender heart a little to read that the Fire Commissioners ordered the killing of "two old horses that have done good service in the past, running with the machine." Of course the city cannot afford to pension the faithful old animals, and death is probably the most merciful disposition that can be made of them. But the incident makes one still more eager for the coming of the fire auto-motor.

Our producers and shippers have cause to feel proud of their contribution to the Dewey Home fund. It was an indirect offering, embodied in Uncle Collis Huntington's $2,000 check.

What a snap the Vice-President of the United States would consider the having of $100,000 in pin money to spend in a jaunt to a neighboring republic, even if he had to represent the head of the administration. But perhaps in Mexico the "Vice" is more "in it" than with us. Chicago, however, will not care so much if she can assist his secondness in spending the change.

In allusion to the bursting of fire hose, Chief Moore says that "all hose, no matter how new or how well made, is liable to burst." That statement does not agree with the advertisements of the department stores.

Even if the unsightly bil boards should be removed they would hardly be missed by readers of the daily newspapers. An average daily newspaper advertising page and a quarter section of billboard look enough alike to be twins.

That one-cent savings system adopted in the Pasadena schools may conflict with the inter-state act relative to the "restraint of trade." At this distance from Pasadena the scheme looks like a deadly blow at the chewing-gum industry.

It seems the Board of Education is rent over a perplexing question about keeping track of supplies—"pens, pencils, papers, erasers, buckets, hose, cups, brooms, brushes, towels, soap, tacks," etc. How would it do to employ a department store clerk to give the board a few kindergarten lessons?

Dewey is the best living specimen of the old-style Yankee—strong, intellectual, devoted to duty, obdurate in adherence to principle, and with a heart as tender and impressive as a child's.

Some people have wondered why the German Emperor has taken so much interest in the Transvaal rumpus in favor of the Boers. This is explained by the announcement that Oom Paul's army was going into "laager." If anything will excite German interest lager will.

The ostrich is a queer bird, but no one supposed that it was over nervous. This, however, seems to be the case, for it is announced that the late earthquakes in Hawaii have had the effect of giving the ostriches there nervous prostration to such an extent that they have been shipped to Southern California for the benefit of their health. We seem to be a sanitarium for everybody and everything.

If Dewey's head had not been screwed on tight he surely would have lost it at his New York reception. But it would take more than all the Tammany tigers on Manhattan Island to put his head out of plumb.

HON. JOHN BARRETT ON OUR NEW COMMERCE

THE lectures which are being delivered throughout the Pacific Coast cities by Hon. John Barrett, on the subject of the trade of the Far East, will have a great influence upon the opinions of business men in reference to the correct policy to be pursued by the United States in the Philippines and its effect upon our trade relations with China, Japan and other Asiatic nations. His information on these subjects comes from many years residence in the East as minister to Siam, during which time he traveled extensively and gathered much information for the government germane to the commercial outlook of this country in the Orient. He is therefore able to speak upon these subjects from the point of view of an expert.

Of course the subject matter of Mr. Barrett's lectures are the commercial potentialities of our trade in the East and the necessity for the United States to take an active part in contesting for this trade. The political events which have given us a foothold at Manila he regards as advantages greatly in our favor, which he thinks will enable us to take a controlling part in adjusting trade relations in that part of the world. We now not only possess extensive territorial sovereignty in the Orient, but holding nearly all the harbors on the Pacific Coast of North America, we occupy a more advantageous position on the great ocean than any other nation, and can successfully compete for commercial supremacy—for this is what the nations of the world are contending for. Mr. Barrett said that before the capture of Manila the influence of the nation upon international questions in the East was absolutely nil but that the victory of Admiral Dewey had introduced a new world power and advanced our importance to first rank. If we but take advantage of these circumstances it will be easy for us to get our full share of the great increase in trade which must follow the opening up of China, which country will soon follow the example lately set by Japan in throwing open all her ports to the commerce of the world.

What is of more especial interest to Californians is the opinion frequently expressed by Mr. Barrett, and based on an intimate knowledge of the wants of Asiatic countries and their capacity to buy, that this coast will become the chief beneficiary of this increased trade, which must come to or depart from our shores through Pacific ports. By many who are well informed upon the subject, it is estimated that within the next ten or twenty years the amount of goods which will be required to supply the wants of the Orient will reach the enormous aggregate of one billion dollars per annum; but, adopting the conservative estimate made by Mr. Barrett, of $500,000,000, it will be seen that the opportunities for this commercial expansion are practically unlimited.

It is well for the business men of Los Angeles to think of these things. Already the shipping afloat on the Pacific is inadequate to carry the freight on our docks to its destination and the shipyards of the coast can hardly make the necessary repairs, let alone the building of new ships. The merchants of the east are rushing their goods by rail to our ports, eager to establish trade depots on both shores of the Pacific, while our own people stand comparatively idle not fully comprehending the full significance of this re-adjustment of the channels of trade throughout the world. Whether we of the South shall become a part of this great trade and industrial movement depends upon our foresight and energy. Outside capital will soon furnish shipping, but harbors must be provided, and, most important of all, local energy and push must inaugurate a system of manufacturing which will give our people employment in making the goods which will furnish freight for the ships. They can make Southern California a busy hive of industry, or by indifference drive this thrift to other sections. But they must move quickly. If they do not, the trade will go to the Atlantic seaboard, for a little while overland by rail, but ultimately through the isthmian canal. The time necessary to build the canal should be occupied in putting our manufacturies upon a solid foundation so that they may be able to meet the competition that will come when the canal is in operation.

The goddess of commerce has come to us with rich gifts; let us not grieve her away by indifference or lack of enterprise.

Ring up Main 1053 and order the GRAPHIC, 25 cents a month.

Down the Line

WHAT'S that? You don't believe that is Judge Smith? Yes it is. What do you expect? That he is always posing as if sentencing men to death, or lecturing unhappy prisoners who have to take the double punishment of a sentence and a jawing at the same time? This picture was taken just after the Judge's son had returned from Manila with Battery "D", and the Judge would then have pardoned Kid Thompson who he sentenced four times to be hung, each time wasting a lovely homily on the desperado, and the Kid is alive yet pulling jute in San Quentin. Though some of us flippant observers poke a little fun at his worship every one recognizes that he is a righteous judge, a man of absolute integrity and an honor to the bench. The ladies are his wife and daughter.

Judge Smith Looks Amiable

Judge B. N. Smith

F. W. Braun is one of the alert, able fellows who, when they go to work, find that their brains and acumen conquer all obstacles and that money falls into their bank boxes, simply as a result of their going to business early in the morning and coming home late. He made a fortune in about ten minutes in this city, apparently, but only he knows how much hard work and self-sacrifice it has cost him to acquire his competency. He is, without being a philistine, a representative business man. This is the first time his picture has ever been published. It would not be now if he knew anything about it for he is as modest as he is successful.

Made a Fortune in Ten Minutes

F. W. Braun

This is the man with wheels, for you can see them all around him. He is also known as Don Boomerine Moustachios. He has a fad for collecting big pumpkins and for making fortunes for other people by booming. He found out some time ago that Southern California is a good thing, and has been busy ever since in pushing it along. He holds the record for drawing up resolutions and for mixing punch made out of sirop rouge. He gives away cigars, fruit and wine, with reckless prodigality, and he will forever live in my memory as the donor of the very worst bottle of champagne that the world ever produced.

The Man with Wheels

Frank Wiggins

It was just after an Orpheum matinee when Willie Childs was snap shotted with the effulgent and serene smile that shows on his attractive face. He had enjoyed the performance, and wheat had advanced two points. Willie is one of the best fellows in the world, in fact I could not write anything but beatitudes about him, for he is all that is attractive, and more than that, he is, barring one man, the best pistol shot in Southern California.

It was a Happy Afternoon

Willie Childs

Here they are together. Caught on the speeding foot, Pasadena's past and present great political leaders. Ex-Governor Markham, who, if he had not temporized with the Debs' strikers, and who, if had not appointed Mose Gunst police commissioner of San Francisco, and who, if, wow! wow! There are too many ifs to chronicle, but on the whole who, if he had not made a number of deplorable mistakes might have come out of office the leading man of the state instead of what he now is. But he did do something last year which showed that his hand and mind have not lost their cunning for he discovered Charlie Bell, made his campaign for County Clerk and landed him in the office, something that entitles him to forgiveness for some of these many ifs. The gentleman in the middle is Jas. H. Campbell.

Pasadena's Past and Present

H. H. Markham Charlie Bell

Willie Reginaldo Ream is seen here crossing Spring street, the center of attraction to a lot of Kansans who thought for a moment that he was Senator Ingalls Mr. Ream is more like the senator than merely physically, for he can and does write with a pen that has a hornet's sting for a nib, which he dips in ink made of vitriol and gunpowder. For all that he is one of the most amiable, open hearted young men in the business. Though his hair is growing a bit silvery it is not from years but from the active use of the grey matter in his brain. He usually wears glasses but he does not need them in order to see a head to hit. OTHEMAN STEVENS.

He Looks Like Senator Ingalls

W. R. Ream—"The Owl"

In the not very distant past the GRAPHIC claimed the distinction of discovering a genuine wit in our very midst—a scintillating, sparkling, spontaneous wit. He is none other than Dana Burks, he of the plural name and singular personality. His features are most attractive as he looks through a high ball or when addressed as assistant postmaster. He was born some years ago, his parents being his father and mother. He received his education in various schools, and arrived in Los Angeles soon after he left his former place of residence. After his marriage he became a married man, and he has only lately finished paying for the congratulatory drinks on the youngest Burks. Mr. Burks is a man of unquestioned veracity when he is asleep, and stands very high in the community, having fine offices on the fifth floor of the Stimson block. So much for his biography. It is well that the public should know something of this new humorist, especially so as he has been mentioned in connection with the Los Angeles postoffice. But to return to some of his funny sayings (his innate modesty preventing him from writing a book), he was lately heard to propound the following connundrum to a group of appreciative acquaintances: "In what way does our present congressman, lingering in the Richelieu, differ from the first miracle?" Of course every one had to give it up, together with a few bits for another round of gin-fizzes. "Well, the first miracle was the turning of water into spirits, and the other incident would be turning spirits into Waters."

Who Told Burks the Miracle

EDITOR GRAPHIC: The discussion that has recently appeared in the GRAPHIC in regard to the wonderful memory of the young lady in Felix Morris' company who could remember her father when he left for the war, she being but two years old, reminds me of a story of early memory which I heard many years ago. Several little maidens and a tot of a boy, so the story ran, were playing together and the conversation drifted to the subject of how far back they could remember. All of the girls had mentioned defined periods at which they had "bossed" their first dolls, and at last appealed to the only boy present for light upon the subject. With an expression of commiseration for the want of memory among his companions, he said:

"You girls ain't in it; I can remember six months before I was born—how I cried for fear I'd be borned a girl." L. J.

Music and Art

THE DIGNITY OF CHURCH MUSIC

IT MAY be practically impossible for one born and trained in the orthodox Episcopal church music of England to accurately gauge the needs and tastes of other communions. But there is at least one common ground of agreement, surely, in the tacit admission that the church should voice all that is highest and noblest, in music as in all else. In order to do this it must almost of necessity have a type peculiar to itself. There will, it is true, be infinite variety, because so long as man is human he will be variable, and the composer is no exception to the rule. But the type should remain. Now, in what consists this typical character? Mainly in its dignity and nobility and in its thorough appropriateness to the sacred environment. It were vain to contend that much of the ecclesiastical music of the now waning century were anything more than mere estimable academic exercise-work. There are indeed not a few composers of the present day who are struggling to perpetuate a past that can never live again. But the greater writers were of different caliber. They did a glorious work, a far more glorious work than this age of shallow conceit can ever understand, and it is by no means improbable that their music will be known and revered when Wagner's cycles shall have served their purpose and have been relegated to the dusty museum. Still, there is no gainsaying that Palestrina and the long train of scholastic writers find few willing listeners nowadays, and in the violence of the resulting reaction we have let loose a flood of saccharine love themes set to trivial, commonplace text and accompanied with ice cream harmonies that threaten to swamp everything that is true and honest and of good repute. The danger is very real. Moreover, it is growing more and more dangerous. Arrangements from operas, arrangements from secular popular songs, blatant vulgarities like "The Holy City" with pseudo sacred words, trumpery ballads with slow waltz refrains and other abominations ad infinitum et ad nauseam are quickly and surely bringing church music into serious contempt and even down to the plane of public concertizing.

My plea today is for dignity and purity, for nobility and refinement. Music should undoubtedly be beautiful, always. That is true; must always be true. But in our church music we want to see the beauty of heaven, not that of earth; to hear the voices of the angels; to sit at the very feet of God, not to list to the voice of the enchantress. It is sometimes said that as the congregation provides the salaries it should therefore have that which it wants. Such a theory could not obtain in any walk of life. If it were to do so insanity would quickly run riot and the whole world would speedily be turned topsy-turvy. As a matter of fact, there will ever be the strong and the staunch who will hold up the right and the true against all odds, even if they endanger their position. Churches are very much what they are made by the sturdy right-doers, and, my word on't, if organists and choirmasters will purge their "programs" of these saddening secularities and find place only for that which is dignified and noble, the time is not far distant when their congregations, awakened to riper judgment and uplifted by the beauty of purity, will rise up and call them blessed. And, pray you, let us all speed the day.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

To hear, even for an hour, the building of a ladies' string quartet is not the privilege of every musician, and to accept the invitation of Madame Crawford and her three young workers did not require second thought. It is a feature of this organization that not such another exists in the United States. For months the ladies have rehearsed, with a result that can only be appreciated when they make their initial appearance, about the middle of November. Madame Crawford's idea of ensemble work, the abandonment of individuality and the unification of the instruments, has been drilled into the players with surprising effect for inexperienced performers, with the result that their attack and coloring are excellent. Beethoven's fourth quartet is not child's play, but under the inspiring direction of Madame Crawford they interpret it with rare fidelity.

Great interest is being taken by the mandolin, guitar and banjo teachers in the coming concert of the Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club, to be given in Blanchard Music Hall, on November 8th, with Valentine Abt as soloist. The Throop Institute, with an unusually large school this year, will be represented by the best and largest mandolin club in its history, this being the first appearance in Los Angeles.

Valentine Abt's concert tour will include Denver, Salt Lake City, Portland and many other Pacific Coast cities. Until this artist has been heard the possibilities of the mandolin are unknown.

Program of the sacred concert to be given at the Unitarian church next Sunday afternoon, October 8th, at 4 o'clock. The concert is in charge of Mrs. Orr Haralson, director of the Bnai Brith Temple choir. Miss O'Donoughue will preside at the organ:

Organ Prelude—Offertoire in F.....Batisto
Miss Mary O'Donoughue.
Quartet—"Festival Te Deum".....(Dudley Buck)
Bnai Brith Temple Choir—Mrs. Haralson, Mrs. Scarborough, Mr. Dupuy, Mr. Williams.
Reading.
Solo—"I will Extol Thee".....(Costa)
Mrs. Haralson.
Trio—Selected. Mrs. A. C. Jones, Mrs. Haralson, Mrs. Scarborough.
Prayer. Response by the Quartet.
Solo—"From the Depths".....(Fabio Campana)
Mrs. Scarborough.
Address by the Pastor, Rev. C. J. K. Jones.
Solo—"Show Me Thy Ways".....(G. Torrente)
Mrs. A. C. Jones.
Quartet—"E-lo henn velohe"—Hebrew..(T.S.Lloyd)
Bnai Brith Choir.
Benediction.
Organ Solo—"Marche Pontificale.....(Lemmens)
Miss O'Donoughue.

All are invited. No admission.

MUSIC AND ART ANNOUNCEMENTS

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The Blanchard Art Gallery will open October 10th, and an evening during the month will be set aside for a public reception.

The California Ladies' Quartet (piano and strings) is booked to appear at Blanchard Hall Friday evening, Nov. 3rd, following which, on Nov. 16th, Mme Crawford is to give the great Hummel septet, for the first time in Los Angeles, on which occasion she will use her own magnificent piano, Etruria. She is to be augmented by the following artists: Miss Lemon, violin; Miss Knox, viola; Miss Simons, 'cello; Mr. Wm. H. Mead, flute; Mr. Ernest B. Smith, French horn; Mr. E. E. Burson, bass.

On Wednesday morning, Oct. 4th, Miss Marguerite Rambough, of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, gave a select recital in the parlors of the Hotel Van Nuys. Her readings were from Tennyson and Shakespeare; her rendition true and refined. Miss Rombough intends to establish a college of expression, and considers Los Angeles a pleasing locality.

The presentation of diplomas and certificates and prizes of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design took place in the Art Hall, 614 Hill street, on Friday evening, when about 250 prominent people attended. The president, Dr. J. C. Fletcher, presided, and was supported by Henry Koch, Paul de Longpre, Miss Cook, and other local artists and art lovers. The chief address was delivered by the Rev. Hugh K. Walker. The school opens this year with more than double the number of students of any former year, showing that art appreciation is making rapid progress in Southern California.

Official notification has just been received from San Francisco that the following awards were made to Southern California artists exhibiting at the State Fair art exhibit at Sacramento, in the order of merit as noted below: 1, Miss Elizabeth White; 2, Mr. B. C. Brown; 3, Mrs Z. B Richardson; 4, Miss Estelle Cook; 5, Mr. C. J. Turner; 6, Mr. W. L. Judson; 7, Miss L. M. King; 8, Miss J. Washburn; 9, Miss Helen Coan. The above are all well-known artists of Southern California, except those receiving third, fourth and seventh prizes, who are young women recently graduated from the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, and from whom much may therefore be expected in the future.

(Continued on page 15

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

COMPANY M of Riverside held its State shoot on the 29th. The number of men parading for the shoot was 39 out of a membership of 50. The scores average 43.23, Corporal Bloom making 63, the highest score. The lowest score was 8. The shoot was inspected by Lieut. Thaxter, I. P. R.

Sergeant Harry E. Mitchell, of Company M., Riverside, has received the appointment as military instructor at the Government Indian School at Perris.

Company F. held their regular State shoot at the Mission road range on Thursday of last week, under the supervision of Captain Reynolds. There was a large attendance and the average was high. Captain Reynolds made a score of 70 out of the possible 75, which is the highest score reported.

Captain Robert Wankowski will leave to-morrow for San Francisco, to be gone a couple of weeks on National Guard business.

Thirty one members of Company K of San Bernardino paraded for the State shoot. Private Faris made the highest score, 60; Sergt. Allen 49, and Private Frantz 46. The average was 29-84.

Capt. D. R. Weller of the Forty-third Volunteer Regiment has opened a recruiting office in his old law office in the Fulton Block, 207 New High street. He was not very successful at Santa Paula, but hopes to take out a large squad of recruits from this section. Captain Weller was one of the most popular officers of the Seventh Regiment, and those who desire to enter the service could not do better than to enlist in his command.

Enlistments for the line of the army during the month of July, 1899, aggregated 2,991, divided as follows: Enlistments for general recruiting service, 2,945; enlistments for special recruiting service, 46; total, 2,991. Enlistments in cities, 2,419; enlistments at military posts and in the field, 572; total, 2,991. There was 10,728 applicants for enlistment at city stations rejected, the greatest number in a single city being 1,916 in Chicago. The greatest number of enlistments was 198 in New York City, Philadelphia being second with 169. The largest number of enlistments at military posts was 22 at Fort Niagara, N. Y., and the largest number in the field was 15 in the Fifth Cavalry.

Battery D has formed a permanent organization under the name of the "Veterans' Association of Battery D." They will hold reunions each year on the 10th of May.

THE BRONZE MEDAL FOR SPANISH WAR VETERANS

REVERSE OBVERSE

Which is being presented by the Native Sons of the Golden West to all who enlisted from California during the war with Spain

Capt. F. C. Prescott of the Forty-third Volunteer Regiment has gone to San Francisco with fifteen recruits which he obtained in San Bernardino and Redlands.

The Thirty-fifth Volunteer Regiment which has so many officers in it from Southern California sailed for Manila from Portland last Tuesday.

O. T. Walker of Battery D has been appointed a special officer on the police force of this city.

It is unofficially rumored that Lieutenant Twining will be commissioned captain and adjutant of the Seventh Regiment. The selection is an excellent one.

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We desire about a dozen customers at once —well-to-do customers who can afford to own the remaining few Steinway, Weber, Kimball and other fine pianos, which naturally are our most elaborate and costly styles. A great many of the plainer styles of these far-famed makes have been disposed of during the sale, but we desire to close out these very fancy pianos at once, if possible. One of these is a beautiful Steinway in ebony case; another is a handsome Weber upright in dapple walnut case. Of the new scale Kimball pianos, which were exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition, where these pianos received the highest award granted to piano manufacturers, as a careful analysis of the wording of the diplomas will show, we have quite a full assortment in fancy quarter-sawed oak, walnut and mahogany cases.

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Everything shall be found as represented or no sale. Ten dollars a month will now secure almost any instrument in this stock, and at almost half price until the end of this sale.

You can't run against anything but a bargain at the piano sale next week. After this sale back go the prices where our agents can make some money out of the customers who wait. This is an opportunity for you who know a good thing and have the courage to grasp it when it comes your way. These pianos are going; keep your eye on the place; see the stock sell. But there is only one way to get the benefit of such unheard-of-bargains, and that is to take them when you can get them. In this case delay is not only dangerous, but fatal. Do not blame us for not giving fair notice. Do not delay.

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A Noted Southern Duelist

Most Unerring American Shot on the Field of Honor

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

AMONG the famous duelists of Mississippi fifty odd years ago, when such brainy men as Henry S. Foote, Sergeant S. Prentiss and Jefferson Davis were conspicuous in law and statesmanship, and stood the peers of any men in any land, ther was a man named Alexander K. McClung, whose deeds might have been written alongside these others high upon the scroll of the nation's life had he been as moderate as they along those social lines that, admittedly, were often too rigorous in their requirements. And while Foote, Prentiss and Davis had all met on the "field of honor," McClung, the most unerring shot of that day in America in a duel, had left, at the time of the breaking out of the Mexican war, eight men dead or seriously injured by his deadly fire.

It has been said of him by those who had known him intimately that he possessed many admirable traits of character, combined with a high order of intellect and surpassingly fine manners. His style of dress was immaculate, and no knight of the olden time ever bore himself with prouder mien than did Alexander K. McClung. His finely wrought organism was screwed up to the highest tension all the time, and by reason of that he became the most famous duelist in America. He was of a friendly, convivial nature for all that, and the habits of intemperance and dissipation fastened themselves about him like bands of steel.

Once Colonel J. D. Gibbon of Vicksburg, after reading what I had written of McClung in my "Field of Honor," said to me:

"One of the most brilliant and yet most erratic among all the noted men who ever lived in Vicksburg was Alexander K. McClung, poet, philosopher and duelist, who resided at Jackson during the most historic days of that heroic city. His form was as erect as an Indian's, and his eye as black as coal and as keen as an eagle. His face was handsome, and a smile always played around his lips until he became angered, and then his face resembled the sudden outburst of a storm. He was a knight that knew no fear, and five times did he leave the field of honor, his adversaries stretched out dead on the grass. He never gave an insult and never took one. He soon became morose, sullen and uncompanionable. Then he was ambitious for political preferment, but after repeated defeats became tired of life and died from a wound inflicted by his own hand. He had dressed in a new suit of clothing, and lying down on the side of the bed in his room at the hotel, he fired the bullet that sent his soul into eternity."

Clement C. Clay, who was his rival in love, once said of McClung:

"He was a native of Kentucky and for many years was prominent in politics and society. He was an exquisite in dress and manners, a brilliant speaker and a writer of tremendous power, possessing the keenest wit and sarcasm. His attacks on the Van Buren administration gave him national celebrity. He killed a great many men during his career. As an instance of his deadliness, for he always killed the man he fought, may be mentioned his duel with General Allen of Mississippi. He had heard that Allen made some slighting remark about him. After Allen had accepted his challenge McClung declared that he would shoot out the tongue that made the remark. The duel was fought at forty paces with rifles, and he literally cut Allen's tongue out as he threatened."

Twenty years ago the lover of Mississippi reminiscences had only to broach the subject of "McClung" to Ex-Senator Foote, General Humphries, General Alcorn and other old residents to hear thrilling incidents of the desperado-duelist's doings. Occasionally they were of a humorous character. Upon one occasion Colonel McClung became enraged at an acquaintance in a public place, but instead of sending the usual formal challenge, he kicked the offending party out of the front door. A short time after this, at another public place, McClung saw the same person kick another man out the door. Very much amused and now in a good humor, the duelist pleasantly called attention to the coincidence between this and their own encounter.

"That's all right, Colonel McClung," retorted the kicked kicker, "you and I know who to kick."

An anecdote is related of Colonel McClung, which may or may not be gospel truth, but it is at least plausible as being in line with his well-known character. The story goes that he was in the habit of visiting a literary lady at Mobile whom he admired. One evening when calling he noticed that she seemed nervous and agitated. He understood why when a heavy step sounded along the corridor and a brisk knock came on the door, which had been hurriedly closed by the lady. The knock was followed by a gruff voice demandng admission. The fair one explained to the Colonel that they were both in imminent peril, as the gentleman on the outside was a river captain who came to town periodically and insisted, much against her will, on visiting her.

"Let him in," said McClung.

"Oh, but he'll kill us!" said the poor lady.

"Never mind about that; you let him in," said the gallant Mississippian.

The outsider was getting furious by this time, and when the door was finally opened he fairly glared at the man he looked upon as an intruder.

"See here, young man," he yelled, "climb out of here, and don't waste any time."

Colonel McClung was reclining on a sofa, his head resting easily on his hand. Without changing his position he simply asked the river man:

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"No, and I don't care to know; you clear out."

Still, without making a movement, McClung drawled:

"Well, I'm from Mississippi, and my name is Alexander McClung. I'll give you ten seconds to vacate the room."

"I have time to spare, Colonel," said the Captain, as he made a bee line for the door.

Later on in his career he was haunted by remorse. Man killing had left its pains. His light was never out in his room at night, and many said he slept but little, and never sweetly. When the Mexican war broke out he told the Rev. Peter Donon that he was weary with life; that he had never found any one who could kill him, and he was going to battle to seek death on the field, as he did not want to commit suicide.

He entered the service as a volunteer, and from the first placed himself in the front point of danger, commanding attention for his absolute bravery. He was promoted again and again until he reached the head of a regiment, when he was shot through the body. Then he returned home, saying he couldn't be killed, and hazarded his fate in several duels thereafter. He grew more and more eccentric, and thought his opponents abused his confidence in not killing him. Then he met Mrs. Clay, a beautiful girl of her time.

She describes him as the most fascinating man to women she ever met, possessing that serpentine power over women which historians and romancers attribute to Aaron Burr—the same power that Mattie Ould of Virginia had over men. McClung proposed marriage to Mrs. Clay, but her friends objected on account of his excessive dueling propensities and the fear that she would be unhappy with him. She asked him to wait six months before replying, and during the interval did not dare to meet him, on account of his power over her. In the meanwhile she met Clement C. Clay, and was satisfied that he was her destiny. Shortly after the engagement was announced she got a note from McClung asking for an interview. Being afraid of his spell, and that he might kill her, she declined. It was only a few days later when he rode into the then little pine town of Columbus, and was shown to his room at a hotel, where he killed himself with a Derringer.

For this last frightful tragedy he made extensive and unique preparations. First, on the morning of his death he had a sponge bath and shave. Then he clothed his handsome and manly form in an elegant suit made by his tailor for any dress occasion. He wore a full-dress shirt, white tie, patent leather pumps, and black hose. He had dressed himself for burial.

On the day previous he had purchased of a carpenter a neatly planed board, about twelve inches in width and six feet in length. This was by his order carried to his room at his hotel.

On the morning of the tragedy he placed the board in position to perform the service for which he had purchased it, resting one end on his bed and the other on the floor. This done, he threw himself across the bed, laying his head upon the board. Everything now being in readiness, he shot himself through the brain. The blood rushed from his self-inflicted wound and went coursing down the plank like a mountain brook, leaving his clothes spotless and unstained.

"JIM" is the cat's name, and he is old enough to vote, having first sniffed the balmy air at the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains twenty-one years ago. His master is R. B. Wilson, who lives at Sherman.

On the pillow of his bed was found the following verses:

Swetly speed o'er the waste of time,
Spirit of death.
In manhood's morn, in youthful prime,
I woo thy breath;
For the glittering hues of hope have fled,
Like the dolphin's light;
And dark are the clouds above my head
As the starless night.
Oh, vainly the mariner sighs for rest
Of the peaceful haven;
The pilgrim's shrine for the saints of the blest,
The calm of heaven;
The galley slave for the night wind's breath
At burning noon;
But more gladly would I spring to thy arms, cold death;
Come soon; oh, come soon!

In a conversation with Judge Sharkey, of Mississippi, thirty-three years ago, concerning this extraordinary character, that old gentleman said:

"He had come out of the Mexican war with a dangerous wound, received at the storming of Monterey, while at the head of his regiment; he had killed several men in street encounters and under the code duello, and he was known as a man of dauntless courage and imperious temper. Few men of his day entered life with fairer prospects of achieving an honorable and enduring fame. In some respects he was a natural "Admirable Crichton" among men. He was possessed of a magnificent physique, and was a born soldier, poet orator; but he died before his splendid gifts had hardly begun to germinate."

W. W. SWEENEY

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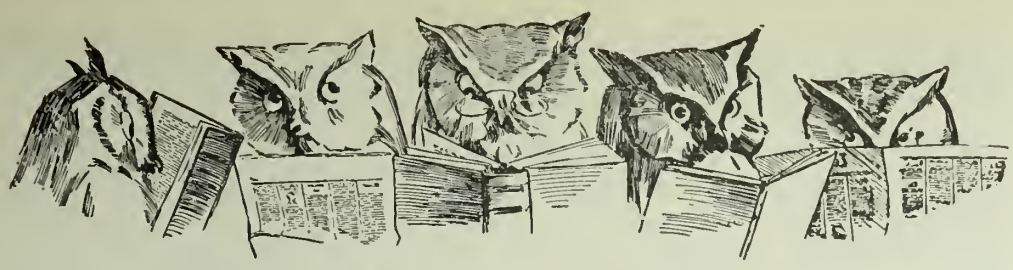

Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

THE San Francisco papers—I almost said newspapers—have in the past derived a measure of amusement from making frequent allusion to the population of Southern California in general and Los Angeles in particular, as a community largely consisting of "one-lungers"—an inelegant though expressive appellation intended to apply to all kinds of invalids, no matter what may be their pet malady. That the other big city of California was not actuated by any real hostility to the people because of the alleged prevalence of disabilities occasioned by single-barreled breathing machinery is shown by the avidity of the papers up there to jump into the arena and denounce the State Board of Health for expressing the hope of some day establishing some quarantine regulations that may exclude from the State further immigration of phthisical sufferers. The State Board of Health sees no practical way of enforcing, at the frontier, an embargo upon the train loads of hither-bound consumptives, and whatever may be the menace of their presence, Southern California must continue to be a last resort of the poor unfortunates that never cease to hope. Have we not for years sent out alluring invitations to the afflicted, and proved by climatic facts and fancies that here alone is the only panacea, that here alone is the only Gilead that produces balm? Have we not welcomed the invalids and cheerfully accepted the money they brought with them? If we have not, then may we say: Save us from the danger of tuberculosis contagion. Then may we bar our gates against the ailing, hedge about our climate, veil our cloudless skies, turn a cold shoulder to him who might find, Deo volente, extended lease of life. But San Francisco's solicitude for consumptives from the East is suspicious. It is so unlike San Francisco. Motives other than love for humankind must have prompted the ebullient championship of the invalids and the denunciation of the State Board of Health. San Francisco is no sanitarium, though the city derives some share of the prosperity that follows in the wake of the Eastern climatic refugees. Therefore the allusions to "one-lungers" is intended as no disparagement and should not be construed to imply an opposition to more of the same kind of people coming out of the lands where the climate is inhospitable.

Paying the Penalty

Careful readers of the newspapers may have been impressed with the fact that Admiral Dewey's penchant for arriving ahead of time is less observable in his journeying by railroad than when he provides his own transportation by water. The press dispatches say that the Admiral arrived promptly on time at Washington, and not a minute ahead of time. In traveling by rail the naval hero who has the peculiar habit of taking Spaniards and New Yorkers by surprise runs a fearful risk of becoming the victim of circumstances over which he can exercise no control, and arriving a minute or more after the time he may be due.

May Yet Be Late

The obtrusive presence of the abominable advertising bill boards must be tolerated for at least the remaining days of the present century. That I do not here say "year" instead of "century," which I might as well have done, shows my entire disregard to persons that choose to quible over the question of the exact time of the demise of the nineteenth and the birth of the twentieth century. Centuries may come and go, but what most interests the people of this city is, when will those awful billboards cease to offend the eye? The city council has, apparently, done its best to comply with the popular will by passing a restrictive ordinance which in its letter is designed to afford the wished-for relief. How well it will work depends upon the substantiation of the billboard man's claim that he can defeat it in the court.

Billboards Must Go

A representative of the outraged property-owners that demanded protection from the billboard nuisance says that all his clients, save one, are averse to being known, because of "society reasons, the inference being that they are in the same set with the controlling spirit of the panoramic offensiveness. This compliment to H. Gaylord Wilshire will be duly appreciated by the billboard man whose reputation as a good fellow and society leader had so long restrained the social world from giving concerted public utterance to the detestation in which they hold his art displays on every vacant lot.

In the Same Set

Most of us would hate to witness the actual outbreak of hostilities between the grizzled veterans of the local war board and the panting warriors included in the staff of the brigadier of the first brigade, National Guard of California. The pent-up disregard of these opposing factions for each other was made manifest on the day that Battery D came home, and credulous indeed would be any man who could be made to believe that the feud will end this side of the grave. With a brigadier general at the head of each faction, the prospect of peace seems as remote the day when the Filipinos shall humbly or in other practical way admit that the United States is greater than Luzon.

The Two Brigadiers

The announcement that E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic managerof the S. P. Co., will "do politics" for the company, in the place of Herrin, has been received with incredulous smiles by those persons who know that despite the fact that Mr. McCormick came from Ohio he is no politician. People that could be made to believe that a "tenderfoot" from Ohio could jump into instant position as manager of Southern Pacific politics in California do not properly estimate the actual requirements of such an important office. Mr. McCormick has hereabout many friends who, for his sake, lost no time in promptly denouncing the accusation that he has capacity for doing railroad politics. He is a skilled passenger man and, until this story came out about his succeeding Herrin, nothing was said against his character.

Though He Came from Ohio

W. R. REAM

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A thorough preparation for College
FIFTH YEAR BEGINS SEPT. 18, 1899 — 900 W. Pico Street LOS ANGELES

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LOS ANGELES PACIFIC R.R.
The Scenic Route to Santa Monica....
LEAVE FOURTH ST., Los Angeles, every thirty minutes on the hour and half hour from 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.
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Magnificent Panorama of Earth and Ocean Grandest Trip on Earth
ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE
SITUATED on the summit of Echo Mountain, 3500 feet above sea level, commanding a grand panoramic view of Southern California—a high class hotel. Beautifully furnished appartments with or without baths. Cuisine unexcelled.
Hotel Rates $12.50 and up per week
SPECIAL
Guests remaining one week or longer will be allowed a rebate of their Mount Lowe Railway fare to Echo Mountain and return and a 50c round trip rate to Los Angeles, and 40c to Pasadena daily if desired.
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CLARENCE A. WARNER
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A Pure Mountain Spring Crystal Water
Main Office Newberry's 216 S. Spring St.

In the Gay Life

IT WOULD be difficult to say just what harmonies combined to make the Ainsworth-Mullins wedding of last Wednesday, the beautiful, impressive and thrilling affair it was. There was something in the atmosphere that made it different from any home wedding that perhaps any of us ever attended. It is "something" to have one's nuptials solemnized in a church, with all the attending dignities in a long nave procession, the peal of the organ and all the sublimity derived from the sanctuary itself, but it is quite another matter to have one's marriage celebrated in the altar of one's own home, perhaps not so stately but quite as impressive and infinitely more touching to the heart. All of these attributes, inadequately told, served to make the wedding of Miss Mullins, with her friends pressed closely around her, with her home in its gracefully adorned arches made to resemble a sacred edifice, and with the earnestly spoken words of the officiating clergyman—a memory not only of a most important social event, which it was, but a most beautiful ceremony.

I have never seen a lovelier house decorations. Loads and loads of plants and flowers had been used. The large reception hall in which the marriage took place carried out a special or rather several special floral themes. Guests were ushered through bowers and grottoes, formed of lemon trees, palms and trailing smilax. The walls hung with old family paintings, given new and artistic frames of evergreens, and at regular distances, doorways, windows, etc., great quantities of long-stemmed chryanthemums sprang into clusters. The bridal arch, under which the ceremony was performed, was made of garlands of smilax, thickly studded with white carnations and festooned with broad bows and streamers of white satin ribbons. Red and green was the color scheme of the library and cupid's own pink was the rosy hue of the dining room.

The bridal party was a large one, consisting of Miss Mary Mullins, maid of honor, and Miss Ethel Mullins, Miss Jane Dorsey, Miss Belle Ainsworth of Portland, Miss Helen Klokke, and Miss Bishop, bridesmaids; Mr. J. C. McKee of Berkeley, Mr. J. B. Garber of San Francisco, Mr. W. R. Norris of Redondo, Mr. Joseph Easton and Mr. James Slauson, ushers.

The bride was rather simply yet handsomely attired in white silk and chiffon and entirely enveloped in a tulle veil, and the maids were gowned alike in filmy white organdie, all "looking lovely," as everybody said.

At the end of the ceremony Captain Mullins, who gave his daughter away, and who, you know, is accustomed to be first in all good things, attempted to steal the first kiss, but the groom came in ahead, and applause as loud as consistent with a well-bred gathering ran through the room. And then they supped, and altogether all that goes to make a brilliant wedding—music, flowers, cuisine and a great array of guests and presents—all were there.

The young couple went north and upon their return will reside at the Redondo Hotel until the completion of a home Mr. Ainsworth is building at the resort for the reception of his bride.

Simultaneously with this wedding was that of Miss Annie Wethern to Mr. Herman Kerckhoff, which occurred at the Roslyn Hotel. While this was not designed to be an ultra-fashionable affair, yet it could not avoid being a prominent social event, for the young people are well connected and have a great many friends in society.

Miss Wethern is a neice of Mrs. D. G. Stevens, and Mr. Stevens gave her away. A number of rooms on the parlor floor of the hotel had been thrown open for the affair and all of them elegantly yet most tastefully decorated. Pink and white cosmos and large daisies made an airy and beautiful showing. In the large parlor in which the ceremony took place, the ceiling was converted into one great canopy, with streamers of tulle, white dahlias and white cosmos, with the proper successions of green foliage, making a very chaste and striking setting for the bridal company. The young lady had departed from the conventional mode of attendants and was surrounded by a number of the relations of both families: Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Eshman, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibson, Mr. Antone Kerckhoff and Mr. Otto Weise. The bride was very handsome in the wedding gown worn by her aunt, a heavy white satin, with lace overdress, and she wore a rich jewel in the form of a diamond sunburst, presented by the groom.

On their return from their trip East, the young couple will swell the line of elegant residences on West Adams street, where Mr. Kerckhoff has built his own home.

Photo by Graham — Maustrd-Collier Eng

A GROUP OF OLD TIMERS

The members of the Society of Pioneers who enjoyed themselves with reminiscences and a banquet last Monday evening

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And now Los Angeles is to lose another of her most accomplished and talented girls, for the engagement of Miss Helen Fairchild to N. W. Myrick, of Spencer, Mass., will doubtless result in their returning to the bleak Atlantic coast. However, Miss Fairchild is a loyal Southern Californienne, and she may yet supplement with her charms our incomparable climate and successfully induce another resident in the person of her fiancee.

Mrs. Howard M. Sale gave a very charming luncheon at her home on South Hill street yesterday to introduce Mrs. Edward T. Off (nee Sargent of Chicago) to a number of young brides of society Covers were laid for twelve. It is quite a distinction to have Mrs. Sale take a newcomer in hand for she has the open sesame of all the best houses in town and her precedence gives the fortunate one under her wing a proper status in good society. Mrs. Off may thus quickly be said to have performed her debut in the Los Angeles social world and will through her individuality soon gain its popularity. She is a handsome blonde and has that chic that comes with Chicago's breezes and that stamps the nineteenth century girl of the West. The luncheon in her honor was but the initial entertainment of a series that are predicted to occur.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting her were: Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mrs. W. G. Barnwell, Mrs. E. W. Fleming, Mrs. Richard Bundrum, Mrs. L. D. Sale, Mrs. Charles Dick, Mrs Fred White, Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mrs. R. J. Waters, Jr., Mrs. Carl Kurtz and Mrs. Aubrey Davidson.

Miss Julia Off, a sister of Mr. Edward Off, delighted the company, later, in a number of brilliant selections on the piano. Miss Off has just recently returned from a six years' course of musical training taken in Stuttgart and Paris, and is considered by those who have heard her here to be a very fine and accomplished pianist and a perfect accompanist. Up to this time the young lady has reserved her talents for her friends and I understand she will follow this intention.

Mrs. Arthur Morlan and her mother, Mrs. Alfred Nichols, gave two large card parties on Thursday afternoon and evening, at Mrs. Morlan's residence on West Twenty-fourth street. About one hundred guests were in attendance at the affair and were handsomely entertained.

Another large card party of the week was that given by Mrs. J. R. Newberry in the parlors of the Westminster Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, and which brought out a good representation of swell society. Mrs. Newberry was assisted by Mrs. J. Ross Clarke and Mrs. O. T. Johnson.

The jolly combination of a large party at the Orpheum and a supper at Levy's was provided for a half score of friends, Monday evening, by Mrs. M. A. Briggs of Garland avenue. The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Plater, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Miss W. E. Dunn and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall.

A wedding of the 3rd instant which was quiet, but of none the less importance for that reason, was that of Miss Hortense Levy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Levy, to Mr. Lemuel Goldwater. The ceremony took place at the bride's home on Kip street and was performed by Dr. M. G. Solomon, according to the rites of the reformed church. The young couple stood under a huge floral bell, the bride looking most charming in a white silk tulle gown, over white taffeta. She was attended by Miss Therese Levy, also in white. Many congratulations and gifts were showered upon the newly-wed pair, both of whom number a large contingent of society among their friends.

It hails from a Chicago paper that Miss Felder has just been engaged to some "big gun" (pardon me) of that city. Miss Felder was not so long ago a guest, with another young lady from Chicago, of Miss Anna Fay, residing here, and for a period the two had just a swell time, so much so that, they say, a young man very much smitten with the present engaged one wears the mark in a broken heart. But they say (again) it was "broke" before. Speaking of young men reminds me that Mr. Don Fisher, the young Santa Fe agent of some kind, I have forgotten what, is going East for three whole weeks, and ever so many maidens are all forlorn. However can they manage so long a period without him!

Mr. Christopher, of Christopher & Sparks, is looking as happy as a poppy—one of the kind he has used on his new opening cards. He has catered for all the big weddings of the week and is just coining wealth the same color as the flower. He predicts a most prosperous season, from the start society has just made.

About the House

MAXIMILIAN DE LOUB declares that salad is the great American dish. He has discovered and put into a book five hundred different kinds of salads that are used in America. Most of them originated here, he says, while others have been more or less adapted and adopted from European nations. M. De Loub takes this as an indication that the American people are becoming highly civilized.

A Nation of Salad Eaters

"Delicacy in food," he says, "belongs to the higher civilization, and those who have conquered the salad question are in a position to be envied. They can always add to the plainest dinner a desirable dish, which will stimulate the fancy and give zest to the appetite of even the most fastidious."

Cheese salad is one of the dainty creations given in his book. Here is the recipe for it: Rub four tablespoonfuls of oil into the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, then add a teaspoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, one of made mustard, one of Tarragon vinegar and a tablespoonful of cider vinegar. A spoonful of mushroom, walnut or other catsup can be added if the flavor is desired.

The author of this book declares that some Americans still follow the questionable fashion of thinking that foreign nations are ahead of us in salad-making. France did lead in this art for a long time, but to-day she does not possess nor can she import from distant countries the variety of foods that may be had in America.

English salads, M. De Loub says, are still barbaric, while the German salads are too powerful for delicate American stomachs. He urges the eating of more green salads in the summer time and the changing of dishes according to the changing of seasons. "The American Salad Book" is the title under which his book appears. It is published by George R. Knapp, of New York.

Just now stuffed peppers, a semi-Spanish dish, seems to be a favorite entree at many table d'hotes, and the counters of nearly all the delicattessens have a pan of the savory novelties. Here is a fine receipe for their making: "Take twelve large peppers; wash and cut off the stem end, saving the ends to be replaced when the peppers are stuffed; remove the seeds carefully, saving the seeds of four; for the stuffing use one loaf of bread, removing the crust; cut in small dice-like pieces and moisten with cold water; mix with this three eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls butter, salt and pepper to taste; chop two onions fine, with a sprig of parsley and the seeds of the four peppers; the white meat of one cooked chicken chopped fine; pare and squeeze out seed of two medium-sized tomatoes; chop them fine; six ears of corn, cut from the cob; mix all the ingredients together thoroughly; then stuff the peppers and put in each pepper four olives; place the top of the peppers on again and tie with a piece of twine around the pepper; place peppers in a covered dish, which has been thoroughly greased and bake in the oven for one hour or until the peppers are well done."

Stuffed Bell Peppers

From the New York Journal the author of the following recipes received a prize of a handsome chafing dish, and a Los Angeles housewife says they were worth it:

Graham Gems

Brown Bread

Cream together one and one-half tablespoonfuls of unmelted butter and two heaping teaspoonfuls of light brown sugar; add one well-beaten egg and one cup of milk. Sift together one saltspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of white flour and three-fourths of a cup of graham flour; bake in gem pans in a quick oven.

For one large loaf or two small ones use two cupfuls of Indian meal, one of graham, one of flour, one of molasses, three of warm water, one tablespoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix the meals, flour and salt together; dissolve the soda in the water and add the molasses; pour this mixture on the dry ingredients, beat well, and after pouring into a buttered brown bread tin, steam for four hours.

SOME POLITICAL GOSSIP

THE Republicans of San Francisco continue to find it difficult to find a man who will take up the candidate's burden and run for mayor of that city. "Jimmy" Phelan, despite a few points that his opponents can bring against him, seems to have the swing so that possible candidates fear to jump in the ring and open their sack. I learn from a most reliable source that the Central Committee have not given up all hopes of securing Mr. Claus Spreckels as the man with the brains and the coin as well. But Sir Claus is coy and has not responded, though the matter is still under consideration. If he accepts Phelan will have the fight of his life, for Spreckels when he starts for any point has a way of getting there. He commenced his gas and electric light works simply because the gas company would not take measures to prevent the smoke from their works discoloring his big building, and the result is that San Francisco will have the best lighting and power plant in the entire West. The old company will surely be run out of business. Some weeks ago Mr. Spreckels made a contract for the terra cotta conduits for the wires of his plant, but the manufacturer thought he had the old man cinched and raised the price on him about twenty-five per cent. Spreckels figured about for a while, and found that even then he could not beat the man's figures anywhere in the country—but he would not give in. So he bought an old abandoned plant over near Oakland, ordered a lot of up-to-date machinery, and now he is making his own terra cotta at a low figure and invading the market as well of the man who tried to do him up on the price. He unquestionably could give Phelan a hard run—but will he consider the game worth the money?

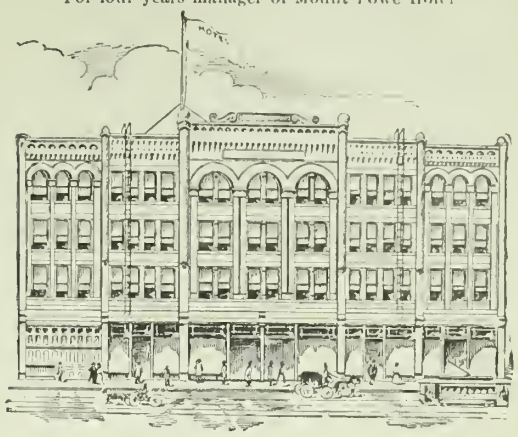
Claus Spreckels For Mayor

The fight for the postmastership continues unabated, though the wise guys think that it is virtually ended. It seems to be conceded, except by the other candidates, that Judge Groff, if he really wants the place, will get it hands down, though both Mot Flint and Percy Ross have not given up hope. Congressman Waters continues his wise policy of not saying anything, which adds to the belief that Groff is to be the lucky man. The Judge will make one of the best administrators the place has ever had, for he is a man of wide experience in positions requiring high qualities. He is possessed of a delightful culture and personal attractiveness, and is an all-around good fellow.

The Post Office Scramble

Hotel Palms Sixth & Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.

H. C. FRYMAN, Proprietor
For four years manager of Mount Lowe Hotel



AN elegantly furnished centrally located family hotel, with all modern improvements. The cuisine first class. Seventy-five newly furnished rooms; twenty-five suites with private baths. Steam radiator in every room. Spacious parlors and ball room . . . . . .
European rate, 75c. and up per day
American rate, $1.75 and up per day
Special Rates by Week or Month

111 West Third — 113 West Third

Levy's

Always in the Lead

HIS OYSTERS ARE FINE
HIS FISH IS FINE
HIS GAME IS FINE
HIS ESTABLISHMENT IS THE FINEST
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Popular Orpheum Orchestra

has been secured to play at the oyster parlors every evening from 11.00 to 12.30. Go and hear the music as soon as the theaters close.

Large dining rooms that can accommodate 80 people, smaller ones for smaller private parties. Private dining rooms for ladies. The great resort with the theater goer. The house never closes, open from sunrise to sunrise.

The Imperial Cafe 243 South Spring St. Tel. Main 101

High Class Family Resort
Entrance from both Broadway and Spring Streets

Interior View from Spring Street Entrance

Business Lunch from noon to 2.30; quick and efficient service. The best home brew and imported beer fresh from barrel. Fish and game grilled to order. Fine fresh oysters on call. Open house until 1 a. m. Special attention given to theater parties. Fine private dining rooms for ladies.

R. J. STAHMANN, Proprietor

N. B.—No roughs admitted.

The Palace Cor. FIRST and SPRING STS.

A Select Family Resort

Patronized by the business men of the city with their families. Elegantly fitted, cool in Summer and warm in Winter. The Berth Family Orchestra in attendance. Free concert every evening from 8 to 12 o'clock. Refined music. No Vandeville

Restaurant and Refreshments

Last car of the evening in every direction and for Pasadena passes the door.

Especially Adapted to After Theater Parties

The Palace Restaurant Company

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

THERE are so many short cuts in dressmaking, if one only knows them. For instance, in making a collar, or cuffs, or lapels, instead of basting the goods onto the canvas, dampen the canvas on one side, lay the goods on the canvas and press with a hot iron. They will adhere to each other, and thus save much unnecessary basting and taking out of bastings. One spends much valuable time in basting unnecessarily, simply because they think they must, but as a matter of fact the less one is obliged to baste the neater and less homemade the appearance of the garment when completed. The hot iron freely used is a great aid to the home dressmaker, and if you have never visited a tailoring establishment it wou d be interesting and beneficial to do so and watch the presser at work for a few moments. You will think at first he is going to beat the thing all to pieces, but he will impress upon you the extreme advantage of a good hot iron and plenty of elbow grease.

Learned From a Ladies' Tailor

Everyone who dabbles in dressmaking knows how tedious it is to shirr chiffon and libe ty silk by hand, and how utterly impossible it is to do anything with it on the machine, but if you take strips of paper one inch in width and run through the machine with the chiffon, only putting the paper under the shirrer, while the chiffon is between the shirrer, it will work to perfection.

It is about time now that one begins to think about what she is going to make for Christmas, and as there is less than three months in which to prepare the hundred and one things for our friends, shall keep my eye out for all the suitable novelties, and let my readers have the advantage of my observation through this column. I saw a pretty little thing in the way of a rose pillow the other day. It was made of sheer white organdie so the filling of rose leaves is visible. There is a narrow ruffle edged with valenciennes lace around the pillow, and large full-blown roses are cut out of organdie and appliqued on in a careless design over the top of the pillow. The whole affair is simple and easy to make, and makes a very dainty little gift. One often hears the remark, "Now, I want to make her something she can use and that will be durable," but for my part I would much rather some one would present me with something I would never think of making or buying for myself.

Christmas Work Is Coming

With the entree of the quaint, old-fashioned poke bonnet so much in vogue this coming winter, and the long, graceful redingotes and draperies, with their heavy silk lace fringes, comes visions of our dear old grandmothers and their grandmothers of by-gone days. Probably there has not been such a complete revolutions in the styles for twenty-five years as at present.

There is something so decidedly picturesque about the present fashions and styles that it makes one almost wish it would last forever. I wonder now if the tight cling skirts, which are only equalled by the cling draperies, will not eventually give place to full beruffled skirts and hoops. Wouldn't it be jolly? The majority of women have not been satisfied with the skin-tight skirt in vogue, and as a majority are frequently right, or at any rate have a preponderating influence, the fashions of the past summer are about to be somewhat changed. To-day we can only say that fashion appears to have sensibly changed the tight-fitting dresses that have been worn, in the direction of lines more draped, and, be it confessed, more graceful.

THE CROWN OF THE VALLEY

DEAREST BETTY—We Pasadena girls are most of us at home again, ready for the winter's campaign. We are older and some of us wiser and sadder for our summer's experience. So far I have heard of no engagements resulting from the varied summer outings nor prolonged eastern trips. You may say what you like about Pasadena I am coming to the conclusion that it is the girls who stay at home after all who get engaged.

The latest announced engagement is that of John Bragdon and Miss Sarah Coleman, over which every one professes great delight. Miss Coleman is one of Pasadena's prettiest girls—a mere debutante—and Mr Bragdon is the son of Prof. C. C. Bragdon of Lassell college, at Auburndale, Mass., who has recently come to Pasadena to make it his home. The marriage is to take place in June.

I suppose that you have heard that the engagement of Miss Anna Hubbard and A. M. Lindsay of Rochester, N. Y., finally, formally announced. Of course it has been an open secret here for a year or more, but only made public just before Miss Hubbard's departure for Europe in August, and the wedding will come off when she returns next fall.

There are to be so many weddings next year, and so many of the girls are planning to go to abroad in the spring, we are determined to have a gay season this winter. I hear that the Misses Markham are contemplating spending next year in Washington, D. C., and Miss Elizabeth Hubbard is among others who have already engaged passage for Europe in May.

It is confidently expected that Pasadena will be given over to golf this winter, and the Hotel Green links and those at the Country Club are already being put in order for the season. A beautiful club house is being built at the former links, where luncheons will be served. An instructor has been engaged and there will be a series of golf tournaments inaugurated.

As yet there is nothing going on socially, so we girls are devoting ourselves to slumming. Of course one cannot really slum in Pasadena, but some of the girls are meeting each week to make clothes for orphans and incidentally plan teas and winter gowns. One of the girls is getting real energetic over orphans and reforms, and not finding the Pasadena field wide enough, plunged into the Five Points quarter of Los Angeles, where she distinguished herself by giving a Mission class of ragamuffins a lecture on morals and manners.

The girls tell a pretty good story on Nell. Her thoughts took a sanitary turn one day and she said, impressively, to her class of unwashed Mexicans and such:

"Now, children tell me what is the first thing you should do every morning when you get up—the very first thing?"

An awful pause. Presently a little colored boy, who had evidently been to Mission school before, piped up, "Say y'er prayers."

"No;" said Nell, severely, "there is something you should do before you even say your prayers."

Wide eyed astonishment on the part of the listeners.

"The first thing you should do," said Nell, impresively, "is to turn back your beds to air."

Dead silence in the class, and a red-headed Y. M. C. A. man, who was teaching in the next seat and evidently listening to Nell's words of wisdom, leaned over and stammered, frightened half to death:

"Beg pardin' Miss—but you see the kids aint got no beds. They sleeps mostly on the floors, and" (apologetically) "when they has beds there's six or seven a sleeping in 'em maybe, so—you see, miss—they can't exactly turn 'em back without—without exposing the whole family, miss."

Nell has given up Los Angeles mission work. PHYLLIS.

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ANECDOTES OF C. P. HUNTINGTON AND W. H. SEWARD

AMONG the largest subscribers—the largest, I believe, giving $2000—to a home for Admiral Dewey was C. P. Huntington, whose subscriptions during the past 20 years have been numerous and substantial and generally quiet and unobstrusive. And, although he would uot permit the Athletic Club of San Francisco to bulldoze him into a few-hundred-dollar present not many moons ago he had given a good sum to Golden Gate Park for purposes of embellishment and often permits his right haud to do something of which his left hand is not duly informed of.

I was a very close friend many years of George Jones, owner of the New York Times, and in 1886 was his guest several Sundays or other days at dinner either at his house or at the Union League Club. And it was at the latter place one evening that Mr. Jones related to me how he got together the quarter of a million dollars or thereabouts of the Grant fund and which story has never been published, nor names of subscribers and amounts given. And I have forgotten most of the names and their amounts, except that Mr. Jones said: "Your Californians were generous givers, especially Sharou, Mackey and Huutington, all of whom said, 'Come again if necessary.' "

I was reading a few days ago of how some of the old New York business men lunch and what they eat;—and I am reminded that I turned up in Mr. Huntington's office one foreuoon in November, 1880, while on an Eastern advertising tour for the Hotel Del Monte, and about noon the distinguished railroad finaucier came to me, and drawing from his pocket what looked to be some sandwiches or cake done up in a damask napkin, said: "Here is my lunch. I have so much to do, you see, I cannot spend much time eating in the middle of the day. But I have requested your old friend Colburn to take you around on Broadway and see that you have something more to your liking and time." Since his occupancy of a floor in the Mills building, which has a fine restaurant near the roof, Mr. Huntington has abandoned his pocket lunch and indulges in a cup of tea and a moderate viand on the top floor.

I am going to tell a story of C. P. Huntington and Mrs. Huntington that has never been in type or probably told by any one before, unless by some officer of the stricken steamer. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, accompanied by Miss Clara Huntington, were on their way to Europe by the Germanic, in May, 1887. It was the year of the Queen's Jubilee; and, as Mr. Huntington had never been in Europe, and he had some pressing business in London, he had concluded that it was a good time to go. When about two days out from New York the Germanic and Britanuic crashed together in a fog, and both vessels were badly stove in and a number of men were killed on the Germanic and the steamer listed. The boats were lowered at once, in good order, and the removal of the women and children was proceeded with and soon nearly accomplished, when an officer called upon Mrs. Huntington, the last woman on board the Germanic, to get into a small boat. But the uoble wife quietly replied:

"Never, until I go with my husband, and he says he will not leave until every other passenger has been removed!"

In the meantime the Britannic had been patched up, and the Germanic so plugged that she could be towed back to New York, at which place both vessels arrived without other accident in about three days.

In a couple of weeks the same party started again on the Aurania. Mr. Huntington and family occupied the Captain's rooms on the upper deck, and we played whist every day except Sunday and arrived at Liverpool in eight days without hardly encountering fog, wind or wave.

One of the truly great men of the United States was William H. Seward, and although little of stature he was tremendous of mind and brain and matchless in deeds of diplomacy and statesmanship. He was a Republican when it cost something to be one, and he stuck to the reconstruction policy of Andrew Johnson—which at last was the successful policy of Grant and Hayes—when it was party treason and political ruin to do so. He had been Governor of and Senator from New York and he was Secretary of State under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson; and he gave the country Alaska in 1867, the crowning work of his triumphant life.

I had no particular acquantance with Mr. Seward until after Johnson became President, but was a good deal with him during the episode known thirty odd years ago as "Andy Johnson's swing around the circle." And I got to know that Mr. Seward's favorite tod was fine brandy made cold as ice. So, when he came to this country in 1869 I came down from San Francisco with a bottle of brandy fifty years old given me by a Frenchman named Pioche. I had kept in touch with Chico Forster, Miguel Predroreno and Guadaloupe Estudillo, and knew when Mr. Seward and his party would leave Santa Margarita, and one fine morning a lot of us in carriages and in saddle including E. E. Hewitt, Tommie Rowan, Henry Hazard, Pancho Coronel, Romualdo Pico, and a score more, went out to Los Nietos, with a case of champagne, some good whiskey and my bottle of brandy all cuddled up in a lot of cracked ice given me by Billy Buffum.

And everything worked to a charm. We met the party at the given hour, and the refreshments were unostentatiously trotted out. And so soon as I could get Mr. Seward aside, properly, I told him in glowing terms what I had done, and pointed at the precious object lying artistocratically on its side in the shimmering ice. But he nearly took my senses away as he drew on a long face and said:

"My God, Truman, but I've sworn off!"

The late Senator Givin used to tell or at least once told the following anecdote of Mr. Seward: "He said to me one day: 'Gwin, I want you to invite me to dinner at your house with most of your leading Southern Senators.' I said: 'Seward, I am afraid they won't come.' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'they will if you invite them. When we get at your table I will manage them.' He was a wonderfully cheerful little fellow, and it was of that class of invitations that I could hardly shake off. I went to Butler, of South Carolina, and said: 'I want you to come to my house to dinner, and Seward is going to be there, too.' Butler was very hostile to Seward, and thought he could hardly be a human being. Said I: 'Come along; you are not all afraid of that little fellow. He is coming by himself.' They came, and it was wonderful to see how that little fellow Seward managed that table. I never saw his equal at a dinner table. He could tell tales that would make everybody howl with laughter, and a good many of them were about himself. He would reflect on himself in such a way that in a short time he had control of the whole crowd. In point of fact, Seward was a wonderful man, both as a table companion and as a Senator. He and I remained friendly until the great emeute.'

THE GRAPHIC'S GUIDE

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in aad for the County of Los Angeles.

JohannahQuinlan,Plaintiff,vs.Joseph Quinlau, Defendant. Aetiou brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the Connty of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said Connty of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in au action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service ou you of this summons. if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and niuety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton.
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulation the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Amusements

MANAGER Bronson of the Orpheum must have had eyes in his finger tips when he drew from the vaudeville grab-bag the attractions for the week just ending. With hardly an exception the bill is an unusually strong one, and to maintain the high standard will be no easy matter in view of the fact that it is many a long day since the Orpheum has offered so much that is pleasant and so little that is tiresome.

The Hungarian Boys' Military Band easily leads in intrinsic excellence and deserves in full measure the popularity it enjoys. A band composed of men with years of training behind them might well be proud of the performance of this organization of boys, some of them hardly ten years old. The fact that the boys are all German and all Germans are musicians is partly responsible for the excellence of the band, but in addition the masterly training of Schilzonyi Niklos, the director, is very much in evidence and he is to be congratulated upon the results of his work.

In second place on the bill in point of merit there is very nearly a tie between the Bachelor Club Quartet and Charley Case, a black-face monologist, both of them holdovers from last week. Their performances are replete with novelty and there is a pleasing departure from the stereotyped features of their particular lines.

The other new acts are Frederick Hallen and Mollie Fuller in "His Wife's Hero," and the Bright Brothers, sensational acrobats. The work of the former team is passable but as it is neither above nor below the average of such acts there is nothing in it to call for either censure or praise. The Bright Brothers' performance is pleasing, less on account of any novelty than because of the ease and grace that enters into all their feats of strength and agility.

WOE is me! It becomes necessary, in my weekly honest expression of opinion, to agree with the Record's critic on the main points in the production of "The Dancing Girl." It was a fine presentation of an indifferent play; Mary Hampton is all that was claimed for her; and Mary Van Buren loses nothing in the light of the new star. In this latter opinion I am supported by the best dramatic critics in the world, from the box office point of view—the women in the audience. When women say an actress is the sweetest thing they ever saw, and give way to other equally inane but sincere remarks, it is incontrovertible evidence that the woman of stageland has reached the heart of her audiences. When a woman can make women love her, she has long since gained the admiration of all men.

But to the play. It is a jumble of ideas, hung together at times by most insecure threads. There are unwholesome extremes, from the unreligious religion of David Ives to the undaughterly daughter of the old Quaker. Then there is the insane idea of John Christinson's, that he is going to build a $250,000 breakwater with his own hands, though it develops that he is not supposed to be "locoed," except so far as his love for Drusilla Ives makes him foolish.

CAPT. HARRINGTON REYNOLDS—Leading Man Frawley Company

However, there are enough melo-dramatic situations to make the play go—though, in fact, the Frawley Company is just now in a position where it could put on any old thing and fill the house.

It is lucky for the show that Pearl Landers has little to do in her quaker maiden role but look demure and lonesome, for with a little latitude her tendency to kick and squeal would be sure to assert itself.

THE cowardice of nearly all theater-goers is an interesting character study. Take any affecting scene in a drama, when everyone is gulping lumps or stretching their eyes, and let the least circumstance present itself, such as a sniffle from some extra sensitive person, and the whole audience gives a brief titter to show that they are too blase to be touched by the art of actors. It is a peculiar trait of modern civilization, that people are ashamed to expose their honest feelings.

Morosco's Burbank Theater.—And now the Frawleys are to give us a comedy, and a comedy from the pen of that brightest of American dramatists, Clyde Fitch. It is called "The Head of the Family" and is generally known as the companion play of "The Senator." It was written for W. H. Crane and was used by him for two seasons. Mr. Frawley, who has been so successful with "The Senator" had no difficulty in securing the Pacific coast rights of the new piece from his old friend and manager, Crane.

The story of "The Head of the Family" is not a very complicated one. It revolves about the household of one Professor Holden of New York, and it is very domestic from start to finish. The professor has three daughters, one of whom is married when the play opens. Another, Amy, is sought after by a man named Douglas Winfield, who is one-half a male flirt and the other half scoundrel. Amy is touched by his attentions but when she learns in an interview with him that his intentions are not honorable her love for him turns to hate and she dismisses him. She has another suitor, Horace Drake, a bosom friend of her father's and a man twenty years her senior. Smarting under the insult Winfield has given her Amy in a moment of pique accepts Drake. Their marriage proves a happy one and Drake through his attentions and kindness finally wins his wife's sincere love. Winfield again darkens Amy's life. He meets her at some social functions and knowing that she is both a wife and mother makes love to her again. She repulses him again, but he persists and sends her on her birthday a box of violets and an insulting letter. She returns them to him at his club, where her handwriting is accidentally seen by her brother-in-law, who informs Drake of his suspicions that all is not as it should be between Winfield and Amy. Drake then learns for the first time that Winfield and Amy were intimate friends once and that it was rumored she had married him in pique after some quarrel with Winfield. He surprises his wife and Winfield together, the latter is making desperate love to his wife, and before she has any opportunity to rebraid for his insulting language and turn him from the house in the way she had planned, her husband aroused by insane jealousy breaks in on the scene and orders both Winfield and his wife from his house. Divorce proceedings are about to be begun and a big scandal in high life about to be made public. The innocence of the wife is, of course, finally proved, and all ends happily.

Los Angeles Theater—"A Yenuine Yentleman" is the title of Mr. Ben Hendricks' new play which has achieved emphatic success and which is to be given upon a very complete and elaborate scale by arrangement with Mr. Jacob Litt, at the Los Angeles theater, October 9, 10 and 11, and bargain matinee Wednesday. Mr. Hendricks is a clever comedian of original methods and exceptional ability. Of the many characters introduced on the stage with the past generation none has been received with greater favor or gives promise of more enduring life than the Americanized Swede as portrayed with such nice discrimination by Mr. Hendricks. The play tells the story of an ambitious young Swede—a graduate of the famous Upsala University—who has left his native land to make his fortune in America. He is introduced to the audience on board an ocean steamer en route to America together with other characters that

Orpheum

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Frederick Hallen (formerly Hallen and Hart) and **Mollie Fuller**, in the One-Act Comedy "A Desparate Pair."
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figure conspicuously in the drama later on. Among the characters are an ex-minister to Sweden returning to this country to engage in business; a German baron who talks with a decided accent and who is something of a villain of the gentlemanly stamp; the executive officer of a German ocean liner, who, in the issuance of orders uses the English and German languages with humorous impartiality; a sweet, ingenuous American girl, the daughter of the ex-minister, who falls in love with the manly young Swede and infuses into the play a breezy air of good, healthy Americanism; a rough but good-natured Irish woman cast in a heroic mould who hides beneath a rough exterior a heart as soft and tender as a baby's, and several others of more or less importance to the plot The scenery is elaborate and picturesque and the company is the strongest that Mr. Hendricks has ever had.

Orpheum.—With the Hungarian Boys' Band, which has played to a succession of packed houses during the week, and seven other vaudeville acts, most of them entirely new, the Orpheum will next week be able to give just such a vaudeville entertainment for fifty cents as New Yorkers pay $1.50 to witness. A bigger nor a better bill was probably never put up in any vaudeville house. The band alone cost the management $1,200 a week, which is equal to the entire salary roll of a first-class stock company. With seven other vaudeville features of the highest class, the scope and costliness of the Orpheum's entertainment is evidently very much out of the common. That the playgoers appreciate the unusual spread is evidenced by the houses that are jammed to the roof nightly.

Besides the Hungarian Boys' Military Band, next week there will be on the bill: Jennie Seamens of the famous Seamens family, sister of Lidia, and herself one of the cleverest comediennes in the land; Stimson and Merton, entertainers of reputation and singers as well; Terry and Lambert, singing comediennes; Lola Cotton, a mind-reading child, whose performances have mystified the East; the Biograph, with views of Dewey, the Shamrock, and other famous people and objects of interest; Hallen and Fuller, in a new sketch, "A Desperate Pair": Bright Brothers, the acrobats.

The band will of course give an entire change of selections.

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H. J. Christopher, the popular and successful caterer, has just returned from a three weeks' outing at San Francisco and Bartlett Springs. He says he has had an excellent time and that there is no place in California one can pass such a pleasant vacation as at Bartlett Springs. However he likes Los Angeles, as Los Angeles likes him, which is a whole lot, and is always glad to get back, even if he has been away but a short time.

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That successful and excellently conducted institution, the Eton School for Boys, opened on its fifth year, September 18, 1899, with a greatly increased attendance.

The principal, Mr. Horace A. Brown, LL.B., will this year be assisted by Lieut. B. W. Beswick, U. S. N., a competent and thorough educator.

The school is a model of its kind, and the appreciation of its graduates and the high rank attained by them are the best evidences of its completeness.

Ring up Main 1053 and order the GRAPHIC, 25 cents a month.

Publishers' Column

Which will always Interest You and Probably Pay You to Read Carefully

Most people take a peculiar pride in their timepieces, and never feel quite so uncomfortable as when a strange watch-doctor is undertaking repairs on their constant companion. It is gratifying to recommend a responsible, old-time jeweler, whose advertisement is on the second page.

Little Clarence—"Father, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" Father—"Merely a matter of sex, my son."—Tit-Bits.

It is wonderful what a few dollars will do in table dressing as compared with a few years ago. A set of china with the stamp of Haviland was then for the woman of affluence only, but a visit to Parmelee-Dohrmann Co. will open the eyes of many who still consider nice things beyond their finances.

Some one once sent to Eugene Field a poem entitled, "Why Do I Live?" Field sent back the reply: "Because you send your verses by mail."—Ex.

The man who advertises only in one paper, other things being equal, only partially succeeds, but more often fails.—Expert Advertising.

One of the most brilliant successes in the Los Angeles business world is that of the Coulter Dry Gods company. It is interesting to know that the move into the present fine quarters was opposed by the venerable head of the house, Rev. B. F. Coulter; but in the wisdom of his experience and with confidence in his progeny, he said: "It seems a pretty big project to me, but Frank is a big fellow, so I will stand aside." And now his pride in the big store is overshadowed when he waves his hand and says, "It's all Frank's doings."

Mamma—"I'm surprised at you, Johnny!" Johnny (thoughtfully)—"I wonder if you'll ever get used to me, mamma? You're always surprised at me."—Puck.

Compare your business with that of the best advertiser of your acquaintance, and see if you can figure out who is getting the best results.—Ad Sense.

F. W. Braun & Co. have just issued 10,000 neat 12-page booklets advertising a cupel machine. The information will interest the general public in showing the extent of mining, assaying and kindred enterprises of the southwest that would warrant such extensive publicity. It is also an indication of the immensity of the wholesale drug house.

Fire alarm cards of a size convenient for vest pocket or purse can be had for the asking at Geo. Rice & Sons, 311-313 New High street.

Teacher—"Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'" Patsy—"Yes'm." Teacher—"Why?" Patsy—"'Cause you can't."—Tit-Bits.

"I used to be in business in this city and advertised in most everything that came along, made money and got along all right. In the course of time the tables turned and to make a long story short I was finally compelled to sell out and quit business. As I look at it today I firmly believe that my failure—I did not fail but was losing a little all the time the past few years and stopped it by selling out—my failure as I was saying I now account to adopting the advice of a slick young man who convinced me that my advertising should be done on scientific lines and he was the man to do it for me. Any way I went into it and spent money freely in advertising, mostly in one daily. I had to sell goods to fit the ads and that meant to advertise special bargains, goods at less than cost. Set a bait for customers and once they bit at the bargains the idea was to sell them other things and make it pay. Any way the scheme did not work and I had to go out of business and that's how it all came about."—Ex-Merchant

Continued from page 7

There was a large attendance at the rehearsal of "Creation" last Monday evening at Congregational Church. No new singers will be admitted after next Monday's rehearsal, and the following week the chorus and orchestra will rehearse together. J. T. Fitzgerald is to have the business management of this performance of the society, November 17th.

Miss Gerta Hatch, a well-known society girl and a pupil of Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, has developed a phenomenally high soprano voice, singing high G sharp above high C. Miss Hatch is of fine stage presence, and her instructor predicts great success for her in light opera. Los Angeles has reason to be proud of the remarkable talent developed here, and the profession will welcome Miss Hatch to their ranks.

A union Sunday school concert is on the tapis, Prof. A. Miller having the work in charge. He hopes to have 1,000 voices in chorus work, and will attempt such work as the attendance will justify.

Owen Foster has all but completed the cast for his new opera, "La Fiesta," and will begin stage rehearsals in about two weeks. A chorus of about forty voices have been at work for some time, and Mr. Foster thinks he has something well worth hearing. A feature will be the carrying of a tenor part by a well-known contralto of this city.

Miss Vyne Bowers, daughter of Congressman Bowers, arrived here yesterday from San Diego, to continue her training under Prof. Morrison.

F. W. Blanchard is back from his hunting trip, and reports great success with his rifle, the gallant bucks having strained the ridgepole of his shack with their great weight and numbers.

The Krauss String Quartet announces a series of six chamber concerts to be given in Blanchard Hall, the first on November 9th. The quartet is composed of the following well-known artists: Arnold Krauss, first violin; A. J. Stamm, second violin; Russell Ballard, 'cello; Mr. Wistmer, viola. At the first concert the quartet will be assisted by Freda Koss, contralto.

Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, Miss June Reed and Mrs. J. K. Toles will give a recital in Blanchard Hall the latter part of this month.

The Ruskin art club held its first meeting of this Fall season in its handsome quarters in the Blanchard building. The attendance was large and many new members were admitted. The club is aiding materially in the advancement of art in Southern California.

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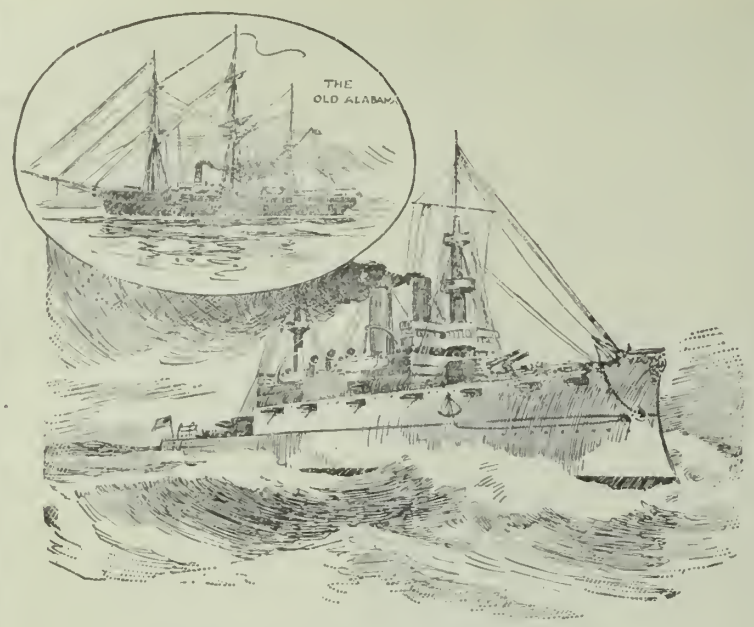

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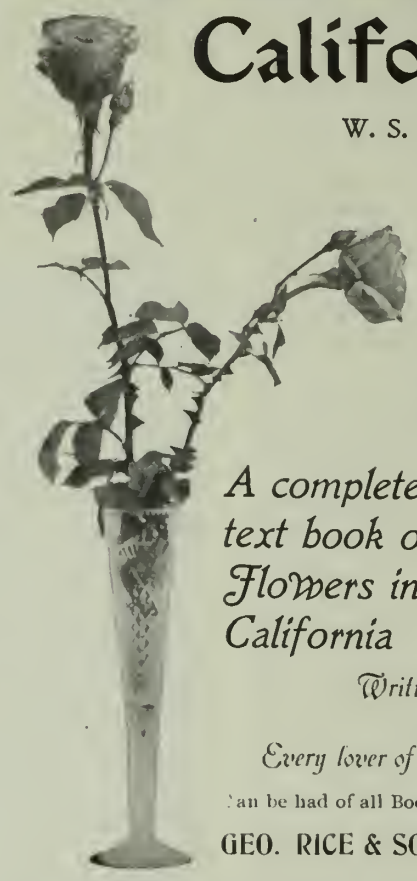

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Volume VII.
Number 16.

Los Angeles, Saturday, October 14, 1899.

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OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA

THE BRAVE ADMIRAL WHO LOST AT MANILA.

"Nothing succeeds like success." While America is glorifying Admiral George Dewey for his victory at Manila the brave Spanish commander, Vice Admiral Montojo, who led a forlorn hope with almost sublime courage that day, is degraded by a Spanish court martial. He has been placed on the reserve list and deprived of the right of pro

motion. This because he couldn't whip "Our George" and his splendid floating fighter with a fleet in which there was little that was fit for modern sea warfare. It is though however, that Rear Admiral Montojo's friends will find means of setting aside the harsh sentence of the court martial.

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

JohannahQuinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty days, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton,
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

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BEN. C. TRUMAN - - - EDITOR
IRWIN H. RICE - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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THE results of the arbitration between Great Britain and Venezuela has in a great measure strengthened the cause of arbitration.

Recognition of the Monroe Doctrine

The verdict is a compromise one, but the advantages are in the main in favor of Venezuela, for the possession of the mouth of the Orinoco river and the gold fields are of more importance to her than the larger area of territory awarded to Great Britain; and besides the South American republic has a border line practically guaranteed by the United States which will prevent its being brought into dispute by any other nation.

This arbitration is an acknowledgment by Great Britain that the Monroe doctrine shall prevail in matters pertaining to both Americas, and is an object lesson to the South American republics showing them that their only hope of escaping European aggression is in its enforcement. Had not the United States interposed Venezuela would not only have lost much territory, but the door would have been left open for future encroachments upon her sovereignty.

If this important step toward American unity is followed by the creation of a Pan-American Congress for the settlement of disputes between American nations the dream of European rulers of acquiring more territory on this continent will soon come to an end.

The Graphic's Candidate Arrives

General Frederick Funston has arrived at San Francisco from Manila. On his arrival he was interviewed by a newspaper reporter on the subject of the movement to nominate him for Vice-President, to which he modestly replied that he was not a candidate for the office. When the General gets back to Kansas and finds out how much the people of that State, and for that matter of the whole nation, think of him, he will probably conclude that perhaps the Vice-Presidency would be a pretty good berth for him while he is resting and waiting for something exciting to turn up. At any rate his friends will keep the ball moving.

General Funston, however, took occasion to repudiate the report that he had said he was opposed to expansion. He declared, on the contrary, that he was an ardent expansionist and in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the war until the rebels laid down their arms. No one believed the report that he was an "auntie," but the emphatic language he used upon the subject shows that he can talk as vigorously as he fights.

Significance of Dewey's Victory

Some people underestimate the importance and significance of Dewey's victory in Manila bay. They minimize the bravery and the work done by his fleet by saying that the Spanish had no warships equal to the American vesses, and that altogether it was not such a great undertaking after all. But when we look at the task that lay before Dewey when he left Hong Kong, in the light of the information he then had of the Spanish fleet and the strength of the defenses on Corrigedor island, every one must admire the bravery and daring of the American commander. He went to Manila under orders to find and destroy the Spanish fleet. He knew that the enemy, man for man and gun for gun, was superior to his fleet, with a safeh arbor of retreat protected by batteries and shore defenses, and the history of the Spanish navy gave him no reason to despise their fighting qualities. On the other hand he was seven thousand miles from his base or refuge in case of disaster; his fleet was composed of new and untried war machines hat might be rendered useless by a random shot,so that his only hope was by a quick dash to achieve victory before the enemy was aware of his presence. Under these circumstances, knowing that upon him depended the safety not only of his fleet but also of our coast cities and shipping, he silently sailed in Manila bay and before the morning sun had reached the zenith had destroyed the Spanish naval power in the Pacific, and made comparatively easy the victories at El Caney and Sanitago.

But when the Spaniards were conquered his most difficult and important task began. His previous training as an officer equipped him as a fighter; but the result of his victory threw upon his shoulders duties which called for the acumen of a trained diplomat, and it was in his tactful conduct of our affairs while waiting for re-inforcements that Dewey performed his greatest service to his country. He warded off what was the most imminent danger to our authority in the Orient—the desire of the German emperor to force us out of the Philippines by covert aid to the Spaniards.

The seasons for this are well known. For many years Emperor William has been trying to increase his power and influence in the East. It has been known that he has been endeavoring to shape European politics so as to give him a pretext for the absorption of Holland with a purpose and make it a part of the German Empire. The object of this was to gain control of the colonial possessions of the Dutch throughout the world, but especially in Java and other portions of the Pacific. With the advent of the United States in the Philippines Germany saw these visions of supremacy wane on account of the unity of interest existing between this country, Great Britain and Japan in the trade of the Orient. She saw that under these new conditions the contemplated partition of China could not be brought about. To checkmate this was the underlying cause of the irritating action of the German admiral after the capture of Manila, and it was only by the firmness and levelheadedness of Dewey that he failed to find a pretext for helping the Spaniards retain the islands and thereby exclude us from the East. England's willingness to take the part of the United States in the matter made this comparatively easy, but with a weak or indiscreet man in command of our fleet the result would have been altogether different and the war much prolonged. In its results his service was as important in establishing our power in the East as was that of the British fleet, by the capture of Copenhagen, in checking Napoleon's contemplated extension of his power on the Baltic. It marked a new era in the world's treatment of the eastern question.

This is shown in the changed attitude of all continental powers toward us, and the alacrity with which Emperor William disclaimed hostile intention in the action of his admiral in Manila bay. Diplomacy is the only recourse left, and in all the moves on the chessboard of the Orient the kings and queens of the old world will have to count the skill of the new player from America.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

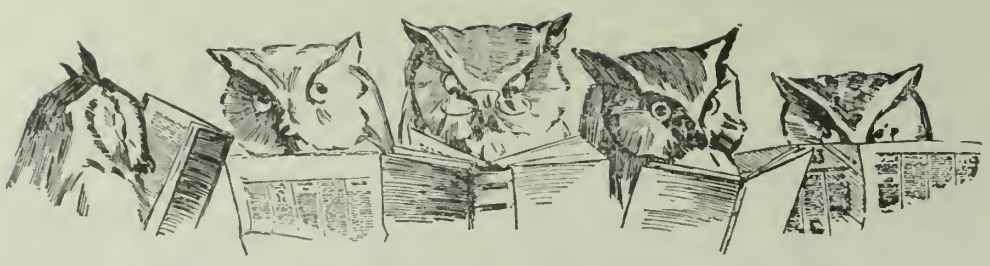
THE gamblers, saloon keepers and toughs of Oxnard, who constitute the opposition to the incorporation of the new town, should come to Los Angeles, for here the municipal laws of a restrictive nature have a fine brand of rubber in their construction for the benefit of whosoever has passes to give out.

The feelings of a young man about to be married are nothing compared to those of the average Angeleno contemplating the probable amount of moisture in the clouds that have been lowering overhead the past week.

Los Angeles is fast gaining a reputation as the Mecca for conventions and as an interesting point in the itinerary of convention bodies from other cities. The miner's convention this week drew to our city a class of men who are the bone and sinew of growing countries. They are the men who enter undeveloped fields and with their money and energy blazon the path for thousands. The pioneer of old, with his axe and his gun has given way to the man with gold and confidence in his judgment.

Any action on the part of Los Angeles business men's organizations tending to discredit the work of the National Irrigation Association would be a deplorable step backward from the position thus far gained by the hard work of the national organization. The attempt of parties interested with the bondholders of the demised irrigation districts to inaugurate a movement opposed to the principles of the National Association should receive short shrift at the hands of all Southern Californians.

At this point in the writer's labors (one o'clock Wednesday) the pattering rain outside is the cause of a degree of joy among the members of the staff that threatens to destroy everyone's reputation for dignity. The unalloyed happiness that pervades the sanctum suggests the thought, in view of the fad of festivals in Eastern cities, that now would be a fitting time for a hearty jubilee by the people of Los Angeles. We might call it "Jupiter Pluvius' Triennial Jubilee." There could be some novel and interesting features introduced in the parade, such as the Jonathan Club in bathing suits and a brigade of handcuffed umbrella swipers. Then all the saloons could be induced to sell nothing but water during the fiesta, and no doubt the city electrical department could join with the water company in producing some beautiful displays with fountains from the fire plugs.



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

MEN that go down into the earth for oil usually count upon losing the volatile volume to which a vent is afforded by the perforation made by the drill. It is looked upon as an incident of the business, and there is neither heed of its going hence nor reckoning of its value if conserved in gasometers. But the wasted gas that is regretted by the oil men, of whom Police Commissioner Parker is a conspicuous example, is that which for a fortnight filled the City Hall, assailed the Council and nearly asphyxiated the Fire and Water Committee, upon which ancillary body devolved the duty of practically deciding whether or no the men of the derricks were to be given any further concessions in the park district on the hills. The gas was used to convince the councilmen that they should withdraw the deadline which had been established for the protection of Sunset Park, to keep the derricks beyond hailing distance of the little municipal reservation and away from the "Bivouac." The alternative would be the risk of seeing a tally-ho and four driven bang through the ordinance. Just at a critical time, when the Council was about ready to give to Mr. Parker what he wanted, lo, a discovery was made that the local legislators need not trouble themselves further about the matter, because the Police Commissioner's derricks were not really inside the prohibited district after all. A mistake had been made in the map, and a rectification of a draughtsman's blunder placed the derricks safely outside the protected district. Had that been all the oil men wanted they would have been satisfied. There is other oil-bearing land near to the brea bank called Sunset Park, and Wesley Clark, E. P. Bryan, Judge S. C. Hubbell and some others have nearby lots that they are anxious to spoil with oil wells.

The Gas Was Wasted

Pending a final settlement of the controversy over the abridgement of the Knob Hill protected area, which now includes so much territory coveted by the oil well drillers, the people that are trying so hard to save Sunset Park seemingly have been oblivious to the importance of diverting from the object of their solicitude the personal observation of disinterested citizens. The ideality suggested by the name is not supported by the reality. To enlist the aesthetic sympathies of those citizens that live at some distance from the scene there should be disseminated an idea of what the "park" might be, to the total suppression of what it really is —an asphaltum-soaked, dreary dumping ground, that was given to the city because the owner considered it worthless. There are two sides to the oil question and some people seem to be on both sides. About the only thing that can be said in favor of the oil interests is that they are producing wealth from natural sources, and the resultant gains are divided among a great many persons who, but for the industry, might go hungry. The dwellers in fine houses naturally are averse to the too close proximity of the derricks, with drills, pumps and tanks. If among the people that now are so fearful of invasion there are some that looked with equanimity upon the insidious encroachment of derricks into other respectable sections, and even encouraged the great industry while it kept at safe distance from their own property, nothing strange should be thought of it. Both sides in this present controversy freely admit that the other side is actuated purely by selfish motives.

Sell the Name or Make a Park

A subject that is just now occupying some attention of the educational department of the city is whether boys should be admitted to the privileges of the new branch and learn to cook and bake. The importance of such accomplishments for boys that hope some day to seek political office can best be estimated after it shall be definitely known whether John Koster will be the next postmaster.

Should Boys Cook and Bake?

Great indeed is the "special privilege." Do you want something in particular that is not accorded to all persons? Apply to the City Council and, under the rule of "special privilege," you may get what you seek. Of course, you must know how. That holds good in most matters of consequence in this world, and, though you may not be able to fall into a "special privilege," you may find it necessary to "tumble." The race track people wanted to run two saloons at Agricultural Park during the ten days of the fall meet. The race track saloon lost its license at the hands of the County Board of Supervisors before the fair ground was taken into the city by annexation. That did not worry the race track people, for there is now no use of bars on the grounds except during the races. The City Council has an ordinance, supposed to be iron-bound, limiting to an even 200 the number of saloons in the city The limit is full—as usual. Would the Council please reverse itself for the gentlemen of the Agricultural Association and grant the request for two saloons for ten days? The Council really could not grant a license, but there was nothing to prevent giving a "special privilege." So the "special privilege" was given. A horse race would be a pretty dry affair without the saloons. There is on the books an ordinance against the selling of pools on horse races. Last year, when the race track was out in the country, the pool sellers had everything their own way. Now that the track is in the city the ordinance looms up like an iceberg in a fog. With that ordinance in effect Chief Glass is bound to raid every pool stand at Agricultural Park. For horse racing nowadays pool sellers are even more essential than are horses. If the bookies may not ply their trade, why, then there can be no races. Does it not seem too bad that pool selling is gambling, and that gambling is illegal under the ordinance? "Special privilege"? That is so; I did almost forget that. We'll see; we'll see.

More Ways Than One

The season for fire hose scandals has rolled around again, and those persons that expect to hear charges of rank jobbery and crookedness will not be disappointed. An ominous note is sounded in the well-authenticated assertion that the hose agents, hoping to save for themselves some portion of the profits, will form a "combine" by which their goods will be submitted at a uniform price ten cents a foot higher than the contract figure of a year ago. An interesting piece of information would be found in a truthful quotation of what the hose manufacturers actually get for their goods and what the city pays for them.

Profits for Middlemen

In a country that has more liberty than the inhabitants can well use all persons have the undoubted right to die for their belief as well as to live for it. Though we must concede to Christian Scientists the right to think they can, with prayer alone, cure broken legs, corns, toothache and appendicitus, with themselves as patients, there remains to others of conflicting convictions the privilege of protesting against the placing of absolute reliance upon the faith cure in the treatment of smallpox, diptheria and other diseases that may be spread by infection. If we must admit that Christian Scientists have a right to sacrifice themselves and their friends upon the altar of their belief, we must deny their right to endanger others whose faith is otherwise directed. The fear of appearing to attack a religion deters many persons from speaking their minds about Christian Science, influences the daily papers to treat with undeserved consideration the misguided victims and prevents the application of law to what is oftimes flagrant violation. All this, too, in view of a general impression, based largely upon facts that come to light with the death of victims that might have been saved by even ordinary medical attention, that Christian Science is not a religion but only an insanity. W. R. REAM.

Religion or Insanity

The Resources of Up-to-Date Journalism.

Modern illustrated journalism has had set for it no easy task. The events which are occupying the attention of the American public are not merely local, nor easy of access to the correspondent and his camera. On the contrary, it is seldom that the needle of popular interest has so often and so violently veered. Simultaneously voracious for news and pictures of their returning Admiral on his triumphant tour, of Dreyfus once again condemned, and of Kruger and his war-determined Boers, the readers of weeklies and magazines expect every department in each of these absorbing topics to be closely chronicled, and illustrated abundantly and well. No better example of the ubiquity of the American journalist could be adduced than the current number of Collier's weekly, which contain remarkable photographs from each of these centers of interest. Certainly the Yankee photographers enter undismayed "where angels fear to tread."

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An Early Affair of Honor

How an Old Time California Duel was Arranged and Carried into Effect---An Affair in which Political and Ethical Points were Involved

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

IT WAS Falstaff who soliloquized:

"What is honor? A word! What is in that word honor? What is that honor? Air!"

And so Dr. Dickson, who had had no previous quarrel with Phil Thomas, must have thought when he fell mortally wounded at Oak Grove, about eight miles from Sacramento, in the spring of 1854, after obeying the mandates of the code as it existed in California at that time.

In those old days in California there were the distinctively Southern and Northern element in both parties, especially in the Democratic party, and more especially was the former element in action after some political advancement of the latter.

But, strange to say, in nearly every case, although the Southerner had deemed the ethics of the code a necessary accomplishment, the Northerner, who had been educated otherwise, and only sent or accepted a challenge to avoid being branded a coward, came away from the field untouched—conspicuously in the cases of Graham and Walker and Lippincott and Tevis. In 1851 William Walker, the gray-eyed man of destiny, of Nicaraguan fame, was writing editorials for the San Francisco Herald. In one of these he attacked an absent friend of W. H. Graham, who at once made his friend's cause his own. He formally challenged Walker to a duel, and the latter, as brave a man as ever breathed, at once accepted. The encounter took place in the suburbs of San Francisco, with the result that Walker was severely wounded. In 1855 Robert Tevis, a brother of Lloyd Tevis, was a candidate for Congress. His political opponent was C. E. Lippincott, editor of a Democratic newspaper, in the columns of which he roasted Tevis until the latter was forced by public opinion to take action. He published a card denouncing Lippincott as a coward. A challenge followed, as a matter of course, and equally as a matter of course it was accepted. Tevis, as the challenged party, chose as the weapons shotguns loaded with slugs. The duel took place at Downieville, and was fought at the regulation rifle distance, forty yards. At the first fire Tevis fell with a slug imbedded in his heart. Lippincott had a narrow escape, a lock of hair on his temple having been severed by the slug from Tevis' weapon. Walker was a Tennesseean and Tevis a Kentuckian, and they and their adherents taunted the principals on the other side as being Yankees and cowards. These are historical facts only, and of no other account further than reminiscent, as no such feeling exists in the country and has not since the civil war, and if it did could not be emphasized as in the days of the 50's because the "code duello" has been frowned away by law and other civilizing influences.

But to Thomas and Dickson:

Phil Thomas was at the time District Attorney of Placer county and had been involved in a difficulty with a sporting character whose name I cannot now recall. Thomas resided at Auburn. He had been born, raised and educated in the North, and was an active Whig politician, as were all of the parties directly connected with this quarrel. The Whig party, owing to a split in the Democratic party, had at the previous Fall election elected J. Neely Johnson Governor, and a full set of State officers, and this difficulty arose from the distribution of patronage. Thomas was a bright and active lawyer, very popular with the miners, and had taken a prominent part in the politics of the county and State, and, of course, had aroused more or less of opposition, and had come in contact with some of the extreme Southern element of the party, who, jealous of his advancement and power, were very desirous of curbing his ambition, and sought opportunities to "clip his wings" as occasion offered. He was shrewd, and on the alert for breakers, and managed to steer clear of most of the rocks, but still it was the common talk that Phil had avoided and rather shirked resenting some quite pointed and genteel slights that had been offered him from time to time by his enemies, so much in fact, that it was the general impression that he was disposed to be rather cowardly, and some of his enemies sneeringly said that Phil was a good deal "on dress parade" and that "cock would not fight." So when the sport sent his challenge to him the dueling fraternity of the vicinity were curious to learn what he would do with it, as it was believed that it was the first challenge he had ever received. Dr. Dickson was the sport's second in the case. He was a young physician, and was born and bred in Alabama, and those who knew him best said he was a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman. Thomas, upon receiving the challenge, selected his second, and sent a reply declining in polite terms—as was customary in all such matters—to meet the challenger on the ground that "he was a professional gambler, and, necessarily, not a gentleman.

Here was a thunder clap—not from a clear sky, however, because all of the other side exclaimed:

"I told you so! It is the old game of the coward!"

But they had gone too far to light out. They had sized Thomas up for a coward, and were now more determined than ever in setting him up for a target; and they made up their minds to crowd him to the wall, and make him climb over it at the highest point possible.

Doctor Dickson had the option of withdrawing from the case, had he so desired, and was so advised by an old and judicious friend, for he could have very readily learned that the allegations of Thomas were substantially true, if he did not already know of the facts and would have been justified in telling the gambler to fight his own battles, but he chose to avail himself of the technical theories of the code, and decided to challenge Thomas himself on the assumption that he was insulted by Thomas' refusal to fight his principal on the grounds that he (Dickson) by implication was an associate and close friend of a disreputable character.

These beliefs were encouraged by a majority of Dickson's "real true friends"—and the woods of the world have been full of such "real true friends" of the principals in the duello at all times—although there were a number of persons who were of the opinion that Dickson's desire for notoriety, as well as the advice of Thomas' enemies, induced him to press his claims for satisfaction, in view of the fact that a man who had met an antagonist on the field gained character and distinction, especially if he was a professional man.

Thomas and his friends were vigilant and active in their efforts to bring about a peaceable settlement of the dispute in this new phase of the case. He was willing and anxious to certify under any reasonable conditions of the honorable and gentlemanly qualities and standing of Dickson, with whom he had no quarrel; but Dickson refused all advances of that nature, and insisted that Thomas must either meet the gambler or him, as he might decide, and the negotiations closed at this point. So Phil Thomas chose to meet Dr. Dickson "on the field of honor."

The principals and their seconds met at the selected spot at half-past four in the morning, and as the two principals approached each other they bowed in recognition. There was no delay in the preparations for the combat. The seconds at once proceeded to select the ground, which was measured off on the shady side of a grove of oak trees. The duelists were dressed in black pantaloons and in black broadcloth frock coats buttoned close at the chin, giving them a clerical appearance, with the exception that there was not a particle of white goods visible on their persons. The choice of place and pistols having been arranged, the pistols were closely examined and duly tested by the seconds, and found to be exactly alike in their action, then they were loaded. The duelists were placed in their respective positions facing in opposite directions, their right sides toward each other, and the pistols were placed in their hands, just as the rays of the rising sun were shining through the branches of the lordly oaks to lighten the solemn scene. As those two bright and talented young men stood there, in hostile attitude toward each other, neither of them over 30 years of age, and just fairly advanced on the highway of life, undoubtedly no one present could avoid thinking what a slight cause it was for such deadly meeting. Imperative custom in California at that time, however, compelled public men thus to meet their antagonists whenever pressed to the point, especially so when a public insult had been given, or when they had a personal grievance to settle, or some wrong done to family or friends; but here was a call to a deadly conflict for what appeared to the average man a technicality, a cause so very gauzy that it seemed silly for civilized men to quarrel about.

As the duelists were standing there waiting for the word they were closely observed by the spectators. Dr. Dickson appeared steady and firm in his position, carefully looking at his foe, his face slightly flushed, which might have been either natural or stimulated. As the second asked the question, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" and he replied "Yes," Phil Thomas seemed to pull himself together, as it were, closing his lips tightly over his teeth. He appeared to grasp the handle of his pistol more firmly, and his shoulders appeared to rise slightly upwards. The word "fire" was given, and but one explosion was heard, so nearly together did both fire. Thomas was unhurt, the ball from Dr. Dickson's pistol had struck the ground near the feet of Thomas, a line shot, while Dr. Dickson was shot directly through the body, and in about half an hour was dead.

Had fate reversed the result Dickson would have been a lion among all classes in California in the early golden days, when the ethics of the code duello were more rigidly observed than the Ten Commandments, and even the coming generation would have pointed him out respectfully as the man who killed Phil Thomas in a duel. And what of the survivor? The result brought him to the front rank among the dueling fraternity, and the change in his deportment was something remarkable. He had tasted blood as it were, and from having been a man shrinking from and shunning personal difficulties, so much so as to be thought cowardly, he was decidedly the reverse. He was avoided by the other fellows from that time thereafter. He was conceded to be a dead shot, and a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of noted duelists.

"What's in a Name?"

What Rudyard Kipling calls his "best smoking room story," has just been told by Miss Florence Hayward. There is a family in Virginia the name of which is spelled "Enroughty," but it is pronounced "Darby." This fact, familiar to many Americans, happened to be told by Miss Hayard at a dinner in London at which Mr. Kipling was present, when he broke in: "You have saved my reputation by telling that. You are the first man, woman or child who could back me up in it." The explanation of the peculiarity is that the Darbys were an English family who settled in Virginia in the Colonial days. One of the sons, the traditional black sheep of the family, was left a share in his father's will on condition that he changed his name. He changed his written name to Enroughty, but continued to call himself Darby. On hearing this explanation, Mr. Kipling said, "I think I will change my name to Smith." "You can spell it Smith if you like," was the reply, "but it will always be pronounced Kipling," a remark which caused him to look "as unfeignedly pleased as a boy."—Collier's Weekly.

Admiral Porter was forever running into print, and his penchant for this was a great annoyance to Grant, who was his staunch friend. "What do you think of Porter as an admiral?" was asked of the general on one occasion. "Why," responded Grant, with a quiet smile, "he would be the greatest admiral since Nelson if he had never learned to write."

Music and Art

THE QUIET WORKERS

"AND the trumpeters came forth everlastingly, and, while the idiots stood by, open-mouthed and wondering, they and the Nasalites with them, blared out unceasingly:

"We are the people! hear us brawl!
Pom tiddley om pom, Pom tiddley om pom;
Big of nerve! fat with gall!
Pom tiddley om pom pay."

Think you these historical old braggarts have all departed this life? By no means. They live on, prosperous and sleek—even going the effete ancients considerably better in their megaphonic displays—simply because the open-mouthed and the easily-wondered cumber yet the earth.

We all recognize as a detestable but undeniable fact that success in advertising depends solely upon keeping the name of a person or an article insistently before the public. Quality or intrinsic value, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case. One would think that the worthlessness of a patent medicine or the ruinousness of a spurious method would sooner or later uproot it from public estimation. But it does not seem to work that way. People go on still in their senselessness, and apparently always will, mainly because the pom tiddley om pom impresses them beyond their power of resistance.

There is, of a truth, much of the pathetic in all this. Surely it should be possible to put on our thinking caps for a time and inquire of ourselves whether it is really the boasters who do the honest work of the world. We need to ask with no small measure of self-pity whether the blare of the trumpet is not causing us, our very selves, to neglect the true laborer—the quiet worker. Ever since the world was the strong have been quiet, reserved. Ever since time began the boaster has been unreliable, and he cannot in the ordinary nature of things be anything else. We all know this, but we rarely make the sensible application when the pinch comes.

There are in this city—as there are in all other cities—quiet workers who are achieving sterling upbuilding of mind, of heart, of hand. They do not proclaim it from the housetops. They would not know how to begin the dubious paragraphing, the smooth talkativeness, the sugar-coated promising of the well-practiced puffer. They have to let the work speak for itself. But the speech is broken to ears ill attuned to modesty, and the quiet worker goes on her plodding way, moulding honestly, with hardly an ill word even for the fakir who is raking in the shekels, while she is finding it hard to make both ends meet.

I cannot think it impossible that a better understanding might be brought about. If we have a modicum of sense we have more than a modicum of power. First of all, watch and weigh results. If they are full of real vitality and are abiding, the means are almost sure to have been in the main correct. But let us not be deluded by mere showiness. Then, finding the teacher, support her loyally and faithfully, through anything and everything. Finally, shun, as you would shun the pestilence, the boaster and the specious individual who unhesitatingly lays the world at your feet. In such hands it is a foregone conclusion that one will take and the other will be left, and even the open-mouthed will have no difficulty at the last in finding the victim.

Search ye out, then, the quiet workers, and make for equity and future well being.

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ion will be T. Y. Chapin the noted Chicago harpist, who has recently located in Los Angeles. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia—in large cities, in small cities—wherever Valentine Abt has played, success has resulted, and the enthusiasm has been pronounced. As soloist at the Throop Institute concert, Blanchard MusicHall, November 8th, success is assured and a large audience promised.

Miss Minna Roper, a talented pupil of Miss Jennie Winston, and who has been the soprano of the Third Presbyterian Church of this city, has obtained a leave of absence for a short time to visit in San Francisco and vicinity. Miss Roper's voice is a beautiful high soprano and she will be greatly missed from the choir where she has sung for the past year.

The Elite Mandolin Club, composed of a dozen young mandolinists and guitarists, is again at work under the direction of Rolla E. Gardner. Most of their music is of a classical nature, arranged by Mr. Gardner, whose proficiency on all the small string instruments is remarkable. It is expected that the club will be heard in concert later in the season.

The joint permanent art exhibit of the Art Association and the Art School, at Art Hall, 614 South Hill street, will be open Tuesday next for the winter term. The exhibit is open free to the public every week day from 10 to 4.

Prof. Wilde will give the second reception to the gentlemen of St. Vincent's choir and others this evening. These receptions are altogether delightful; glees, quartets, vocal and instrumental solos are rendered, and elaborate refreshments served. The proposition of a concert for the benefit of the choir library will be considered this evening. Prof. Wilde is heard at his best at these recitals, as he is not troubled with the nervousness which sometimes affects his work on the concert platform, and for which some critics have overlooked his wonderful technique and high musical inspirations and interpretations.

The Immanuel Church choir, assisted by Russell Ballard, will render the next of the series of concerts given at the Unity Church, November 5th. The choir is composed of Miss Jennie Winston, soprano; Mrs. Scarborough, contralto; Prof. A. Miller, tenor, and H. H. Barnhart, basso; Miss Mary O'Donoughue, organist. A pleasing program is being arranged.

"With a 'dinky' organ and a hot day, an offertory or postlude becomes perspiring rather than inspiring." Who but Miss Mary O'Donoughue could have figured that out?

Among the musical treats at the Woman's Parliament may be mentioned a vocal solo by Mrs. Hord, whose artistic work was much appreciated by the large gathering of educated ladies.

Mme. Johnston-Bishop, assisted by Miss June Reed, Russell Ballard and Mme. Bishop's pupils, gave a musicale yesterday evening at Bellevue Terrace, in honor of Miss Gladys Cummings of San Francisco, who is visiting Mrs. Modini Wood. The finished work of the pupils as well as artists was enjoyed by a large number of our musical people.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

Open Oct. 2. J. M. ROBERTS, A. M., Principal. A two years' course is offered equal to the course of any college in the east. Special courses in class and private for the public Reader and Teacher, Preacher, Speaker, Debator, Lecturer, etc. Prof. and Mrs. Roberts are graduates of the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston and are experienced teachers. J. M. Roberts, University of Southern California.

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Miss Alice Beach McComas endeared herself in the heart of every woman present at the Parliament Tuesday. The soloist for the occasion was absent and the president asked for a volunteer from the audience. After a moment of hesitation, Miss McComas, her face scarlet with confusion, ascended the platform and played from memory Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu," in a most satisfactory manner. As the gifted young lady is not appearing in public at present, her compliment is of a high order.

Apropos of the concert of the the great De Pachmann, Miss O'Donoughue relates an interesting anecdote concerning the personality of the virtuoso. While in New York several years ago, in company with a number of ambitious students, Miss O'Donoughue occupied the front rank, with scores of the selections in hand, marking for expression, De Pachmann's eye wandered over the great audience and detected the busy group. Four f's would have feebly represented the force of a certain passage; but alas, on being recalled by vociferous applause, that same phrase was softened to a minute pianissimo, while the aforesaid master's eye twinkled merrily on the perplexed and discomfited group. Pianists look forward with great interest to De Pachmann's visit.

THE HARDMAN PIANO.
Handled in this city exclusively by the Los Angeles Piano Co., 313 S. Broadway

Blanchard's Art Gallery opens to-day with a goodly number of exhibitors. Every painting hung has been passed upon by a jury composed of three well-known and competent artists. Lack of space prevents more than a bare mention of the pictures, which are well selected and together form an exhibit that would be pretentious in a larger city.

In the "Annex" is a collection of decorative water colors and sketches by Frederick Grosvenor, whose clever work for "Truth" has attracted considerable attention. His work is very characteristic and well executed.

Mr. Blanchard took a GRAPHIC representative through the gallery Thursday, and among the paintings already hung may be mentioned the following: Four landscapes by W. L. Judson; Miss Edith White, Pasadena, "Roses" and "Fruits"; A. N. Farnham, San Diego, "Old Dutch Farm," coast scene off San Diego; Philip A. Butler, lately from Boston, water colors, two New England farm scenes and "English Fish Woman"; Miss H. E. Coan, harbor scene and "Arroyo Seco"; Clara B. Turton, "Violets" and "Roses"; Benj. C. Brown, Pasadena, "Portrait of a Girl" and "Turkish Interior"; five water colors by W. Bender, a relative of Mme. Modjeska; three miniatures by Albert Brown; Miss L. M. King, flower piece; two paintings by G. W. Nicoll, and "Peach Blossoms" and wood scene by Chas. S. Ward.

The informal reception held on Thursday afternoon at the rooms of the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art was attended by a large number of its friends and patrons. The recital hall and studios were elegantly decorated with flowers and ornamented with photographs of theatrical celebrities and works of art. G. A. Dobinson, the principal, was assisted in receiving by the corps of teachers,

(Continued on page 15

LOS ANGELES PIANO COMPANY

THERE is no line of business which is at present attracting more attention in Los Angeles than that of pianos and musical instruments. In fact the papers of all sorts of our city have been filled for over two weeks with the announcements of the sale of all such goods at a tremendous sacrifice. The representations have been bona fide, for never before in the history of Los Angeles have musical instruments been parted with at such tremendously low figures. Conspicuous among these houses, and one of the firms that has been doing a much increased business because of its advertising, is the Los Angeles Piano Co., the firm which is sole possessor in Los Angeles of the famous Hardman Piano, a piano recognized as an excellent make and possessing many admirers among the class of music lovers who appreciate a good piano. Recently the firm has just secured the sole agency for the Packard piano, one of the prettiest makes in the market.

The Los Angeles Piano Co. was organized and established in 1896, starting in business here at 111 North Spring street, in September of that year. About one year ago they commenced handling the Hardman piano. Finally the firm moved to 313 South Broadway, where they secured more commodious and desirable quarters, and have expanded the volume of their business by so doing very materially.

Mr. L. R. Parson, the energetic manager of the institution, came from Boston, where he underwent a thorough course in tuning instruction at the New England Conservatory of of Music. For a number of years before coming to California and Los Angeles he had been engaged in work in some of the most prominent music stores in Boston, for a time also in some of the best musical houses in the Southern States.

To be successful in the piano business, in the true sense of the word, one must be thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of the instrument and the effects of climatic conditions on the goods. These requirements Mr. Parson has mastered during his thorough course of training.

The store in which the company is located, at 313 South Broadway, could not be improved upon, being by far the finest in the city. While there has been a great deal of cutting and slashing in the prices of musical goods during the past week or two, the Los Angeles Piano Co., goes right on in the even tenor of its way, giving every piano purchaser best value for his money, neither charging him too much nor too little.

Greater Los Angeles

The Trend of the Wholesale District.
Los Angeles Street Between Third and Fourth

LOS ANGELES has reached a stage in its growth when to assume a metropolitan aspect its commercial districts must and should be assigned. Thus its retail district is bound to remain on Spring and Broadway and with the city's southward growth is certain to tend southward. North Main street is rapidly filling with the lighter wholesale establishments and notwithstanding the efforts of speculators to found new wholesale districts on the four corners of the map, Los Angeles street still maintains its supremacy as the center of the heavier wholesale trade. A broad straight street has been well paved for the heavy traffic attending a large shipping trade, it has rapidly built southward from Aliso street, until today 95 per cent. of the jobbing firms are located thereon and it is still growing—southward.

It is of the block between Third and Fourth streets that this article is written, a block that in the past few months has been filling up with some of the substantial firms in the commission business in the city and is now looked upon as the center of the commission and produce trade of Los Angeles.

In 1893 P. Fitzwilliams built the two three-story brick buildings at the corner of Third and Los Angeles streets. These, the first substantial buildings on the block, were not built for wholesale concerns, but the ground floors have since been remodeled and are now entirely occupied by wholesalers. In 1896 Eugene Germain constructed the row of 253 feet frontage of one-story bricks north from the corner of Fourth, being designed for the use of commission dealers. About the same time O. T. Johnson erected the two-story and basement opposite now occupied by the Keystone Produce Co. This summer T. J. Douglass and Mrs. J. P. Newmark added impetus to the street by erecting two substantial two-story buildings from Boyd street to the line of the Johnson building, all of which were occupied immediately upon completion. Today there is not one vacant store room on the block and more buildings are in contemplation. Herewith is given a detailed account of the wholesale firms doing business on this block:

The southeast corner of Third and Los Angeles streets is occupied by the firm of A. A. Bailey, dealers in engineers' supplies, steam packing, babbitt metal and lubricating oils. The firm consists of Mr. A. A. Bailey and his son, George G. Bailey, and has been in business in this city for over six years, starting in their present location and being the pioneer wholesale firm of this block. Previous to removing to Los Angeles they were prominent in business in San Francisco. They are agents for the celebrated Peerless Rubber Manufacturing Co. and also are manufacturers of ring and sectional packing.

Adjoining at 302 is the California Provision Co., manufacturers and packers of smoked and pickled meats, tongues and sausages.

Occupying No. 304 is the Los Angeles branch of the firm of E. B. Millar & Co., importers of teas, coffees and spices, the main house of which is in Chicago, with branches in Denver and this city.

The California Fruit Trading Co. is located at 306 S. Los Angeles street. This is a general fruit concern whose specialty is the handling and shipping of green and dried fruits, nuts and olives.

The Golden Brand (hyg) Coffee Co., which occupies 310, first started in San Diego in 1894 in the manufacturing of their product, which has since succeeded in firmly establishing itself in this section as a substitute for coffee. Theirs is a healthy invigorating beverage, a cure for indigestion and nervousness and one that has received the highest indorsements from the medical fraternity, its users and the trade. The company was incorporated in 1896 with a capital stock of $100,000. They removed their offices to this city about one year ago and are now engaged in removing their entire plant. The officers are L. C. Hurlburt, President; R. Bigsby, Vice-President; I. R. Bigsby, Secretary.

At 350 S. Los Angeles street is the house of W. C. Patterson & Co., one of the oldest produce firms of Los Angeles.

Mr. Patterson, who is now president of the Los Angeles National Bank, was for some years director and member of the finance committee of the First National Bank, and President of the Chamber of Commerce. He came from Ohio in 1880 and bought an interest in the business of Rouse & Curtis, the name being changed to Curtis, Patterson & Co. In 1890 Mr. Curtis retired and the style became W. C. Patterson & Co.

The particular line to which most attention is given by the firm is butter; and in the days when we had no creameries in Southern California but depended exclusively on the coast dairies for our supply, they handled more butter than all other Los Angeles jobbers combined. The erection of many creameries and closer competition have, of course, changed this proportion, but Patterson & Co. are still second to no firm south of San Francisco in the quantity of butter sold, and they make a specialty of the better grades. In addition to the California product they carry in cold storage many carloads of Eastern butter which is kept at a temperature of ten degrees and comes out in as sweet condition at any time as when first unloaded from the cars.

KEYSTONE PRODUCE COMPANY

They also do an extensive business in Eastern and California eggs and in potatoes and carry everything else pertaining to a general produce business.

The manager of the house is Mr. J. L. Davis, who has been in the employ of the firm for eight or nine years.

The commission firm of Backer & Sentous occupying the premises 376 and 378 has been in business in this city since 1890, having been located at 104 N. Los Angeles street previous to removing to their present spacious quarters on September 1st.

W. C. PATTERSON & CO 'S FRONTAGE

This firm does a general shipping and commission business in dairy products, green and dried deciduous fruits, oranges and lemons, also potatoes, onions, honey, nuts and olives.

At present they occupy two floors, 62x90 feet, also the basement, being the entire Newmark building, which was constructed especially for their use.

Both members of this firm are old residents of this city. Mr. C. Sentous being a member of the pioneer Sentous family, which is closely allied with the history of this city, and Mr. H. F. Backer being ing a pioneer of the boom days of '86. Both gentlemen are live, enterprising business men of reputation and standing, whose commercial career of nine years in this community has been without a stain or blemish.

The Keystone Produce Company, occupying the entire Johnson Building, at Nos. 380-386, was organized in 1895 by Mr. Chester W. Thompson, who had removed to this city the year before from San Diego, which county he had previously served as county clerk. This firm are extensive handlers and shippers of green, dried and tropical fruits, potatoes and onions, honey, nuts and the products of the dairy—eggs, cheese and butter.

They are agents for the "White Clover" butter and packers of the "K" eggs.

The Keystone Company can boast of the finest equipped plant in the commission business on this coast, nothing else west of the Rockies in any way approaching it. They occupy three floors, 50x150, the basement is used as a storage room for bananas, the main floor besides the office and sales rooms being utilized for the heavy products, such as potatoes, beans, onions, etc. On this floor also are the butter and egg rooms, while in the rear is the cold storage, with a capacity of 1½ carloads.

The upper floor is used for the dried fruits, honey, etc.

Mr. Thompson, who personally manages the entire business, is a young man of the hustling, energetic, get-there type, and yet a business man of judgment and conservatism. In the few years that he has been in the business in Los Angeles he has worked up a business of enviable proportions, and is looked upon as a leader in produce circles in Southern California.

The Zaiser Produce Co. at 371 South Los Angeles street, are dealers in dairy products, poultry, etc., and do a general commission business.

At 373 South Los Angeles street is located the Vickers Produce Co., wholesale produce merchants, and handlers of poultry, eggs, butter, potatoes, onions and honey. Their specialty is eastern shipments in carload lots.

Baird Brothers, occupying from 375 to 381, South Los Angeles street, are wholesale commission mer-

chants and shippers of general produce, green and dried fruits, nuts, honey, butter, eggs, beans, potatoes, onions, etc. The firm consists of George W., Llewellyn, and Arthur A. Baird, and was organized in December, 1896, they having came to this coast the previous year from Jainesville, Wisconsin.

The Baird Brothers are characteristic of the energetic, hustling workers who have built up this city in the past few years. Starting in business entire strangers in this section they have in less than three years built up a business that has forced them to enlarge their quarters from 16 to 60 feet frontage, with other increased facilities for handling their business. Honest, reliable dealing and hard, unceasing work have in their case again been instanced as the requisites of business success in this or any community.

Besides the lines above mentioned Baird Bros. make a specialty of the handling and shipping of crystalized fruits and have built up a large and profitable trade in this product throughout the east.

The Russian Tea Co., Waldemar F. Klotz, manager, at number 385, are the American agents and distributors for celebrated Russian brands of tea.

The Bon Ton Fruit Co., the proprietors of which are Messrs. C. O. Cooper and A. M. Taylor, wholesale commission dealers, occupy the premises at No. 387.

Located at No. 391 are the Los Angeles headquarters and shipping department of the Redondo Salt Co., the works of which are at Redondo, the grinding and packing being done at the above place in this city. They pack under the Redondo brand, Hyde or ice-cream salt, dairy half-ground and table salt.

The salt is as pure a product as can be obtained naturally anywhere, running 96 per cent salt, the other .04 being magnesia. It contains no alkaline matter whatever. The works both in the city and

THE STORES OF BACKER & SENTOUS

at the beach are complete and modern in every particular and trouble is already experienced in obtaining enough to supply the largely increasing demand for it throughout California, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. The capacity of the works is 10,000 tons annually.

Mr. L. W. Morgan, who has charge of the local works, is a young man of hustling proclivities and very popular in the trade.

J. M. Spence & Co., who are located at 391-393, are wholesale dealers in coffees, spices and extracts, and manufacturers of Spence's Premium Baking Powder, Dr. Brown's Cocoa-cereal Health Coffee and Cereline Health Drink.

They started in their present business in this city about four years ago, at 383-385 South Los Angeles street, but removed to San Francisco five months ago. Owing to the ill-health of Mr. Spence they recently returned to this city and have re-established their plant in the above quarters.

The Edward Germain Wine Co. is located at Nos. 395, 397-399 South Los Angeles, being the corner of Fourth street. Mr. Edward Germain, its president and manager, has been in business in Los Angeles since 1884, and incorporated the present firm two years ago. They do a large local business in the handling of fine California wines and brandies,

BAIRD BROTHERS—Wholesale Produce

both among families and to the trade, and also make a specialty of Eastern shipments in case and larger lots. They maintain an office in San Francisco, corner Second and Bryant streets.

CONCLUSIONS DRAWN FROM THE CHART

The climatic conditions of the Pacific Coast are undergoing no change. Some years are wet and others are dry, but a comparison of one decade with another shows but little change. The decade showing the heaviest rainfall in San Francisco shows only an average rainfall in San Diego, and the decade showing the heaviest rainfall in San Diego shows but an average rainfall in San Francisco.

The records of Los Angeles have only been kept for twenty-seven years and hence the comparisons regarding this section are not of so much value.

Only twice in fifty years have we had two dry seasons come together. These were the seasons of 1862-3 and 1863-4, and again in 1897-8 and 1898-9. The total rainfall at San Francisco for the first two dry seasons was 23.70 inches, and for the second two dry seasons it was 25.38 inches. At San Diego the total rainfall for the first two dry seasons was 8.16 inches, and for the second two dry seasons it was 8.90. The record for the first two dry seasons at Los Angeles is not at hand but the total rainfall for the second two dry seasons was 12.01 inches. Thus we find that the total rainfall for two years in each case was only about the amount for the average rainfall for one year.

The decade in which the first two dry seasons occured was the wettest decade of the five at San Francisco and the second dry two years was the dryest of the five in that city.

The fifth decade was the dryest of the five in San Franisco, but not in San Diego. This decade also showed an average rainfall at Los Angeles of 1.84 inches less than the average rainfall at this place for twenty-seven years.

The value of the rainfall depends on when and how it comes. A heavy rainfall early in the season does less good to crops than one that falls later in the season. This rule applies more particularly to seasons of light rainfall. A gradual precipitation does less good in filling artificial reservoirs than the same amount of water falling in a shorter space of time.

Ring up Main 1053 and order the GRAPHIC, 25 cents a month.

Women's Clubs

"Let it be said she has done what she could, not tried to do what she could not."

WITH this issue of the WESTERN GRAPHIC we establish this Woman's Club Department. It is the intention, as we go along, to have correspondence with all the literary and art clubs of Southern California, and each week to give to our readers an idea of the work and progress of all the clubs of the southern part of the State. We wish to thank those women who have already evidenced an interest in a department of this kind, devoted entirely to the interests of club women, by becoming subscribers to the paper before we have had an opportunity to show what we will do in the future.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Parliament, which was held in this city on the 9th and 10th, seems to have served as a grand opening for many literary organizations of the city, and the re-organization of the various classes or sections in their respective clubs is well under way. The interest manifested thus far by the old members and the extensive application for membership in all the musical, art and literary clubs is considered an excellent indication for the coming season.

Probably the principal issue of interest in this Eighth Annual Parliament was the discussion of a federation of clubs. Upon this subject Mrs. Margaret E. Robertson of Los Angeles had an especially fine paper, and partly because the subject was of such vital interest to all, and also on account of Mrs. Robertson's delightful address, she held the closest attention of her audience throughout the half hour. In the general discussion which followed this paper Mrs. Dr. Black opportunely suggested that the Woman's Parliament should have been called the Woman's Congress, an idea which all seemed to agree with. Then followed an address upon "The Woman's Parliament: Retrospect, Prospect," by Mrs. Angie Kiggins of Santa Monica. Unfortunately the wrong idea had been given Mrs. Kiggins before the presentation of her paper and she conveyed the thought that the northern women proposed to merge the parliament into a federation, which Mrs. Robertson very pathetically urged the woman of the parliament to fight. That none should misunderstand it may be well to repeat that it is not the intention to do away with the parliament but simply to combine the clubs all over the State into one federated body, which would meet once a year, delegates being sent from any club, large or small. The idea is to bring women already identified with club work together, while the parliament is intended to benefit the masses, and especially those who have not the advantages of woman's clubs. The one need in no way interfere with the other. Mrs. D. G. Stevens, the founder of the Woman's Parliament, was called to the platform and asked to express her opinion on the paper. In her charming manner, which is one of the things which has won her the devotion and highest respect of every one who has come in contact with her, said: "I can only take the speaker by the hand and thank her for her kindness to my child." Mrs. Stevens

is most sincerely in favor of federation. By a unanimous vote Mrs. Stevens was elected delegate to a State meeting, to be held in Los Angeles the second or third week in January of the new year, to discuss the question of federation at length.

Upon the opening of the afternoon session the committee on local arrangements was disappointed in Mrs. J. F. Cook's failure to appear. Fortunately the emergency was met by a most acceptable substitute in the person of Miss Alice Beach McComas, who most graciously consented to fill the vacancy. Miss McComas played "Fantasie Impromptu" (Chopin),very artistically. This was followed by an excellent paper by Mrs. Jessie Cameron Baily of Alhambra. Mrs. Baily received heart applause for the many strong points which she brought out and she handled her subject with pleasing felicity. If all the men who

LOS ANGELES' FAVORITE ACTRESS—MARY VAN BUREN

oppose so strenuously women's clubs could have heard this paper it is certain that the general opinion of the club woman's influence would be greatly changed in their favor. Mrs. Baily says the reason many are opposed to woman's clubs is because they do not know how very feminine women can be in their clubs. Dr. Black of Pasadena opened the discussion upon this paper and if space would allow we should like to give every word of hers on the subject. One of the truest of her remarks was: "The man who leads best is the man who does not know he is being led." Mrs. Washburn followed and was responded to by one of the brightest speakers on the coast, Mrs. Lou V. Chapin.

Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin was expected to discuss this paper also but, much to the disappointment of every one she was unable to be present and at the close of the meeting it was resolved that a letter be sent Mrs. Galpin expressing the regrets of the women of the parliament at her absence.

The ladies of the Ebel club held a reception at their club house on South Broadway, from four till six. The hall was elaborately decorated with flowers and plants and an orchestra furnished music during the afternoon. One of the features of the reception was a reading by Miss Margeurita Rombaugh, a charming woman who comes from Boston to make Los Angeles her home.

The evening attendance was much larger than during the day owing principally to the fact that the men were able to attend. There were probably four hundred people present to listen to the evening program, which was opened with a piano solo by Miss Schulte.

This was followed by a very practical paper on the subject of "Old Gospel for the new Century," by Mrs. Jennie H. Beck of Santa Barbara. Mrs. Beck in speaking of the mission of the new century church said: "The soul is presumed to be the special providence of the church's efforts, and it is hard to make men feel you are deeply concerned in their eternal welfare if you remain oblivious to their material wants, but the narrow and perverted conception the church has had of its mission has placed church work and philanthropy in different spheres, and one after another charitable society has arisen and is doing the work the church ought to do."

Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord sang "As the Dawn" (Otto Cantor) and "Thy Beaming Eyes" (Edward McDowell). The evening session was concluded by the reading of a very pleasing paper entitled "A Glimpse of the N.E.A.," by Miss Lulu Bahr of San Bernardino. Miss Bahr won for herself the admiration of all for her excellent sketch of the meeting in our city of the many thousand teachers, also for her pleasant delivery.

Wednesday morning the parliament was to have been opened by the election of officers, but owing to a delay the nominating committee was unable to report, so Mrs. Ella L. Sessions of Hueneme was asked to give her paper on "The Home Gymnasium." Mrs. Sessions is a living example of what the home gymnasium or common sense physical culture can accomplish. The speaker said that time and money spent in training the body pays a larger interest than that of any other investment. She said one room was not sufficient for the home gymnasium but every room in the house should be used inasmuch as we should observe certain rules of health every minute of our lives and in every act and movement. In emphasizing exercise we must never forget its complement—repose; the one is not complete without the other, but a judicious amount of each results in a harmony that means "Health, temperance and repose, slam the door in the doctor's nose."

The second paper of the morning was "A Plea for Our Boys" by Mrs. W. W. Murphy of Los Angeles, the incoming president of the parliament for 1900. Every mother who heard Mrs. Murphy's excellent paper must have gone home with her heart very full of good resolutions for the future. Mrs. Murphy said she believed that school lunches were the cause of many sins among boys. The discussion upon this paper was opened by Mrs. A. G. Munn of San Jacinto, followed by Mrs. John Vance Cheney.

Despite the rain in the afternoon Unity church was well filled, which proves the real hearty interest taken in the parliament by the club women. The audience was the largest and most appreciative since the parliament opened. The program opened with a vocal solo by Mrs. Nora L. Hussey. "The Educational System of the Day" was the title of Mrs. Maria Leslie's paper. Perhaps the most practical paper and the one reaching the innermost hearts of all was "Every Day Problems," which was most ably handled by Mrs. Jennie Coleman of Pasadena. There probably never was a more representative body of the club women of California than at the eighth annual parliament. Nearly every club of any importance this side of San Francisco was represented by from one to ten women. The Shakespeare Club of Pasadena was represented by Mrs. Boler, the president of the club; Mrs. J. G. Rossiter, Mrs. Dr. Black, Mrs. Coleman and others; Riverside Woman's Club by Mrs. Dr. Maloy, Mrs. Ella M. Filkins, Mrs. F. M. Heath, Mrs. Perrin and others; Alhambra Wednesday Club was always in evidence, prominent among its delegates being Mrs. Keys, Mrs. J. A. Green and Mrs. Cameron Barley. Santa Ana Valley or Ebell Club was represented by Mrs. Lizzie Mills and Mrs. Maria Leslie among others. Mrs. E. H. Langworthy and Mrs. A. E. Frost were prominent among the attendance from San Diego. Women identified with clubs in Santa Barbara, Ventura, Bakersfield, San Diego, La Jolla, San Jacinta, San Bernardino, Pomona and many other surrounding cities were present.

Officers for the parliament were elected as follows: President, Mrs. W. N. Murphy, Los Angeles; vice president, Mrs. M. E. Robertson, Los Angeles; treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Threlkeld, Los Angeles.

In the Gay Life

HOW these horrid reporters get things mixed up! There are the Hunsaker affairs. The papers here, all round, giving out that the dance which is to be given some time next month, the date not yet fixed, is to be Miss Hunsaker's "coming out." In reality it is nothing of the sort, for the young lady has been in society some time and she is to be the hostess of the dance herself. Mrs. Hunsaker entertains next Tuesday.

Then there are engagements. "The head of the family" states that "if a reporter says a thing is so-and-so it must be so," therefore, if an engagement is announced, the principals involved must accept the situation or fall in with it, voluntarily or not—because the reporter has said it. Matches may be made in Heaven, although anything so inflammable might be supposed to have another source—but engagements are supposed to be made by the reporter.

All of which goes to explain that an engagement recently announced in columns similar to these has been denounced and the only restitution the author can suggest is for the young people to fall in line—the author in this instance coming under the head of a description given some time back in Town Talk, of "vainly ambitious women with literary aspirations, etc., to prompt the wish for not only a bureau of retirement for amateurs, but also a department of decapitation for those who persistently encourage the women who ought to be handling a broom in the idea that she should be wielding a pen." The "author" before mentioned has really no fault to find with this statement. On the contrary, it is well stated. Only, it has always been a cogitation why a pen should be spoken of as "wielded." When you wield anything is it not to flourish something about in the air, like a poker for instance. If you should take your pen in hand that way would it be like the same old scratch?

To return to the "Head of the Family." Why does Mary Hamptin dress so like the "kook"? Would any one but a Mary Ann pin violets on a yellow satin bodice with red bows?

How many people were astonished the other day to read in the papers that a real baroness or two had been left off at the station? And to learn for the first time that those titles had been in our midst for two years and we never knew it. Himmel!

However some few must have been in the secret for the papers stated a "choice selection" of people were at the station to bid them farewell. Da ist eine geschicten.

The Country Club has just moved into its new quarters, the handsome home erected on the club grounds. The building is said to be the finest of the kind this side of Chicago. The formal opening of the house, which will of course be attended by the first open tournament, will not occur until the 4th day of November, some time being necessary for the full equipment and furnishing of the interior, which awaits the election of new officers and committees of arrangements. A board of directors was chosen last Saturday with the following members: J. F. Sartori, J. G. Mossin, E. B. Tufts, W. S. Porter, Charles Monroe, A. H. Braly, George J. Denis, W. H. Holliday

C. C. Carpenter. A meeting is called for the election of president, vice-president, secretary, a house committee of three and a green committee of like number.

While the club house is not formally open yet it is ready to serve its guests. A restaurant is provided, with its own caterer, Mrs. Anderson performing this office, and an order may be given at any time, while on Saturdays and Sundays, the liveliest days of the club (I am sorry to say, being a good Christian) a luncheon will be in readiness.

It will take some time for the grounds to be put in shape but it is supposed that by the opening day driveways and so on will be laid out.

Now that the old club is moved, the younger one will hold forth. It isn't everybody that knew that the new club was a child of the first, not fostered exactly, for Mr. Jack is not in his old place, but engineered in a way.

It has been stated in other papers that a golf club was in embryo, and it is a consolation to know from headquarters that the new organization is all right. It is being set in motion by the younger fraternity of society and is really intended for the young folks not of age, since the Country Club does not accept members who have not attained majority. The doings of the younger club will have attention here later on.

Now that the Mullin's wedding is done and frock coats and opera cloaks shaken out of the summer's moth balls, the second the result of the first, and my first a verification of the forecast here—to be the opening of the social season, a great variety of card and other parties has set in. Mrs. Thomas Searls Ewing, who is occupying the Atherton house on Flower street, entertained at euchre one afternoon last week, which was deemed a very charming affair. Two score of guests enjoyed the entertainment, and Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. E. S. Rowley, Mrs. W. M. Sheldon, Mrs. Richard Mercer, Mrs. Randell and Miss Daisy Randell assisted in receiving. The house was said to have been decorated in great taste.

Mr. W. C. Patterson was received with open arms, whatever that means, when he arrived in his old home, Chilicothe, Ohio, and from all accounts is "show'en" off now that he is back—reading high literary papers and what-not for the benefit of his friends of younger days. We wish him luck.

Miss Helen Fairchild, considered the most fortunate if not the "sweetest" girl in society today, is being considerably feted in honor of of that engagement which has given her the charms named. The young gentleman is handsome and rich, very swell, a stranger and all that is considered perfectly eligible for one of the most popular maids of society—hence society has set the seal of its approval. Miss Spencer accorded the young financee a luncheon yesterday and the Misses Jans will give a box party at the Burbank in her honor this afternoon.

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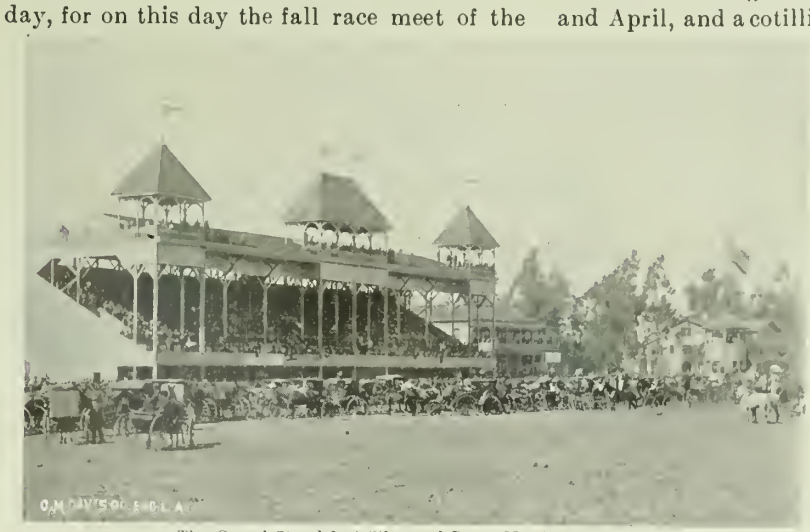
THE RACES

THE whirl of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, the cry of jockies and drivers, and above all, the deafening roar of a sea of excited humanity—these are the sounds that will be heard again at Agricultural Park next Saturday, for on this day the fall race meet of the District Agricultural Association No. 6 will open. October 21st will be a great day, as it will open a seven-day race meet that will, without doubt, go into turf history as the very best meet ever held on California soil.



The Grand Stand last Silkwood Day. 15,000 Attendance.

How the pulse quickens at the mere mention of a horse race, or at sight of a flaming lithograph depicting with astounding vividness a fight down the home stretch. In a minute the watcher has picked the winner, and holds his breath before he realizes that although the colors are fast they won't run. He mentally kicks himself, but makes a resolve then and there to see the real thing. And he does! Perhaps that is why the association can afford to offer the largest purse ever hung up in California for a harness race, for the great free-for-all pace next Saturday. Eight thousand dollars for one race! It is more money than one year's salary of His Honor the Mayor. But it is such purses that have secured what promises to be the greatest meet of the year for Los Angeles.

JOHN R. GENTRY, 2:03 Pacer. Entered in the Free for All.

"It will be a record breaker," say the knowing ones, and in support of their prophesy they point to such names on the entry list as John R. Gentry, Joe Patchen, Anaconda, Owyhee, Toggles, Our Lucky, Neeretta and other famous speedy ones. Talent will not be lacking.

Everyone whose knowledge of the track is ever so limited has heard of the wonderful side wheelers, Joe Patchen and his little bay rival, John R. Gentry. Such kings are too infrequent visitory to the Coast to be familiar by sight, but their names, their deeds, are royal in a land that is proud of them for their wonderful achievements.

These equine kings are matched for battle in what is always the most sensational race in this part of the State, namely, the Free-For-All Pace. An effort will be made to break the world's mile pacing record, 1.59¼, held by the great Star Pointer.

The great stallion, Owyhee, will be seen in the 2.13 trot, in such company as Osito, Neernut, Our Lucky, Geo. M. McKinney, Necretta and other speedy ones, all able to do their mile in less than 2.10. This will be one of the greatest races of the week. *

THE CROWN OF THE VALLEY

DEAREST BETTY—Pasadena society people are exhibiting more interest in social matters this season than for several years past. There is already talk of three assemblies to be given in December, January and April, and a cotillion club is being formed by the young married people.

Mrs. E. F. Hurlbut has returned from her summer in the East accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilcox (nee Hurlbut) and El Retiro is open for the winter, with the prospect of being the center of much of the social gayity here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Vandervort have returned from their long stay in Pittsburg, Mr. Vandervort looking so much better in health that he is the recipient of congratulations on all sides.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Church and Harry Rhodes will be solomnized at an early date The wedding will occur immediately upon Mr. Rhodes arrival from Alaska, at the home of the bride's aunt in Seattle.

Hotel Green is preparing for an unusually gay season and a professional entertainer as well as a golf instructor have been engaged.

The Valley Hunt Club has introduced an innovation in the way of a resident chef who is prepairing to serve dainty luncheons or dinners for club members on short notice, and already several of the bachelors have availed themselves of this opportunity of dining their friends. Last week the first formal club dinner was given to members and the new arrangement bids fair to meet with popular favor.

There has been comparatively little going on in the gay world as yet, but there was a wedding here last week which, judging from the descriptions of the local society reporters, must have been a remarkable affair. None of us girls knew the contracting parties, which was our misfortune, as none of us were "among those present," but one of the local papers said the floral decorations were "almost fascination" and that the "atmosphere of the room was redolent with the parterre effect."

We don't know exactly what that means and are crazy to find out, for if there is anything new in effects, parterre or otherwise, we want to know it, also how to make them "redolent."

PHILLIS.

About the House

To Can Peaches and Grapes

BY MARY L. KIMBERLY

THOUGH the canning season is nearly over, an easy and effective method will no doubt be welcomed by many who have this work to do. To can peaches, first select nice, ripe fruit, but not that which has become soft. Instead of wiping the fuzz off as many do, wash them in cold water, then lay a soft cloth in the bottom of another pan to lay the peaches on to drain after washing.

Now peel them with a reasonably sharp knife, so as not to bruise them, as is often done when peeling with a dull knife. Cut in half and remove the pit. Place the fruit in the cans with the open side down and put in as many as you can without mashing the fruit. Now make a syrup of one half cup of sugar to each quart of fruit and pour over the fruit while it is warm and fill the cans full.

Put some pieces of thin boards of lath in the bottom of the wash boiler and set the cans upon them, then put enough warm water in the boiler to come up a couple of inches on the cans and cover the boiler tight and boil the boiler one hour, then remove the cans from the boiler, put on the rubber and screw the top on tightly. Tip the can down on the side and turn it round to be sure it is perfectly tight. If the least bit of syrup oozes from beneath the cover it is not tight enough. If you cannot turn the cover any tighter take some hard substance, such as a knife handle, and press the edges of the cover down firmly onto the rubber and try it again until not a drop of syrup runs out, as sometimes the edge of the cover gets bruised so that it does not fit down closely all around. If the work is done thoroughly at the start you will not have the least trouble to keep the fruit any length of time until it is wanted for use. Set the fruit away in a box or cupboard in a reasonably cool place. If the flavor of the peach is liked, crack a few pits and put the kernels in with the fruit before cooking.

To Can Grapes

Take good fresh grapes, pick them from the stems, being careful not to break the skin more than is necessary, and fill your cans full and press them down and add more if there is room without mashing. Make a syrup the same as for the peaches, and be sure you fill the cans full of syrup, then proceed the same as with the peaches.

Grapes canned in this way keep their shape perfectly and are luscious for the table. The juice from this fruit when the cans are opened, is the most perfect sweet wine that can be found by invalids or convalescents, or as a most delicious summer drink when water and ice are added.

I believe when this way of canning is once tried that no other way will be used.—What to Eat.

If all the rules that have been laid down by various scientists for the prolonging of life were carried out to the letter the country would be depopulated within ten days. However, there is much to be learned by everyone as to their mode of living, and a set of rules as formulated by Sir Thomas Sawyer in a lecture in England contain much wisdom:

1. Sleep eight hours in each twenty-four.
2. Sleep on your right side, with your window open.
3. Place your bed away from the wall.
4. Take a bath the temperature of the body daily.
5. Take exercise before breakfast.
6. Eat but little meat, well cooked.
7. Do not drink milk (for adults).
8. Eat much grain food.
9. Avoid intoxicants.
10. Live as much as possible in the country.
11. Vary your ambitions.
12. Limit your ambitions.

No rules can be given that will apply equally to all persons. Some of the above would not do at all for certain individuals, yet, as a whole, they are good. Experience and knowledge of one's self must be the guide in applying them. Indeed there are those who may prefer a "short life and a merry one," with less restrictions. But the rules are not too exacting to be tried.

THE VOLUBLE BARBER

AS the second-chair barber tucked a towel under the newspaper man's chin he took a long breath and remarked:

"Warm day; kind o' sultry like; takes the life out of a man, so he don't feel like work and hardly want to talk. But, then, this Los Angeles weather ain't in it along with the kind they get back East. Why, in New York —ever been in New York, mister?—Well, there they get 110 to 120 in the shade. And sunstroke! Why, one day in my shop on Broadway (I ran nine chairs in that shop—often three or four dozen customers waiting turns), yes, it was in August, five of my men dropped from sunstroke within two hours. It was awful! One of my men cut a customer's ear clean off as he toppled over. He was dead when we picked him up. Another of my men died within five minutes after the stroke. It was dreadful! With his last gasp he was trying to speak. What do you think of that?"

"Don't doubt it."

"And then they talk about weather in the Filipino Islands. Say the soldiers can't fight because it rains. Bah! it makes me tired. Why, suppose Napoleon Bonaparte was runnin' that campaign— You've heard of him, of course. What! never heard of Bonaparte. Well, I tell you what he done. Crossed the Alps mountains with his army when there was nineteen feet of snow on the level and the cold was 64 below zero. And he took with him forty twelve-inch Krupp cannon and two hundred gatling guns. What you think of that?"

"Did they have such guns in, er, what-you-call-him's time?"

"Why, of course. You ought to read up; it's powerful interestin'. And talk about Dewey! Bah!"

"What's the matter with Dewey?"

"Say, did you notice that man just ahead of you in this chair—old fellow, gray mustache, stout like, red face, well dressed, had a gold-headed cane? Well, I dunno what to make of him; never saw him before. I was talkin' to him about Dewey and Otis and McKinley and Alger, and San Pedro Harbor and the Nicaragua Canal, and the drought and the orange crop prospect, you know. Just sudden like he says, says he, 'How long does it take a man to make a fortune in business here?' Well, it took me all aback, you know; but I thought he had a nice tip in mind for me, and so I says, 'It would take a mighty long time, because real gentlemen like your-

Hotel Palms Sixth & Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.
H. C. FRYMAN, Proprietor
For four years manager of Mount Lowe Hotel

AN elegantly furnished centrally located family hotel, with all modern improvements. The cuisine first class. Seventy-five newly furnished rooms; twenty-five suites with private baths. Steam radiator in every room. Spacious parlors and ball room . . . . . .
European rate, 75c. and up per day
American rate, $1.75 and up per day
Special Rates by Week or Month

111 West Third — 113 West Third

Levy's
Always in the Lead

HIS OYSTERS ARE FINE
HIS FISH IS FINE
HIS GAME IS FINE
HIS ESTABLISHMENT IS THE FINEST IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Popular Orpheum Orchestra
has been secured to play at the oyster parlors every evening from 11.00 to 12.30. Go and hear the music as soon as the theaters close.

Large dining rooms that can accommodate 80 people, smaller ones for smaller private parties. Private dining rooms for ladies. The great resort with the theater goer. The house never closes, open from sunrise to sunrise.

The Imperial Cafe 243 South Spring St. Tel. Main 101
High Class Family Resort
Entrance from both Broadway and Spring Streets

Interior View from Spring Street Entrance
Business Lunch from noon to 2.30; quick and efficient service. The best home brew and imported beer fresh from barrel. Fish and game grilled to order. Fine fresh oysters on call. Open house until 1 a. m. Special attention given to theater parties. Fine private dining rooms for ladies.
R. J. STAHMANN, Proprietor.
N. B.—No roughs admitted.

The Palace Cor. FIRST and SPRING STS.
A Select Family Re ort
Patronized by the business men of the city with their families. Elegantly fitted, cool in Summer and warm in Winter. The Berth Family Orchestra in attendance. Free concert every evening from 8 to 12 o'clock. Refined music. No Vaudeville
Restaurant and Refreshments
Last car of the evening in every direction and for Pasadena passes the door.
Especially Adapted to After Theater Parties
The Palace Restaurant Company

self,' I says, 'are scarce here; most of the customers are common kind, plain bred, you know.' Then he stopped me right there, and he says, 'I knowed a barber that made a fortune in three years.' 'He must a' had a big place in a big city,' I says. 'No,' says he, 'it was in a smaller place than this, and he had only a little shop.' 'Then,' says I, 'he must have been a mighty good talker to attract customers like that.' He kind o' smiled, just a little, as I tilted him up again in the chair, and he says, 'No, he wasn't a talker at all—he was deaf and dumb.' Now, do you believe that?"

"Impossible."

"Then, when I had about finished with him, I noticed that he had a big gold badge, a charm or something, fastened to his watch chain, and I says, 'That's a mighty pretty badge.' 'Badge?' says he, 'that ain't no badge; that's a medal.' Then he kind o' smiled again, and he says, 'Yes, a barber won that medal.' 'What! a barber?' says I.' 'Yes,' he says; 'I bought it from his widow,' says he. 'From his widow?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'You see,' he says, 'a eccentric rich man went into a strange barber's shop, and when he got into the chair he told the barber he would buy him a handsome medal if he would keep his mouth shut all through the job."

"I'll bet he didn't win it," said the newspaper man, hastily.

"But he did, so the man said."

"And did he get the medal?"

"The barber's wife got it, he said."

"Why didn't the barber himself get it?"

"The man he says, kind o' queer like, he says. 'The barber was dead next day; he died of lockjaw,' he says. S' long."

Beau Brummel once insolently replied to an invitation to tea by remarking that he never "took" anything but "physic." "Yes, you do," frowned his hostess, "you take liberties."

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

Sweldom East and West

THE very elaborate and extravagant accounts we are constantly having flourished before our eyes in the society and fashion columns of some of the larger eastern newspapers are to a great extent rather amazing. It seems prepostrous that such fortunes could be spent as are spent frequently on one wardrobe for a single season, but statistics have been printed in several articles that, while apparently so exaggerated that few thought it worth while to credit them, are nevertheless correct, and in eastern cities, such as New York, and at the fashionable resorts, it is absolutely obligatory in these days for the fashionable women to dress well, while on our coast this can hardly be indulged in even in a moderate degree. If there is the least air of attractiveness, for instance, about one woman's bathing suit, the yellow spectre. Gossip, will arise from the sands and make the woman's life miserable, if not nearly ruin her reputation.

The Dress Makes the Lady

A remark that at the time was counted as exceedingly hard and unfeeling was made by one of the leaders of New York society to a very intimate friend whom she had invited to visit her during the heighth of the season. The friend, who was not blessed with worldly goods to any great extent, wrote that she would gladly accept the invitation if Mrs.So-and-So thought her clothes would be suitable, but that she was afraid that they were not quite up to date. The answer was not long in coming, and if I am not misaken was telegraphed, "If your clothes are not in every respect up-to-date, would prefer that you postpone the visit until the season is over." However heartless this may sound, the blow was tempered with mercy, inasmuch as it saved the poor woman from the contemptuous looks that were surely in store for her, had she been allowed to accept. She would undoubtedly have been subjected to many unpleasantnesses, for it takes a much braver woman than is ordinarily met to stand the critical glances that are bestowed upon a gown that lacks the fresh, smart look of the prevailing mode.

"Graduate in Laundering"

I have heard of a great many different schools for the instruction of all classes and colors, in all mental and manual lines, but I think that a school for washing is the latest. A certain charity society in New York has organized a washing school which is under the direction of Mrs. Russell. This school is in Prospect avenue and is a purely charitable institution, intended to fit the poorer classes of women for positions either in families or laundries where they could receive the wages of experinced help. Many poor people think when reduced to want that if they do not know how to do anything else they can take in washing. Never did they make a greater mistake. Washing and ironing have been reduced to an art and perfection pays best. A course in this school consists of twelve lessons and perfection is rewarded with a written certificate of merit or graduation at the close. The students in the novel school do not receive any pay until proficient in the trade, when they are give employment or recommended for positions to customers, who engage them regularly and are glad to have their washing done well and carefully.

The Value of Old Hats

In these days of advanced commercial economics, when everything from old cast-off shoes to scrap iron is reincarnated, so to speak, old cast-off hats are not the least item. There are establishments where men are employed to go from house to house where they offer small sums, usually two or three cents apiece, for summer headgear. Now and then twenty-five cents is given for some high-grade hat which in the beginning cost four or five dollars. Those in fair condition are re-bleached and vamped and a new band is put in them, and when on display in some show window only the initiated can tell they have ever seen better days. It is estimated that all told there are manufactured, yearly, in the United States, fifty million straw tiles, but the straw hat through its different stages, and after adorning many-shaped heads and pressing more or less combed locks, gradually looses its self-respect and becomes reckless and finally lands in the gutter or ash heap where it is fished out again, and although having lost its value as a manufactured article it is still in demand as raw material, for the straw being usually the best quality when selected for hats is in much demand for the manufacture of certain grades of wrapping paper.

EXIGER LA MARQUE CI CONTRE Anyvo TRADE MARK

THE ANYVO Theatrical Cold Cream

The only cream that will not make the hair grow on the face. Its use prevents wrinkles, removes blackheads, tan and freckles, and all blemishes of the skin. Invigorating, nutrient and healthful to the skin. A perfect antiseptic Antiseptic and healing properties recognized by the medical profession. Sold by all druggists.
ANYVO CO., 427 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Good Clothes for Particular Men== For You

Glad to show you how they look and fit before you place your Fall order

We give all a tailor gives and charge less

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HARRIS & FRANK, Props.
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Fine Remodeling and Making — Sealskins a Specialty Perfect fit

The Parisian — Miss T. B. Mitchell Artistic Furrier
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Five years Head Furrier of Parisian Cloak and Suit Co.

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I make a specialty of obstinate cases of pimples, freckles, small pox pittings, deep wrinkles, moles, warts, all skin blemishes. Am a pupil of Dr. Douglas Graham.
Fine Toilet Preparations

LADIES
Have your freckles removed by using
The Original Freckle Salve
Prepared only by
C. F. HEINZEMAN
Chemist
222 North Main Street — Price 50 cts

THE IDEAL HAT FASTENER — AN INVENTION BY A WOMAN FOR WOMEN
Holds the Hat perfectly secure without the use of hatpins. Easily adjusted, invisable and transferable. Patrons delighted. 95,000 sets sold in Eastern states alone, in four months. By mail 25 cents. Agents wanted.
IDEAL HAT FASTENER CO. 413 Jackson Bld'g Denver, Colo.

SCHRAMSBERG ...WINES...
The Most Famous of California
Light, Delicate Wines, Matured in Underground Cellars and Bottled with great care at the Vineyard
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
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The Scenic Route to Santa Monica....
LEAVE FOURTH ST., Los Angeles, every thirty minutes on the hour and half hour from 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30.
LEAVE BAND STAND, Santa Monica, every half hour on the quarter and three-quarter from 5.45 a.m. to 7.45 p.m., 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

WARDROBES
Made of Solid Oak Golden Finish—Good Values
FOLDING BEDS
I. T. MARTIN, 531-535 So. Spring St.
Wheel Chairs sold or rented.

Amusements

AT THE Los Angeles this week the ghost of "Yon Yonson" stalked about the stage in the habiliments of "A Yenuine Yentleman." There is absolutely nothing of merit in the entire show except Miss Maggie Le Claire, a buxom Irish woman who has black hair and blue eyes and sings and dances with true Irish flavor. Mr. Hendricks of course is thoroughly at home in the dialect of a Swede, but the play is such a poor conglomeration of chestnutty situations that it leaves his talent a lonesome spectacle. At the end of the second act there is a rapid sequence of climaxes that causes some applause, but the final curtain falls on the stupidest scene one could imagine. We could stand the original Swedish comedy-drama a few more times, but the attempt at something new in the surroundings of Sven Hansen is a total failure.

TO MAKE one's debut as an actress with as auspicious surroundings as was the good fortune of Miss Anita Sullivan at Morosco's this week is worth a good many years of knocking about stage entrances, unknown and friendless. On Monday evening Pearl Landers donned her street dress and occupied a box with her mother, the better to observe the new Joe in "The Head of the Family." Miss Landers must have felt like a veteran actress to pose on the dark side of the footlights watching her understudy.

I suppose the curtain raiser was introduced to give Mr. Frawley's friends a chance to see him, which was very thoughtful on his part. The play of the week is one which some may criticize as going a little too deep into the true inwardness of fin de siecle married life, but like all society plays there are many wholesome lessons in the story and they are well brought out by the ladies and gentlemen of the company.

SEYMOUR AND DUPREE—At the Orpheum

There was one peculiar thing in theatricals unusually emphasized in "The Head of the Family." No matter what the situation if an actor can say "dam" just right he can raise a laugh. There are several places in the comedy-drama where the only excuse for laughter was in the mild profanity of some of the characters.

A fact that deserves reiteration is that there is not one indifferent looking woman in the Frawley company. Without exception they are the handsomest women, most elegantly gowned, of any organization that has ever visited Los Angeles. I consider that delivering myself of a good deal of gush but am confident of the support of every Burbank patron.

I saw Mary Van Buren's mother in a dress circle seat one evening this week and one glance at her grand old face with its aureole of nearly white hair is enough to satisfy one that her daughter's sweetness and beauty were not entirely heaven sent blessings.

The Hungarian Boys' Military Band, although a hold over, is by far the best attraction at the Orpheum this week, and if the patrons of the theater could have a voice in the matter they would undoubtedly be unanimous in wishing that it could stay in Los Angeles indefinitely. Among the newcomers Jennie Yeamans is featured as the attraction par excellence of the bill, but those who rely upon her reputation and what the advertisements say of her will be woefully disappointed. Like so many others of the legitimate stage who enter vaudeville, attracted by high salaries, she seems to think that any old thing will be accepted in view of a good previous reputation. The writer has seen Miss Yeamans many and many a time when her work was brilliant and worthy of all praise, and it is therefore somewhat of a shock to see her do the ordinary singing and dancing twenty-dollar-a-week soubrette act and even then not do it well. We should expect from one of Miss Yeaman's capabilities something that at least comes within the outside limits of mediocrity.

The other new features this week are Terry and Lambert, Lola Cotton and Stimson and Merton. Of the first team little may be said except that their singing is acceptable. Lola Cotton, the six year "wonder" gives an exhibition of so-called second sight and mind reading that is about as interesting and transparent to the initiated as such characteristic performances usually are. It was very, very crude and the assistant, upon whom everything in an act of this kind depends, was deplorably inefficient. Stimson and Merton keep the audience in a continual uproar of laughter by the most ridiculous nonsence the mind of man can imagine. The "fool and the fat girl," as one man called them, are so nonsensically funny that one cannot help laughing, although he kicks himself afterwards for doing so.

The other holdovers besides the boys' band are the Bright Brothers, the Biograph and Hallen and Fuller. The latter have introduced a new act this week which is much better than the old one. On Wednesday night in particular their reference to "Bill and Maggie," when the white, ribbon-bedecked trunks appeared, seemed to appeal strongly to a certain small part of the audience seated prominently near the stage, and the joke was evidently appreciated by a large portion of the house.

THE BRIDGE SCENE IN "CUMBERLAND '61."—At Morosco's

Morosco's Burbank Theater.—The long-promised production by the Frawley Company of "Cumberland '61" will take place at the Burbank Theater Sunday night, October 15th. The drama, written by Franklyn Fyles, the co-author of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," will be mounted with special new and elaborate scenery and mechanical effects, and with the entire Frawley Company in the cast.

While several of the characters in "Cumberland '61" appear in blue and grey uniforms, the drama is not a war play, the civil strife being used as a background to the story of a Kentucky feud. The central story deals with two families, the Ainslies and the

Orpheum
MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND
Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater

Week Commencing Monday, Oct. 16.

Forest and King, Europe's Famous Grotesque Comedians and Dancers.
Frank Cushman, the Progressive Minstrel, one week only.
Seymour and Dupree, Original Jumping, Dancing and Musical Duo.
Lola Cotton, the six-year-old phenomenal wonder, in Mind Reading and Second Sight.
Stinson and Merton, Eccentric Comedian and Comedienne Par Excellence.
Hungarian Boys' Military Band, 50 in number.
Jennie Yeamans, Greatest Character Comedienne on Earth.
The Great American Biograph.

PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER
OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager

This Evening—Last Performance of "Head of the Family"

Commencing To-morrow (Sunday) Night,
Elaborate Presentation of Franklin Fyles' Greatest Effort
"Cumberland '61"
By the full strength of the Famous FRAWLEY COMPANY
Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinee Today.
Telephone Main 1270.

LOS ANGELES THEATER
C. M. WOOD and H. C. WYATT, Lessees.

THREE NIGHTS ONLY
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Matinee and Evening,
Oct. 16, 17, 18, HOYT'S
A Milk White Flag
A war-time comedy, introducing a regiment of fun makers. Spectacular features and lavish costumes.
Seats now on sale. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Telephone Main 70.

WESTERN GRAPHIC 25 cents a month, collected by mail; we pay all postage.

Graynes, whose ancestors quarreled over a boundary line, thus creating a vendetta that meant death to the one or the other when members of the family met. Ainsley's daughter is being educated by Colonel Murdoch, an army officer profligate. She does not love him, but loves Grayne. The action opens at West Point and the second act is a church in the Kentucky mountains, where old Ainsley makes his daughter wed Murdoch. Grayne is captured, and Murdoch is about to hang him as a spy, when he is assisted in escaping by Dick Kansett, a son of the Colonel's and whose mother was an Indian. In his flight Grayne meets Ainsley on a bridge and a struggle ensues. Grayne overcomes his antagonist and leaves him on the bridge, just as it is fired to cut off the advance of the enemy. The daughter calls to Grayne to save her father. He does so, and his heroism breaks up the feud. The Indian son kills the Colonel and Ainsley's daughter is free to marry Grayne. In the first act the outline of the story is skillfully explained; the following acts have the crowning qualities that tend to work up the intense action that the bridge scene warrants. The characters are strongly drawn.

Los Angeles Theater—The story of "A Milk White Flag" is perhaps the most interesting and brings forward more bright ideas and ludicrous situations than any other of the many successful Hoyt plays. It is claimed that the incidents for the story of a "A Milk White Flag" happened in St. Albans, Vt., where author Hoyt was formerly connected with one of the daily papers. Of course this was before the days of his prosperity. At this time there were two rival military companies in the town, and in the play they are called "The Ransome Guards" and "The Daily Blues." Each company was striving to outdo the other in social affairs, and as most of the members were connected with the prominent families of the community, the rivalry was fast and furious. Their efforts to excel each other in all matters forms the theme for the display of Mr. Hoyt's humor.

The company selected by the management is a necessarily large one, as the performance is of such a spectacular nature as to engage the services of a great number of people. The scenic equipment and entire accessories are carried complete and require a car for their transportation. The costuming is costly and allows of beautiful color effects, which are lavishly presented. "A Milk White Flag" comes to the Los Angeles Theater October 16, 17 and 18.

Orpheum—New vaudeville acts in profusion are offered at the Orpheum next week—no lack of novelty is apparent in the bill that goes on for the first time next Monday evening. There will be eight acts altogether.

Forrest and King, grotesque comedians and dancers from England, are given a prominent place on the bill, among the new comers. They have never been on the coast before.

Frank Cushman, a minstrel with a fine reputation, will be here for one week only.

Seymour and Dupree, who perform on odd musical instruments, and indulge in acrobatic feats as well, will be here for a week only.

The Hungarian Boys' Band begins its third and last week on Monday night. The band could easily be retained here a month longer and play to packed houses, but an engagement in New York makes it necessary for the youngsters to leave.

Stimson and Merton, whose act is a sure cure for the blues, will remain on the bill.

Lola Cotton, the mind reading wonder, is also to remain, and with the biograph showing new pictures, and Jennie Yeamans, the comedienne, the bill is complete.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

REGIMENTAL Orders No. 4, dated Oct. 5th, designates the parades for target practice as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.
Company A, Los Angeles	29	26
Company B, San Diego	28	25
Company C, Los Angeles	15	19
Company D, Pomona	15	19
Company F, Los Angeles	24	21
Company G, Redlands	18	15
Company I, Pasadena	23	20
Company K, San Bernardino	29	26
Company L, Santa Ana	26	23
Company M, Riverside	30	27

The parades of Companies B, F, G, I, L and M will be supervised by First Lieutenant G. C. Thaxter, I. R. P.; the parades of Companies A and C will be supervised by Captain F. L. Reynolds; Company D will be supervised by Second Lieutenant Samuel Crawford, and Company K will be supervised by Lieut. H. E. Highby. The field and staff officers and band will parade with Troop D, Oct. 29th and Nov. 31st, and with Signal Corps Oct. 27th and Nov. 26th.

Among the discharges is Sergeant Wm. J. Beale, enlisted Sept. 7, 1889, discharged at the expiration of ten years' service. A number of appointments of non-commissioned officers were made in Companies A, B and C.

Capt. Harry La V. Twining last Wednesday received his commission as Captain and Adjutant of the Seventh Regiment. Captain Twining has been in the National Guard a number of years, having been an officer of Company E of the old Ninth Regiment and also First Lieutenant of Company I Seventh Volunteers. He is well fitted for the position and the announcement of his appointment has been received with satisfaction by National Guardsmen.

Lieutenant John C. Mielke has been relieved from duty as acting adjutant.

Company B of San Diego paraded fifty men at its State shoot on September 18th. The two highest scores were made by Private Ayers, 61, and Sergeant Simpson, 60.

Company F held an election last Monday evening to fill the vacancy created by the departure of Lieutenant Louis S. Chappelear, Thirty-fifth Infantry U. S. V. The election was very interesting and full of surprises. A ticket was selected at the caucus but was not elected when the vote was taken. Second Lieutenant W. A. Wing was elected first lieutenant and Quartermaster Sergeant O. H. Westcott was elected second lieutenant.

Captain D. R. Weller of the Forty-fourth Infantry U. S. V. left last Wednesday noon for the Presidio, to await the arrival of his regiment from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Invitations have been issued by Company B of San Diego for a smoker to be given on the 13th inst. The invitation is rather a unique affair in itself. Such phrases as "Smoker," "Stag," "Beer and beans," "First volunteer reunion," etc., all suggest a good time.

Captain Greene of Pasadena having failed to qualify as Captain of Company I, the boys are again on a still hunt for a company commander. It is rumored that Mr. Collins, a prominent member of the uniform rank of the K. of P., may be asked to fill the position.

Only one-half of those who enter the military academy at West Point continue in it long enough to obtain a commission, and in part because of the severity of the discipline. Six thousand six hundred and fifty eight cadets were admitted to the academy up to and including 1886, and only 3,384 of these were graduated.

An election to fill the vacancy in the Second lieutenancy of Company C will be held on Wednesday evening, the 18th, inst. One of the most prominent candidates for the position is Captain Simms, formerly of the Eighth Regiment, Ohio N. G., popularly known as "The President's Own." The Company will parade for their second state shoot next Sunday, the 15th, inst. The range will be open at 7 a. m. and a large attendance is expected.

Furs made to order, repaired and remodeled. D. Bonoff, 247 S. Broadway, opp. City Hall.

Orders taken for all kinds of beautiful needlework. Initialing and embroidery a specialty. Convent of Immaculate Heart, Pico Heights, Los Angeles, Cal. 10-1

Continued from page 7

including Mrs. Jeanne Prewett-Wickizer, Mrs. Thomas Watson-Young, Mrs. Fannie C. Gleason, Mrs. Lou V. Chapin and Mrs. Grace Henderson Mathewson.

This week we present a charming picture of Mrs. Arthur Bull, better known as "Floie," as our artist found her in her studio in the Stimson Building. Although a recent addition to our artistic circles, Mrs. Bull, by her cordial and unassuming manner, has already made for herself a large circle of acquaintances. With great delicacy, Mrs. Bull has

"FLOIE" IN HER WORKSHOP

decided not to exhibit at the Blanchard Art Gallery for prizes, but will probably be induced to hang a number of paintings in one of the rooms of the "Annex," which open into the gallery. This will give those not so fortunate as to visit her studio an opportunity of seeing her work. It is to be hoped that "Floie" will loan to the exhibit her "Salombo," an immense canvas, daring in inspiration and execution, and so real, so terrible, that one not familiar with the story of this character can grasp the incident so graphically displayed. Mr. Bull has presented the Ruskin Art Club with a bit of work, and in many ways is showing her good offices. The Graphic expects to present several photo engravings of her paintings in subsequent issues.

Henry J. Kramer will form a dancing class for adult beginners Monday, October 16, 7:30 p. m. Adult advance class Wednesday, October 25; juvenile beginners, Saturday, October 21, 1:30 p. m.; advance class, 3:30 p. m. Terms, 20 lessons, $10; 10 lessons, $5. References. 932-4 South Grand avenue. Tel. Blue 5511.

Mmes. Beeman & Hendee, proprietors of the popular decorative needlework store at 310 South Broadway, have just returned from an extended trip throughout the cities of the east and are pleased to announce their annual fall opening which will take place on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, October 18 and 19.

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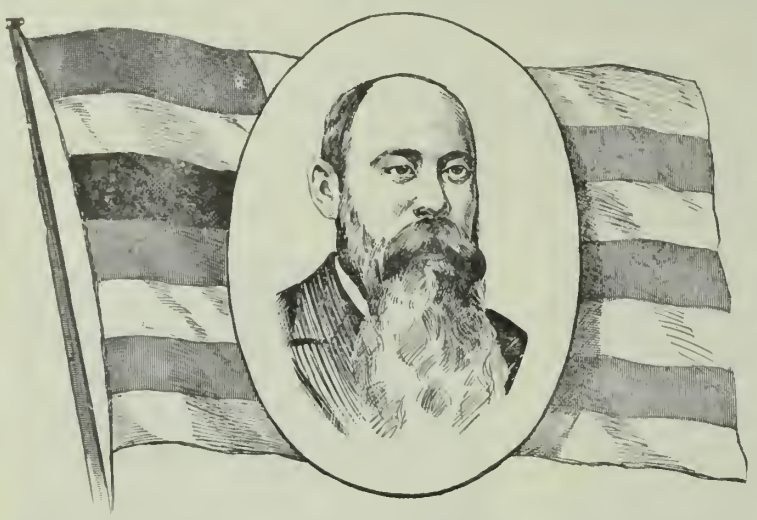
President Martinus Th. Steyn of the Orange Free State took a pronounced stand in favor of the Boer side in the South African trouble. This required some pluck, as the Orange Free State is nearer the British seat of war in Africa and therefore in



danger should there be war. Martinus Steyn is called the first son of the Orange Free State, because he was the first child born in the little republic to become in after life its president. He is 42 years of age and a lawyer by profession. He was chief justice of the republic before his election to the presidency in 1896.

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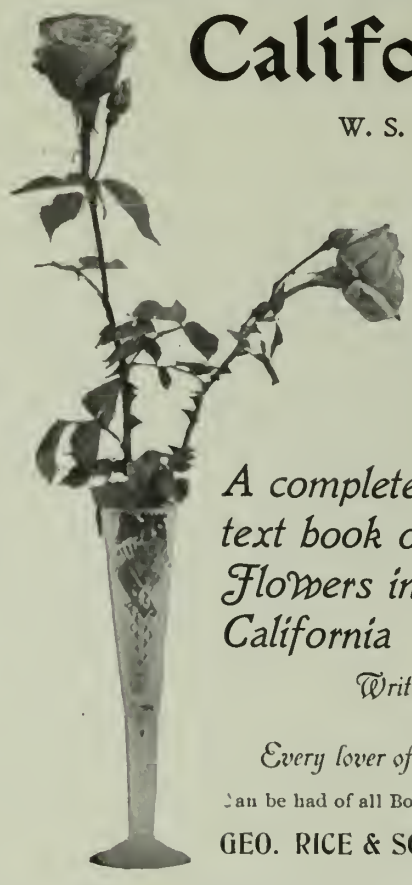

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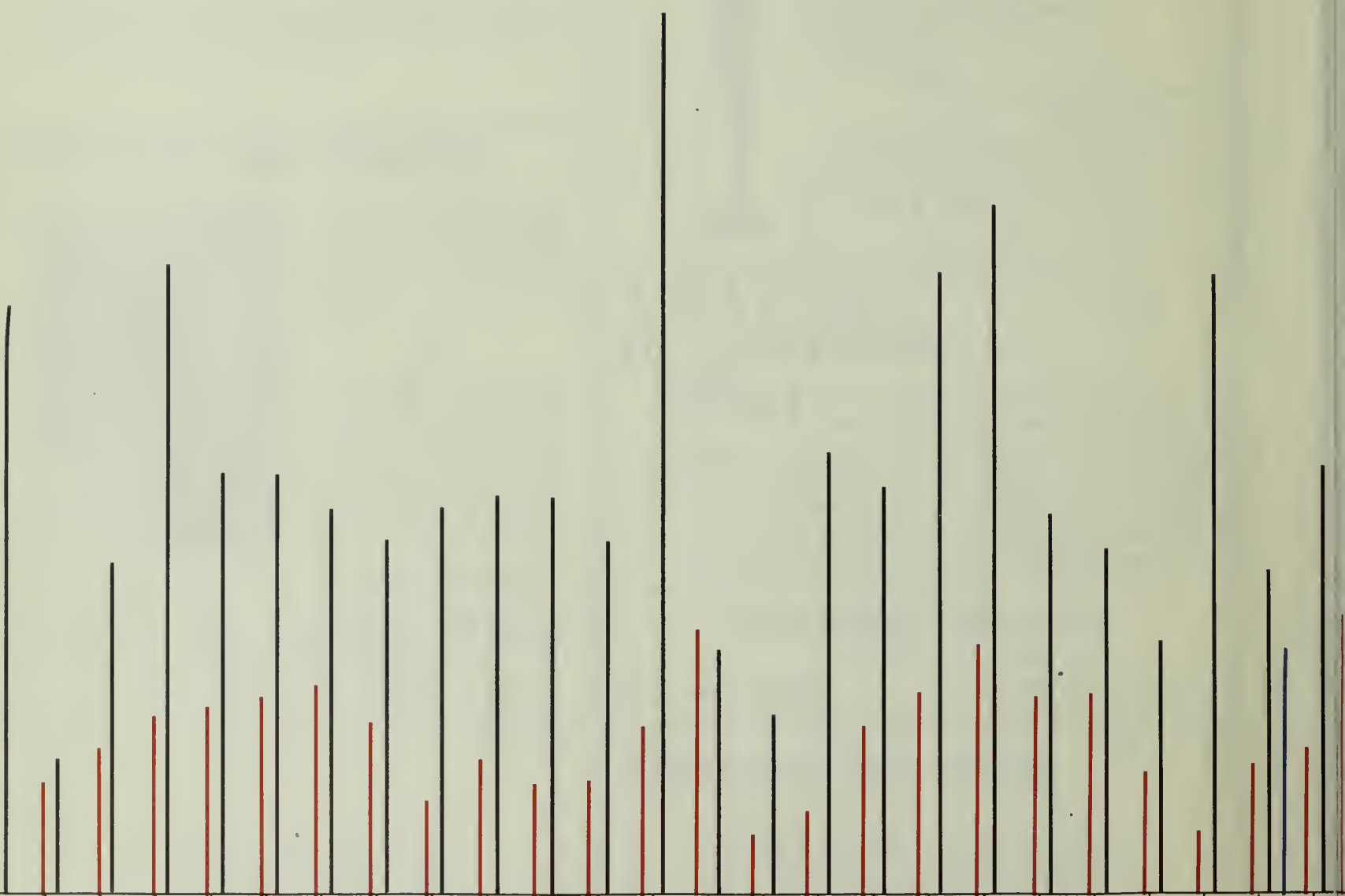

FIRST DECADE

Years	San Francisco	Los Angeles	San Diego
1849–50	33.10	——	6.54
1850–51	7.40	——	8.25
1851–52	18.44	——	9.91
1852–53	35.26	——	15.78
1853–54	23.87	——	11.35
1854–55	23.68	——	11.92
1855–56	21.66	——	9.81
1856–57	19.88	——	5.21
1857–58	21.81	——	7.65
1858–59	22.22	——	6.20
Totals - - -	227.32		87.62
Average - -	22.73		8.76

SECOND DECADE

Years	San Francisco	Los Angeles	San Diego
1859–60	22.27	——	6.52
1860–61	19.72	——	9.40
1861–62	49.27	——	15.00
1862–63	13.62	——	3.23
1863–64	10.08	——	4.93
1864–65	24.73	——	9.61
1865–66	22.93	——	11.61
1866–67	34.92	——	14.27
1867–68	38.84	——	11.15
1868–69	21.35	——	11.22
Totals - - -	257.73		96.94
Average - - -	25.77		9.69

THIR

Years	San Franci
1869–70	19.31
1870–71	14.10
1871–72	34.77
1872–73	18.02
1873–74	23.98
1874–75	18.40
1875–76	26.01
1876–77	11.04
1377–78	35.18
1878–79	24.44
Totals - - -	225.25
Averages - - -	22.53

Graphic OCTOBER 14, 1899

NIA RAIN CHART

E & SONS
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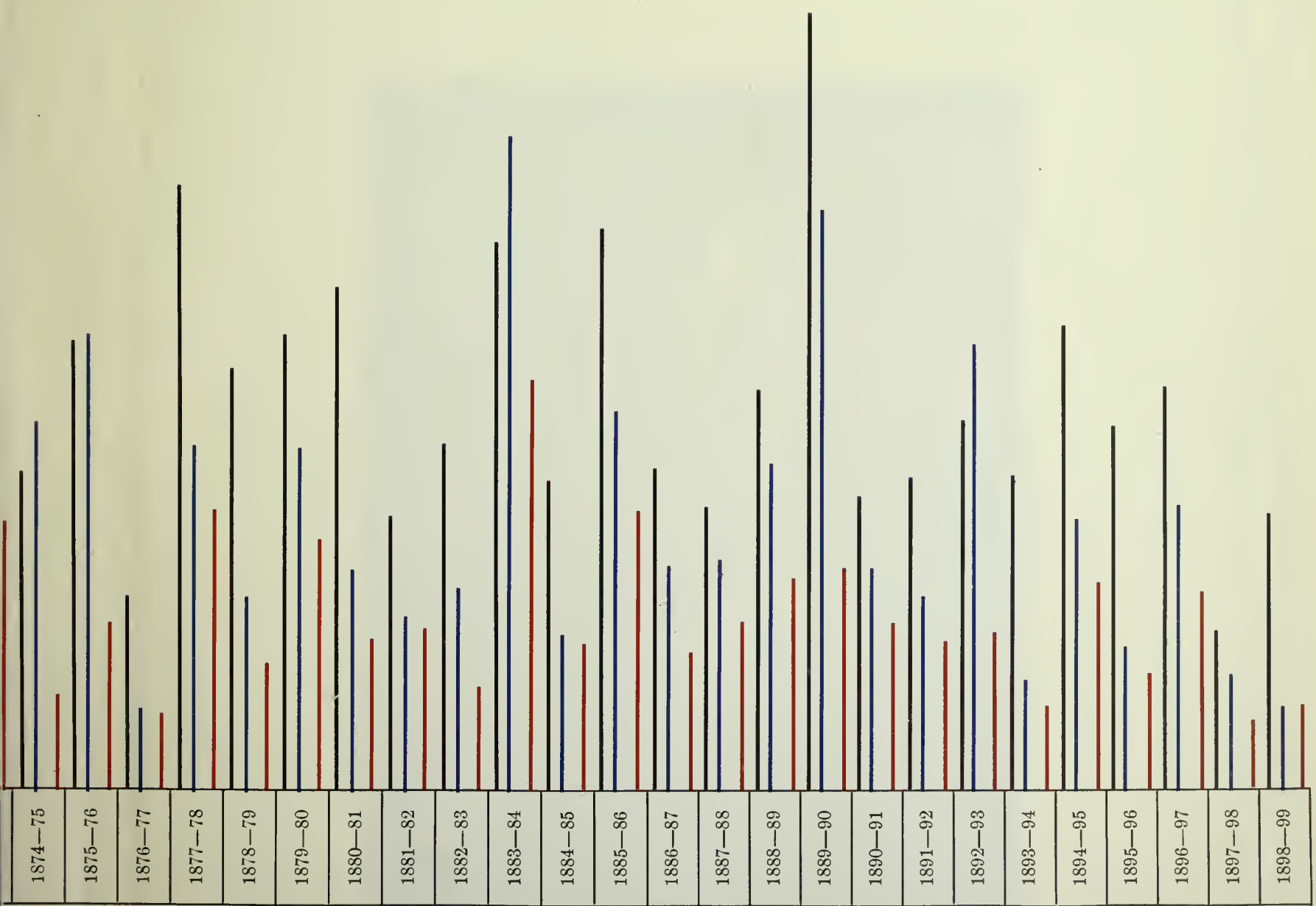
SHERS
nted 1899

Compiled from Official and Other Reliable Sources
by L. M. Holt.

In this Rain Chart
San Francisco is printed in Black
Los Angeles is printed in Blue
San Diego is printed in Red



DECADE	
Los Angeles	San Diego
——	7.03
——	3.52
——	7.36
14.00	8.18
24.78	15.71
21.67	5.57
26.74	9.71
4.88	4.36
20.26	16.25
11.35	7.21
123.68	84.90
17.67	8.49

FOURTH DECADE			
Years	San Francisco	Los Angeles	San Diego
1879–80	26.66	20.34	15.01
1880–81	29.86	13.13	9.01
1881–82	16.14	10.40	9.64
1882–83	20.12	12.11	6.51
1883–84	32.38	38.73	24.38
1884–85	18.10	9.12	8.69
1885–86	33.05	22.76	16.57
1886–87	19 04	13.67	8.28
1887–88	16.74	13.91	10.12
1888–89	23.86	19.78	12.87
Totals - -	235.95	173.95	121.08
Averages - -	23.60	17.40	12.11

FIFTH DECADE			
Years	San Francisco	Los Angeles	San Diego
1889–90	45.85	34.25	13.52
1890–91	17.58	13.33	9.93
1891–92	18.53	11.86	8.85
1892–93	22.05	26.27	9.10
1893–94	18.47	6.74	4.91
1894–95	27.29	16.10	12.13
1895–96	21.25	8.54	7.03
1896–97	23.43	16.83	11.75
1897–98	9.38	7.06	3.99
1898–99	16.00	4.95	4.91
Totals - - -	219.83	145.93	86.12
Averages - -	21.98	14.59	8.61

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Volume VII.
Number 17.

Los Angeles, Saturday, October 21, 1899.

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THE BRAVE ADMIRAL WHO LOST AT MANILA.

"Nothing succeeds like success." While America is glorifying Admiral George Dewey for his victory at Manila the brave Spanish commander, Vice Admiral Montojo, who led a forlorn hope with almost sublime courage that day, is degraded by a Spanish court martial. He has been placed on the reserve list and deprived of the right of pro

motion. This because he couldn't whip "Our George" and his splendid floating fighter with a fleet in which there was little that was fit for modern sea warfare. It is thought however, that Rear Admiral Montojo's friends will find means of setting aside the harsh sentence of the court martial.

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

JohannahQuinlan, Plaintiff, vs. Joseph Quinlan, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Joseph Quinlan, defendant. You are hereby directed to appear in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the ounty of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, within thirty dsys, if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

C. W. BELL, Clerk.
[Seal] By J. O. LOWE, Deputy Clerk,
Howard O. Broughton.
Attorney for Plaintiff. Aug. 26 10t

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

Volume VII.
Number 17.

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Western Graphic
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IRWIN H. RICE - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Live Congressmen Needed

The California representatives in Congress will need to be uncommonly alert if they do their full duty to the State during the next session. Several matters of great moment, affecting our local interests, will be introduced. The subject of greatest importance to Southern California, perhaps, is the effort that will be made, by reciprocity with Jamaica, to reduce the duty on Jamaica oranges twenty per cent. That effort will be a direct blow at our great citrus industry, and should be strenuously opposed. Water storage by the government, forest protection and the Nicaragua Canal are all of vital importance to this section.

Another matter, intimately associated with the progress and prosperity of Los Angeles, is the harbor work at San Pedro. It will be remembered that when Senator White returned from Washington last spring he gave warning that the harbor project wou'd bear very close watching. It is a fact that very little substantial progress has thus far been made in the work. The delays seem to be satisfactorily explained, but "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"—likewise of that harbor.

That Extra Session

One can hear any old story about an extra session of the Legislature, but none that seems to have any official weight. Walter Parker, who knows as much as anyone about such matters, thinks that there will surely be an extra session, but that it will not be called until after Congress has met and adjourned. He argues, with some force, that the administration is interested in having a full complement of party followers in the Senate, and that pressure will soon be delicately applied from Washington to bring such a result about. The most thorough investigation fails to show any evidence that a concerted effort has been made to secure a poll of the members or pledges from them. But this would not show on the surface in any case, as such things are usually so deftly done as not to become public until the work is completed.

The "Get There" Policy

So far as the Pacific States are concerned, there is no ground for argument about the policy of expansion in the Orient. The only potential question is whether we shall grasp the grandest commercial opportunity that ever came within the reach of a civilized people. Let people east of the mountains discuss the nice points about "imperialism," "expansion," and, "territorial inflation." On this coast we are too busy and have too keen an appreciation of our industrial interests to care what American activity in the Orient is called. It will suit us just as well to adopt a distinctive but very suggestive Americanism in place of the phraseological efforts that come from Boston and elsewhere in the east. The "get-there policy" would be a phrase satisfactory to Californians.

One-third the earth's population live just across the water from our Pacific coast. China, Japan and other densely populated countries in the Orient are our commercial neighbors. We can send the products of the Pacific States to the great Oriental markets for a fraction of the cost of railway transportation across the United States. Five hundred million consumers are within easy reach of our coast. The great powers of Europe, twice as far away and handicapped by Suez Canal tolls, are eagerly grasping for the trade of the Oriental markets. Shall we stand idly by while Europe divides this trade among its progressive nations, or shall we utilize the advantages of position and grasp the lion's share.

If the Philippines archipelago is helpful in the development of American industry in the Orient it would be madness for us not to utilize it. The situation of the Pacific States makes the development of the Oriental trade a necessity if we are to keep pace with the growth of the trans-mountain States. The enormous freight charges across the continent are a drawback that can only be overcome by water communication. Here on the Pacific slope should be produced a large proportion of the supplies needed from abroad by the people of the Orient. It needs no argument to convince intelligent people that we should be a unit on this proposition.

A SHORT SWEAR-OFF

I KNOW it is not quite *chantclair*
For the GRAPHIC to see Capital jokes,
But that Rob *petit* thinks it fair
To impose verse on us, laughter invokes.

In French of ballad and phrase-book
He bids sweet Lady Nicotine farewell,
And gravely tries to overlook
The jilt she has given this *gableux* swell.

Now this *fumisterie* at the club
(That, boys, is quite new slang in gay Paree)
Has made such an awful hubbub
That it filtered through the keyhole to me.

And my soul was racked with passion
At the anguish of this dear little man,
And his "adieu chere cigarette"
My deepest sympathies only did fan.

L'ENVOI.

Saturday morning I read it,
And on Monday—no, *Lundi*—I met him
On Spring street, not caring one whit,
Caressing "chere cigarette" with a vim.

Bien-venu to me was the sight,
Now all this *betise* has gone up in smoke.
Tempete theiere! Rob, you are right;
And dear Lady Nicotine? There's the joke.

—THE CYNIC.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THE social committee of the Signal Corps has got to work again and opened the season with a theater party at the Burbank last night. A majority of the members of the corps attended last evening in uniform and took their ladies. On Thursday, Nov. 2nd, the corps will give their first dance of the season. It will be one of the good old style dances for which the corps is noted.

Lieutenants Glass and McKeeby, of Battery D, were entertained at a banquet given by Hollenbeck Lodge A. F. and A. M., at Hollenbeck Hall, corner of Chicago and First streets. Addresses were made by E. A. Meserve, Lieutenant McKeeby, Chief Glass, Chas. Logan and Mott Flint.

Company D of Pomona held their official October shoot last Sunday under the supervision of Lieut. Sam Crawford of Co. A. The score sheet shows a great improvement over last month. There was an increase of 300 points over the September shoot, with three men less reporting. The highest scores were made by Capt. T. B. Thomas, 64; Corp. W. E. Stevens, 60; Corp. R. B. Midgeley, 58, and Sergt. C. E. Dudley, 57—nine men scoring 50 or more points.

Company C paraded thirty men for October shoot last Sunday. The highest score was made by Captain Truman Cole, 52. Wednesday evening the company held an election for second Lieutenant and unanimously elected Captain Simms, formerly a captain in the Eighth Ohio Infantry.

Lieut. Ray Fullmer of Company C. left for Washington, D. C., this week. It is probable that the lieutenant will be permanently located in the East.

The officers and men of the garrison at Brussels were recently invited to a lecture given by the mayor. The soldiers were instructed to keep their eyes on the commanding officer, M. Poodts, and to follow his example, applauding when he did and so on. Unhappily, Col. Poodts had occasion to blow his nose. Instantly the hall re echoed with the music of 1,500 soldiers' noses being blown.

There will soon be an election called in Company G, Redlands, as the terms of all three officers has expired.

An election has been called for first lieutenant in Company M, Riverside, to be held on Monday, the 23rd inst.

Company I, Pasadena, will hold an election for captain on Wednesday, the 25th of this month.

The best scores made for the September shoot were as follows: Capt. F. L. Reynolds, Co. F, 70; Sergt. L. Brown, Co. G, 64; Lieut. S. Crawford, Co. A, 63; Corp. S. M. Bloom, Co. M, 63; Private J. M. Ellis, Co. L, 62; Private E. C. Ayres, Co. B, 61; Private N. W. Faris, Co. K, 60; Corp. R. B. Midgeley, Co. D, 57; Lieut. C. H. Cole, Co. I, 55; Sergt. H. L. Twining, Co. C, 50.

Lawyer Chapman was once associated with Senator Stephen M. White in a certain case. Chapman loves a good dinner, and one day, just before the big case was to come up in court, ate more than he ought. The next day he was sick, and White took the doctor around to see him. Chapman was groaning with pain, and the doctor was puzzled. At last the doctor noticed a red spot on Chapman's cheekbone, and came to the conclusion that Chapman needed a dentist and told him so. "You have an ulcerated tooth. That's what ails you." Chapman quit groaning long enough to say: "Just hand me my plates off the bureau, so I can see which one of those d——n teeth is aching."—Argonaut.

Omnium Gatherum

MANY people are unable to understand the phrase "carload minimum" as applied to fruit shipments by railway. It means, as we understand it, the dribblet left to the producer after the transportation company has taken out the maximum.

The sacrifice of the "great registers" probably resulted from the colored janitor's limited knowledge of orthography. He thought the tons of dusty registers were marked for destruction in the "grati," and he naturally concluded that it would be better to realize $2.50 than to burn them.

A sad wail from the woman with the broom may next be expected. The price of broom corn in the east has advanced to $100 a ton, and report says "it is likely to go much higher." Brooms will soon be classed as luxuries, at this rate, and the possession of one may be as suggestive of wealth as the display of a sealskin sacque.

At the last meeting of the Pasadena Medical Association, we notice the subject of discussion was "Digitalin Dosage." The subject may interest Pasadenans, for a change, but nothing can abate the popularity of the standard subject—Alcoholic Dosage.

In view of the talk about a freight car "famine," Covina makes timely elevation of her finger and asks for 900 cars for the shipment of her orange crop. The shyness manifested by prosperity in its approach to Southern Califoruia, will entirely wear off by the time the orange crop is marketed.

The Chinese triennial celebration is a good thing of course, if it really causes the banishment of mongolian devils. But if it merely transforms them into the "melican kind" as there is good reason to suspect, the three days' effort is not commendable.

Since the State Board of Health bruited the idea of a quarantine against consumptives some of our northern cities are demanding enforcement of their dusty ordinances relative to expectoration on sidewalks. It will be hard to break up the habit in cities thus affected. Better post conspicuously the maxim of Los Angeles: "No man who expectorates on a sidewalk can expect to rate as a gentleman."

It is announced that Andrew Caregie has offered to give $15,000 to a library in the town of Conneaut, Ohio. Mr. Caregie has made munificent gifts to two California cities, for library purposes, and a third city, not far away, would not be averse to a similar work of esteem. For Mr. Carnegie's convenience we may state that a library gift to Los Angeles, on the basis of relative population, compared with Conneaut, would figure up $225,000.

Yuma exultingly reports that almost every train from California now bears divorcees, who would marry again, unhampered by the vexatious laws of the Golden State. No doubt many such couples will be induced to permanently reside in Yuma, particularly those who suffer from cold feet.

A novel kind of car "hold-up" is reported from Chicago. It is given, incidentally, in connection with the "car famine" news. "One thousand cars built for the Rio Grande road have mysteriously disappeared en route to the west; it is said they are being used by roads short of cars." All kinds of business in the east have announced the appearance of Prosperity, but the case in point is the first intimation that it is in the car "hold-up" industry.

It is undoubtedly true that the Boers have for a long time been preparing for a tussle with the British, if we may credit a recent dispatch from Pretoria. "Seven of President Kruger's sons and fifty grandsons will take the field" says the dispatch. Uncle Paul Kruger is evidently a believer in the adage, "In time of peace prepare for war."

Now comes the announcement that a trust of Bible publishers is in course of formatiom. There are six large Bible publishing houses in the United States exclusive of the American Bible Society, which sells its output at cost. The price-cutting has reached the point among the competitors where the Bible Society cannot compete. A halt has been called in this serious policy, and the rivals are to pool their business in commercial trust style. We suppose their motto will be the same as the standard one on our coins, "In God we trust."

Again we are reminded that California is on the firing line of the nation's progress. From Los Angeles or San Francisco to New York in less than four days, is the latest announcement of the railway managers. And this rapid transit at the rate of a mile a minute in some spurts, will be accomplished in trains as luxurious as the finest in the east. At this rate of progress, what may the next five years bring forth.

The true-blue patriotism of American youngsters has been shown by their patience relative to their offerings for the American Boy battleship. The apparent lack of progress after the contributions have been made and the uncertainty about the deposit place of the nickles and dimes, have calculated to excite suspicion. But it seems that the Cincinnati youth who started the project is earnestly at work, and that congress is expected to make provision, at the next session, for the building of the battleship.

That new method of curing measles is not likely to become popular. It consists in diagnosing the measles as small pox, then sending the patient to the pest house. The result is that the smallpox attacks and vanquishes the measles. The treatment seems to be effective in eradicating the first ailment, but the damage suit pending against the city indicates that as a popular remedy for measles "it has its drawbacks," as the old hunter said about the fun of grizzly bear hunting.

New York is grappling with the consumption problem in more sensible fashion than the quarantine idea suggested in California. The state board of health of New York, recognizing the imminent danger of contagion from tuberculosis, urges the establishment of hospitals near large cities but outside of city limits, for the treatment of consumptive patients. The subject is well worthy consideration in Los Angeles and other Southern California cities.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

WHAT seems to have been wanting in the campaign around Manila is the formation of a transport or coolie corps, under competent civil or military engineers, so as to save the troops as much as possible from any unnecessary strain upon their physical energies, not easily recuperated in that exhausting climate, and keeping them effective for fighting purposes only.

The duty of digging trenches, throwing up earthwork defenses, or destroying those of the enemy when captured; cutting roads through heavy jungle to enable the troops to advance with greater ease and celerity, and above all things, the making of military roads to certain strategic points so as to permit of the rapid concentration of the forces in any direction when necessary, might before this have been accomplished by such a corps under the protection of the troops.

No one, except from personal experience, knows what a working corps of a few thousand coolies, with baskets and mattocks, can accomplish in a few months under proper direction, and without even the luxury of a wheelbarrow, which, when distributed to the coolies for the first time on the railway works in British India, they immediately proceeded to fill, not, however, to overflowing, and carried on their heads to the dump.

By the assistance of such a corps, it is possihle, they could have been able before this to have got at some of the sources of supplies the insurgents seem to command all over the country to an extraordinary extent, and, by cutting them off or using them for their own benefit, have made the continuance of the war more hopeless for the insurgents. What is being produced in the country must be shipped somewhere, to supply the sinews of war and the purchase of arms and ammunition in Hong Kong, Singapore or Japan, and for the subsistence of the insurgent forces.

The constant firing and falling back, and having to do the same thing over again apparently, must have put a good deal of unnecessary strain upon the men. Fording swamps, swimming rivers, and even hauling their heavy guns and ammunition, might perhaps to a great extent have been avoided, had such a corps been organized earlier in the day, either by the employment of the Chinese in the country or by their importation from China for that purpose.

They proved invaluable during England's last war in China, where there are no roads, and against their own countrymen, and they worked cheerfully and fearlessly, even under fire, when accompanying the forces and under their protection. At the taking of the Taku forts the scaling ladders were found to be too short to reach across the ditches; the coolies jumped in, and, supporting the ends which fell short on their backs and shoulders, thus enabled the troops to scramble across successfully, cheering the coolies, who seemed to enjoy thoroughly the excitement, even under the hot fire of the Chinese forces opposed to them.

During the Indian mutinies of 1857 the transport service was well organized, even in the disordered state of the country, and in the Abyssinian campaign of 1868 how excellent were the arrangements in that respect. With a force of 16,000 British and Indian troops under Sir Robert Napier, an officer of engineers then commander-in chief in Bombay (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), the transport corps numbered some 12,000 men, chiefly sappers and miners from India, with elephants to do the heavy hauling. Through an unknown and practically unexplored country, mountainous and rising to high altitudes, they completed in that brief campaign of one season a military road from the Red Sea to Magdala, a distance of some three or four hundred miles, before they struck and completely destroyed the army of King Theodore, with a slaughter of some ten or twelve thousand of the enemy in their own stronghold.

Having achieved the object of the campaign (the release of the British Consul, Cameron, and other subjects captured and held in captivity by the King of Abyssinia), they marched back immediately by the same road by which they went, before the unfavorable season began, and left the country with a total loss of some twenty men killed and wounded.

On the dividing up of Africa some twenty years afterwards by the powers of Europe, and the occupation of the same territory by Italy, they found that road their mainstay in holding possession of the country, with their base of supplies at Massowah on the Red Sea.

When they departed from it, and ventured to attack the Abyssinian forces in the adjoining territory, the Italian army was defeated with a loss of five or six thousand men killed or taken prisoners, and to this day many of them are still in captivity.

While during the last campaign in Egypt for the recovery of the Soudan provinces, how perfect were the arrangements in that respect for the conservation of the effective strength of the fighting force under Sir Herbert Kitchener, through a frightfully desert and inhospitable stretch of country, till the final wiping out of the Dervishes with terrific slaughter at Khartoum.

But such a force cannot be organized without competent officers, or in a moment. Still, without them the small fighting force of British troops Great Britain can put in the field in these campaigns would have been unable to accomplish what they have done so successfully. They have proved a most valuable adjunct in her military expeditions all over the globe, leaving her troops free to do the fighting part of the business more effectively. There is no reason why a similar force should not have been organized in the campaign around Manila and the troops saved from a great deal of unnecessary hard work, and the fighting power of the army increased proportionately.

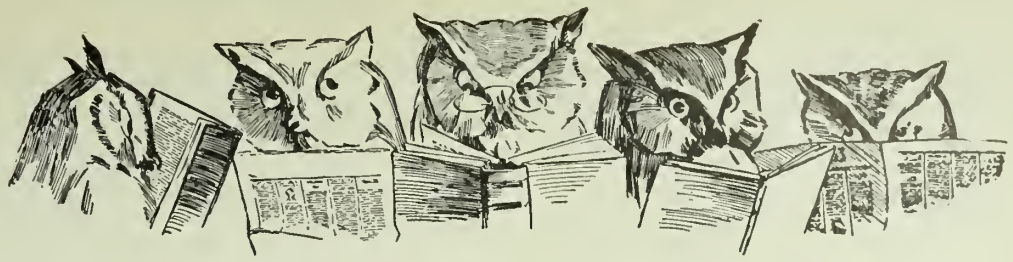
They are now preparing to send a large supply of horses for cavalry purposes to those islands. But in a tropical climate not fitted for the white man to work in without sapping his physical energies, it might be well also to consider the necessity for getting "horse boys" from China or "Syces" from India for the care of the horses and the gathering and cutting of the grass or grain for their fodder—so as to get the most efficient work from man and horse—unless they can raise enough of that class of labor, and who understand that kind of work, from amongst the Filipinos or Chinese population around Manila.

There is one thing to which the attention of the Government might be called, and that is the fine breed of ponies, admirably adapted or cavalry purposes, to be found in the north of China, and which are annually brought down in large mobs to Shanghai, where they are extensively used by foreigners for riding purposes. They are weight carriers, strongly built, cobby, but active animals, and easily broken in, and cannot be surpassed, except perhaps by the ponies from Pegu, in British Burmah.

Anyone who has lived in Shanghai and seen the "Derby" run there, each owner riding his own pony, in his own colors, will testify to the exciting nature of their performances, clearing hurdles and taking ditches in great style, many of them being known to clear twelve feet of water easily. A flight of some twenty or thirty ponies so ridden, and ridden too for all that is in them, is a brilliant sight, and the purse for which they run is a very considerable one and well worth contending for by the younger members of the colony.

Securing these ponies in that market might do away with the risk of the long sea voyage and the transport of horses from the United States, and they would no doubt prove hardier animals in every way for campaign work in the country around Manila, although of course it may be a matter of expediency to keep the disbursements for such purposes in your own country, thereby doing the most good to your own people.

H. J. Stewart.



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

Cinching a Corporation

OBSERVERS of events this week have had reason to suspect the city council of entertaining sinister designs upon the Southern Pacific company. No honest citizen will permit his admiration for the financiers of the city council so to dull his perceptions as to blind him to the requirements of fair play, and any attempt of the local legislators to beat the great corporation in a land trade will be resented by the people. The railroad's representatives have such confidence in the councilmen that any assurance of the value of land may be accepted literally as true. That is the situation now, while the Southern Pacific is willing to pay $5,000 for five acres of city land that is separated from Elysian park by the company's railroad tracks. The company is not compelled to buy, and if the land shall finally be acquired it will be of no particular use to the corporation except to be filled up with side-tracks, and everybody knows that railroad companies have a habit of utilizing useless land in that manner. This money which the railroad, in a secret conference with the councilmen last week, offers for the strip of river land, must by stipulation be expended in certain ways. The city shall pay $1,100 of the amount for strengtheniug and walling the river bank to protect the land to be sold to the Southern Pacific. That is one item. In addition, $2,700 is to be paid extra to the contractor of the Los Feliz bridge to build it so high that the structure will go over the railroad tracks instead of crossing at grade to be a constant danger to the company's trains. To comply with the railroad's demand for an overhead bridge a new location for crossing the river must be chosen, necessitating the purchase of additional right-of-way for an approach, and for that the sum of $1,200 is to be appropriated. The three items consume the $5,000 and provide a way for the city to comply with the railroad company's demand regarding how and where the wagon bridge shall be built. That is why the councilmen chuckle over the prospect of the railroad company paying the fiddler for the city's dancing.

The Doctors Give it Up

The State board of health has fallen into line with the Graphic and realizes that, however desirable in theory seems the quarantining of consumptives at the frontier, there are insuperable bars to the practical application of the idea. Finding that no plan could readily be formulated for determining the degree of the disease of immigrants from "back yonder," so that hopeless invalids could be stopped at the State line and sent back whence they came, or to some more hospitable clime where invalids with money are welcome, the doctors of the board resigned —not their offices but themselves—to the conditions that confronted them, and resolved to let the matter drop, even if microbes were to becomes so numerous as to eat the telegraph poles. The only known result of the agitation has been to disseminate through the eastern papers the fact that Southern California climate has such curative virtue that all invalids turn hitherward in such force as to drive out those persons who are less afflicted.

A Note of Warning

The fuss and hard feelings engendered by local Republicans in the formation of two rival Union Leagues causes much regret among those persons who think brethren should dwell together in harmony. So intense has feeling grown in this contest of factions that one cannot help thinking the political clubs should properly be called Disunion. Some envious persons, fearing the growing greatness of Captain Cressey, aver that he hopes, with the aid of his branch of the Union League, to attain the position of postmaster—a place that will be vacant next New Year's Day. This cannot be wholly true, for Captain Cressey has not yet received any encouragement from the stone castle at First and Broadway, and, if he lives until he receives such approval of his candidature, the Captain will reach a ripe old age.

Not Afraid, but Discreet

The Police Commissioners are not afraid of the University Good Government Alliance, an organization of good people who now are much concerned over the threatened invasion of their section by saloons. The Alliance, according to a resolution adopted at a Sunday meeting, appeared by delegation at the Tuesday session of the Police Board to file a vigorous protest against the granting of a restaurant liquor license for a place just outside Agricultural Park. To show that they were not afraid of the Alliance, the Police Commissioners denied the application for license before the University protest could be filed. The Alliance did have hopes of inducing the Police Commissioners to nullify the action of the City Council that had granted a "special privilege" to the Agricultural Park Association for two bars during the races. It would have been interesting to see the Police Commissioners "call down" the Council for evading its own ordinance limiting the number of saloons to an even 200. There would be real novelty in the performance of a tail wagging the dog.

The Thrifty Three

The amount of public attention that is nowadays being attracted by the performances of the County Board of Education seems disproportionate to the sums of county money involved. This is said in the full belief that the public treasury is being eroded in other quarters to a degree beyond the most sanguine hopes of the "thrifty three." The ambitious young members of the County Board of Education may be checked up by officers that were elected to guard the people's interests, and if the three have shown over zeal in the making of good things during a dull season, why then, their claims may be audited. If they have charged up more "per diems" than are provided for in the calendar, the almanac should disclose the fact.

Music and Art

"AND ALL UNCHARITABLENESS"

THE wonder is probably that, after all, we get along as well as we do. For what are musicians but segregated bundles of nerval strings stretched almost to breaking by the ceaseless routine of the most trying business that man ever created. "Business," by the way, has an odd sound, but we have about come to the honest conclusion that music as a profession is no more. Professional ethics worry us not an atom. Business is the order of the day, and we are in it for all there is in it. And so let us doff our hats to the advertising fraternity of the noble trade of music!

This is no exaggeration. Take up the musical journals and note the style of the personal cards. Scan the musical jottings and see the covert brag. Sift the society columns (ah, this society!) and count the number of times the clever puffer will succeed in getting herself mentioned—this week because she is going away and next week because she never thought of doing anything of the kind. Faugh! The world is full, doubtless, of original sin, of invented sin and is not altogether free, probably, of even the flesh and the devil; but of all the sins a papal category could hold the most hateful is the sin of empty pretense. I would rather a thousand times that a man should fill himself up with high balls or low fizzes, or even common beer, and say, manfully, "I'm drunk and I know it and I don't care a hang," than that he should clothe himself in purple and fine linen and say, with his winning smile and lying tongue, "I am the only teacher of the divine art—those other well-meaning persons, very estimable in their way, really know nothing of the true inwardness of this most difficult of all studies—they will do you more harm than good."

Now, I would like to know whither all such uncharitableness towards our co-laborers is leading us? People say that competition has become so keen that you must push, or be yourself elbowed into outer darkness. Push, yes. But what kind of push? Every time you stretch out your hand to do some manly duty in the upbuilding of human destiny must you of necessity smite some sweet-faced toiling sister in the face? Has it come to this, that in order to advance ourselves we must needs thrust out of the way some at least of those who are jogging none too happily along the same road? Think of the pitiful meanness of it all!

We, each and all of us, hope some day before we reach early middle age to find a niche in the shrine of fame and fortune, but, brethern mine, for the sake of our better nature, not by such means. Let us gain our goal by doing a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, by dealing out absolute, cheery justice, even generous justice, to our co-workers, by developing fairly and honestly our especial gifts—but never at the expense of a so called rival.

But what is the use of talking? The scientific advertiser will but say with a sneer, "You go ahead on your course and I'll go on mine—you will be renting a flat all your life and I will show you over my brown stone mansion." And that, without a doubt, is the trend of the way of the world. FREDERICK STEVENSON.

THE THROOP MANDOLIN AND GUITAR ORCHESTRA

That Madame Jeanette W. Crawford spent eight years of her life in almost exclusive study of Beethoven, is alone enough to command the attention of musicians to the concert of the California Ladies Quartet, of which she is the pianist and director. It will be given at Blanchard Hall one week from Friday evening and deserves the encouragement of all lovers of chamber music.

Miss Otie Chewe, violinist, is a young English girl who has been living near San Diego

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for some months past. On the evening of the 12th she gave a recital, with Mrs. Sharp, pianist, at Fisher's opera house, delighting a rather critical audience. Among her numbers was the andante from the Kreutzer Sonata and a Rubenstein Sonata, Op. 19. Mrs. Sharp played a Chopin ballade among other numbers. The two will begin a concert tour when Los Angeles will be privileged to hear the young artist who has been so heartily praised by the bay city.

The Amphion club, for six years the acknowledged premiere musical organization of San Diego Bay region, opened the season of 1899–1900 most auspiciously last Wednesday week, at the home of Mrs. Noah Hodge. The program consisted exclusively of masters who lived prior to 1750, except the second number, which was a delightful lecture by Mrs. Arndt, giving in intensely interesting form important points in the history of music. The musical numbers were: "Smiling Dawn (Handel), Amphion chorus, led by Mrs. Mills; "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" (Handel), Miss Edith Mills; "Prelude (Bach), Florence Schinkel; "Old Jewish Music," Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Rowan, Miss Bisbee and Mrs. Vincent; "Nina" (Pergolesi) Mrs. Porterfield.

Valentine Abt's mandolin tour will commense at Kansas City the 23rd o October. The great mandolinist will appear in concert at all the principa western cities, and at Blanchard Hall November 8th, as soloist with the Throop Mandolin and Guitar Club concert.

Clarence Stevens, cello; F. Y. Chapin, harp; Miss Frances L. Hord, soprano; and Miss Mary O. Donoughue, accompanist, will assist. E. C. Kammermeyer has arranged his "Coonville Barbecue" especially for the Throop club.

SEVERAL home musicales provided bread and cake for many of the musicians this week. These evenings are almost the only occasions on which the busy members of the musical colony can meet socially and hear each other play. Miss Edna Bicknell so entertained on Wednesday evening at her home on Seventh street. Handsome water color souvenirs by Miss Dolan were provided for the musicians who took part in the program. On the reverse of the cards were original verses by Miss Fannie Lockhart. Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood, Edward Quinlan, Miss Russell Brown, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, Arthur Perry, Clarence Stevens and Russell Ballard rendered solos, and Miss Bicknell, Mrs. Schallert, and Miss Lockhart sang a trio. Miss Mary O'Donoughue presided at the piano most of the evening.

MISS LEMON—Violin

MISS SIMONS—'Cello

MME. CRAWFORD—Piano and Director

CALIFORNIA LADIES' QUARTET

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Chapin gave the first for the season of those charming musicales inaugurated last winter. An invitation to one of their informal at homes is indeed coveted by many more than their hospitable walls could hold and the efforts of the host, hostess and entertainers were successful in a true Bohemian evening. Following are the numbers given during the evening, after which there were the refreshments that go with music, and a bit of dancing: 'Cello "Andante" (Thome) Russell Ballard; soprano, "For all Eternity" (Mascaroni) Mrs. Wm. James Chick; 'cello obligato, Mr. Ballard; piano, Scherzo, (Weber) Miss Blanche Rogers; guitar, "Dreaming" (Original) Prof. M. S. Arevalo; piano, "In the Woods" (Gode) Miss Estelle Miller; violin, Sonata (Langhans) J. Bond Francisco; contralto, "The Quest," (Eleanor Smith) Mrs. J. G. Scarborough; violin, Mazourka, "Obertass" (Wieniawski) Arthur Perry; piano, "Kamennoi-Ostrow, (Rubinstein) Miss O'Donoughue; baritone, "The Minstrel Boy," (Shelley) Wm. Jas. Chick.

The program for the next of the attractive Vesper concerts at Unity church, next Sunday at four o'clock is as follows: Organ prelude, "Invocation" (Guilmant) Miss Blanche Rogers; Chorus, Sacred Choral March (Flagler) Chorus Choir; reading; contralto solo, "Ave Marie," (Amilio Pizzi) Mrs. Helen S. Kerr; violin obligato, Mrs. Huebner; prayer; 'cello solo, "Andante Religiosa" (F. Thomas) Mr. Russell Ballard; bass solo, "I Heard a Voice" (Jordan) Mr F. L. Huebner; address; soprano solo, "Let the Bright Seraphin," from Samson (Handel) Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop; Andante, from first trio (Mendelssohn) Grace Townsend Huebner, Mr. Ballard and Miss Rogers; duet and chorus, "O Lord How Manifold," Mmes. Bishop and Kerr and choir; hymn; benediction; postlude, "March from Atahlia" (Mendelssohn) Miss Rogers.

It is gratifying to hear that through the efforts of public spirited women we are assured a series of six symphony concerts. Subscription tickets admitting two to each concert are sold for six dollars and may be had of Mrs. E. T. Earle, Mrs. J. G. Mossin, Mrs. C. Modini-Wood, Mrs. J. G. Scarborough, Mrs. Hugh Mac Neil, Miss Fannie Wills and Miss Carrie Waddilove, who are working like beavers to make a financial success of the concerts. Five of the boxes have been sold at thirty dollars each to Mesdames H. W. Hellman, Wm. Hook, Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, O. P. Posey and J. S Chapman.

Misses Marguerite Rombough and Nellie R. Van Ness opened their Boston College of Expression and Dramatic Art at the Ebell building last Tuesday. The ladies come auspiciously introduced and have evidenced a capability that will win them success. Their studios will be open Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 9:30 to 12, and from 2 to 4.

Mr. Edwin Clark will give a violin recital in Blanchard Hall about the 15th of next month. Program will be published later.

MISS KNOX—Viola

The Schubert Sextette has reorganized for the winter, and rehearsals have begun on works of Schubert and Mendelssohn. The personnel of the sextette this year is: Edwin Clark, Charles Pemberton, Clarence Cook, Paul Jennison, W. H. Mead, F. Mason and Ant. Espineoza.

Mrs. W. E. Beeson, the soprano who nightly delighted the audiences at Morosco's with her singing of Ben Bolt in "Trilby" says, "It is so gratifying to see so many of my old friends after an absence of so many years." Mrs. Beeson expects to take an active part in things musical this winter.

Mr. A. Miller began a regular weekly class at Riverside Tuesday, besides taking several pupils. He also has a class at Compton Thursday evenings.

Several changes are to be made in the choir of Dr. Thompson's church. Prof. Colby will continue as organizer and director.

Anyone who attended the rehearsal of "Creation" this week will agree that music lovers of this city will have in this rendition of Haydn's great oratorio a treat little expected. The orchestra has taken hold of the work with fine spirit, and the chorus work is strong. November 28 has been set for the performance, and it is to be hoped that a large audience will be secured. Prof. Bacon has undertaken this series of oratorios by himself, and if he does not receive the recognition due such an undertaking will necessarily be forced to abandon them.

(Continued on page 10

California's Growth

Half a Decade's Increase in Population.
Record of the Past Year—Startling Figures for Southern California

BY L. M. HOLT

SOME of the newspaper of Southern California several weeks since published what purported to be statistics regarding the growth of the State, and particularly that portion of it south of Tehachapi Pass, by estimating our population from the school census. In those estimates two errors were made They used the school census of 1898 instead of that of 1899, and they used the ratio of 4½ instead of 4.3 in estimating the number of inhabitants from the school census reports. A careful comparison of the school census of California with the Federal census of 1870 and again in 1880 show that 4.3 is the correct ratio.

The school census of the State for 1899 has just been published by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and from the table furnished by him, which is official and correct, the following comparisons are made.

The table given below shows the population of California by counties in 1894 as ascertained from the school census of that year, in the manner above given, and also the poulation of the State by counties in 1899, ascertained in the same manner:

Counties—	1894.	1899.	Gain.	Loss.
Alameda	121,716	131,266	9,550	
Alpine	439	400		39
Amador	11,718	12,040	322	
Butte	17,957	18,456	499	
Calaveras	10,428	12,522	2,094	
Colusa	8,948	8,480		468
Contra Costa	15,519	17,548	2,029	
Del Norte	2,266	2,675	409	
El Dorado	8,867	9,464	597	
Fresno	31,613	34,293	2,680	
Glenn	6,226	5,766		460
Humboldt	27,000	28,887	1,887	
Inyo	3,720	4,534	814	
Kern	11,571	14,414	2,843	
Kings	8,626	10,526	1,900	
Lake	7,142	6,936		206
Lassen	4,979	5,070	91	
Los Angeles	130,853	190,125	59,272	
Madera	6,171	5,822		349
Marin	11,374	13,162	1,788	
Mariposa	4,218	5,126	908	
Mendocino	20,459	21,947	1,488	
Merced	8,118	9,193	1,075	
Modoc	5,895	6,906	1,011	
Mono	1,208	1,643	435	
Monterey	22,175	22,949	774	
Napa	15,837	14,796		1,041
Nevada	19,565	17,789		1,776
Orange	19,174	24,368	5,194	
Placer	13,889	14,590	701	
Plumas	4,253	4,231		22
Riverside	18,262	20,636	2,374	
Sacramento	34,439	37,870	3,431	
San Benito	8,927	7,852		1,075
San Bernardino	24,944	28,449	3,505	
San Diego	33,028	35,815	2,787	
San Francisco	294,077	323,756	29,779	
San Joaquin	30,048	31,553	1,505	
San Luis Obispo	22,141	22,171	30	
San Mateo	12,135	13,751	1,616	
Santa Barbara	19,673	21,487	1,814	
Santa Clara	57,904	61,562	3,658	
Santa Cruz	23,064	24,179	1,115	
Shasta	14,788	17,935	3,147	
Sierra	3,634	3,505		129
Siskiyou	12,732	15,231	2,499	
Solano	19,449	21,203	1,754	
Sonoma	38,253	40,128	1,875	
Stanislaus	10,114	9,813		301
Sutter	5,633	5,427		206
Tehama	11,283	11,210		73
Trinity	2,963	3,272	309	
Tulare	24,325	23,616		709
Tuolumne	6,545	10,225	3,680	
Ventura	14,581	16,310	1,729	
Yolo	15,201	13,756		1,445
Yuba	8,645	8,751	106	
Totals	1,348,532	1,505,407	165,074	8,199
Loss in 15 counties			8,199	
Net gain in State			156,875	

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The record of Southern California during the past five years is one to be proud of—the same as it has been for the past thirty years. The total shows the following growths:

Counties—	1894.	1899.	Gains.
Los Angeles	130,853	190,125	59,272
Orange	19,174	24,368	5,194
Riverside	18,262	20,636	2,374
San Bernardino	24,944	28,449	3,505
San Diego	33,028	35,815	2,787
Santa Barbara	19,673	21,487	1,814
Ventura	14,581	16,310	1,729
Totals	260,515	337,190	76,675

Here we have an increase of 76,675 in population in five years, while during that same period the increase in all the remainder of the State has only been 80,200.

But there is another feature of this table that is worthy of notice. If we take the population of the following counties.

Alpine	Monterey
Amador	Napa
Butte	Nevada
Colusa	Placer
Del Norte	Plumas
El Dorado	San Benito
Glenn	San Luis Obispo
Inyo	Sierra
Lake	Stanislaus
Lassen	Sutter
Madera	Tehama
Mariposa	Trinity
Merced	Tulare
Modoc	Yolo
Mono	Yuba

—thirty counties—in 1894, and compare it with the population they have this year, we find that they have 216 less people now than what they had five years ago.

In short, seven counties south of Tehachapi Pass gained in population in five years, 76,675.

Twenty counties north of Tehachapi Pass during the same period gained in population 80,200.

ONE YEAR'S GROWTH.

There are other features of interest in connection with the growth of California as illustrated by these estimates on the school census.

The total number of census children in the State in 1898 and 1899 were as follows:

In 1898	347,624
In 1899	350,125
Gain in one year	2,501

We find this entire gain right here in a solid block in Southern California, as follows:

Counties—	1898.	1899.	Gain.
Los Angeles	42,043	44,215	2,172
Orange	5,429	5,667	238
Riverside	4,710	4,799	89
San Bernardino	6,528	6,616	88
Totals	58,710	61,297	2,587

In fact the entire increase in the State is found in the three Counties of Los Angeles, Orange and Riverside—lacking only two children—the increase in these three counties being 2499—only 2 short of the 2501 increase in the entire State.

But this rapid growth of Southern California has not been confined to the past few years—during which time the growth has been rapid in spite of an unparalleled business depression throughout the world, backed by two years of the severest drought known in the history of this end of the State.

HALF A CENTURY OF GROWTH.

It is an easy matter to go back nearly half a century to the Federal census of 1850. The following table shows the poulation of the State by counties for the years 1850, 1860 and 1870:

Counties—	1850.	1860.	1870.
Alameda		8,927	24,237
Alpine			685
Amador		10,830	9,582
Butte	3,574	12,106	11,403
Calaveras	16,884	16,299	8,895
Colusa	115	2,274	6,165
Contra Costa	2,786	5,328	8,461
Del Norte		1,993	2,022
El Dorado	20,057	20,562	10,309
Fresno		4,605	6,336
Humboldt		2,694	1,140
Inyo			6,956
Kern			2,925
Klamath		1,803	1,686
Lake			2,969
Lassen			1,327
Los Angeles	3,530	11,333	15,309
Marin	323	3,334	6,903
Mariposa	4,379	6,253	4,572
Mendocino	55	3,967	7,545
Merced		1,141	2,807
Mono			430
Monterey	1,872	4,739	9,876
Napa	405	5,521	7,163
Nevada		16,446	19,134
Placer		13,270	11,357
Plumas		4,363	4,489
Sacramento	9,087	24,142	26,830
San Bernardino		5,551	3,988
San Diego	798	4,324	4,951
San Francisco	36,154	56,802	149,473
San Joaquin	3,647	9,435	21,050
San Luis Obispo	336	1,782	4,772
San Mateo		3,214	6,635
Santa Barbara	1,185	3,543	7,784
Santa Clara	6,764	11,912	26,246
Santa Cruz	643	4,944	8,743
Shasta	378	4,360	4,173
Sierra		11,386	5,618
Siskiyou		7,629	6,848
Solano	580	7,169	16,871
Sonoma	560	11,867	19,819
Stanislaus		2,245	6,499
Sutter	3,444	3,390	5,030
Tehama		4,044	5,587
Trinity	1,635	5,125	3,213
Tulare		4,638	4,533
Tuolumne	8,351	16,229	8,150
Yolo	1,086	4,716	9,899
Yuba	9,673	13,668	10,851
Totals	138,301	379,994	560,247

From these tables we are able to show the growth of Southern California at intervals of ten years.

In 1850:

Counties—	Population.
Los Angeles	3,530
San Diego	798
Santa Barbara	1,185
Total	5,513

At this time Southern California had 3.26 per cent. of the population of the State:

In 1860:

Los Angeles	11,333
San Bernardino	5,551
San Diego	4,324
Santa Barbara	3,543
Total	24,751

At this time Southern California had 6.45 per cent. of the population of the State:

In 1870:

Los Angeles	15,309
San Bernardino	3,988
Santa Barbara	7,784
San Diego	4,951
Total	32,032

At this time Southern California had 5.72 per cent. of the population of the State, a slight falling off on account of the completion of the transcontinental railroad to Central California, which gave that section a rapid growth towards the close of that decade, and on the further account of several thousand Mormons returning to Salt Lake City from San Bernardino.

In 1880:

Los Angeles	27,805
Orange	5,574
San Bernardino	7,786
San Diego	8,618
Santa Barbara	9,522
Ventura	5,073
Total	64,378

At this time Southern California had 7.44 per cent. of the population of the State.

In 1890:

Los Angeles	101,400
Orange	13,600
San Bernardino	25,486
San Diego	34,074
Santa Barbara	15,780
Ventura	10,067
Total population in 1890	200,407

At this time Southern California has 16.64 per cent. of the population of the State.

This brings us down to 1899, when the population of the State as heretofore given, is estimated at 1,505,407; that of Southern California being estimated at 337,190, which is 22.39 per cent. of the cent. of the population of the State.

In 49 years Southern California has advanced from the position of holding less than 4 per cent. of the State's population up to a position where it holds over 22 per cent. of its population.

To summarize, this is the way that the State and

Southern California has grown in population since 1850:

Date.	Pop. State.	Pop. So. Cal.	Per cent.
In 1850	138,301	5,513	3.26
In 1860	379,994	24,751	6.45
In 1870	560,247	32,032	5.72
In 1880	864,552	64,378	7.44
In 1890	1,203,969	200,407	16.64
In 1899	1,505,407	337,190	22.39

The last column in the above table shows the ratio of the population of Southern California to that of the State.

But while Southern California has been growing so rapidly there are sections of the State that have been standing still and not growing at all for many years past. If we go back to 1860—39 years ago—we find the following astonishing statement of facts:

Counties—	Pop. 1860.	Pop. 1899.
Amador	10,830	12,040
Butte	12,106	18,456
Calaveras	16,299	12,522
Del Norte	1,993	2,675
El Dorado	20,562	9,464
Mariposa	6,253	5,126
Nevada	16,446	17,789
Placer	13,270	14,590
Plumas	4,363	4,231
Sacramento	24,142	37,870
Sierra	11,386	3,505
Sutter	3,390	5,427
Trinity	5,125	3,272
Tuolumne	16,229	10,225
Yolo	4,716	13,756
Yuba	13,668	8,751
Totals	180,778	180,699

Here we find that 16 counties out of 41 counties north of Tehachapi Pass in 39 years have only gained in population the insignificant amount of 79 people. And yet in 1860 these 16 counties contained more than one-half the poulation of the State outside of San Francisco.

To again summarize the growth of Southern California in another way we find the increase of population by decades to be as follows:

	Increase.
From 1850 to 1860	19,238
From 1860 to 1870	7,281
From 1870 to 1880	32,346
From 1880 to 1890	136,029
From 1890 to 1899 (nine years)	136,783

Here again we find the slow growth between 1860 and 1870 at a time when the completion of the first transcontinental railroad to San Francisco was attracting attention to the central portion of the State.

The average growth per year has been as follows:

From 1850 to 1860	1,924
From 1860 to 1870	728
From 1870 to 1880	3,235
From 1880 to 1890	13,603
From 1890 to 1899	15,200

If nearly one-half of the counties of the State north of Tehachapi Pass continue to stand still for the next forty years as they have for the past forty years, will not Southern California, with its continued accelerated rapidity of growth fifty years from date, or less, contain fully one-half of the population of the State?

Southern Californ a has the elements of growth.

First—It has a climate that is unexcelled in any part of the world to attract the invalid, and any climate that is good for the invalid is very good for a well man.

Second—It has two transcontinental railroads that are reaching out to every corner of this section just as fast as those sections are developed—and a little faster in many cases.

Third—More railroads are coming or at least one more will reach us from Salt Lake City before the close of the century—and that is not a great ways off.

Fourth—We number among our citizens many men who are built on the broad-gauge progressive plan—such men as built a Chicago—such men as built the United States—and they have the ability and the disposition to build a Southern California, and they are doing it.

Fifth—The products of the soil here bring more dollars per acre than they do anywhere else in the United States.

Sixth—The fact is we are growing—and he who fails to invest his money on that basis is the one who will make the mistake.

Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw a number of silver statutes. "What are these?" asked the puzzled Corsican. "The Apostles," said one of his staff in reply. "Well," continued the great Captain, "take them down, melt them and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their Master did." Napoleon could have given our late Democratic President points on finance.

About the House

FOR many years San Francisco has been famous all over the United States as the city of restaurants, and the flourish has been carried even across the waters to gastronomic France, where people reverse the order of existence and live to eat. After a stroll about town between the hours of five and seven on a Sunday evening one would conclude that Los Angeles was fast taking its place alongside San Francisco as the abode of the "diner-out."

And the devotee of the table d'hote or seasonable dainties a la carte has good arguments in favor of that mode of living, notwithstanding the long-accepted theory that patrons of hotels and restaurants would sooner or later succumb to "the great American disease," dyspepsia. The items of economy and convenience are the principal points in favor of a small family of two or three taking their meals out; and where there are four or five mouths to feed it is a great saving on the wife and mother to eat one meal a day at some nice hotel, or at least take the Sunday dinner out. The idea that dread stomach troubles lurk in every dish that comes to the restaurant table is still retained by some very intelligent people on other lines, but that there are legions of clean, wholesome tables set in this city there is no doubt, and for from twenty-five cents to a dollar one can take their pick of excellence, variety and service.

There are the family hotels where twenty-five to fifty cents buys a regular meal as nice as one could get up at home for twice the money. Then there are the grill rooms and short order restaurants, where one's particular taste can be gratified, from a broiled chop to potted squabs, and through the entire gamut of likes and dislikes one can be accommodated, from pie and milk to a ten-dollar spread with fine wines and individual service.

Fillets of Beef a la Beaufort

Cut about a pound of fillet of beef into neat square pieces of medium thickness, brush them over with oiled butter, sprinkle them with black pepper and a little cayenne and grill them over a clear fire. Boil some rice in some weak stock until it is quite tender and the liquid has been absorbed. Season it with salt and pepper, add a piece of butter to it and mold it on a hot dish into a smooth border and dish up the fillets on it. Make half a pint of thick brown sauce, flavor it with a little tomato ketchup and add a squeeze of lemon juice and a few drops of carmine to it and pour half of it into a small saucepan, then stir in a quarter of a pint of picked shrimps. As soon as they are thoroughly hot place about a teaspoonful of the sauce and shrimps in the middle of each fillet and scatter a little chopped parsley over the top. Fill up the middle of the rice border with fried potatoes and pour the remainder of the sauce round the dish.

The French ambassador of the day complained to a bright Englishwoman of high rank because her country failed to intervene in the Franco-Prussian War, ending his diatribe with the remark: "After all it was to be expected. We used to think you a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are." "And we," she said, "used to think the French a nation of soldiers, and now we know they are not."

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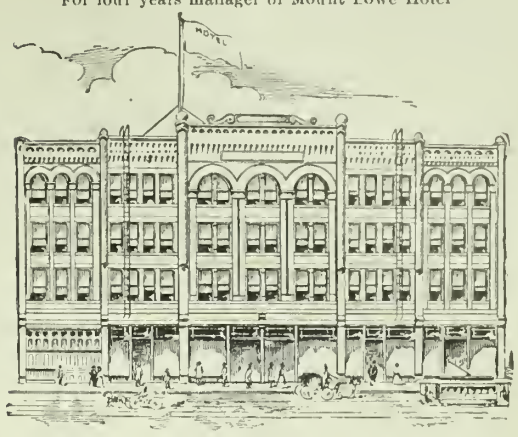

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Continued from page 7

The Ladies' Guild of Immanuel church will give a concert Thursday evening, October 26. Among the artists appearing will be the church choir, Miss Mary O'Donoughue and Edwin H. Clark.

The report that J. Bond Francisco is going to leave this city shortly is erroneous, and was started probably by persons who noticed his home in the western part of the city advertised for sale. To one of extreme sensitive nature like Mr. Francisco the death of an only child drives the sunlight from the old home. He has large and growing classes in painting and violin and may be safely counted a member of the musical colony for some time.

Thanksgiving evening has been set for the Union Sunday School concert. The orchestra, under the direction of Edwin Clark, will be composed of all the school orchestras combined, and they are already at work. "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser and the Sextette from Lucia will be rendered: Miss Addie Meek will play an entirely new cornet solo, "Du bist wie eine Blume," by Cantor, the orchestral accompaniment being arranged by Mr. Clark especially for this concert. About fifty musicians will take part besides a chorus of, if possible, of 1500 voices.

Miss Addie Meek will give a cornet recital next month in Blanchard Hall assisted by Edwin Clark.

A special room in the Searles gallery, an addition of the Hopkins gallery in San Francisco, has been set apart for Los Angeles artists, and a local jury will pass upon all pictures presented for exhibit. Among the artists who will be represented are J. Bond Francisco, W. L. Judson, Benj. C. Brown and Miss Edith White. Their paintings will be hung early in November.

Miss Edith Haynes left Thursday for New York where she will pursue her organ study, probably with Wm. C. Carl, who represents the Guilmont school in this country.

The University of California Association contemplate giving a reception to Prof. Wheeler in Blanchard Hall, probably November 2.

A concert is being arranged by Mrs. Gertrude Auld Thomas, June Reed and Justin K. Toles for Friday, November 17, at Blanchard Hall.

All the tenants of Blanchard Hall will throw their studios open to the public Monday evening, October 30, from 7 to 10 o'clock, and will entertain visitors in a becoming manner. Mr. Blanchard will provide an excellent orchestra and will open the art gallery to visitors. This will be the third of these charming receptions and the studios will be taxed to their capacity.

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Miss MARGUERITE ROMBOUGH, graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, and Miss NELLIE R. VAN NESS, graduate of The New England Conservatory College of Oratory, Boston, have opened the Boston College of Expression and Dramatic Art. Studios, The Ebell Club, 724 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; open Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. This College is a department of "Dunwolde Hall," the Ladies' University, which will be erected within a limited time.

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Henry J. Kramer will form a dancing class for adult beginners Monday, October 16, 7:30 p. m. Adult advance class Wednesday, October 25; juvenile beginners, Saturday, October 21, 1:30 p. m.; advance class, 3:30 p. m. Terms, 20 lessons, $10; 10 lessons, $5. References. 932 4 South Grand avenue. Tel. Blue 5511.

To be in harmony with his position as elevator boy to the colony of musicians in the Blanchard building, Charles Sanchez occupies a position in the Mexican band. His twin brother has charge of the elevator in the Wilcox block. The other day a California club man wandered into the Blanchard elevator and was confronted with the exact counterpart of the young man who had carefully lowered him but a few minutes before from a dinner at which liquid refreshments were of varied character. Hastily leaving the "lift," he ambled into Laux's for a seltzer, mumbling, "Darned big city, anyhow, to get turned round that quick."

Musicians will well remember Aime Lachaume, the brilliant pianist who accompanied Ysaye and Gerardy on their last coast visit. He is now with the great Russian violinist, Petschnikoff, and in spite of the great demand for his dates in the east it is hoped that we may hear the new king of the bow this season.

What a handsome building Kramer's new dancing hall is, and how well equipped the hall itself. If I were young now, and the floor not quite so glassy—etc. The first reception of the season took place on Wednesday evening and was quite a success. The professor has his callendar, up to the end of the year, pretty well checked off for engagements, social and otherwise.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new Public Library. As he went up the steps, says the Ladies' Home Journal, he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," was the reply. "By the way, Hosmer," said Dr. Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?" "No," answered Hosmer. "In the ark hives," said the venerable preacher as he passed on.

In the eighties, when the English Radicals were more than ever clamorous and active, a young lord said to the Prince of Wales: "Sir, have you ever thought of the possibility of this becoming a republic and your losing your title and income?" "Yes, I have," said the prince. "And have you thought of what you would do?" the young lord persisted. "Why, yes," said the prince, "there would always be a chance to lecture in America."

"Won't you come in?" cordially asked a Red Cross woman of another, who loitered around the open doors of the headquarters one day in St. Louis. "What is it?" asked the stranger, as though there might be some strange object on exhibition inside the rooms "Why, this is the Red Cross headquarters," responded the other; "we are sewing for the soldiers; won't you come in?" "Oh, no, I guess not," said the woman on the sidewalk; "I thought it was an auction."

Something she bought was not delivered, and the Duchess of Somerset went to learn the reason. The proprietor was much distressed at the mistake, and, wishing to know which clerk had served her, inquired: "Was it a young gentleman with fair hair, your grace?" "No," she said, sweetly, "it was an elderly nobleman with a bald head."

In the Gay Life

WHAT in the world all these doctors want to go to the races for I can't see. Of course they they are always in it, or rather, have lots to do with life and death, and perhaps that is why they want to be in at the "finish"—ing up of other things—such as horse races.

Today these eighteen doctors will be among those present en tallyho: Ainsworth, Bicknell, Cochran, Davisson, Ellis, E. R. Smith, McCarthy, Moore, Lasher, Hitchcock, John Haynes, George L. Cole, Bryant, Taggart, Serbert, Bullard, Fleming That's only seventeen. I must have lost one—so he won't count.

Then the doctors will be all interested at the gentlemen's driving race on Wednesday—the race that has been postponed backwards from Friday, according to Mr. Charles Sumner, the walking or running or racing or something—encyclopaedia. Dr. Moore will trot out his Milo M. and he says he will do the other horses up brown. "How?" I asked. "A la cart, of course," he said. "Every man is to drive his own cart." Now that horse and a la carte joke is an old one, for I saw it in a San Francisco paper. Serve him right if he got roasted himself. Then Dr. Hitchcock will ring in "Dewey" and he is of the belief that the name if nothing else will bring him fame. And Dr. Wills will trot out some nag or other, I don't know his name, that he has been training for the last two months. So much for the doctors. Of the other five in the race, Mr. Walter Newhall will be one and Mr. Frank Schumacher another.

But today is to be the big day and I am quite sure Los Angeles will never have seen the like of such handsome clothes before—because of course the clothes will come "before" the races. All the tallyhos in town will be out for the occasion. Guy Barham is said to form a party, the Jonathan's will be out, and there are no end of others. But I would not be surprised if a good many of them were not "Dutch" treats, or as we say in the East, a "Jersey" treat. You know what that is. Here is a tallyho party, but of course that could not be treated that way: Messers. and Mesdames Horton, Arthur Braly, Jack Jevne, Fred Hynes, the Misses Fairchild, Mr. Bagley and Mr. Nat Myrick.

Oh, everybody will be out every day. Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs are forming parties for every one of the races, as they would be sure to do; Mrs. Childs being of the Blue Grass State naturally taking the most abiding interest.

Every one of the boxes is taken for the whole week and as each one can accommodate six, the tout en semblage (is that right?) can be imagined. Here is the list of the enviable owners of boxes: F. K. Rule, C. A. Sumner, Dr. F. R. Cunningham, Milo M. Potter, Byron Erkenbrecher, John E. Plater, J. H. Shankland, J. A. Chanslor, Horace Anderson, C. A. Canfield, L. J. Rose, Jr., M. S. Severance, Daniel M. Burns of San Francisco (This, the young gentleman from headquarters tells me over the wire, is the expected U. S. Senator, you know, etc.) A. A. Dickson, Thomas E. Keating, G. L Waring, Dr. Le Moyne Wills (I wonder why it is some of these doctors don't get married. Real nice they are too.), R. M. Schwartz, J. C. Drake, L, A. Grant, F. M. Mooers (This, my informant tells me, is, "Oh, don't you know who Mooers is? Why he is that awfully rich man, you know, stopping at the California club. You never heard of him, Klondyke, Alaska and all that? Married? I am sure I don't know"), R. A. Miners, Ben E. Ward, C. A. Burchan, J. W. Young, George H. Bixby, H. W. Lawrence, John C. Cline, C. A. Winship (Lives out at the Palms; rich; awful fine place, you know.), John Callahan, George Carson, Captain T. B. Merry, J. F. Caldwell of New York, W. L. Andrews, J. C. Dickson.

Here I am, so excited over these races (for fear I wouldn't get a pass) I have quite forgotten there was anything else in the world—in society. There has been a number of small things this week, mostly card parties. Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker's afternoon of euchre on Tuesday was one of the most important of the season thus for. There were about seventy-five guests, a number that included one or two from every fashionable clique in town.

Miss Edna Bicknell, daughter of Judge Bicknell, gave a musicale on Wednesday which, though voted "informal" by the hostess, drew, nevertheless, quite a swell crowd.

On Thursday Mrs. Fred Hines of West Eleventh street entertained very elegantly for Miss Jessie Kimball, who is to be married on the 25th, and for Miss Helen Fairchild, whose engagement has just been announced; and who, I understand, will be married some time about the end of the year. As I said before, the entertainment was on a very elegant scale, and some fifty guests were entertained. Mrs. Hines was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mrs. Willard Doran, Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mrs. John W. Edwards of Redlands, Mrs. Jack Jevne, Mrs. Richard Bundrem. There were most beautiful decorations all in pink and green. There was hired music and Reynolds catered. What more? Oh, yes; the score cards and prizes. The first were emblematic of true love, a red, red rose on a pink ground; the second all cupids. Even the booby prize was some sort of a cupid, all of which goes to show the hostess' talent fer blending poetry and prose. The reader must decide whether cupids are the one or the other.

Miss Kimble's is to be a home wedding and she will go to San Francisco to live immediately after, or immediately after a short wedding trip. Mr. Parcells is a rising young business man of San Francisco and will naturally make his home there, much to the regret of the bride's many friends. Miss Hattie Kimble is to be maid of honor, the bride dispensing with the stereotyped bridesmaids, preferring to have half a dozen of her young friends assist her receive.

Mrs. Freisner entertained at cards also on Thursday afternoon, drawing together a circle of ultra-fashionable Angelenos.

Mrs. Carpenter entertained in the same manner yesterday, and although the personnel of her invited list is unknown at the present writing, yet it would not at all be hap-hazzard to venture the statement that the "function" was very swell, for all of the entertainments essayed by Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter in that handsome and hospitable home of theirs in the West End are of that description.

Mrs. Modini-Wood had a musicale yesterday at her home on Pearl street, I presume for her young guest, Miss Gladys Cummings of San Francisco. Mme. Johnstone-Bishop entertained for her about a week ago and I have heard of some others which I cannot now recall, all of which, however goes to show that the young lady from San Francisco is to be congratulated for receiving so much attention from society in Los Angeles, and vice versa, that a number of social leaders here are to be felicitated for having entertained so charming a guest.

Attorney-General Tirey L. Ford was on a visit here from San Francisco last week and was accompanied by his small son. He was entertained by various people while here, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson among others.

Now that the function business is off my mind I want to tell you about the California club banquet. It was last Friday evening—night—you know, and everybody was so pleased. They are going to have one every year—so this was the first annual banquet. The papers gave the names of the guests but I failed to see where anything was said of what kind of a time they had. They had speeches but they were all unspoken. Just as soon as a guest was summoned for a toast, the rest downed him with the gayest kind of a gay chorus. The president was called upon; As he arose there came from the other side:

"Newhall!
Newhall!
Who cares for
Newhall!

Then—

All hail—or hall—
Or to h—— or something
"With Newhall!"

Then the band played,

"There is a hot time——
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

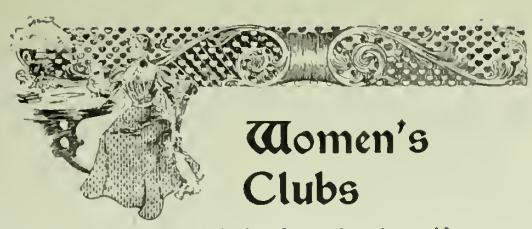
I do not see how so many men can have such a good time all to themselves. "Wouldn't you have enjoyed it better if there had been ladies?" I asked "A lady on each side of you, you know; or perhaps with a lady only on one side?"

"If the lady had been you——"

"Flatterer!"

"No; but why shouldn't men have a good time all to themselves? Take these club members, all successful business men, rich or skilled or prominent in some way. Why shouldn't they enjoy rubbing elbows——"

"Egotist. Of course," I said, "we (accent on the we) enjoyed the banquet, too, because there were all men."



Women's Clubs

"Let it be said she has done what she could, not tried to do what she could not."

Earnest in her Convictions

EVERYONE admires a woman who, if she has an opinion, is not afraid to express it and then can uphold her statement by putting into effect what she has preached. This was forcibly and very practically illustrated to me during the Woman's Parliament last week. A little woman with a great many practical ideas came before the Parliament about two years ago with a paper, the subject of which I have forgotten, but it was a denouncement of the use of birds and wings on women's hats. The paper was a good one and set many a woman thinking, and in most instances brought very material changes, as some of the leading milliners testified later; but what I intended to say was that this same woman appeared at the Parliament with the prettiest and most ingenious headgear in the way of a black velvet turban, with little imitation mercury wings made of a combination of lace, spangles and silk.

Shakespeare Club, Pasadena

"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple as this"—The Tempest.

This is the inscription over the cheerful and spacious fireplace of the Shakespeare club at Pasadena that greets you as you enter that most homelike of clubs, and one verily believes that it is true when they look in upon this serene and intelligent body of women.

The following notes on the transactions of the last meeting of the club have been kindly furnished us by its correspondent.

The first regular meeting of the club, on last Saturday, was very appropriately devoted to a detailed study of our own city, with special notice given to her powers, present limitations and needs. The club was most fortunate in obtaining fer the chief address of the afternoon Judge C. J. Willetts, who, because of his long residence and legal experience here, was especially qualified to speak upon municipal matters. Mr. Willett spoke quite fully of the make up of the city government, its departments and officials, the methods and cost of running the city, of street improvements, and of our need of a new charter and free kindergartens. At the close of Mr. Willetts' address the ladies asked many questions concerning the details of the city department work, being especially interested in the question of a new charter and the legal obstacles in the way of free kindergartens.

After a full discussion of the address several of the Shakespeare ladies took up individual phases or needs of municipal development. Mrs. A. K. Nash spoke chiefly upon street improvement, the cost of which she believed should be paid by all, when all are benefitted, and the great need in this climate of abundant shade trees along our streets. Mrs. Emily P. Webb voiced public opinion when she said that the need of a park or series of parks was one of the most imperative in the city. Miss Anna Bartlett, vice-president of the new hospital association, told of the objects and hopes of the association and of its present hopeful outlook. Under the discussion of the hospital the question of isolation of tuberculosis patients from the State came up. It was deemed cruel to attempt to keep the sufferers out of our beneficent sunshine. Mrs. Annie P. Marston spoke of the desirability of an ordinance which should establish a minimum size of residence lots, for the sake of safety as well as beauty. Mrs. G. L. Leonard followed with a resume of the needs of our beautiful city, speaking of seats for tourists, art gallery, better roads, less destruction of shade trees, and clean streets, in addition to the improvements already desired.

Steps were taken toward organizing a Women's civic league, for the purpose of forwarding municipal government in the right direction.

The club members were out in large majority, the meeting was one of the best ever held and all hope it may result in lasting benefit to the city.

Wednesday Afternoon Club, Alhambra

The Wednesday afternoon club club of Alhambra held its weekly meeting at the residence of Mrs. J. A. Green, the president, Mrs. Jacques in the chair. The meeting was something of the nature of an aftermath of the Woman's Parliament, Mrs. Cameron Bailey having been invited to read her paper, "The Taj Mahal, or Woman's Influence as Woman," which had been given before the Parliament. Preceding her paper, Miss Emma Shaeffer gave a very beautiful description of the "Taj Mahal," in India. This white marble temple, or mausoleum, being considered the most exquisite and artistic creation of the hand of man, and being erected by a husband in memory of his wife, was taken by Mrs. Bailey as the subject of her paper. This paper was a noble tribute to woman and her influence in her home life and womanly sphere. She considered a sphere that "reached as high as heaven and as low as hell" could not be considered a narrow one, and that "woman does not need more power but more wisdom in using the power she has."

In the reports of the delegates to the Parliament, Mrs. Spencer of San Gabriel gave an account of the excellent work done by the Parliament and the high character and instructiveness of the papers. She was particularly impressed by Mrs. Chapin's remarks on the value of effort. Mrs. De Camp said a dreadful picture had always been drawn of the woman who entered politics and ran for office. Miss Bahr, who read "A Glimpse of the N. E. A.," had passed through such an experience, for she holds the office of superintendent of schools of San Bernardino county, and a sweeter, fairer specimen of young womanhood could not be found. Her paper was one of the best delivered during the Parliament. Other papers were commented upon, Mrs. Cheney being especially mentioned.

A warm tribute was paid to Mrs. Hadden, president of the Parliament. Her strong, true heart and forgetfullness of self, causing her efforts to result in one of the most sucessful Parliaments ever he'd here. She brought out the best elements of each one's nature and perfect harmony prevailed through out the meeting.

The Ebell Literary Section

Under the leadership of Mrs. A. R. Sprague and Mrs. F. H. Gordon as assistant the literary section of the Ebell organized Monday afternoon. The work of the year will be devoted to the study of the novel and the romance, their origin and development.

Ruskin Art Club

Greek sculpture was the subject of study and discussion at the Ruskin art club, Wednesday. The disscussion, which included the Doric school, the school of Polykleitos, Attic school, the Olympian sculptures and Phidias, was led by Mrs. W. J. Washburn and Mrs. G. W. Wadsworth. The Ruskin art club meets Wednesday mornings in the Blanchard hall.

Wednesday Morning Club

All the sections of the Wednesday morning club, which includes the current events class, on Mondays, led by Mrs. Sherman Page; the musical section, under Mrs. Charles Clarke, on Tuesdays; the Shakespeare class, on Wednesday, with Mrs. C. P. Dorland as leader, and the cooking class, which is a new venture, under the direction of Miss Bertha Prelpress, are all well under way for a good year's study and development.

Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

IN THE dressing of hair they tell us there is to be a return of the Third Empire styles in the wearing of waves and clusters of curls at the back. This style lends itself agreeably to the wearing of jewels in the hair, which arrangement is most becoming to tall women; but the trouble with most women is that they take up a new style of dressing the hair because it is new, not because it is individually becoming. The handsomest woman often disguises herself with an unbecoming head-dress.

Third Empire Hairdressing

This is to be the season of highly ornamented coiffures, with buckles, brooches, clasps, pins and ornaments, but as jeweled ornaments are costly, and not in good taste if not genuine, it is much better to own some simple tortoise-shell combs or pins, whose authenticity cannot be impeached. When the hair is dressed high on the head a very satisfactory way of ornamenting it is to take a small buckle, run through it a piece of ribbon or coil of ribbon and encircle the hair with the strand.

It is intimated that the one or two-button glove must go, and that the many-button glove so long NOT in vogue will take its place. The very novel shade for dress occasions is the lemon.

For those who are so fortunate as to have a hundred dollars or so to put into a coat this winter, the long box coat or Redingote will be the proper caper. The really correct name for these garments is the automobile. They are very swell for carriage wear, in fact that is about the only place they are seen. The automobile is usually made of smooth-faced, light cloth, trimmed with large buttons; they are further elaborated with fancy strappings and stitchings and a handsome facing for the collar and revers. One automobile I have seen had the silk facings adorned with paintings and the name of the artist outlined beneath.

The Swell Thing in Coats

By the way, hand painting is the fad now for the decoration of ball gowns, hat crowns and slippers, and most beautiful effects in petticoats are obtained by sketching loose and airy designs in flowers on light shades of alpacca, in oils.

In the first place it does not pay to buy anything but the best quality, and the way to cleanse it is to dissolve fine soap shavings in hot water, then put the suds and lace in a bottle and shake thoroughly. Take the lace out and rinse in cold water and then squeeze in the palm of the hand, but do not wring it, and while still dripping spread carefully upon a window or mirror. Smooth out every point of the lace and stretch it all perfectly.

To Clean Real Lace

Appliqued lace is not much worn this season on hats, but when it is it soils so easily and the above receipt is the best for cleansing it.

The Spanish box turbans are very swell this winter and very popular, as is evidenced by the most of the millinery displays. I was shown a beauty the other day by Miss Clarke. It is a Paul Virot and Berth importation in the way of a beaver toque. The toque is covered entirely with the skin of the beaver, with beaver tails at the back and the heads at the front fastened to the frame with a handsome enamel buckle. The only variation in this swell toque is a bank of white illusion shirring on the left side, which gives the height. The handkerchief effect or hemstitched scarfs are considered very chic this winter for drapings on large or medium hats. Very large hats are not seen very much now except in poques. These poques are most picturesque, with their long, graceful plumes and long ties of chiffon or liberty silk. One of the prettiest poques I have seen was black velvet faced with close plaitings of white liberty silk and long streamers of the same.

Winter Millinery

A San Diego paper tells a good story on a Los Angeles society woman: "Oh, do come and see this great glorious wave coming in," she exclaimed as she stood on the rocks at Alligator Head, spellbound by the magnificence and fury of the incoming tide. As she called she turned to where a party of friends stood on the brow of the overhanging hill. While she endeavored to understand what they in turn were saying, the great wave came rushing on, and broke against the rocks, sending streams of water and spray over the rocks above. It is well mortals of today are not easily dissolved or the pretty lady in the dainty summer frock and the flower wreathed hat, would be no more. Startled and stunned, salt water streaming from hat and gown, the lady stood, scarcely knowing where to turn, till the peal upon peal of laughter that came from the shore aroused her from the spell of surprise. She could have stood it all, had not her husband been a witness to her drenching—and she a summer bride.

In the United States nearly every city, large or small, has a woman's club. It may be a philanthropic affair, where women get together and discuss projects for the social elevation of mankind. It may be a literary club, or an art club, or a social organization, or one that combined all of the ideals and educational topics of life for women, as does the Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles. Or it may be merely a "Thimble" club. But at all events each city and town has some sort of an organization where women meet together and exclude men from the gathering. The largest woman's club said to exist in the world is the Pioneer's Woman's Club of London. It is the first of its kind for that great city of money and churches, and the women started it in a very erratic manner. The club was organized by Sarah Grand and bears many of her characteristics. On a large glass door at the entrance is painted a massive axe as a symbol that the new woman will chop away all the fetters that have hampered her progress in England for so long a time. Beneath the axe appears the scales of justice, meaning that there shall be one law for man and woman alike.

The ameer of Afghanistan takes great pride in his gun factory at Cabul, over which Sir Salters Pyne presides. He insists that his khans shall visit it. Amra Khan, who controls a distant mountain region, came in one day, and after seeing the works, asked Sir Salters, "Now tell me in words just how you make guns." "It is quite easy," replied Pyne; "you make a hole first and then wrap some iron around it." "Ah!" said Amra Khan sorrowfully, "there is plenty of air for the hole in my country, only no one there knows how to wrap the iron around it."

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About Stonewall Jackson

One of the Most Illustrious and One of the Most Eccentric Characters of the Civil War

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

ONE of the most illustrious characters of any age, and the most poetically heroic figure of the civil war was the Confederate General known throughout the world as Stonewall Jackson.

Jackson was a graduate of West Point and a classmate of McClellan, and at the first examination McClellan went to the head of the class and Jackson to the foot.

When President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops, on the 15th of April, 1861, three days after the attack on Sumter, Jackson was professor of a military school at Lexington, Virginia; and two days later Virginia passed an ordinance of secession and on the Sunday following, after religious devotion with his family, Jackson marched his cadets to Richmond. He was at once ordered to take command of Harper's Ferry, and on the same day President Lincoln called for an additional 75,000 soldiers.

The Confederate Congress adjourned from Montgomery to Richmond, and Jackson was relieved by General Joseph E. Johnston, as the ability and "loyalty" of Jackson was doubted by a number of the Confederate Congressmen. But the blunder was quickly corrected and Jackson was made Johnston's successor.

Jackson soon had great control over his men, as it crept from man to man, from company to company, and from regiment to regiment that their commander had been a great fighter in Mexico, and that his devotions were so regular and so sincere that the Lord was undoubtedly on his side. He surely believed that the Lord was on his side, for he often wrote thus to his wife, and after the battle of Bull Run declared that the Confederate victory "was due to God alone!" Even when the surgeon was dressing his wounded hand he cried out "Give me ten thousand men and, with God on my side, I can capture Washington!"

He waited three days for such an order, but it never reached him. A commission of Major-General did reach him, and also an order to hold Banks' division and thus save Johnston. He attacked the division at night and won a fine victory. He subsequently defeated Shields and Fremont and had the Lord's Supper administered afterward. He did tremendous execution throughout the valley in a single month and was the greatest of all the disturbing factors during the campaign of the Peninsula. As is pretty generally known he was fatally wounded at Chancellorsville by a Confederate bullet.

How he obtained his sobriquet of "Stonewall" has been told of in many ways, the earliest being that it came from Colonel Bee, of South Carolina, at Bull Run, who exclaimed: "There is Jackson, like a stone wall!"

Later, a Federal army officer published the following:

'I was a Lieutenant in the First West Virginia Cavalry and was with Gen. Shields' command when he fought the first battle at Winchester, Va., in the spring of 1862. Gen. Jackson attacked the Union forces Saturday evening and Gen. Shields was wounded in the arm by the bursting of a shell of the rebels' gun. The main battle was fought next day, Sunday. In the meantime Gen. Jackson's forces took up a position behind a stone fence and fought nearly all day behind that wall, but our forces routed them and drove them away late in the evening and whipped Gen. Jackson for the first and last time during the war. Fighting behind the stone wall gave him the name of 'Stonewall' Jackson."

On this subject the Confederate General D. H. Hill, in the Century, 16 years ago, said:

"A letter writer from Rio Grande said of Gen. Taylor after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca: 'We call him Old Rough and Ready.' No one in the army had ever heard it before, but it struck votes for the presidency, and it has gone down to history. In like manner a letter-writer from the field of the first Manassas gave Jackson the cognomen of Stonewall, and told a very pretty story about Gen. Lee, pointing to him and saying: 'There stands Jackson like a stone wall.' Not only was the tale a sheer fabrication, but the name was the least suited to Jackson, who was ever in motion, swooping like an eagle on his prey. But the name spread like wildfire, and has reached the uttermost limits of the globe. The story of how Jackson told the Yankee gunner at Port Republic to point the other way is very romantic, but is also false. So the pretty incident of his standing sentinel for his weary brigade is touching, but is monstrously absurd, and reflects but little credit on Jackson as a soldier. The efficient guarding of a whole brigade in the presence of an enemy requires more than the vigilance of one man, even though that man were Jackson himself; yet the grotesque story has been often repeated by press and public."

It seems that Jackson was not a religious man while in the old army, for General Maury, in his Reminiscences, says of him:

"Jackson was not a religious man when he came to Lexington. His uncle, Alfred Neal, of Parkersburg, W. Va., told me that Jackson had never been under serious impressions as boy or youth, but had always been distinguished for great tenderness of conscience, and for a scrupulous discharge of what he believed to be his duty. In Mexico he was noted for his faithfulness as a company officer, his strict compliance with orders in his own person, and his rigid notions of discipline. But he had no particular regard for religion, and was even the bearer of a challenge from Capt. Magruder to Gen. Pierce." "Old Jack," says Maury, "was very clumsy in his horsemanship and with his sword, and we were painfully anxious as we watched him leaping the bar and cutting at heads. He would do it, but at the risk of his life. It is to be regretted that any of his biographers should claim for him skill and grace as a horseman, when they have with truth so much of real greatness to tell of him."

I have never met a Confederate officer who knew him but admitted that he was the worst rider in the army. He wobbled about in the saddle like a man in a state of profound intoxication, and seemed every moment about to fall off his horse. He never fell, but kept the spectators betting odds with themselves that he would before he had gone another hundred yards. His wonderfully bad riding was as well known in the Federal as in the Confederate army, and once nearly led to his capture by an outpost. It was during his famous march on Bull Run that Jackson and several members of his staff undertook to do a little reconnoitering on their own account. The weather was bad, and it was wet and rainy, and they had on long waterproof coats that completely concealed their uniforms. They completed the examination of the country they were looking over, and turned to go back to their own lines, when they found, on nearing a bridge over a small stream, that the approach to it was guarded by a detachment of Federal troops, having a piece of artillery which they had planted on the road in a position from which they could rake the bridge. Jackson did not hesitate a moment. Galloping up behind the men, he shouted out to the officer in command:

"Who directed you to put that gun on the road? Take it away and mount it in the woods on the hill yonder. I never saw such a piece of folly. Here in the open ground your men will be shot down from the brush on the other side."

On he went as though in a terrible passion, berating the officer, who colored, saluted, apologized, and hastily gave the order for removing the gun. Jackson, with his staff at his heels, galloped off to the left as though to pass down the stream, made a sudden turn, thundered across the bridge, and escaped. The befuddled officer in command of the gun had not gone far when he suspected something wrong, especially when he saw Jackson and his party cross the bridge toward the enemy's lines, and, conjecturing the truth from Jackson's riding, got his gun into position and sent a shot after them. It was not, however, till the next day that he learned from a prisoner that his guess had been correct, and that the officer who fell into such a passion about the gun was no other than the famous Confederate general.

General Hardee, who knew Jackson well and had served with him in the old army, once said to me in Mobile, a few months after the war, in conversation about him: "Why, a long time before he left the old army he was almost a monomaniac about his health. When he left he was under the impression that one of his legs was getting shorter than the other; and afterwards his idea was that he only perspired on one side, and that it was only necessary to keep the arm and leg of the other side in constant motion in order to preserve the circulation; but it seems that after the war broke out he had never made any allusion to his health. "General Mahone once told me that on the night after the terrible repulse of Burnside's army at Fredericksburg, Stonewall Jackson made the following suggestion: "I am of the opinion that we ought to attack the enemy at once; and in order to avoid the confusion and mistakes so common in a night attack, I recommend that we should strip ourselves perfectly naked!' "

His was one of the most pathetic deaths in the Confederate service. He had been shot while on his horse, and the animal broke down the road with its wounded rider at a fearful speed. Just as the woods were reached Jackson fell off with a heavy thud and rolled in the dust in a dying condition. He was taken to a house near by, and every attention paid to him, but it was no use; he was dying when the surgeons came. Two men raised him up to a sitting position, and a surgeon was about to give him some water, when he said in a feeble, dreamy sort of way, "Let us cross over the river to the green shade on the other side." These were his last words, and for all any of us know he did cross over the river to the green shade on the other side.

There is a fine monument of this rare character on the grounds of the Capitol at Richmond, erected by English admirers; and his name is held with admiration by all civilized soldiers and with great reverence throughout the South and by a majority of Northern people. He was a mighty genius of the battle field and is an occupant of one of the highest places of history and fame. The Chevalier Bayard, Constable of Bourbon, Prince of Orange, Ney, Murat, Putnam and Stonewall Jackson belong to a single gallery of pictures for Gods of War.

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Amusements

In the Third Act "MLLE. FIFI"

THINGS here have come to such a pass that I am going to propose the forming of a trust among the Los Angeles dramatic critics. I use "dramatic critics" solely out of courtesy to the time honored observance of such titles in the newspaper world, not admitting that there is a single critic in town who knows enough of theatricals to make a good stage doorkeeper. Mr. Dobinson would be the exception were it not for his liver and his susceptibility to the charms of pretty women, which sometimes blinds him as to their true worth.

But to elucidate. It is over "Cumberland, '61" at Morosco's that the local thespian comentators split so unusually. One daily says that this single-penned product of Mr. Fyle's is a brilliant success compared to others of that author's in collaboration with Belasco; another as positively opines that Belasco's touch would have bettered the play immeasurably. One critic informs the public that Miss Van Buren makes a walking part of her role, while another says that she made the most of her part and was as completely fascinating as it is possible for woman to be. And so on ad infinitum.

Now how is the dear public to know what it saw at the theaters, when these fellows, who are supposed to have only eyes and ears and frapped serum for blood, cannot agree? If it was not for my natural timidity I would venture the opinion that the Frawleys gave us a hot stuff melodrama, and just because I never saw a Nile green mountain atmosphere nor heard of Kentucky mountaineers sporting Winchester repeaters in '61, I wouldn't spoil the show for hundreds by telling them that they had no business to enjoy it.

As a solution to the problem I propose that these dramatic connoisseurs meet every Monday night at, say, the Palace, with their softest pencils, and under the soothing influence of Scotch highballs and such adjust their ideas to their respective space requirements, omitting all reference to colonels with captain's straps and like trivial idiosscraynies that may have jarred their critical sensibilities at the time.

MANAGER BRONSON of the Orpheum is lying awake nights devising checks and counter checks on the coupons he is going to issue for the free trip to Paris Exposition. And no one can doubt his determination that there is to be no "shenanegan" in the system leading to the gift of the Orpheum. Among other precautions Mr. Bronson offers a reward of ten dollars for the detection of any Orpheum employe negotiating in any way for coupons.

That the Orpheum is always generous is again shown in its entertainment of over one hundred children of the orphan's home Wednesday afternoon. The unselfishness of the act is apparent when it is known that the amount of free advertising attending the kindness could have been bought for the price of a single admission.

JOSIE DEWITT—With "Hotel Topsy Turvy"

THE Los Angeles Theater management has been twice imposed upon within the month. "A Milk White Flag" was a dead white frost and gave Mr. Wyatt a correspondingly chilly chill. But in spite of the marks of shoddy from many points of view the humor of some of Charlie Hoyt's original situations would bob up and bring a laugh, and the satire of the farce, though almost buried in mediocre presentation, still bore the dulled edge of its original keenness.

However, the next show at this theater will make up for several poor ones. "Hotel Topsy Turvy" comes with unmistakable merit, with known clever men and pretty women.

ON THE front page this week we present an excellent portrait of Capt. Harrington Reynolds, leading man with the Frawley Company at Morosco's. Harrington Reynolds has won the title of captain on many a bloody field, having served Her Majesty, Victoria, during the Zulu and Kaffir wars of 1878-9 in South Africa. Owing to his modesty, he does not speak of the hair-breadth escapes and privations he experienced during that campaign, but the records show that he is now on the retired list of officers; cause, "disabled sword arm and other injuries." The Captain was mixed up with a bunch of the black men's bullets that tore through his lungs and sword arm, "which rendered me hors-du-combat, don't you know," as he graciously admitted to a GRAPHIC reporter, but which really meant months in the hot, fever-ridden hospitals of Africa. Capt. Reynolds is every inch a soldier, as well as an actor with a successful past and brilliant future, and in whatever he undertakes he will succeed, for a glance at his massive chin shows that this man's motto is "I will."

THE ORPHEUM this week shows great improvement over last week, and, with one or two exceptions the performance was a pleasure rather than a bore. The Hungarian Boys Military Band is still the best attraction in the bill, and as Manager Rush Bronson says when they have "bum grub" they make bum music, we conclude that they are well fed at all times. Rush tells of the boys' trip to Santa Monica most graphically. "They took 150,000 nigger bread sandwiches, 75,000 hard-boiled eggs and an electric car load of drink; and they came back with all of it on the inside. When that little drummer boy got a few dozen of those hard eggs rattling around inside of him he was in a condition to burst a drum-head a minute."

Among the newcomers the palm must be divided between Seymore and Dupree and Forest and King. Both teams are good and their acts are of the kind the vaudeville-loving public likes to see. Seymore is almost a human kangaroo, while Miss Duprec's dancing is very pleasing. Forest and King are acrobats of musical ability and their act is well worth seeing. Frank Cushman is very good as an old-time negro minstrel and his performance would be more interesting but for the fact that the public has rather outgrown that style of entertainment.

Los Angeles Theater—"Hotel Topsy Turvy" and its queer guests will hold hilarious times at the Los Angeles Theater, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. The new hostelry is so liberal and its retinue of servants so politely good natured and merry, that one does not wonder at the constantly increasing popularity of the institution. This latest of European stage novelties has certainly caught the the people's fancy. The performance, as a whole, is said to be amusing beyond the amusement found in ordinary farces, for it is seldom, if ever, that a company numbering nearly sixty can be seen interpreting a musical comedy. If the management can find something for all these people to do, and they must, and when the scenic and costume features are considered, the offering is exceptional to say the least. In the list of principals are some well-known names, the most prominent of which is Eddie Foy, who is well remembered for his creation of many comedy parts in the Henderson Extravaganzas; also Miss Josie De Witt, the creator of many prominent parts, besides a host of others. A chorus and ballet of forty, among them a host of pretty girls, have been collected from the various companies now touring the country under the management of the New York Herald Square Theater, where "Hotel Topsy Turvy" had a run of 102 nights at the beginning of last season. This same piece has now passed its two hundredth performance at the Comedy Theater, London, and ran for two years at the "Folies Dramatiques," Paris, under the title of "L'Auberge de Tohu-Bohu."

"Mlle. Fifi," which will be at Los Angeles Theater for an engagement of three nights and Saturday matinee, October 26, 27 and 28, is one of the pronounced comedy successes of the present season. It is very funny, most adroitly constructed and thoroughly Parisian in piquancy. It set the New York critics in a tumult of discussion, and even during the blizzard period attracted such crowds that the musi-

cians were forced under the stage. It tells a lively of a young married couple, a Parisian viscomte and a Boston girl, who plot to obtain a divorce that they may obtain possession of the marriage settlement, it being their p'an to re-marry and live happily thereafter.

Evolution of a Circus

"There has been a most complete evolution in the circus business during the last few years, and the circus of today is far from being the circus of our boyhood days," remarked William Sells, who has been coming to Los Angeles in connection with circuses for several years past.

"Speaking of the original circus venture of Walter L. Main some fifteen years ago, he was then living on a rocky farm over in Ohio. He conceived the idea of having a circus. As a boy he had played circus with the other boys at school. He had visited all the traveling shows that stopped at Geneva, Ohio, and, gaining what knowledge he could from observation, started a circus. He had a couple of trained dogs, a cat and a sheep. Like other boys he showed in back yards and barns, and accepted pins and marbles as pay for the tickets to the reserved seats. The juveniles of the town visited the performance and brought their parents, all of whom pronounced it the greatest show on earth.

"One night, while he was sleeping in the loft of the old farm house he concluded to take to the road. Geneva is not much of a show town, but one fine summer morning the citizens were surprised to see advertisements posted upon the dead walls, calling attention to the fact that upon a certain date Walter L. Main's circus would give its initial appearance. The bills were not four-sheet posters, gaudy in bright colors, but instead they were plain affairs, such as you would expect from boys.

"Well, the long and short of it was that Walter L. Main had a circus. He had a tent that a party of surveyors had used, and in this he exhibited a learned pig, a cow, a dog and some hens. The experience in Geneva was the beginning of a life career. It meant that he was to be a showman. The next year he bought a spotted calf that had six legs, and in a modest way and under a little tent he started out, visiting some of the nearby towns. He made a little money, and the next year he added a camel and hired a man who could ride the horses and do acrobatic turns in the ring. At the end of the season he had made more money, and the next year branched out, bought a few more animals and hired a few more performers.

"With him every promise was a pledge, and he advertised nothing he did not show. This was the beginning of his success. Since then things have been coming his way as well as could be asked for. Each year he has added to his show, and now has one of the best on the road. From a show that had only a spotted pig he has built up a concern that travels by three trains. There are 800 people on the payroll with a salary list that requires the expenditure of $3000 per day, to say nothing of other expenses." The circus will show at Washington and Main streets, Wednesday and Thursday, October 25 and 26.

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Orpheum

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Howard's Pony Circus, Finest Animal Act in the Country
Le Page Sisters, Transformation Artists.
Dubell, the Aerial Wonder.
The Budworths, Colored Sketch Comedians
Forest and King, Europe's Famous Grotesque Comedians and Dancers.
The Great American Biograph.
Next Saturday will be Souvenir Day. Handsome albums will be given each lady.

PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

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This Evening—Last Performance of "Cumberland '61"

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GRAND STREET PARADE AT 10 A. M.

Reserved seats at Bartlett Bros. Music House, 235 South Broadway, days of Show.

Morosco's.—"The Sporting Duchess," a racing drama by Cecil Raleigh, Henry Hamilton and Sir Augustus Harris, will be produced by the Frawley Company at the Burbank Theater Sunday evening, the 22nd. It was originally produced at the Drury Lane, London, where it run for one year. Charles Frohman bought the American rights to it, and it was brought out at the Academy in New York, where it ran for one winter. It will be presented with elaborate scenery, showing the Downs at Yorkshire, the great Railway Hotel, London, Tattersalls and the Derby race course at Epsom. Four genuine jockeys appear in "The Sporting Duchess." Little Margo Dufet, a pupil at the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art, will make her debut on the stage with the Frawley company in "The Sporting Duchess." She will play an important role and Mr. Frawley is more than delighted at the way she has rehearsed. Miss Mary Hampton is going to wear the "watermelon gown" again in "The Sporting Duchess," and femininity will rejoice thereat. Miss Hampton says that in "The Dancing Girl" she did not wear the whole of it, or rather did not wear the waist that was originally designed, but she will now carry out the dressmaker's original plan.

Orpheum.—A bill that is practically new throughout goes on at the Orpheum Monday night. Six new acts will be seen. The beautiful Hawaiian Queens are first on the program. They will provide a surprise and a novelty for the Orpheum patrons. Howard's Pony Circus is said to be the finest animal act of its kind in the country; monkeys, ponies and dogs figure in the performance that Howard gives. Le Page Sisters are pretty girls, transformation artists. Dubell, an aerial wonder; the Budworths, colored sketch comedians; the biograph, with new views, and Forest and King make up the bill.

The competition for the free trip to Paris begins Nov. 1, and lasts ten weeks, or until Jan. 10. The person having the most coupons on Jan. 10 is to be given a first-class round trip ticket to the Paris Exposition—a $500 gift.

Next Saturday will be souvenir day at the Orpheum. Handsome albums will be given each lady, and pictures of Orpheum celebrities will be given throughout the winter, to be placed in these albums, so that a collection of famous actresses can thus be made and preserved.

THE AUTUMNAL OPENING

At the Beeman & Hendee art rooms at 310 South Broadway, on Wednesday, was certainly a gala day for the ladies. Every lady is on the qui vive for the Beeman & Hendee exhibitions, and this time the firm went ahead of one's wildest anticipations. All the wealth and fashion were represented here, and amid the hum and buzz all agreed they never saw so many beautiful and novel things. Such an array of gorgeous sofa cushions, and no drawing-room is complete without a profusion of them. The poster cushion in all sorts and conditions are shown—but one of the especially novel ones is the unique coon posters. They are a jolly dream in chocolate cake-walkers and must be seen to be appreciated.

The Mesdames Beeman and Hendee personally selected the markets pick and choice of Mexican drawn work. This lace is beautiful and rare. There are dolls of all kinds and the most beautiful, dainty and elaborate of infants trousseaus, handsome centers, table cloths, pin-cushions, and so many things that a lady's boudoir is not perfect without. The stock of materials is absolutely complete.

Everything has been so tastefully and carefully selected, and the store being one of the lightest and elegant, together with the perfect knowledge the ladies have of the requirements of a fastidious public, is it then surprising that this progressive establishment has been so great a success. Those who were not at the reception ought to avail themselves of a visit. They will see much to interest them.

THE RACES ARE ON!

Down at Agricultural park the speedy ones are making history that will go down in the annals of the turf in letters of red. Never in the history of the local organization has such a star program been offered the lovers of the sport in this city. The harness events are crack-a-jacks and will furnish sensation enough for a French military scandal.

The races always attract. There is something so fascinating about the word itself. With but few exceptions every one goes to the races. When the first letter of the word is left off and if the game is of the American order, there is no exception, everything goes on them.

Today the great meet opens. And although for years wonderful harness and running events have been contested on the great oval, never before have such a wonderful list of events been included in the program of one meet.

Today the great racing kings, Anaconda, Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry, will battle in the free for all. It will be a royal battle, witnessed by many thousands.

Next week the program of the six days contains some of the greatest races of the year. Grand circuit champions ara entered and they are in condition to uphold their reputations. The great trotting events are the 2:13, 2:15 and free for all trots. In these races are entered: Owyhee, the grand circuit winner this season; Toggles, the champion of last year; Our Lucky, always a favorite in the city; Neureta, Santa Ana's pride, and Dione, Klamath and many others.

Several carloads of runners havo been shipped from San Francisco and are now quartered at the park. All boxes to the grand stand have been sold, and society will be there. What more is needed? It will be a great meet no mistake.

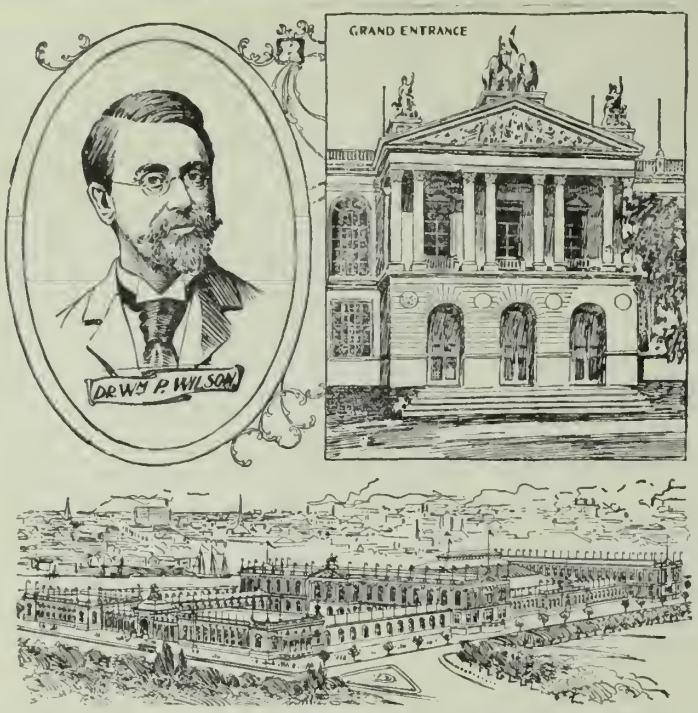
Let us take your order for your Trimmed Millinery. We can save you from 25 to 50 per cent. on the dollar.—The Yosemite Millinery, 115 So. Broadway, Mrs. O. P. Wolcott, prop.

I trust the progressive whist party given for the free kindergarten on Tuesday evening at Kramer's hall was successful. It looked rather stupid but I suppose it was all right. There were almost a hundred and fifty at the tables, and it was understood that a number of purchasers of tickets, price fifty cents, were present only in spirit. However it is a most excellent cause, and a number of prominent women here in Los Angeles are interested actively, notably Mrs. Caroline Severence, the leader.

Dr. Titian J. Coffey has returned from an outing much refreshed for the arduous work of his practice

The Hotel Redondo, re-opened under the management of the Redondo company, will be the scene of a reception and dance, on Saturday evening. Invitations have been issued to a large namber of the friends of the management and society people of Southern California and a pleasant time is assured.

The guests of the Hotel Palms, this city, gave a delightful dancing party on Saturday evening last, in the parlors of the hotel, and many friends from outside were invited. The affair was one of a series which is being given by the patrons of this excellent house, once or twice each month.



NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA.

On September 14 President McKinley touched the button that started the great National Export Exposition at Philadelphia. It is to run to Nov. 30. The handsome exposition buildings and grounds cover 56 acres. Dr. William P. Wilson is the Director General. The object of the exposition is the display of American manufactures.

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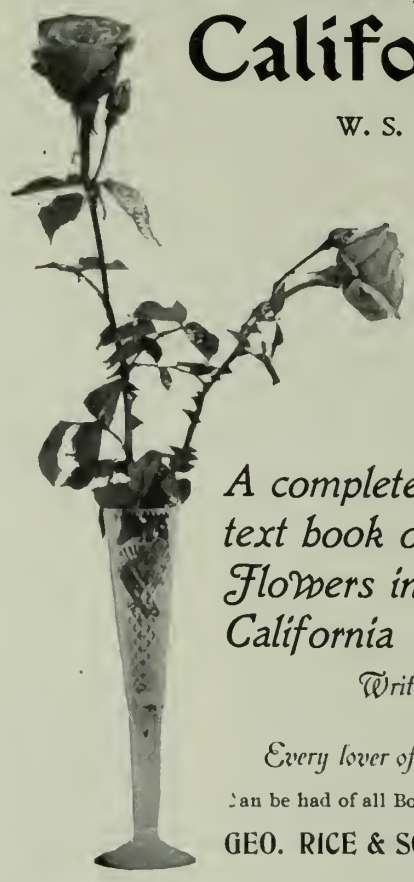

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Los Angeles' Queen of Hearts

MISS MARY VAN BUREN—OF THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

Western Graphic

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT

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IRWIN H. RICE - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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CONTRARY to his occassional protestations that he is an independent democrat, Joseph Mesmer has long been rated in the unprinted blue book of the local faithfuls as a simon pure disciple of Jefferson. It is now time for the registrar of partisans to query his name, for in unmistakable language Mr. Mesmer asserts that as between the issues of expansion and silver he will choose the former as of the greatest importance and will vote for a continuance of the administration of progress. There is more than a partisan feeling of exultation in the contemplation of Mr. Mesmer's attitude. As a representative citizen, whose heart is with his country, his opinion as to what is the greatest good to the greatest number is worthy the consideration of every resident of the Pacific Coast, be he silverite or goldbug. "If the policy of imperialism (as they choose to call it) is upheld," says Mr. Mesmer, "Los Angeles will have a population of five hundred thousand people in ten years; and where there is one ship floating the stars and stripes on the Pacific now, there will be hundreds then."

A straw for the "Aunties"

San Francisco is in ecstacy because of the assurance that it will enjoy a municipal election November 7. A court decision sustaining the validity of the new city charter settles the election question. But the particular source of joy is the fact that San Francisco will be the only California town to drop ballots at the time when a dozen eastern states are voting. But Los Angeles is not jealous. When we get uncontrolably eager for an election in this city we vote on a bond or annexation project.

San Francisco Is not so Warm

If it is true that "variety is the spice of life" our friends abroad have no cause for complaint about monotony of climate. In one day's news this week we had reports of record-breaking October heat and humidity in Chicago and Omaha, together with the account of herders frozen to death in a Montana snow blizzard. It is true that in Southern California "we can't have everything to please us," but even the coyotes have no cause to growl about our weather.

An Ever-Pleasing Subject

Many people wonder why the real estate markets throughout the country are not more active, drawing from this fact the conclusion that business generally is not as prosperous as supposed. But such a conclusion is not warranted. It is always the case that real estate values are the last to be affected in business revivals. When business is good and opportunities for going into business enterprises abundant, people hold their surplus capital so as to be able to avail themselves of such opportunities. It is when this surplus capital has grown so large that it cannot be absorbed in business that land is bought for investment. In many portions of the east this stage of surplus money has been reached, and real estate values are rising. And an encouraging feature of the situation for the coast is that the universal belief that values of coast holdings are the most promising to be found anywhere, will cause an active demand for speculation and investment purposes.

The Real Estate Market

MARCONI AND HIS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, with Signor Marconi in charge, was used for reporting the yacht races for the New York Herald. From a mast on the steamer Ponce to a station mast at Navesink messages were transmitted on electric waves The messages were then translated into the Morse alphabet and forwarded to New York.

The weekly bank statements continue to climb up Notwithstanding the fact that one year ago the country was considered very prosperous, and then showed a large increase of business over the previous year, the per cent. of increase continues to grow. It is not confined to any section but embraces all portions of the Union. And this doubling up of the amount of business has not occasioned any stringency in the money market as some politicians predicted, the expansion of business being occasioned by an increase in the circulating medium. Truly it can be said that business prosperity is now a condition and not a theory.

Bank Statements Show Prosperity

The people of Los Angeles could felicitate exceedingly over the sale of the school bonds at a premium of $3.51 if it were not for the fact that the transaction was in the nature of a fluke, to use a sporting term. That the financial agent, upon learning the nature of the suits now pending against these bonds, rushed about vainly trying to withdraw his bid, does not bode well for the successful floating of the water bonds, which securities will doubtless be looked upon with the same degree of contempt as "thirty cents"—in the slang of the day — by the time the bond buyers' attorneys hand in their opinions. Even if a bid is offered for the bonds the possible effect of the many alleged illegal acts in their issuance is staggering to the tax payer.

A Dismal Prospect

The agitation about the oil nuisance has made a complete circuit and is back at the starting point. After much vexation of spirit the dwellers in the oil district succeeded in securing a protective ordinance. After great tribulation the oil men have secured the repeal of the restrictive act. It would require more than the wisdom of a Solomon to equitaby adjust the question of right in the case. The forest of oil derricks is surely not a pleasing spectacle as viewed from a cosy home, and the product of the wells is neither fair to look upon nor of sweet aroma. But there are necessarily two sides to a question. The oil product has become one of the greatest industries of Los Angeles, and there is reason to believe that only the edge of its importance has thus far been touched. In the development of this industry a vast sum of money has been expended. A large proportion of the amount was lost in locating the productive spots, and it seems hard that the plucky operators should not be allowed to get at the precious but nasty stuff when they find it. Solomon's judgment in the baby case was easy compared with the oil question.

The Derrick Specter

From Duluth we get the news that "through the efforts of the Evening Herald Andrew Carnegie has offerd to donate $50,000 to the city of Duluth to erect a building for a free public library." We have no intention of intimating that there is a special field of usefulness for Los Angeles newspapers. There are a number of Los Angeles Carnegies however who could well afford to emulate the Smileys of Redlands in making our library commensurate with the city's progress.

A Chance for Philanthropists

If we are to believe the daily prints there is to be an interesting proposition made to President McKinley in a few days by an emissary of Aguinaldo's. In the first place it will be necessary to recognize the envoy as a representative of the Filipino government to hear his message. It is probable that the administration will be stretched to suit the exigencies of the occasion in that respect; but the ninth suggestion of the expected offer for the suspension of hostilities is apt to prove a disturber of temper in the executive mansion. The recognition of the Filipino government as an independent republic under a protectorate of the United States is a proposition that we could not countenance for a minute and hold the respect of the nations of the world, and it seems there is only one way to so inform the upstart rebel so he will understand it—paint it on his headstone. The other measures proposed for the administration of the Islands' government are on close lines with the generally accepted American idea of the matter, and the offering reminds one very much of the boy who took his black draught rather than a whipping.

Aguinaldo's Latest

In the Gay Life

HOW they ring us up on the telephone and tell us that they are not going to give any more small things to the papers. If they are doing anything big, etc., etc., they don't mind having it "in," but when they are just having themselves to dinner, etc., etc., etc., they don't want everybody to know it. Thank the Lord!

Hereafter we will not publish any more functions when there are less than two people present, and the reporter who heretofore was afraid to say her soul was not her own can now say—demital. I saw that word in a book and I liked it.

The races were a failure. I went out there especially to see the clothes—and I didn't see any,—that is to say none worth mentioning. And all womankind looked so demure, I doubt whether any one even thought a bet. I do not know what is coming over society. It is so good, it is shocking.

On Wednesday, even, when the gentleman's race was on, there wasn't a bit of excitement. You wouldn't have known it was a horse race if you hadn't seen it. And when Dr. Hitchcock's "Demy" won, there was only a mild flutter. When I was young and we all went to the Allentown Fair we used to wave our handkerchiefs and hurray! hurray!

The prizes in this race—the gentleman's— were a blanket and whip. Mr. Frank Schumacher took the second. How amusing it was to see Mr. Schumacher in that race. To look at his even face you wouldn't think he knew a horse from a cow. But he is all right—and in more ways than in a photographer's studio. (This is a free ad.)

It is singular that a Sporting Duchess should be so much more popular than those people of '61. But it is. The first night this week at Morosco's brought out the best crowd, from a society standpoint, I have seen there yet. Every box up and down was filled up. There were several parties attending those popular young engaged and married people; Mrs. O. P. Posey and her son occupied a box, and a host of others that I never knew to frequent that theater in the old Burbank days. Then the house itself had more the appearance of a first-class play-house than I had seen it yet. In fact, there was more "dress" than is usual in this jay town.

And that young man at the ticket window—I adore him. Smooth face like a freshly mown parson, you know, but he's all right.

There will be music in the air on Hallowe'en The University Club on that evening will entertain the newly inaugurated President of the University of California, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, at a banquet to be given at the Van Nuys. Mine Host M. M Potter is an old 'Varsity man himself, and will be expected to show even more than his accustomed geniality on that occasion. The musical program will be calculated to carry the club members back in memory to years gone by—the popular music of the day will be interspersed with college songs in which all will be expected to join. A college yell at this time will be in order, and as the responses already indicate attendance from over twenty colleges and universities, it will certainly remind those in the swim of their "old-time" Hallowe'ens. Amongst those whohave already signified their intention to attend are: Edgar W. Camp, Percy R. Wilson, C. J. Willett, Pasadena; John G. Mott, Jas. A. Foshay, Milo M. Potter, Hon. N. P. Conrey, Jas. W. Henry, Prof. A. E. Baker, Prof. C. G. Baldwin, F. M. Porter, Russ Avery, Howard A. Boughton, Pomona; Dr. H. Burt Ellis, Warren E. Lloyd, Byron E. Woodcock, Dr. Donald J. Frick, H. L. Alexander, B. H. Donnell, H. C. Head, Leslie R. Hewitt, R. H. Wardall, Edward North, O. P. Phillips, W. J. Variel, F. E. Rich, Luther H. Green, W. F. Craig, Homer Laughlin, Jr., W. A. Spalding, A. H. Voight, F. S. Wadsworth, Chas. Cassatt Davis.

The toast list is unique; toasts will be responded to by the guest of honor, Benj. Ide Wheeler, and C. J. Willett, Geo. F. James, C. G. Baldwin, James W. Henry, E. T. Pierce, Jas. A. Foshay, N. P. Conrey, Milo M. Potter, Chas. Cassatt Davis, Russ Avery and Warren E. Lloyd. The scheme of the toast list we are not at liberty to divulge—just now—it will be published in full next week. Arend will furnish the music, and there will be a "Hot Time in the Old Town That Night."

That wedding of the Kimball-Purcells was a very fine affair, and the list of guests invited included all of swell society. Whether they were all there or not, I couldn't say. Miss Lila Fairchild was there in that Dresden dress a local weekly raved about last week. She and Miss Landt nearly eclipsed things since of course they are both beautiful girls. But the bride held her own and was very gracious and sweet, in purely white bridal array. This is the sixth time we have said that all her friends will miss her, for she is always just as I said she looked on her wedding night.

The next great social event will be when everybody turns out to see Miss Scott have all those men falling over each other for her, according to the local weekly's puff also of last week. Of course Miss Scott is an awfully nice girl and is all the other things the paper referred to said, except that she is not a bud of last year, although she has not so very long ago left her teens. I am quite sure the paper was not paid for these puffs—because society never pays for anything. That is why we do not do it. What's the use? Speaking of age reminds me of something some one said to me last week, and it was not a woman, either. We were speaking of a recent wedding. " 'Stonishing how these young women are getting married off," was the remark; "not so young, either, for the girl that was married the other day had at least ten years knocked off the marriage license; wasn't a Spring kitten, by any means."

The daughters of Judge Chapman of North Soto street entertained at cards on Wednesday afternoon for Miss Cummins of San Francisco, who is still the recipient of all kinds of "affairs." There were about sixty guests attendant upon this card party and it was very swell.

Mrs. Jack Jevne has been sent off by the papers for the last six weeks to visit her sister, Mrs. Murray, in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Jevne and her sister are twins, and as the Misses Olga and Genevieve Marix of three or four years ago were just the sweetest things! They were both petite and really—what I said. It was at the time of the one's wedding when this occurred: A society reporter went to interview the bride-to-be about gowns and so on, and had gotten there rather late, and some man of the household, brother, I think it was, came to the door. "Just go right up stairs," the young man said, and pointed the way. The reporter followed the trail and ushered herself into the presence of two lovely girls sitting up in bed and rubbing their eyes. And then they all laughed, and the two lovely girls described the things the reporter wanted to know with as much ease as though a nightgown were the piece de resistance of all state occasions. But Mrs. Jevne is really going. Everybody does not know the reason why, and I won't tell.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney, that everything is full about, is receiving a great deal of social attention. Mme. Bishop and Mrs. Modini Wood received for her at the Bellevue Terrace on Thursday evening.

What might be termed the most important event of the week was the golden wedding anniversary luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. James F. Towell on the 23d. Mr. and Mrs. Towell hold a most enviable position here in church and society, and naturally they were the recipients of the kindest congratulations, practical as well as ornamental. The luncheon guests included Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, Major and Mrs. T. J. Cochran, Mrs. B. B. Gaylord and Miss Martha Gaylord of Riverside, Mrs. W. M. Friesner, Miss Esther Towell, Miss Louise McFarland, Miss Sarah Plater McFarland, Miss Sallie Friesner, Miss Estelle Cochran, Miss Frances Cochran, Master James Towell Friesner, all children and grandchildren. Later in the afternoon a number of Mr. and Mrs Towell's friends came to call.

Miss Kate Landt, Miss Genevieve Smith and Miss Irene Stephens have been hostesses on different occasions the last week, of dinners and luncheons.

They say people did bet after all at the races—ladies and all, but the reason it was kept so quiet was—they lost.

Mrs. J. O. Cashin and Mrs. Edwin Clark will receive on Wednesdays, after Nov. 1st, at their homes, 1545 and 1551 Ingraham street.

The Abbotsford Inn was the scene of festivities on Tuesday evening last, the occasion being a dinner given by Captain and Mrs. Addison-Smith in honor of the successful racing people who are present in the city from Riverside, Santa Monica and elsewhere. The banquet was spread in the large dining room of the Inn, commenced at 7.30 and continued until a late hour in the evening, when cards where indulged in. Hon. Abbott Kinney, the owner of the Abbotsford Inn, has recently taken the conduct of the hotel under his own supervision, is spending considerable money on repairs, refurnishing, on new lawns, etc., and the hotel is going to be in such shape in a few days that old friends and patrons will scarcely recognize it. When he starts in on an enterprise Mr Kinney never does anything by halves. He always secures the best help to be had, and future patrons of the house may be sure of thoroughly first-class service.

Omnium Gatherum

ONE case of measles costs the city of Los Angeles $600, the council authorizing a compromise in that amount of a suit brought by a woman who was taken to the pest house by mistake. The item should be eagerly grasped by Christian Scientists as showing what a lot of guesswork enters into the science of medicine and the consequent danger of being safe.

Two tremendously enthralling subjects occupy Americans' minds at present. One is the possibility of Russia and France interfering in the Transvaal English war; the other is the condition of Jeffries' sore arm.

This interminable raiding of Chinese lottery dens is on a par with throwing rocks at a March wind. The Celestial skinflints will continue to pay their fines in the future as they have in the past (when accidentally convicted) and chuckle comfortably over the cheapness of the license. Until the punishment is made to fit the crime, these insidious swindles will flourish, utterly debasing the already worthless class of humanity which patronize them.

San Bernardino has a curfew law, and it is proposed to enforce it with the aid of a fire-bell to give warning. Los Angeles also has a curfew ordinance, but we fear that in order to make it effective the fire-bell would have to be backed by the whole department, and the entire police force in the skirmish line.

The unkindest cut of all is the statement that Col. Dan Burns beat a hasty retreat from Los Angeles because, as explained, he finds it too much like the time at Sacramento last winter, and he came here for a quiet rest." It is said that "comparisons are odious." The one in point is surely odious, on this side of the parallel.

Los Angeles has reason to feel elation because of the deep piety of its board of education. At the last meeting of the board the urgent need of reference books and maps was practically ignored, and one cautious member suggested that as frequent changes in maps had occurred, it would be well to wait until a new one appeared. But when the need of more Bibles was announced, the board voted for them with pious unanimity.

The plan for keeping the streets nice and clean during the summer, and then turning on the filth at the beginning of November, is not complimentary to the thousands of winter sojourners who are just beginning to arrive. The system of hand-sweeping has proved to be the only means of keeping the business streets clean. It would be a great mistake to discontinue it now.

The Crown of the Valley

DEAREST BETTY. There is another engagement to announce this week which will be startling in its interest in the gay world in Pasadena, and which has thus far been kept quiet. George P. Chambliss of New York, who has spent the past two years in Pasadena, for the most part at Hotel Green, has written friends of his happiness in becoming engaged to Mrs. Harriet Earle, a beautiful young widow who was also a guest at the hotel during Mr. Chambliss's first season here. This furnishes the climax of another Hotel Green romance.

There have been a number of small and early functions this week, those most worthy of mention being a small dinner dance given by Mrs. Dudley Watson of Grand avenue to sixteen of her friends at the Valley Hunt Club house, and a delightful progressive cinch party at the home of Miss Eleanor Goodrich. The prize winners at this latter event were Misses Ayers, Dalrymple, Messrs. Nash and Groenendyke.

Mrs. George Barker gave a gay little dance Tuesday evening in honor of her three young sons, at La Solano. The dancing hall was transformed into a bower of bright chrysanthemums and wild sunflowers, and the juveniles in their pretty costumes presented a charming picture of youthful innocence and beauty.

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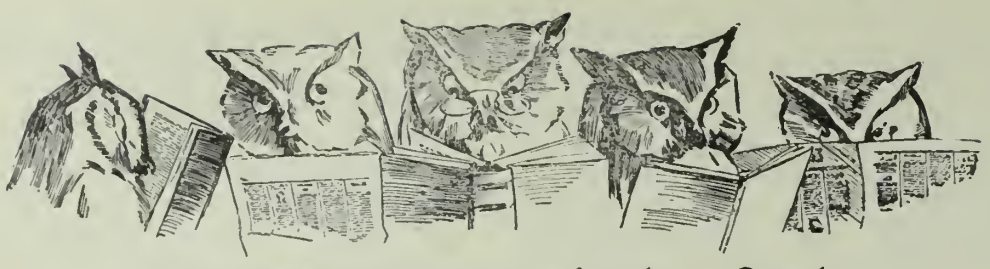

Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

No cause for wonder is found in the fact, repeated annually, that of an entire week given up to horse racing, one day of the seven should be conspicuous for its success and all the other days be in dreary contrast. The success of a race day depends upon two factors, the size of the crowd and the quality of the speed contests, together with the amount of interest the people take in the horses. The first day of the races showed that the absence of the usual agricultural display of pumpkins and pigs, poultry and preserves exercised no deterrent effect upon those persons that need an unsinful excuse for attending a sinful horse race. And yet, the almost insignificant crowd of the following Monday may have represented the total number of persons that are wholly disregardful of the agricultural and horticultural features of a "fair." That the opening day was so successful may be attributed to the circumstance that so many people were ignorant of the sacrifice the directors had made in deciding not to resort to the trickery of a cart load of store boughten fruits and vegetables to make such an "exhibit" as would secure the $1500 subsidy from the state. Perhaps it was because the managers had reversed the usual order of things and put the had reversed the usual order of things and put the the last. Then again it may have been brought about by the widely disseminated news that a real live lion would be present.

THERE WERE NO PUMPKINS.

"If Dan Burns is here, for goodness sake point him out to me, won't you?" That appeal in almost the exact words was made to me more than once during the notable Saturday afternoon, and I have reason to believe that others were approached for similar long distance introductions. "There he sits in the box, at the right hand of Guy Barham," was the reply always given, and when they had finally made sure their eyes rested upon the object of the quest each citizen said: "Is that Dan Burns?"—not with any insinuation of incredulity but because the Colonel wore not the sombrero and other Mexican toggery with which the cartoonists had clothed him. Colonel Daniel M. Burns came down "to attend the races." He returned to the north Monday. Between Saturday and Monday there were no races, but Colonel Burns lost no time. What he here won in his senatorial interest cannot be known, but it is a fact that he did no plunging in the races.

IS THAT DAN BURNS?

The city council came very near perpetrating another scandal by lending itself as the tool of the great asphalt trust that feared competition. If the famous Alcatraz monopoly in the city hall were some day to be broken then would there be reason for much marveling. Even if the new refinery shall be allowed to operate in the neighborhood occupied by the old plant it does not follow that the asphalt trust in the city hall will ever weaken. It is devoutly to be hoped that the city council in the ostensible purpose of suppressing a refinery odor may not create a worse one.

OTHER ODORS BESIDE OIL.

The city this week paid to an eastern sanitary engineer $200 to be told that the sewer system of Los Angeles is all wrong. The amount is not so great, but it seems a needless expense in view of the fact that many persons here could have given the same opinion for much less money. This expert engineer who gets $100 a day for his services says that Los Angeles is the only city in the world that undertakes to seal up sewers to prevent the escape of gas. Perhaps, after all, $200 is not an excessive price to pay for the knowledge that the city possesses a distinction hitherto unsuspected.

THE SEWERS ARE SEALED.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION

By Winfield Hogaboom.

THE domestic establishment of which I have the honor to be vice-president, vested with full power to act when bills are presented, might never have been called upon to wrestle with the servant girl question but for this circumstance. in the spring of '97 I received advices by mail to the effect that friends from one of the Eastern states—a gentleman and his wife—were coming to California, and would visit us during the month of May, following.

Visitors are always welcome at our humble home, but my wife and I hold widely different views in regard to visitors. She likes to have their coming known some time beforehand, so that she may get through with a certain amount of preparation, which she considers absolutely necessary. Upon the other hand, it pleases me to have them drop in upon us unexpectedly, and discover us wholly unprepared, and full of excuses for the general rundown appearance of things.

In this instance it was as she desired, and though we had nearly a month to go on preparations were immediately begun.

It would be needless, in fact, quite impossible, for me to go into details regarding these preparations. Our great trouble did not come suddenly but quite gradually, stealing softly upon us, and entirely surrounding and enveloping us before we were fully aware of its presence even.

The first notice I took of it was when she said to me one evening: "What have you done about the girl, Winfield?" We had been discussing other matters in connection with the visit.

I understand women thoroughly. I read them as I do an open book. She was trying to work a dodge on me. Knowing my nature so well she had judged that it would not do to open the discussion by asking my opinion as to the advisability of engaging a servant girl. Like some of the game birds—the quail, for instance—I am easily flushed and when I rise I fly a long distance before coming down again. My wife did not wish to flush me prematurely. Doubtless hours and hours of earnest thought were concentrated in that one little remark. Her idea was, of course, to convey the impression that there was not the shadow of a doubt in her mind that I had not already seen the necessity for a servant girl, and actually set about engaging one. Not only this, but the design was to throw the whole burden upon me, and when trouble came—which it was sure to do—why, there was I, responsible for the whole thing, of course.

Cleverly planned, wasn't it?

"What girl?" I asked. There was more in the tone in which I said this than in the words, but in the brief remark I overturned her whole scheme by making it understod that the idea of having a servant girl had never occurred to me.

"I thought you knew—that is, you understood, that I—that we, I mean, must engage a girl to help me—I mean to help us, while they are here. For the looks of the thing, if nothing more," she managed to say.

The best imitation look of surprise I am capable of I then spread over my countenance. I had been expecting this scene for some time, and had been practicing up on that look of surprise.

"Ah! That is it, eh? You wish me to engage a girl to assist you while our friends are here?" I asked. "Well, if you really must have the girl, I will set about securing the services of one immediately."

Of course I could not refuse the request, but I desired that the responsibility should be placed where it belonged. I read the comic papers occasionally, and I know what it meant to have a servant girl in the house.

I had spoken a little too abruptly and coldly, perhaps, but the occasion for this was that I was laboring under the impression that the reason she wanted the girl to be with us for some time before our guests arrived was so that I might have an opportunity to become familiar with the customs and usages pertaining to servant girls. In other words, she wished to guard against my doing or saying anything in the presence of our guests which would acquaint them with the fact that we were not in the habit of keeping a house full of servants all the time.

There are various ways of going about securing the services of a girl. A small advertisement in the paper often brings good results; an employment office will take your order, and agree to see what can be done for you; by inquiring around among the neighbors it is possible to get on the track of one or two, whom you may open negotiations with; and there may be other methods, but I mention only these because they seem to be the most popular ones.

During the three days following that on which we held our first conversation on the subject we tried all three of the methods I have mentioned. The evening of the third day found us engaged in arranging and classifying the results of our trials. We had under consideration 54 provisional offers from as many individuals, who offered to come and live with us, and share our joys and sorrows, under certain conditions. We divided them into groups, as follows: in answer to advertisement, 31; sent by employment office, 19; induced to make the offer by kindly disposed neighbors, 4; total, 54.

After three hours of consideration, taking up each offer in turn, we had reduced the list to 1. This remarkable feat was accomplished in the following way: having decided, after discussing the matter in all its various phases, that we could not part with our children we crossed off 12 applicants who positively objected to children.

We next discussed the advisability of moving. There were eight applicants who objected to the arrangement of our house. Having decided, at last, that it would be impossible to move, or even to have the house remodeled, in the short space of time left before the expected arrival of our guests, we rejected eight more. Another bunch of six were thrown out because the gas is not piped along our street, and therefore we could not possibly meet their demands for a gas range in the kitchen. Of the remaining number 10 were put aside because we lived in the wrong part of the city—too far away from their friends, I suppose.

Now there were 18 remaining and 17 of these were found to be unavailable from I will term miscellaneous causes; 3 because there were too many persons in the family; 1 because we could not allow her to practice on the piano one hour each day. In refusing to negotiate further with this applicant, next day, I did not deem it necessary to explain to her that we had no piano, but simply said that my wife had always made it a rule not to allow the servants to use the piano.

Demands for evenings out and Sunday afternoons off were responsible for 9 rejections, and a demand for the use of the parlor two nights a week let out 1 more. Two were not able to speak English, and both my wife and myself being so unfortunate as not to be able to converse in Scandinavian, we were obliged to reject them, also.

But the one remaining applicant seemed to be a perfect paragon of perfection. She afterwards proved to be too good to be true.

Armed with instructions from the presiding genius of the establishment to engage this lady at once, I called upon her the following morning. The early negotiations proceeded most favorably. I was at the point of silently offering congratulations to myself when suddenly, without a bit of warning, when the future seemed to me to be all bright and fair, when I could discern not a single cloud upon the horizon; when everything was apparently calm and serene and lovely, this remarkable lady asked me, without a tremor, to kindly allow her to inspect our letters of character from former servants!

That evening, while my wife was conducting the arrangements incident to the ceremony of parboiling my feet and putting cold, wet cloths upon my fevered brow, in order to draw the pain from my head to my feet, which are better able to

stand pain, we discussed the situation calmly and dispassionately.

"Did she positively insist on letters from our former servants?" my wife asked. The utter despair of her tones was realy pathetic.

"She was not quite positive," I replied. "I had thought, for a while, of offering to bring her a letter of recommendation, attesting to my character and general standing; my fitness for associating with servant ladies, bringing in, in a delicate way, my usual bearing towards persons of the opposite sex, and any other things she might suggest, as having a tendency to allay her suspicions; the letter to be signed by the Mayor, members of the council, the chief of police, and our leading business men and politicians. But I gave up the idea. It wouldn't satisfy her, I am quite sure.

"But what shall we do?" my wife asked, with tears in her eyes.

My feet being well done by this time, I thoughtfully removed them from the water, but said nothing.

Next day I got on the trail of another likely candidate, and eventually rounded her up. About the first thing she said was: "Is ut fer sicond girrul you'll be afthur wantin' me, er does I asshume th' risponsibility av th' kukin'?"

Confused by this unexpected emergency, I replied that we wanted her merely as second girl, and she at once consented to come. She had been looking for a place as second girl all her life.

However, during a short lucid interval which came over me presently, I was able to concoct a plan by which I could crawl out of the difficulty with my life. I told her that I would call again, and let her know more definitely. Of course I never did.

We were now within a week of the time when our guests were expected to arrive. I was obliged to turn over my work at the office to another person and devote my whole time—and I may say it modestly, my talent—to the task before me.

One of our neighbors had suggested a certain lady who resided in the country. This seemed like the very thing. Arrangements were made for a meeting between myself and this lady. We met. She was not as handsome as some of the rustic beauties I have read about, but what she lacked in beauty she more than made up in size. She was not what we wanted, however. She objected to heavy work. We had planned to have the servant do the heavy work, while my wife did the light work. We decided to give her up rather than change our plans.

Only three days now remained. The idea of having me take practical lessons in the art of behaving in the presence of servant girls had, of necessity, been abandoned, and I was to depend entirely upon instructions from my wife, and her example together with my natural aptitude.

The seriousness of the situation, however, lay in the fact that we had no servant girl, as yet. We had inserted more advertisements, consulted more neighbors, left more orders at the employment offices. These efforts brought more applicants, only to be rejected for good and sufficient reasons.

We were expecting at any time now a telegram announcing the hour when our guests would arrive. Instead there came a letter It went on to say: "We have decided to postpone our western trip. Hoping we have not inconvenienced you in the least, we remain, etc."

THE VOLUBLE BARBER

HE DESCANTS ON THE SILVER QUESTION AND IMPERIALISM

WELL, I guess I don't stay here much longer," said the second-chair barber, as he began to daub lather on the newspaper man's face.

"Scraped up a fortune?"

"Naw; goin' on the stump."

"The what?"

"Make Democratic stump speeches all through next campaign."

"How's that?"

"It's this way," began the barber, dropping his voice and speaking confidentially: "Yesterday a strange gentleman was in this chair, fine-looking old fellow, dignified like, well dressed, big diamond stud, heavy gold watch chain. Well, I was conversing with him about the Democratic platform—16 to 1 silver business, imperialism and so on, you know. When he got up from the chair he says to me, suddent, he says, 'I want you,' just like that. Why, it dazed me. I couldn't speak."

"Must have hit you pretty hard."

"Then he said, kind o' smilin' like, 'O, I ain't a sheriff. I'm a member of the Democratic National Committee and chairman of sub-committee on campaign speakers. I never heard a man talk as you can,' he says. 'You would sweep an audience like a prairie fire,' he says. And then, speakin' low, he says, 'Fifty dollars a week and expenses, for a year, beginning next November; how's that?' he says. I'll hear from him soon, he says."

"How did you manage to hit him so hard?"

"Well, I was just arguing the Democratic case, you know. The way I put the 16 to 1 silver question made him prick up his ears at once. You see it's so hard to make people understand it. Not one in a dozen does."

"I'm one of 'em," said the newspaper man. "I can't see half way through it."

"Why, nothing is simpler," replied the barber, with an ignorantia excusat smile. "You see, the Government has an immense stack of silver in stock—as big as a church. It's doing no good, and might as well be divided up so the people could have the use of it. Now, there's enough of it to give sixteen dollars to every person in the United States, man, woman and child. That's what the sixteen to one means. Now, I have a wife and four children; my share would be nearly a hundred dollars. See?"

"I'm with you on that divvy," said the newspaper man; "but why do the Republicans kick at money for their pockets?"

"Ah, there's the point. The Republicans know the Democrats would get about three-fourths of the silver, because the Democrats have so many children and the Republicans so few. And then, they want to have that silver handy for use when they spring the empire racket."

"What's that?"

"Why, don't you know what the Republican game is? McKinley will rule the United States as long as he lives. The country will be an empire, and McKinley's heirs will take the place of the old man when he's gone, just like it is in Russia."

"But I thought McKinley had no children," ventured the newspaper man.

"That's where you're off; that's where nearly everybody is off except the Republican leaders," remarked the barber very impressively. "He has two children, male twins."

"What!"

"Fact. They pass as nephews, but they're McKinley's for a fact, and they will be the Czars of America when he's gone."

"Both of 'em?"

"That's the worst of it. If there was only one heir the country could hang together, but it will have to be divided. What do you think of that?"

"Well," replied the newspaper man thoughtfully, "it would go hard to see the country split in two, but there will be something to be thankful for."

"What's that?" inquired the barber, earnestly.

"Why, that the twins are not a whole brood, and that the country will merely have to be split in two, instead of being chopped into kindling wood. S' long."

Hallowe'en

Ancient and Modern Customs

"Some merry, friendly contra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nuts, an' pon their stocks,
An' laud their Hallowe'en."

FOR more than six hundred years fun and superstition have held high carnival in juvenile circles, on the last night of October.

Robert Burns tells us that Hallowe'en is the night when witches, devils and other mischief-making beings are abroad on their baneful errands, and the fairies are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary:

"Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassile's Dowans dance,
Or ower the lays in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance."

It was among the Scottish peasantry the ancient Hallowe'en customs were most earnestly entered into.

The first ceremony of the evening was the pulling of a stock, or cabbage. The lad and lass were to go hand in hand, with eyes closed, to the garden and pull the first stock that came in their way. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, was prophetic of the size and form of the object of their affection—the future husband or wife.

The following are a few of the old and tried charms by which one's fortune may be read on Hallowe'en:

Two nuts are placed side by side in the fire, each given the name of a lad and lassie, and as they burn quietly together, or run and jump away from each other, so the course and termination of their courtship will be.

If you desire to see the portrait of your future spouse, eat an apple before the looking glass, brushing your hair all the time, and glance over your left shoulder at short intervals.

Let three dishes be placed before the blindfolded inquirer of his fate, one to be empty, another to contain muddy water, and a third clear water. If he dips his hand into the clear water he may trust his affection to be returned by the maiden of his choice, but the muddy liquid forebodes disappointment, while the empty dish predicts a loveless single existence.

If you would know ere you take the fatal vows just how you will enjoy the years of married life, hang a barrel hoop horizontally from the ceiling and susupend from it by means of strings candles, bread, red peppers and candle ends. Whirl the hoop around sideways, grasp at these objects with your teeth. The taste of the first bite will give the desired knowledge.

These old games, with all their quaintness and peculiarities, are being revived year after year; and to the old ones are added one belonging entirely to the "land of the free and the home of the brave." For this a basket is filled with ears of corn, from which each guest takes one blind-folded. A fine, full ear promises prosperity for a twelvemonth, a tasseled ear great joy, one that is short a gift, a red or yellow one nae luck at all.

Twelve ladies and as many gentlemen constitute a charming circle for this evening of fun and frolic. Merry making on that night should follow the rustic, primitive manner as closely as possible, and in sending the invitation the hostess would do well to indicate on the cards what the nature of the evening is to be. In this way the guests can decide what costume will be appropriate to wear. The invitation cards may be original in design. Favorite decorations are the Scottish thistle, a tiny candlestick holding a lighted taper, a nut-laden branch; or they may be bedecked with fairies, witches, imps or ghosts.

Autumn leaves and bright berries may be used for decorating purposes.

[With the advantage of flowers in every dooryard, it is probable that the Southern Californian can improve upon these decorations.—Ed.]

The intention of the whole affair is an informal merry-making from first to last, therefore the table decorations and refreshments are simple accordingly. The menu may consist of nut sandwiches, nut and celery salad, small cakes, bon bons, nuts, fruit and coffee. Ices and creams may be served if desired.—Joe Sutherland in What to Eat.

Music and Art

OWING to the pressure of business, Frederick Stevenson found it impossible to write an an article for this department this week. Probably no similar articles published in this city have received the same amount of general attention. Mr. Stevenson is a musician of more than usual attainments, a man of profound study, and full of intense feeling in all his work. This week is a quiet one in musical circles. The order of the day is rehearsals, and they are so numerous that the next few months will be almost a musical festival. Chamber concerts, oratorio, orchestras in concert, opera, manufactured by local genius and produced by local talent, mandolin concerts and recitals of all descriptions will fill hall and studio. A cursory glance over the musical field will show a most wonderful improvement in interest and work during the past year. We have gathered in the city people of talent whose fame had preceded them, the Symphony Orchestra has been resurrected from "innocuous desuetude," two schools of dramatic art have been formed, one of which receives extended mention in this issue and a ladies' symphony orchestra has begun active preparatory work. As the metropolis of the most wonderful and delightful country in the world, Southern California, Los Angeles is beginning to feel the dignity and importance of her position in music and art; a high standard has been set and its attainment is certain.

Miss Frieda Koss, contralto, has been engaged for the first Krauss concert and by the Oratorio society for "The Messiah," to be given next Christmas. Miss Koss came to Los Angeles some months ago, but has not appeared in public, owing to her health, which induced her to leave Milwaukee, where for five years she was instructor of singing at the Luening Conservatory of Music, as well as soloist in the Immanuel church. Miss Koss studied for seven years in Germany under competent instructors, and has sung in oratorio with Mme. Gadsky and other great artists. We present an excellent likeness of Miss Koss, who is a valuable addition to the musical community.

Edwin Clark will direct the first rehearsal of the Sunday-school orchestra tomorrow evening at the Baptist church. At least forty musicians are expected to be present, and an invitation is extended to any who may wish to join to meet Prof. Clark at the church or at his studio in the Gardner and Zellner block. Orchestra drill is valuable supplementary work to the student and many should avail themselves of this opportunity. Good music will be undertaken, and all the Sunday-schools of the city are interested in making the concert a great success. Prof. A. Miller has charge of the singing section, and issues a similar invitation.

The first concert booked for Blanchard Hall for November is that of the California Ladies' Quartette, Friday evening, the 3d proximo. Mrs. Jeannette W. Crawford is pianist and director, Miss Eloise Lemon, violin; Miss Lavelle Knox, viola; and Miss Sara A. Simons, violoncello. An excellent program has been prepared, consisting of: Quartette (two movements), Mozart; Suite, piano, violin and 'cello, (five movements), Zimmermann; quartette, IV., op. 16, (three movements), Beethoven; and Menuetto and Presto, Weber. Mr. Willis M. Ames has the business management of the Quartette.

FRIEDA KOSS, CONTRALTO
Who will sing at the Krauss Quartette Concert

MUSIC AND ART ANNOUNCEMENTS

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A New College of Oratory and Dramatic Art

THERE have lately arrived in Los Angeles two charming and talented young women, whose portraits this paper is pleased to be able to present this week on this page. They are Miss Marguerite Rombough and Miss Nellie R. Van Ness, graduates of two of the most prominent schools of dramatic art in the United States. the former of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston, the latter of the New England Conservatory College of Oratory of Boston.

Photo by Marceau MISS MARGUERITE ROMBOUGH
Graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston

Having passed a considerable time in these institutions perfecting themselves for their life work, the first important consideration in their minds was where to establish themselves. After much consultation with persons interested in them, and who had traveled and seen much of the country, they decided to make their future home in Los Angeles and Southern California, known all over the world as the Mecca of the elocutionist and vocalist. As will be noticed by reference to the art announcements in this paper, these ladies have opened the Boston College of Expression and Dramatic Art, with studios in the Ebell Club, 724 South Broadway, and may be found there on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of each week, from 9:30 to 4.

Within a year's time Miss Rombough and Miss Van Ness intend to establish in this city a ladies' university, to be known as "Dunwolde Hall," of which university this present college of oratory and dramatic art will be a department. A tract of ground will be purchased, buildings erected, and an institution, in standard of excellence equal to the best of those of the eastern states, will be entered on a career which will be as lasting as the state which it honors with its presence.

Miss Rombough and Miss Van Ness come to Los Angeles bearing excellent introductions from prominent friends in Boston and other eastern cities, and are prepared to enter upon their work with ardor acquired in an atmosphere of intellectual development, being fresh from their graduation last spring. The interim between that time and the present has been devoted to travel and recreation abroad.

As yet Miss Van Ness has not appeared publicly in Los Angeles, having been here but about a month. She expects, however, to appear in a recital in company with Miss Rombough one week from tomorrow (Saturday) morning, and other appearances in public which will be announced later. Miss Rombough has been in the city for two months, and appeared in a morning recital at the Hotel Van Nuys before a select number of friends on October 4th, and read before the Southern California Woman's Parliament at the Ebell Auditorium recently.

It is something interesting to contemplate the plans and ambitions of two young women such as these, and it is a trait of human character that every one deems desirous of encouraging young people in putting forth honest effort toward their own advancement. It seems that Miss Van Ness and Miss Rombough have arrived in this city at just the proper time, for never before in the history of Southern California has there been manifested such an interest in the study of oratory and the dramatic art as during the past year or two. As in all new countries, the development of the higher side of life, the culture and intellectual growth to be secured from the cultivation of the social qualities, the study of music and elocution, have been compelled to give place to the sterner realities of existence and to the desire to accumulate wealth. While this is not to be interpreted as meaning that among the wealthy of our city and section there is not abundant evidence of refinement and culture and the possession of dramatic and musical talent of a high order, yet it is a fact that the demand for greater opportunities in the study of the higher arts has not until comparatively recently been realized. The truth of these statements can be easily verified by any one desirous of informing himself by examining into the support institutions of a similar character to the Boston College of Dramatic Art in Southern California are receiving.

Rehearsals for the oratorio of the "Messiah" have been resumed at the Methodist church parlors, says the San Diego Union, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Smith, Miss Bowers at the piano. It is encouraging to note that the chorus is composed of some of San Diego's best soloists, and that the leading musicians of the town are actively interested in making the production a success. Perhaps occasionally the local musicians are not above personal rivalries, but whenever concerted action has been necessary to the success of any one of the many musical triumphs the town has enjoyed, there has been a unanimous response, which speaks well for the moral fibre of the musicians here.

In England, even in the smaller towns, the "Messiah" is given at Christmas-time as inevitably as the special church services, and the singers grow to know it as familiarly as they do their hymn books. The educational value of such a condition of affairs can hardly be over-estimated, for the study of the "Messiah" is an education in itself. It really should have solo voices in all the chorus work, and many of the parts which are now sung as choruses, were originally written for quartette.

Photo by Marceau MISS NELLIE R. VAN NESS
Graduate of the New England Conservatory College of Oratory, Boston

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The relating in this column of Miss Donoughue's experience with the Russian pianist, De Pachmann, has called forth the following from an Eastern reader of the Graphic:

No one seems to enjoy life more than Vladimir de Pachmann, the famous Russian pianist. He is so genuine in his enthusiasm and so pleased with

(Continued on page 10

Albert Sidney Johnston's Duel

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

IT was the privilege of the writer to once spend several hours in the presence of this distinguished soldier, some years ago, and upon the eve of his descent upon Utah, and I have never forgotten the impression made. He was large and very massive in figure, and finely proportioned. He measured six feet two inches in height, and had flesh to give him perfect symmetry. His face was large, broad and high, and beamed with a look of striking benignity. His features were handsomely moulded. He was very straight and carried himself with grace and lofty and simple dignity. His whole appearance indicated in a marked degree power, decision, serenity, thought, benevolence. I thought him then, at first blush, and thought it unvaryingly afterwards, and think it now, in the memory of his noble manhood, made sacred by the consecration of his thrilling and heroic death for the Southern cause, that he was one of the sweetest and most august men I ever saw. His character was entrancing in pure nobility. It was that gentle politeness that won everybody who approached him, and particularly endeared him to the people of the South and many others.

I have been informed by Confederate officers who knew him well that he was at all times the thorough American gentleman, and in the dread carnage of the field the incarnation of the splendid warrior. Said Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Richardson of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans to me once, some years ago, in discussing Johnston: "He always rode large and magnificent horses. His favorite steed was a gray. And when he was mounted upon the noble animal he was the beau ideal of a General. His firm, graceful seat in the saddle, his majestic proportions, his soldierly carriage, his handsome uniform, his noble countenance, the radiant bearing of knightly chivalry that marked every movement and feature, all leave a proud remembrance of gallant and striking manhood for those to dwell upon who knew and loved him."

He was killed about 12 o'clock in the first day's fight at Shiloh, April 6, 1862; and when the historian sits to write what will be the unimpassioned history of the turbulent civil war, he will lovingly dwell upon no character more shining, illustrious and exalted—upon no hero more luminous for chivalry, genius and sublime manhood than Albert Sidney Johnston.

Soon after publishing my book on dueling, I received a letter from an old friend—a general officer in the Army of the Cumberland—as follows:

MOUNT VERNON, Ohio, July 1, 1884.

My Dear Truman:

I have read your "Field of Honor" through and through, and enjoyed it more than I can express. As you and I have campaigned together, I take the liberty of sending you some notes of a duel, which I hope you will put in shape and find room for in your next edition. You may rest assured that the account is strictly true, as I served in the Texan army under Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the noblest and bravest men that has ever lived, and was an eye-witness of the encounter.

Yours truly,
GEORGE W. MORGAN.

The following is a description of the duel:

One of the bravest men that ever lived was Feliz Huston of Texas, who in 1836 commanded the army in the field of the Lone Star State. Probably his nearest counterpart since was General Joe Hooker. Huston was as oratorically majestic and impassioned as Patrick Henry, E. D. Baker or Thomas Starr King; as intrepid as Custer, Sheridan or Kilpatrick, and as fond of wine and women as Luther, Magruder or Van Dorn. And, while he was truly a tactician, discipline with this rollicking Hotspur was a lost or an unknown art.

About this time Albert Sidney Johnston was Adjutant-General of the army of the Republic of Texas, during the administration of President Sam Houston. This was subsequent to the battle of San Jacinto, and the Texans were encamped on the territory lying between Galveston Island and Indianola. Thomas J. Morgan and George W. Morgan of Ohio, who were Colonels of Ohio regiments during the Mexican war, and who were general officers during the rebellion on the Federal side, were officers of the army of the Lone Star State in 1836. The latter is now living at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

One day in November, 1836, Albert Sidney Johnston was directed to assume command of the Texas army, much to his own surprise and much against his wish. Indeed, he called at once on President Houston, and stated that he would greatly prefer to remain undisturbed, and incidentally declared that the heroic army of the Texas Republic would be the loser thereby. But Houston and Congress had decided to place Johnston in command, and to accept the resignation of the gallant Huston if necessary. Huston at once turned over the command to Johnston, and upon meeting his successor, raised his cap and extended his hand pleasantly, and otherwise exhibited evidence of real or seeming friendship, all of which was cordially and courteously accepted.

Upon the following evening Huston invited Johnston and his staff to supper, which was as fine as could be given, and wines, cigars, mirth and melody made the time pass merrily until the so-called witching hour, when Johnston and his staff took their leave. In exactly twenty minutes afterward, however, Major Izzard of Huston's staff called at Johnston's headquarters and presented the following note:

"General Huston has the honor to present his compliments to General Johnston, and begs to assure him that there is no man in the Republic of Texas under whom he would be more proud to serve; but that the President and Congress had put upon him an insult, and, as he could not demand that satisfaction of the President and Congress as he would wish, he had the honor to request that General Johnston, as their representative, would state when it would be convenient for him to meet General Huston on the Field of Honor; and that Major Izzard was authorized to return with a reply."

In proportion to its population no section of country on earth contained so many able, ambitious, gallant and chivalrous men as the Republic of Texas at that time. And, of course, dueling, or rather the code of the duello, was a high and honored system, if not, indeed, the law of the land, and many of the best men of the famous new republic had fallen victims to its stern requirements. Therefore, Johnston had only one thing to do—accept Huston's mean, unchivalrous, uncalled-for challenge. True, Johnston had given his predecessor no earthly offense. On the contrary he had accepted his invitation to join him at a well-served repast, had made merry with his host until midnight, and each had wished the other well at parting. Still the requirements of polished barbarism, or the fear of being "posted," compelled a brave, good man to weaken for the first and only time, and he replied as follows:

"General Johnston reciprocates the sentiments so kindly expressed by General Huston, and begs to inform him, through Colonel Morehouse, that it will afford the General Commanding pleasure to meet General Huston on the west bank of La Baca on the following morning, at a point to be determined by their respective friends."

"This is an outrage," said Colonel Morehouse to Major Izzard.

"I know it," responded the latter.

"General Johnston never pulled a hair trigger in his life, while General Huston can put a pistol ball into a dollar thrown in the air. General Johnston is inviting murder."

"Sir!"

"Yes, sir; I mean what I say. But he is a splendid shot with a rifle, and I shall advise him to use that weapon."

"The rifle is not allowed by the code, Col. Moorehouse."

"I believe you are right," responded the Colonel, "but it is unfortunate that the only brace of dueling pistols in camp is owned by Gen. Huston."

This was true, and it was the opinion of all that Johnston would not select rifles as weapons, as he was the soul of honor and would rather surrender his life than take any advantage that his rival in a state of great mortification, might willingly use over him. The only pocket case of instruments in camp was owned by Assistant Surgeon Coates, and this was borrowed at 5 in the morning by Medical Director Ezra Reed on the pretext that a soldier had mashed a finger.

But "bang! bang!" was heard an hour later, and the whole camp made a break for the river, shouting:

"Johnston and Huston are fighting!"

And so they were, on the west side of the river.

At the first fire the ball from Johnston's weapon cut a twig from a tree, which fell at Huston's feet, while the ball from Huston's pistol went through the lapel of his opponent's coat. Huston picked up the twig, and said:

"That was a capital shot, General."

"So was this," serenely responded Johnston, running his thumb through the hole in his coat; "much better than mine, I apprehend."

"You shall have another chance then, General."

"All right, my friend, if it is strictly agreeable to you. Gentlemen, load again."

The principle's again fired, Huston's missile going no one knew where, and Johnston's hitting the ground a few feet in front of his antagonist and scattering some dirt on the clothes of the latter. At the third shot Johnston missed, and the flint of Huston's pistol failed to strike fire in consequence of the weakness of the spring, at which Huston sat down at the root of a tree and braced the spring with a wedge. Then they fired again, and Johnston was shot through the hip and fell as if dead. But he at once raised himself on his elbow and said:

"Gentlemen, I had no grievance against General Huston, whatever, and I call upon you all to bear witness that this meeting has been conducted according to the laws of honor."

General Johnston was then lifted up tenderly by Col. Moorehouse and Dr. Reed and borne from the field; and, although he suffered great pain, physically, it was nothing compared with the remorse that Huston carried with him to his death bed, for there was no earthly cause for the challenge, as Johnston had done him no wrong. Further, the challenged man might have chosen rifles, and was strongly urged to do so by Colonel Moorehouse, but declined because he was an expert shot with such a weapon.

In speaking of the duel some time afterward Huston said to Gen. John H. King, who commanded the regulars in the Atlanta campaign, and who lately died at Washington of pneumonia:

"There are two kinds of cowards in the world—the brave coward is one of them. In our duel in 1836 Albert Sidney Johnston was one and so was I. I knew that he put upon me no wrong, and that out of respect for me he had assumed command of the army with reluctance. I had no more right to challenge him to mortal combat than I have to challenge you. It was a shameful piece of business and I wouldn't do it again under any circumstances. I was what may be termed a brave coward, if I may coin the name. And so was Johnston, in accepting my challenge. I have reproached myself many times for my attitude. I invited the General to supper, treated him cordially, and in half an hour afterwards challenged him to mortal combat. And he not only acepted it, but named 6 o'clock the folowing morning as the hour of meeting and selected pistols instead of guns. Why, when I reflect upon the circumstances, I hate myself, for the General was an expert with the rifle, but didn't know a duelling pistol from a sailor's knot. I owned the only duelling pistols in camp, and could hit the ace of diamonds at dueling distance at the drop of a handkerchief. And I kept setting him up until I hit him. Why, that one act blackened all the good ones of my life. But I couldn't challenge Congress; and President Houston, although a duelist, was too far above me in rank. Well, thank God, I didn't kill him. And, mark my word, Lieut. King, some day, if occasion requires it, Albert Sidney Johnston will display a gallantry that may possibly carry him to his grave."

Affairs

The Larger Interests of our Southern Empire

ON Wednesday of last week there was opened in San Francisco an oil exchange, an outcome of the boom which has been on for some months in oil development in many sections of the State. Scores of oil companies have been organized, and much legitimate work is being done in developing the newly-discovered fields. But who shall say how many schemes for stock jobbing are in process of incubation at the present time? The good and the bad are coming together, and it is a shrewd man who can discern the difference at this time.

To Dr. D. W. Stewart of this city is due the credit of introducing Eastern capital to the oil industry of California, he having brought here two railroad men who have taken hold with him to develop an eight-mile stretch of oil sand in a 16,000 acre tract some sixty miles north of Santa Barbara. There is land enough in the tract to make several millionaires—if there is oil enough, and experts who have been over the ground say there is.

Some prominent mining authorities are claiming that in 1900 Southern California will have to its credit one-half of the gold production of the State. This section has not been making much noise, but it has been steadily advancing in this respect. Nevertheless, it is something of a surprise to see this prediction, and the prophets will be forgiven if their predictions even approximate verification.

Los Angeles, by the way, is becoming more and more a place of residence for mining men, their families residing here continuously while the miners ply back and forth between their homes and the mines, even though the two are a thousand miles apart.

All of a sudden there has broken out a contest against freight rates which has assumed greater proportions than any previous movement on the Coast. The wholesale merchants of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Sacramento and Los Angeles have formed a traffic association and will send representatives to the next meeting of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to bring about freight regulations. Almost at the same time the Growers and Shippers' Association and the Southern California Fruit Exchange, the two organizations controlling about 80 per cent of the oranges and lemons of the State, have come to the front with resolutions or communications to the railroads, demanding the abolition of the private carline monopoly, created by a pool of the railroads and the carlines, and they, too, are threatening to take their grievances before the commissioners and the courts. The average resolution or newspaper attack attracts but little attention in the offices of the head railroad men, but it is known that the attitude of these conservative men is stirring the railroads to their depths, and it is believed that the combined influence will be great enough to accomplish the objects aimed at.

E. F. HOWE.

His Blunder

The Young Wife—Tom, dear, I don't ever wish your country cousin Jack to come to my house again.

The Fond Husband—Why, my love?

The Y. W.—Well, I placed my loveliest currant loaf before him and he gave it *such* a look and said, "You oughter have screens in the kitchin winders. Them there flies wouldn't git inter yer dough so thick."

Ring up Main 1053 and order the GRAPHIC, 25 cents a month.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA

THE interest now being taken in South Africa, which has heretofore been an unknown region to even the more intelligent portion of people, has induced the writer to compile the following facts in regard to the physical and climatic conditions of the portion of the Dark Continent which is now forcing itself upon the attention of the world.

South Africa, speaking generally, is that portion of the continent lying south of a line drawn west from the mouth of the Zambesi river (which flows into the Indian ocean at about latitude eighteen degrees south) to the Atlantic ocean. It has no extensive mountain ranges, although near the southeastern coast some of the mountain peaks reach an altitude of 11,000 feet. Along the coast, back from the ocean for a distance ranging from one mile to fifty miles, the altitude does not exceed 500 feet above sea level. This is joined by a more or less narrow strip in which the altitude rises to from 500 to 2,500 feet. Then comes a plateau of from 2,500 to 5,000 feet, while generally the mountain system is located from fifty to 100 miles distant from the ocean, encircling the interior with more or less defied ranges or detached buttes, from the Zambesi to a like latitude on the Atlantic. On the western coast, however, the mountain system almost disappears, the most compact ranges being found along the southern coast. The interior, from the mountains inland, is a plateau, somewhat rolling, and generally arid, so that by far the larger portion is unfitted for agriculture, and furnishes but a precarious sustenence to a limited number of cattle and sheep.

Its river system is limited, and with the exception of the Zambesi, Limpopo and Orange the streams are mostly dry during the greater part of the year and cannot be utilized for irrigation. The Zambesi and Limpopo flow into the Indian ocean and the Orange into the Atlantic. The former is a stream of about a thousand miles in length, having its source among the lakes of central Africa. The Limpopo is about five miles long, with its source in a small lake in a high altitude. As it nears the sea it runs through the mountains and becomes a rushing torrent during the rainy season and nearly dry in summer, so its waters are of little use for irrigation. The Orange rises in the mountains but flows through comparatively low lands for most of its course and has the broadest valley of the three. The balance of the rivers are short streams which run dry in summer, their waters either running to the ocean or sinking into the sands of the desert.

The rainfall on the eastern coast, extending to Capetown, averages over twenty-five inches per year. This amount of rainfall only extends a short distance inland. In what may be termed the trans-mountain zone it falls to fifteen inches. Still further inland and in the north extending to the Atlantic, it averages but ten inches, while about one-third of the area, embracing the western one-third of of South Africa, and taking in nearly all of the Atlantic coast, less than five inches of rain per annum falls. The whole of this region is parched up for want of rain, and even where the annual rainfall often reaches fifteen inches there are times no rain falls for four or five years. So uncertain is the rainfall that no extensive systems of irrigation have been put into operation.

Timber, in consequence of these drouths, is very scarce and the supply available would meet the domestic wants of only a sparse population.

Agriculturally the country is very poverty stricken. In a few places fair crops of grain can be raised in favorable years. The main reliance of the farmer is in grazing, but on account of the frequence of drouth and the prevelance of murrain and other devastating animal diseases, and the fact that stock is pestered by sand-flies and the grass eaten by locusts, the South African farmer has a hard struggle for existence. Most of the supplies for the mining sections are brought from foreign countries, and it is doubtful whether, outside of the mines, a greater population can ever be sustained than now inhabits the rural portion of the country.

The mineral section, so far as discovered, is located in a small zone embracing a section of Cape Colony, a portion of the Orange Free State, a part of the Transvaal. The diamond mines at Kimberly and the gold fields at Johannesberg are the richest ever opened. It is said that coal and the baser metals have been discovered, but no extensive development has been undertaken.

The climate, in some of its features, is like the arid regions east of our coast range, although in some sections being more like that of the dry plateau west of the Rocky mountains. The rainfall being light the air in high altitudes is dry and invigorating, but on the coast, along the larger rivers and in the lake region, fevers and malaria prevail to such an extent as to make the climate fatal to Europeans. The heat in summer is intense in the lowlands, especially on the eastern coast, but at night in the higher altitudes it is cool, and in some sections the winter climate is quite severe.

The political divisions are Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand and Basutoland under direct control of the British crown, and that large portion of the central part of the continent lying between the Orange Free State on the east and the German possessions on the west, called Rhodesia, which is under control of the British South African Company, extending from Cape Colony on the south to the Zambesi on the north; the Transvaal Republic, over which England claims suzeraignty; the Orange Free State, independent; Portuguese East Africa, and German South Africa.

The railroad system consists of a line from Capetown to Tati, on the Limpopo river in Rhodesia, nearly one thousand miles; a branch from this, through the Orange Free State, to Pretoria, in the Transvaal; also branches to East London and Port Elizabeth on the Indian ocean; a line from Durban, in Natal, to Johannesberg; another from Delagoa Bay in Portuguese territory to Pretoria, and one from Beira, farther up the east coast, to Umtali, in Rhodesia.

The total white population is about 750,000. Of this Cape Colony has 376,000; Natal 50,000; Orange Free State about 100,000; the Transvaal Republic 250,000, of which 65,000 are Boers. The white population of Rhodesia, German Southwest Africa and Portuguese East Africa is small. The native (black) population of the whole of South Africa is about 8,000,000.

In area the British have over one-half, the Germans and Portuguese over two-thirds of the remainder, the Orange Free State 48,000 and the Transvaal 119,000 square miles. The whole of South Africa is about 1,600 miles in length, from north to south, and 1,000 miles in width, from ocean to ocean, in its widest part, or about the area of that portion of the United States lying west of a line drawn through Denver, Colo., to our northern and Southern boundaries.

Continued from page 7

applause and praise of his playing that he makes as many friends off as on the stage. When he reached Boston he found over fifty letters begging for his autographs. He cannot attend to these, but gives an autograph to every one who asks him, for he has not the heart to turn anybody away. The poor man was not only besieged whenever he appeared in public by autograph fiends, but was also

VALENTINE ABT - MANDOLINIST

sought out at his hotel by them. Just before our correspondent called upon him he had returned from a short walk and then dined in the cafe.

He said: "Oh, I enjoyed my dinner very much. There was something on the menu which was exquisite in flavor, but I do not know what it was. I have never tasted it before. I take a little beer for digestion. I sometimes have a bad feeling here," and he placed his hand on his stomach and looking for help to the ceiling. "I always call Anheuser Busch, Tannhauser Busch. It is a joke of mine. Is it a good one?" he asked.

I can express by a handshake Weber, Chopin and Schumann," he seriously informed the reporter. Thereby he grasped the reporter's hand gently, pressed the tips of the fingers. That is Weber!" he exclaimed. He then gave a little firmer grasp to the hand nearer the middle of the fingers. "Axh! that is Chopin," he again said. The third grasp was the whole of the hand in a firm pressure. "And here is Schumann, nicht wahr?" and a seraphic smile illumined his face.

Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord spent Sunday at Pomona and sang beautifully the "Alleluia" from Le Cid at the Congregational church, also "The Holy City" at the Methodist Episcopal.

Besides taking inexcusable liberties with J. Bond Francisco's name by calling him "John," the Record heads an item concerning him "An Artist Painted the Mountains." Now, we all know that Bond has some of the finest canvasses in the country in his studio, and there was a time when he could probably assist in applying a few roseate tints to a town, but it is hard to believe that his ambitions have taken the form of kalsomining the Sierra Madres.

The first of the series of Monday evening musicalso given by Mrs. Frances Hord occurred at her studio in Blanchard Hall. Mrs. Hord delighted her friends with a number of old English ballads and Irish folk songs.

Active preparations are being made for a concert November 17th, at Blanchard Hall, by Mmes. Gertrude Auld Thomas, Justin K. Toles and Miss June Reed.

Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord will sing with the Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club at the Auditorium in Pasadena, November 7th, and on the following evening at Blanchard Hall.

The "Creation" is and probably ever will be the most popular of Haydn's works. For depth of feeling, solemnity and suitability of character, for its powerful and complete grasp of the subject, the "Creation" holds a place among the finest examples which have ever been written in the from of composition. The solos and choruses in the work are familiar to many, but the work in its entirety has not been given here for some time. Prof. F. A. Bacon, with a chorus or 150 voices and an orchestra of 35 pieces, of which Arnold Krause is concert-master, with Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, Mr. A. Miller and Mr. H. S. Williams as soloists, will present this great work at Simpson Auditorium, on Tuesday, November 28th. Sale of seats opens November 20th, at 9 a.m., at Fitzgerald's music store. Prices are set at 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.

Valentine Abt, the great mandolinist, was obliged to refuse a lucrative engagement at the National Export Exposition at Philadelphia, on account of his California tour. As a composer Mr. Abt is becoming widely known. His compositions for the mandolin are so adapted to that instrument, showing its possibilities in effect, that composers are drifting into its field who were wont to ridicule its position as a musical instrument. Valentine Abt's only appearance in Los Angeles will be on the evening of November 8th, at Blanchard Hall.

The following young men from the Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, are members of the Mandolin and Guitar Club that will be heard in Los Angeles for the first time at Blanchard Hall, November 8th: First mandolins—Edward S. Warren, William H. Syer, Archie M. Bassett, Jerome R. Buchanan, Robert M. Strong, Louis H. Bassett, Thomas J. Nelms, Arthur D. Williams, Edgar N. Huntington; second mandolins—John H. Barnett, George T. Bowman; mandola—L. George; Clarence Stevens, 'cello, and F. W. Chapin, harp, oughue will be the accompanist. Edward Spaulding will assist the Mandolin Club. Miss Mary L. O'Don-Warren is the director.

We venture to make further mention of the informal reception to the public to be given November 1st by the tenants of the Blanchard Music and Art Building. Besides a reception in the Art Gallery, and music by an orchestra in the main hall, the studios will be open from seven to ten in the evening, and some of the ladies will entertain at tea tables, etc.

Miss Mary L. O'Donoughue has been engaged as accompanist for the Thomas-Toles-Reed concert to be given November 17th, in Blanchard Hall. The program will be published next week.

The German Evangelical church will give a concert November 21st in Blanchard Hall. B. H. Berlich, the 'cello player, has been engaged, and vocal and instrumental numbers will form the program.

We are pleased to make the first announcement of the Ladies' Philharmonic Orchestra, Mme. Isidora Martinez, director and organizer. Rehearsals have begun, and are held Friday afternoons at 3 p.m. in Ebell Hall. About thirty-five musicians have already joined, and as the complete instrumentation is fifty, the organization is nearing completion. The first public appearance will be shortly after New Year's. Among the members is enrolled the best amateur and semi-professional

Photo by Marceau W. F. SKEELE.

Mrs. Maude Menardi is the concert mistress. Mme. Martinez has shown great enterprise and talent of the city, and society is well represented. courage to start this work, which is really of great importance, and ranks with the male Symphony Orchestra. In speaking to your reporter she said: "I have taken the greatest pains in the selection of the players, giving the proper instrumentation as outlined by the very best authorities, and will tolerate nothing but true talent and real merit. All the subjects taken up will be high-grade, and the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra is here to stay."

Mr. Warren will tender a reception to the Throop Mandolin Club and Valentine Abt and friends on the evening of the concert in his studio in the Blanchard Building. Misses Winston and O'Donoughue have kindly donated the use of their studios, which adjoin his, and the three will be thrown together and beautifully decorated. Refreshments will be served, and a punch bowl will be in prominence.

A musical reception was tendered Mrs. John Vance Cheney at Bellevue terrace Thursday. Mrs. Modini-Wood, Mme. Johnstone-Bishop and others sang, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by a large company.

Three concerts have been arranged by Prof. W. F. Skeele to be given in the Congregational church. of which Prof. Skeele is organist. The dates are: Saturday evening, Nov. 4th; Dec. 15th, Jan. 19th. Mrs. Grace M. Stivers has been engaged as soprano for the first concert.

The Ladies' Guild of Immanuel Presbyterian church gave a concert Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Gibson, on Flower street. The program, which follows, was of great interest: "The Fortune Teller" (Victor Herbert), Klaus Orchestra; "Bedouin Love Song" (Pinsuti), H. H. Barnhart; who sang an encore; "The Bells of St. Mary's," (Rodney); "Legende (Wieniawsk.), Edwin Clarke, encore; "The Swan" (Saint-Saens); Recitation, Mr. Sterry; "Counsel to Nina," (Weckerlin), Miss Winston, encore; "The Sun Kissed Clover" (Clayton-Johns); "Kamennoi-Ostrow" (Rubenstein); encore; "Hungarian Dance" (Brahms); Recitation, Miss Tanner; Medley, by orchestra.

Refreshments were served and the evening was enjoyed by a large company.

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Women's Clubs

"Let it be said she has done what she could, not tried to do what she could not."

I was an interested listener to a discussion which took place recently between a well-known club woman and a young man of perhaps more than ordinary intelligence, who is somewhat of a philosopher along some lines, but whose education has evidently been neglected along other lines. The gentleman ventured the opinion tnat women's clubs were useless affairs, intended for the discussion of ethics, politics and things far beyond their comprehension or ability to regulate. It developed that he knew nothing of the real objects and results of the combined efforts of women to the extent that he was totally ignorant of the college settlements of our city, also of the free kindergartens and orphans homes which have been instituted and owe their existence to the women of the clubs.

It is surprising to hear the questions put to me by intelligent and deep-thinking men on this subject, but there is also some consolation in the fact that the bitterest opposers of women's clubs are those who know the least about them and I will venture to say that young man knew a great deal more about women's clubs when he got through than when he began. The conclusion I drew from listening to their discussion was that it would be an excellent idea for club women to enlighten their husbands, sons and brothers a little, and, admitting for the time that it is after all the men who make things go, that it would be well to enlist their sympathies and assistance if possible by giving the men an opportunity of knowing what is going on in the solemn confines of these clubs. Pursuing this line of thought would it not be a wise plan to have periodical sessions when the men would be admitted with their friends to listen to some of the practical papers and addresses in order that they may know how really feminine club women are in their clubs and let them see what women's clubs are, what they do and what they do not do.

Under the new order of this year the Shakespeare Club held its first regular monthly business meeting Saturday, October 21. Much accumulated business was disposed of and the work of the classes under club direction planned. Early in November classes in current events, Shakespeare, French, German and art will open. Mrs. Lou V. Chapin, an honorary member of the club, will lead the section studying current history. For six months last year Mrs. Chapin gave excellent work in this department and the class was very popular.

PASADENA. SHAKESPEARE CLUB

The classes in French and German will be conversational circles meeting weekly.

The art study promises especial advantages since the work will be fully illustrated by photographs and stereoptican views, the latter being shown in the art hall connected with the club rooms.

The club was never in a more prosperous condition, or more influential than at present.

The Wednesday Morning Club, which holds its meetings in the assembly hall of the East Los Angeles Congregational church at present has spent a very enjoyable and profitable week. Monday morning was devoted to current events. Mrs. Frank Prior gave an instructive review of the Alaskan boundary question. Mrs. Adcock had a subject which is dear to all hearts. It might be appropriately called the Story of Dewey. It was a very interesting sketch of Dewey's experience in the late war, also an account of his reception on his return home.

WEDNESDAY MORNING CLUB

Miss E. Carrick read a paper on the Dreyfus case. A discussion of the South African and Samoan affairs concluded the afternoon.

Tuesday morning Schubert's Serenade and current music topics were discussed by the music section of the club and Wednesday morning was taken up by the Shapespeare section.

One woman with an educated mind, who has diligently attended mothers' meetings and read all the most advanced thoughts upon correct management of children, and, even more, has tried to govern herself by them, owned to partial backsliding not many days ago. "I sometimes think children are no better who are brought up on moral suasion than those who used to be slapped just because their mothers were out of patience," she said. And that is rank heresy.

Completions for the reorganization of the Civic Art League were made Monday afternoon with Mrs. D. G. Stevens as temporary chairman and Mrs. Allan Balch as secretary. This organization is for the purpose of decorating schools and school grounds and visiting the schools. The idea is to work in conjunction with the school board, the City Council and all such bodies that are in a position to promote the welfare of public schools. Members of the Board of Education and Chamber of Commerce were present at the meeting and all expressed their satisfaction with the purpose of the league. The next meeting will be held at the parlors of the Westminster Hotel on the afternoon of October 31.

CIVIC ART LEAGUE

Through the generosity of Mrs. J. B. Smith, a wealthy Montana woman who is staying at Pasadena, the ladies of the Shakespeare Club have been able to take steps towards establishing a free public kindergarten. It has developed that the city cannot establish one under its present charter, so the Shakespeare Club, with its usual enterprise, is coming to the front to meet the emergency. A committee of nine with Mrs. E. F. Bowler, President of the Shakespeare Club, as chairman, has been appointed to make all arrangements for a suitable building, etc.

KINDERGARTEN AT PASADENA.

The age of Pericles was the subject of the lesson before the Ruskin Art Club Wednesday morning. Several interesting papers were read by different members of the club. Mrs. W. H. Bradley and Mrs. J. W. Hendricks had charge of the discussion. Mrs. W. A. Driscoll and Mrs. Jean M. Bowles will have charge of the next lesson November 1st.

RUSKIN ART CLUB.

"To Adam, Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is Paradise."

The Wednesday Afternoon Club met at the home of Mrs. J. A. Green. The club decided at the beginning of the year to devote two meetings of the month to literature, one to current events, and the last meeting of the month to be a Home afternoon.

THE ALHAMBRA CLUB.

The roll was called by the Secretary and responded to by quotations or short readings on the home.

A motion was made by Mrs. Keyes to reconsider the subject of a meeting place. The difficulties of making arrangements to meet in the homes of the members was explained and after discussion a vote was taken to decide whether the meetings should be held in the home or K. of P. hall, resulting in a unanimous vote for the hall. After transacting some other business the meeting adjourned and the rest of the afternoon was spent socially. The ladies having brought their fancy work, no time was lost, and the occasion was most enjoyable and the first Home afternoon could be voted a great success, the spirit of sociability and harmony being felt by all. At the close, tea and cake were served by Mrs. Jaques and Mrs. Keys. After which all joined in singing "Home, Sweet Home."

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Down the Line

ED. TUFTS has now the distinction of having aroused a vivid discussion as to some new and intensely interesting points about the rules of golf. One is of particular moment which is, how far is a player justified in receiving aid from a cow's mouth in transporting a ball? It all happened at Santa Monica, where things seem to have a habit of happening. Ed. was playing a pretty good game when he drove his ball onto the south portion of the links, where there is always a cow picketed, on the idea, it is supposed, that because there was in former years something for it to eat there, it will derive comfort from standing where the alfileria stood lush years ago, and ruminating over the past, for lack of anything better to chew. But this day Ed. made a mighty drive and the ball landed just in front of the hungry cow, who proceeded to at once take it in its mouth and commenced to chew it. Ed. was some distance from his partner, so he let the ball stay where it was, and belaboring the cow on the back with his driver, he proceeded to drive her toward the green, having unfastened the rope. But his opponent saw his little game and kept tab on the number of times he struck the cow, tallying each blow as a play and figuring that the cow should be reckoned a bunker. When Ed. had the cow within a putting distance of the hole, he vigorously choked her until the ball dropped from her jaws and of its own momentum rolled into the hole. Ed. refused to stand the penalty which his opponent sought to impose. He argues that as all of the blows he administered with his driver to the cow were laid on the end of the animal furthest away from the ball, they cannot be counted as strokes, and that as he did not touch the ball while it was progressing in the bovine's mouth from the place where he drove to the green, that its progression cannot be charged up to his detriment, and as the rolling of the ball into the green when the cow dropped it was clearly an act of providence, he should not be deprived of that benefit. The members of all the golf clubs are much wrought up over the arguments, and George Denis has been petitioned to add a new section to the code of golf procedure covering the case.

A Good Point in Golf Lore

He has only been a father for about four months, and the other evening he got out with the boys, and what with drinking to his baby boy, and returning the compliment to other fathers he met, when he went home he was exalted, exhilarated, and all the rest of it. His wife was asleep and so was the new baby in a crib by the bed. Pretty soon the infant awoke with an appetite and began to yell for fodder. "Fennell, Fennell," called his wife, shaking him vigorously by the shoulder. "Whaz er mazzer?" he muttered, "whaz yer shakin' me fer?" "For the bottle; hurry up with it, the baby's crying for it," was the reply. "Oh no, yer don playsh game on me. I paid for the lash one; thish is one on you, shee?" And he commenced snoring again, while Mrs. Fennell searched for the bottle herself, and smiled thoughtfully.

This Was One On Him

While in San Francisco a few days ago Jack Barrett told me where Charlie Sloan had his office in the Mills Building, and I called on him. He is still the most beautiful creature you ever saw, the effulgence of his attire being brighter than it ever was when he was in this city, and he has made two barrels of money since he left here. Claus Spreckels and all the rest of the capitalists who are interested in electric enterprises will not use any other copper wire than the brand sold by Charlie, and the result is that he is getting uncomfortably rich. He is very homesick for this place, however, and when he makes another million he intends to buy the Courthouse and make it his winter residence.

He Illuminates the Mills Building

THERE are adolescent aberations of intellect, anthropological idiosyncrasies, hieroglyphical obscurities and concatenations of kleptomaniacal swipseosities in the county school board and other terrifying things to be met with in one's life, but the most awful state of mind is that induced when one is face to face with the alternative of mastering the intricacies of a railroad timetable or asking a policeman. I have accumulated gray hairs at different times in the vain attempt to learn whether to read up or down and whether "12:00" in black figures meant noon or midnight. I was eating breakfast at La Junta, Colorado, once, and got left by the train while absorbed in trying to learn from the folder, so kindly provided by the Chicago agent, whether I should be allowed to eat again before the next day noon.

A Joke on the Santa Fe

But revenge is sweet, and like all extra sweet revenge, I must give it away in advance because it is too good to keep. I have not had occassion to travel for some time, but a Santa Fe folder came into my hands a few days ago and the fascination of the ingenious puzzle overcame me. After discovering that I could make the trip to Pasadena with stopover at Garvanza without going by way of San Diego I pursued my interesting investigations with Elsinore, a place in Riverside county where a Mr. Bundy owns hot springs. But there will soon be lots of other things there, and that is what makes me chuckle with so much glee. (As a special favor I ask the reader not to show this GRAPHIC to any Santa Fe man, for fear they will anticipate the joy I will have and foil my pleasure.) Taking Los Angeles as the center of the universe, of course, I found that four trains leave daily for Elsinore, and there is no information to lead me to believe otherwise than that they all arrive at the hot springs unscathed by any of Mr. Kruttschnitt's cycles. Pursuing my study of the bewildering figures I discovered that only three trains returned daily. At that rate I figure in plain multiplication that at the end of a week there will be seven trains, crews and all, at the depot at Elsinore, and I find no schedule for bringing them back on Sunday; therefore I conclude that up to today (the schedule went into effect September 25) there are just nineteen locomotives and twice as many coaches stacked up on the side tracks at the town where they boil rheumatism out of people. Inside of another week—unless my enemies tell Mr. Byrne in the meantime—the big railroad company will begin to run short of engines (they can borrow cars from Uncle Collis) and will probably advertise for strayed locomotives. Then I shall be in an ecstacy of mirth, and when they pay me a few thousand dollars for telling where their old machines are I shall divide with the Elsinore station agent, who will undoubtedly get fired for not notifying headquarters of their mistake.

SPECS.

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About the House

IT is at this time of the year that the housewife looks over the fruit stands and sighs with disappointment, for the tempting array of fruits so alluringly displayed a few weeks ago has given way to rows of boxed apples, topped perhaps with a few strawberries, guavas and tough Indian peaches. Then there are pears of all varieties, but one must know how to cure them at home or go as far east as the Missouri river to get them fit to eat, for it is seldom that they are edible as they are found at California fruiterers'. Not many years ago the writer positively knew of a fruit dealer in Chicago who received Bartlett pears from California, ripened them in his cellars and shipped them back to San Francisco at a profit.

The secret of curing pears is to lay them on thin layers of fine sand on boards in a cool dry, place; turn them over and throw out decayed ones twice a week, and in a month the pears will be mellow and delicious.

To get back to the fruit stands again: the housekeeper is between seasons now as regards desserts. It is now time to get out the mince meat jar and buy a supply of nice Hubbard squash for pumpkin pies. It is only a month until Thanksgiving, and mincemeat should season at least a month before using.

A ROOM, unless it is very full of furniture, never looks well with bits and scraps of rugs about it. The main open space should be covered by a large rug if possible. The rug need not be so expensive as a carpet, for it can be made of American Smyrna, velvet, Brussels, or even ingrain carpeting, edged with a border to match. It should cover the open space in the middle of the room, and be held down, if possible, here and there, by the heavier pieces of furniture. If made of carpeting, they need, after being sawed, to be shrunk and pressed, so as to lie flat and smooth and perfectly square.

Of the imported and domestic rugs there is a great variety, with a corresponding range of prices. The domestic rugs, even the prettiest smack of the designer and the loom, while the Oriental ones often show an audacity of color and design in detail which produces a charmingly harmonious result. The Indian designs are dark and rich and sombre, but very beautiful, while the Turkish are bright and vivid, and are far handsomer when toned down by wear than at first. The Persian are scarcely to be distinguished from the Turkey by the uninitiated. The Smyrna or Oushak rugs usually have a vivid cardinal centre broken by set figures and surrounded by a border of deep, rich, harmonious tints, or else they are of the old-fashioned colors, brick-dust red with indigo blue, a more sombre combination, but one of which the eye never tires.

Rugs, like wine, become more valuable as they grow older—not with our usage, scampered over by children with muddy boots, or trodden by the heeled shoes of adults—but with Eastern usage they are worn from the original wooliness of surface to an exquisite sheen, almost like that of silk plush, and are sold, half worn, for prices above what the new ones bring.

A Carnation Dinner

PINK carnations formed the leading decoration at a charming dinner given in Indianapolis for former President and Mrs. Harrison, previous to their sailing for Paris, says Laura A. Smith, in What to Eat. A low, generous bowl filled with carnations in all the varying shades of pink with only their own spiky leaves to give them setting, rested on a square of duchess lace in the center of the table. Single flowers were scattered loosely over the cloth. A corsage bouquet lay at each lady's plate. The bouquet was formed of a dozen carnations divided into two parts, the parts crossed and tied with a bow of pink satin ribbon, the bouquets in themselves making a fragrant colored wreath around the table. Clusters of English violets were the coat flowers for the men. It only needed the rose-colored lights of the candles in shades to complete the cosy picture. As to the menu:

Oysters.
Anchovy on Wafers.
Cream Tomato Soup. Toasted Squares of Bread.
Codfish and Salmon baked on shells.
Caviare on Wafers.
Sauterne.
Pigeons stuffed with force meat of Chestnuts.
Mushrooms. Jelly. Rolls. Ice.
Champagne.
Fruit Salad with Sherry Dressing.
Peanut Sandwiches.
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream.
Cake. Candies. Cordial.
Coffee. Roquefort Cheese.
Bent's Crackers.

Chicken en Coquille

SINGE, draw and clean a nice young chicken. Put it in a large kettle; add one quart of boiling water, a slice of onion, a bay leaf, two cloves, a blade of mace, and six pepper corns. Cover the kettle and allow the chicken to simmer until tender, say one hour; then take it out and set it aside to cool. When cold, remove the white meat from the chicken, rejecting the skin and bones; cut the meat into dice. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; add a rounding tablespoonful of flour, mix over the fire without browning, then add half a pint of cream; stir continually until it boils; add a half teaspoonful of salt, a truffle, twenty-four mushrooms chopped fine a dash of white pepper and then the chicken. Stand the whole over boiling water, or put in a chafing dish until thoroughly hot. Then add hastily the yolks of two eggs, cook just a moment and serve at once. It may be served in shells, covered with fried bread crumbs, or just as it is. Do not cover with bread crumbs and bake in the oven, as the sauce will separate and make a greasy mixture. To fry the bread crumbs, have in the frying pan a tablespoonful of hot butter, add two or three tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs, stir until fried and free from grease, cover the top of shells and stand in oven for a moment and serve.—Miss M. C. Cook in Examiner.

The kindest hearted conductor west of Chicago runs on the Grand avenue line in Los Angeles. All the name he is known to possess is "old John," although he is called "Bismark" by some of the boys. He has such a large, kind heart that he will never pull the bell rope until a woman has at least one foot on the running board, and his benevolent face wears a look of genuine sympathy when a woman with four big bundles and a baby attempts to board his car. It is known that "Bismark" will stand patiently and actually look unhappy until some outside passenger assists the lady on the car. It isn't every conductor who is so sympathetic. Everybody appreciates "Bismark's" thoughtfulness and praises him for his noble, generous heart.

The city authorities are contemplating a new park, and it will be located on a vacant lot on Fourteenth street near Main. A great saving to the city is the fact that no shade trees will have to be set out. The weeds are from ten to twenty feet high and from six inches to a foot in diameter, and still growing; consequently a luxuriant growth is expected, where lovers can sit and tell the old, old story under their restful shade. Beautiful stationary ornaments in the shape of tomato, bean, apricot and other styles of tin cans add beauty and grandeur to the scene, and when the park is opened it will undoubtedly prove to be a Beulah land to the tired wayfarer.

The mate of the ship at the critical moment of the storm shouted out: "Let go the topsail halliards!" "I ain't a-touching of 'em, sir," was the reply of a newly-shipped sailor.

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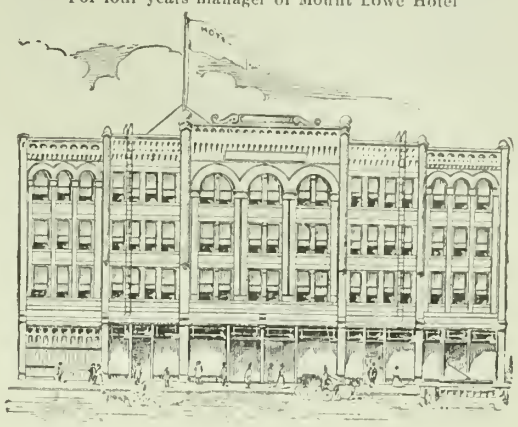
For four years manager of Mount Lowe Hotel



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Last car of the evening in every direction and for Pasadena passes the door.
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The Palace Restaurant Company

Amusements

"Mary! Mary! What a girl
You set my head in such a whirl.
Now you're sweet and now you're sour.
I'm sick, send for Maginnis, Aurora Borealis."

SHAKESPEARE was a fine poet, and after seeing "The Sporting Duchess" at Morosco's I am constrained to quote these lines. though the author was so careless as to make them fit but one Mary, and my intention is to apply them to both the dimples of loveliness in the Frawley company bearing the name of Mary. "The Sporting Duchess" is great, and my thriller is still thrilling over the efforts of the two Marys to utter coherent sentences while being bounced around on the backs of horses that were born so far behind the footlights they have never become used to them. But, seriously, I did not think Miss Hampton's quiet brown eyes capable of the snap and twinkle that was part of her excellent portrayal of the frisky Duchess. And she was better gowned than ever, and was a perfect dream—so my wife says—in that watermelon frock. ("Frock" may not be correct, but one can't write "gown" twice in the same sentence.)

Capt. Reynolds accomplished the steeple of success as a heavy villain by being hissed in the fourth act, and receiving such compliments from impressionable femininity as "Isn't he the nicest, wickedest man!"

It is as good as a trip to Cork to hear Frawley turn his brogue loose as the Irish horse trainer, and while his was a minor role, that element of success which can best be termed "Frawley personality" made it a luminous character.

Miss Van Buren was as devilish in the part of the adventuress as one would like to see such a charming woman, but in the fourth act when she stood alone on the stage, despised and friendless the glory of her womanhood shone out from the ruin about her to the complete annihilation of the illusion of a crushed and discomfited woman of the world.

To mention the rest of the company individually would be to praise each of them, and all in all, from box office to fire wall, "The Sporting Duchess" can be set down as the most successful play of the Frawley engagement.

PERSONALITY whether it be exhibited in a musician, artist, lawyer or business man, always makes its importance felt. During the engagement of the Frawley Company, people, who have gone once have seemingly had an irresistible desire to go again and again. At any rate, whether the same people have gone night after night and week after week, there has been a noticeable increase in size of the audiences, some going because they like the entire company and others because they have enjoyed seeing certain members in the different plays.

It would not be flattery to say that much of the patronage of the theater is due to the charming individuality and brilliant talents of Miss Mary Van Buren, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this week's Western Graphic, and for which Miss Van Buren gave a sitting on Monday last especially for this paper. Whether or not the nice, delicate distinctions in which critics are in the habit of indulging, when speaking in print of actors and actresses, and deciding upon their ability as such are always justifiable, is not a question to be discussed in these few lines Los Angeles theatregoers have been charmed and pleased by Miss Van Buren's easy, graceful and fascinating manner. On the stage she seems as perfectly natural and devoid of dissimulation as when conversing with a party of friends. Her every movement seems easy and natural, and when she appears on the stage one feels pleased and finds himself hoping for her return when she leaves it

Miss Van Buren is an accomplished musician as well as an actress, and is a highly educated, refined woman. Her home is in New York City, where she possesses many friends, and her dramatic talent was perfected by a thorough course in Emerson college at Boston. Repose of manner and a delicately modulated, low, musical voice are hers, and upon the stage her voice as well as manner, retain the charm of the magnificent woman that she is.

WHAT with the reckless smashing of china by the Vicomte and his wife in 'M'lle Fifi" and the equally extravagant performance of Eddie Foy on the same line of destruction, Manager Wyatt must notice a big hole in his stock of hand decorated table ware. But this is only incidental to one of the cleverest little comedies that has unlimbered in this town for some time. "M'lle Fifi" has been illustrated and written up so much in the eastern papers and magazines that the expectation of a bit of salacious French comedy drew good houses. It wasn't naughty, but there were little flashes of delicate suggestiveness of the kind that makes people laugh and look rigidly straight in front for a minute. M'lle Fifi herself was a cute thing in a Frenchy half-gown—I guess they call it— and decidedly Frenchy manner; but her stay on the stage was but for a part of one act, and the boys were consequently disappointed.

AFTER two weeks of good-natured jabbing by the sharp lances (sic) of the daily paper critics (sic 'em again) the Orpheum emerges from the slough of roasts this week with a bill that is unassailable—thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. There is not a really poor number in it, although it is to be expected that some are better than others. Howard's Miniature Circus is without doubt the finest feature of the week's offering. Trained animal performances are too often merely exhibitions of cruelty to animals, but in Mr. Howard's production there is not a single evidence of anything of the kind, and the animals seem to enjoy it as much as the audience. Only one who thoroughly understands animal nature could develop brute intelligence to so high a degree as Mr. Howard has done. It is the best performance of the kind I have ever seen, and there is nothing whatever in it to cause the slightest feeling of pity in even the tenderest heart.

The Hawaiian Queens, so-called, are bright and interesting singers and dancers, and their act is a decided novelty. I am very suspicious, however. that their make-up would cause many a smile in the Hawaiian Islands, for if I am not mistaken the dusky beauties of our new possession have not yet become civilized to the extent of French girdles and high-heeled slippers. These are details, however, that do not mar an excellent performance,

The Le Page Sisters are lightning change artists of the "greased" or "chain" variety. One has hardly time when they leave the stage after a skit to lose the echo of their last chord before they are back again, almost unrecognizable in their new costumes and make-up.

Du Bell on the trapeze is truly a "flying wonder" and in more than one of his tricks a person of sporting blood would consider odds of two to one that he would fall a very good bet. Du Bell shows a trifle of lack of confidence in some of his more difficult feats, but that fact makes their successful issue the more startling.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Budworth give a one-act sketch entitled "A Royal Visitor" that bears the stamp of originality and is very amusing. Mr. Budworth is the possessor of a superfluity of fatty tissue, and I wonder if it is caused by his eating all his meals as he does the one he consumes on the stage. If so, his board bill must make a large hole in his salary.

Little Elsie sings better and dances better than the generality of child artists. Of course for a complete illusion it is impossible for a tot of her years to impersonate a grown person, but her cleverness would put to blush many an older performer.

There are only two hold-overs this week, one being the ever popular biograph.

WEDNESDAY'S matinee at the Orpheum was a revelation to those who think a circus and a race meet an invincible team. The usual crowd made its appearance, and besides going home filled with entertainment, each lady carried one of the souvenirs provided by manager Bronson. These albums are handsome affairs and bear the imprint of Geo. Rice & Sons, printers. They are designed to hold successive sheets of the copper photo-gravure protraits and biographies of Orpheum stars, and will prove most interesting and decorative.

ONLY the names of Josie De Witt and Eddie Foy were enough to fill the Los Angeles theater for two nights this week, and with the backing of a lot of clever, jolly men and pretty, shapely girls, entertained their audiences as they have not been entertained for some months. There was nonsense and music and wit, and above all it was full of triple extract of ginger from start to finish. Such a company could play "A Milk White Flag" to crowded houses. "Hotel Topsy Turvy" is not a play, just a jumble of fun dignified by the name of farce.

I was tempted to start a collection to buy some of the women, especially Miss DeWitt, some more clothes, but concluded that it was the salubriety of our climate that prompted them to dress so sparingly. They certainly went the limit for decollette gowns—if the bits of finery can be considered complete toilettes.

MOROSCO'S

No announcement yet made by Mr. Frawley has caused such pleasurable anticipation as the news that he will present at the Burbank on Sunday night (October 29th) that splendid romantic play "An Enemy to the King," by Robert Stevens.

"An Enemy to the King" deals with events which occurred in France immediately after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. At that time the Governor of Nevers employed Julie de Varion to assist in the capture of Tounoire, the most prominent of Nevers followers. Her reward was to be the freedom of her father. While searching for this man she is grossly insulted, and the insult is avenged by Tounoire, but known to her as de Launey. He learns her mission, and offers to conduct her to himself. On the journey they fall violently in love with each other. One of the prettiest scenes of the modern stage is where he tells of his love over an old sun dial, and swears fidelity to her on that symbol of time and eternity. She learns who he is and then must choose between his betrayal and her father's imprisonment. She determines to return to the Governor, undo her contract and get a release. Her lover hears of her flight and thinks she is false. Still loving her, he rides after her into the jaws of certain death. Both are saved, however, and there is a happy denouement. This is brought about in the most skillful manner, and the audience cannot surmise how their safety is to be effected until it is done.

The play will be handsomely mounted and costumed, as are all of the Frawley productions, and Mr. Frawley will be seen as de Launey and Miss Mary Hampton in her original role of Julie De Varion.

ORPHEUM

A famous acrobatic act is given the leading place in the Orpheum's bill for next week. The Florenz troupe of six acrobats, said to be the finest band of athletes in Europe will dazzle us with their skill and daring. The troupe is made up of men and women who do all their work in fashionable evening dress. While it is true that the Orpheum has hitherto brought out the "greatest acrobats," it is also true that San Francisco critics who have seen all of the acrobats pronounced the Florenz outfit immeasurably superior to those that preceded them, so something sensational may be expected.

Vina De Witt, a cornet virtuoso; Tom Brown, a comical monologist and singer; the Hawaiian Queen girls in an entirely new operetta called "The Queen's Fan;" Howard's Pony Circus; Mr. and Mrs. Budworth, the sketch comedians; the Le Page Sisters, transformation singers and dancers; and La Petite Elsie, the child impersonator of stage celebrities are included in next week's bill.

Continued from page 3

These and other unimportant social events show that already people are beginning to think of winter gaiety, and a lively season is prophesied.

The Twilight Club will hold its first meeting for the winter Tuesday evening at the home of Dr. C. A. Briggs, and Prof. Claypole will set the intellectual ball rolling with an essay on "Mental Epidemics." These are the only kind of epidemics we have in Pasadena, and some people have them hard, but not in our set, thank goodness.

The Pickwick Club is following the example of the Valley Hunt Club and is going to introduce a chef and culinary department into its club rooms.

It looks as though Pasadenans were going to devote themselves to high living this winter.

One of the girls has heard from Miss Arline Vallette, that she and her mother have left New York and that Arline has entered Ann Arbor University, Mich., which will postpone her return another year at least.

Miss Marion Armstrong, who is still in the east, is contemplating a European trip before her return, with her mother, Mrs. A. C. Armstrong.

The principal event of social interest and the one thing talked of last week was the marriage of Miss Marian Holmes, daughter of Mrs. Le Mott Holmes of Orange Grove avenue, and William Tomkins of San Rafael. The youth of the bride, who is but sweet seventeen, and the wealth and position of the groom have given unusual interest to the event

One of the pleasant things promised for the coming winter are some "conversation teas," which will be given bi-weekly by Misses Orton and Roth at their home on South Los Robles avenue. These will be purely social affairs, and all of us girls are going to improve our conversation when we, who are lucky enough, go abroad next year. I forgot to say we are to converse in French or German. The first of these will be given next week Thursday.

Miss Merwin, who has been abroad for several months, returned home Monday.

Mrs. W. E. Arthur and sister, Miss Ornbaum, have returned from their visit in the east.

Miss Fannie Shoemaker has returned from a brief visit with her friend Mrs. Handyside in Cucamonga.

We girls are now all getting interested in the new hospital Pasadena is going to have, and are getting up entertainments to raise money for it. Mrs. Chas. D. Daggett and Mrs. Seymour E. Locke have each promised an entertainment during the winter, and they are both noted for their success at this sort of thing. PHYLLIS.

An English paper says that the hat of a certain short-sighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The school-master saw the hen, and thought it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified by the spectacle of a hatless and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

COMPANY I of Pasadena held an election for Captain last Wednesday evening. P. A. Collins was unanimously elected. Lieut. Cole was in command and made the nomination, and Captain Baker of the Brigade staff presided. Speeches were made by Captain Collins, Captain Greene, Captain Baker and Lieut. Collins. Captain Collins is the commanding officer of Pasadena Uniform Rank, K. of P., and also captain of one of the companies of the Americus Club battalion.

General Orders No. 11, issued October 11th, allows those members of the First California Volunteers and all other officers and men who served in the United States Volunteer service in the "Spanish-American War of 1898" and have been honorably discharged therefrom subsequent to March 21, 1899, to re-enter the National Guard at any time before November 30, 1899. The order also states that commissions have been issued to Harry La V. Twining, to be Captain and Adjutant with rank from September 14th; J. C. Mielke, First Leiutenant and Battalion Adjutant, August 2d; J. E. Sullivan, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, August 2d; Captain T. Cole, Co. C, June 21st, First Lieutenant Ray I.Follmer, Co. C., Aug. 23d; Second Lieutenant A. M. Hurtt, Co. D, August 22d; Second Lieutenant W. A. Wing, Co. F, June 12th, and Second Lieutenant L. D. Collins, Co. I, September 18th.

General Orders No. 12, issued October 14th, set forth the "Rules and Regulations for Skirmish Firing in the National Guard of California for 1899." The trophy, a silk flag, awarded in 1897 to Company M, Seventh Infantry, will again be competed for in accordance with these rules.

Last Tuesday evening Company M of Riverside held an election to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of First Lieutenant Bedwell. Sergeant Harry Mitchell who served as First Sergeant of his company in the Volunteer Service, was chosen to fill the position.

Lieutenant G. C. Thaxter, I. R. P., was in the city last Tuesday attending to official business.

Captain Robert Wankowski returned last Saturday from a sojourn in the northern part of the state. He obtained his certificate and medal from the Native Sons while in San Francisco. He thinks the Seventh will likely receive theirs in "about ten days."

Col. John R. Berry is in San Francisco on business.

At its last meeting the Uniform Board accepted the bid of Pettibone for trousers and J. M. Litchfield & Co. for caps. All bids on blouses were rejected.

Next Thursday evening the ball to be given by the Signal Corps comes off at Armory Hall. Inquiries for invitations are becoming numerous, and a large crowd of the corps' friends will be there.

Company F held its state shoot for October last Tuesday. The highest score was made by Captain F. R. Reynolds, 62 (last month the captain made 70). This month the shoot was supervised by Lieutenant G. C. Thaxter, I. R. P.

Captain "Bob" Wankowski has presented the non-commissioned officers of Company A, Seventh Infantry, U. S. V., with chevron badges with the Eighth Army Corps emblems attached to the bottom. They make unique badges and will long be treasured by their owners.

Ladies, if you are interested in millinery, we can satisfy you in prices during our removal sale, which is now on.
The Yosemite, 115 So. Broadway.

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OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager
This Evening—Last Performance of "The Sporting Duchess"
Commencing To-morrow (Sunday) Night,
Costly and Complete Production of Robert Nelson Stevens' Drama
"AN ENEMY TO THE KING"
Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinee Today.
Telephone Main 1270.

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Florenz Troupe, Premier Male and Female Acrobats.
Vinie DeWitt, Cornet Soloist and Vocalist.
Tom Brown, Colored Aristocrat.
The Hawaiian Queens, in "The Queen's Fan."
Howard's Pony Circus, Last Week.
Le Page Sisters, Transformation Artists.
La Petite Elsie,
The Budworths, Colored Sketch Comedians
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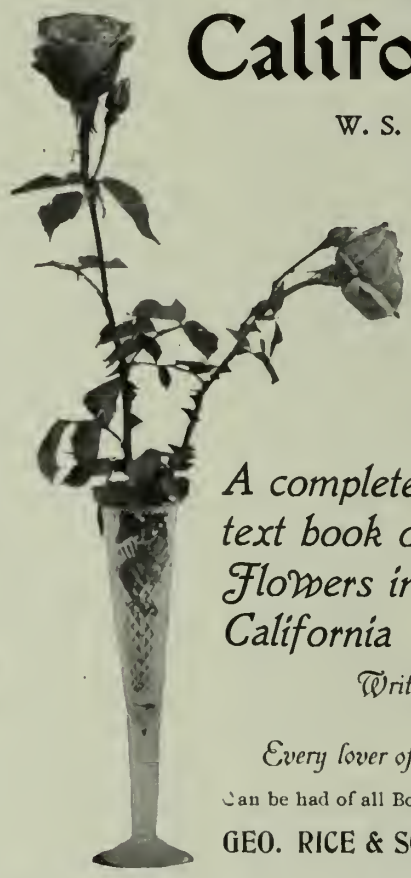

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Volume VII.
Number 19.

Los Angeles, Saturday, November 4, 1899.

10 Cents a Copy

FRED A. BACON

Director "The Creation" November 28, at Simpson Auditorium

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT

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ENTERED AT THE LOS ANGELES POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

BEN. C. TRUMAN - - - EDITOR

IRWIN H. RICE - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Oil or Electricity

WILL the substitute for coal in the development of our manufacturing industries be oil or electricity? It is an interesting question. When the Southern California Electric Company completed its great system connecting Los Angeles with the generating plant in Santa Ana canyon, it was thought the power question was solved. There were bright promises of new manufacturing industries started in Los Angeles, and operated by electric power generated eighty miles away. While there is no cause to doubt the possibility of manufacturing here by the use of electric power, it must be admitted that confidence was somewhat impaired by failure of the water supply, for electric purposes, during the drouth period. It seems, however, that the oil product will fully compensate for any partial failure of electric supply resulting from lack of water. The oil industry in this section was never so promising as it is to-day. The wells now operated may turn out to be only what miners call "prospect holes" compared with future developments. But with both oil and electricity on tap, a great impetus to our manufacturing industry is assured.

Expert Testimony

An interesting example of the usefulness of expert testimony was shown in the Long Beach murder trial. The case hinged upon the question of the defendant's sanity at the time when he committed the crime. In response to a long, hypothetical question, a physician in the employ of the city promptly said the murderer had delirium tremens, involving mental unsoundness. The same question, propounded to a physician employed by the county, elicited the opinion that the culprit was not afflicted with jim-jams, as it is called in the vernacular. Not long ago, in a New York trial involving the crime of forgery, one eminent expert in handwriting testified one way and another one was quite as positive on the other side. In fact it was suspected that professional rivalry was largely responsible for the clash of testimony. With such conflicts in expert testimony it is not strange that the extraction of truth from biased witnesses, of the common kind, is a difficult operation. The psalmist says: "I said in my haste, all men are liars." The allusion to haste probably means that he should have added "present company excepted."

Florida Should Help

The determination to invite Florida to cooperate in the effort to maintain the citrus fruit tariff is commendable. California secured that tariff as the result of a very hot, single-handed fight, although Florida has enjoyed the benefit of it The latter State is rapidly recovering from the destructive frost visitation to her orange groves, and its chief industry, like that of Southern California, demands that no concessions be made to orange growers abroad. The orange growers of Florida should heartily second the efforts now making in this section to fight the Jamaica reciprocity treaty when it comes before Congress. Californians know, by dearly bought experience, that it requires earnest and persistent effort to gain a point in Congress, and equal effort to hold that point afterward. Florida would be a very useful ally of California because of its Southern influence, and it should promptly line up in defence of the vitally important tariff on citrus fruits.

Sic 'Em, Editors!

The smiling physiognomy of old Luna will take upon the color of blood when next he gazes upon the peaceful towns of Santa Ana and Anaheim, unless the editors of the papers of those places are merely practicing for the presidential campaign. For instance, the Santa Ana Blade says the Anaheim Plaindealer is a blackmailing and wholly irresponsible journalistic sewer. The Plaindealer containing a reply must have suffered spontaneous combustion, as the GRAPHIC has watched the mails with feverish interest without locating it.

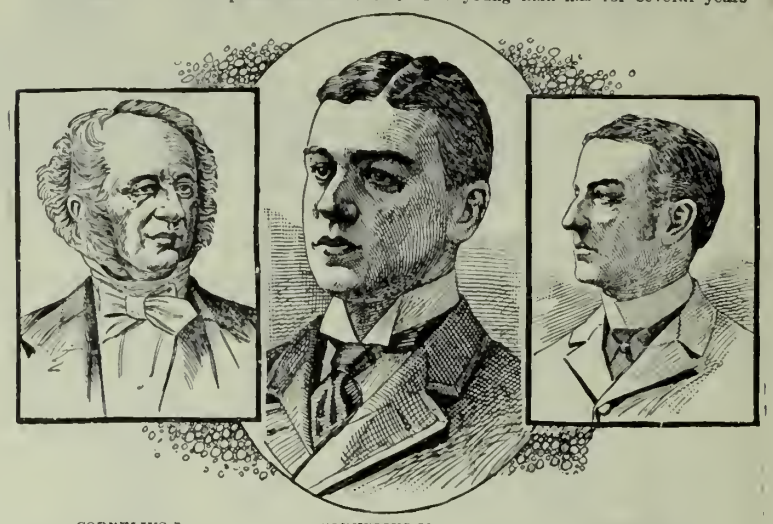
A Roseate Outlook

Amazing progress in the face of a grievous drawback, is the record of Los Angeles during the last three years. In spite of the drouth the expansion of the city has been marvelous. The record of building permits for the nine months of the present year foots up 1269, with a cost estimate of $1,676,731. And it is noticeable that a higher grade of improvements has been introduced in recent years. The average dwelling is more commodious and more handsome than the dwellings erected in former years, and the business buildings now rank with the highest type in other cities.

Such advancement, under the circumstances, is unquestionable evidence that the prosperity of Los Angeles has a foundation as solid as Gibraltar. We have come through the era of hard times without a break in the growth of the city. While cities elsewhere were paralyzed by the business depression there was nothing to indicate a clog in the onward movement of Los Angeles And the outlook could not be more roseate. The city has doubled in population within eight years. Before the new century is one decade old we shall be far beyond the quarter million mark and bowling along toward the even half million. But with all this unmistakable outlook of expansion, people will be sadly regretting a few years hence, as others do now, that they did not "strike when the iron was hot." The man who now plants his faith and his money in Los Angeles will surely reap a rich harvest.

THREE CORNELIUS VANDERBILTS.

Cornelius is a favorite name in the Vanderbilt family. Two of the name have played important parts in the history of this country. What Cornelius III may contribute to the family's fame will probably depend upon the provisions of his father's will, soon to be known. A breach occurred between father and son because of the marriage of the latter to Miss Grace Wilson, and it is not known whether a complete reconciliation ever took place between them. The young man has for several years



CORNELIUS I. CORNELIUS III. CORNELIUS II.

been engaged in the engineering department of the New York Central railroad, one of the family's principal properties, and it is said he has shown unusual ability, having invented several valuable appliances for use in railway machinery. Naturally the young man is in line to succeed his father as the head of their branch of the family, and those who know him say he has the characteristics that have made the name of Vanderbilt synonymous with great railway enterprises, but it may be that he will not have full opportunity to employ his talents, and may have to stand aside for his brother Alfred W.

Looking Backward—and Forward

The three tenses, spanning a single decade, present a fascinating subject for thoughtful dwellers in Los Angeles to contemplate. This city as it was five years ago, as it is to-day, and as it probably will be five years hence. The histories of cities furnish but few if any parallels to the substantial growth of Los Angeles, particularly when we consider the business blight that prevailed here as elsewhere in the United States.

The magnitude of the change wrought in the past five years is scarcely appreciated by the permanent dweller in Los Angeles. Only the visitor, with a half-decade interval between his calls, can fully realize the transformation. Here we see new buildings constantly springing from the ground; homes and business structures appearing in vacant lots, and reminding us at times, unless we look at the whole city very frequently, of the mushrooms that spring up in a night.

In imagination go back five years, and gaze upon the picture of Los Angeles as it is impressed upon the memory. First glancing at our great businsss thoroughfares, what marvelous changes we see! A Los Angeleno, five years from home, would rub his eyes to assure his wakefulness as he sauntered on Broadway. And he would be amazed by the massive and costly modern improvements that have been made on Spring, Main, Los Angeles and the various cross streets. Still more would he be amazed, probably, when he got into the residence portions of the city and found at nearly all points of the compass vacant fields transformed into cosy and beautiful homes.

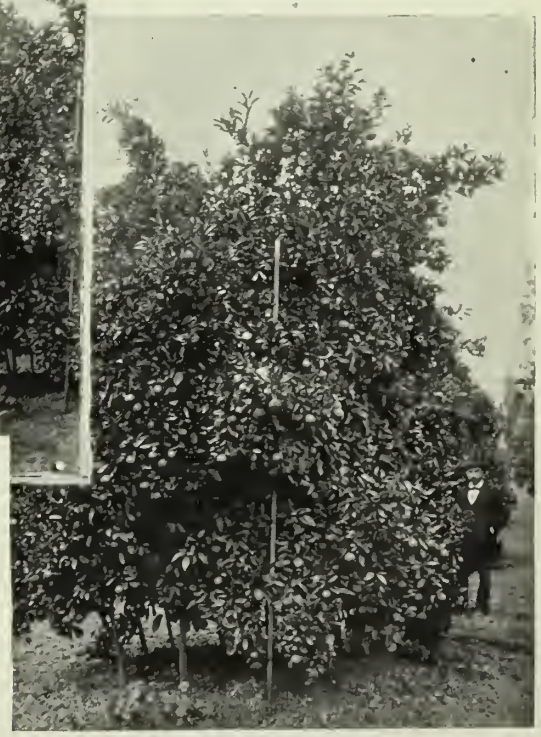
But what has the future half-decade in store for Los Angeles, judging by the record of the past five years? Evidently we shall see something more than a mere duplication of recent growth, wonderful as that has been. There are convincing reasons why the city's progress in the near future should be immensely greater than in the past. In the first place, the blight of business depression has passed, and Los Angeles, along with other progressive American cities, is entering what promises to be a long period of substantial prosperity. There are local causes, however, which must give exceptional impulse to the business activity of this city. Five years hence Los Angeles will practically be a prominent commercial city, with a harbor at its front door, affording communication with the great trading marts of the world, and especially with neighboring countries on the other side of the Pacific, where live nearly half the earth's population.

The Country 'Round

What the Scissors and Pencil find in Graphic's Exchanges

FROM the Santa Monica Outlook it can be learned that the city by the sea is not behind in improvements and developments. At Santa Monica Heights there is an oil derrick erected and materials are on the ground preparatory to making a drive for oil. The Outlook says there is to be no fooling, and that the projectors will spare nothing to make the test genuine.

There is a gas plant being installed which is capable of producing 125,000 cubic feet of gas in twenty-four hours, and the present holder capacity is 30,000 cubic feet. The process is the latest invention of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe in which the coal used for the production of gas loses nothing of its value as a fuel, but on the contrary, improves its efficiency.



THESE TREES ARE WORTH $100.00 APIECE

It is estimated that it will take 12,000 cars to handle the orange crop this season. If it all had to be moved the same day, it would require 800 locomotives for as many trains, which would make a total length of ninety-nine miles.

Always stand up for your town and talk for it, if you can't do anything else. One pessimist can do more harm with his mouth than six live men would overcome with their work, and whenever you get to the point where you can't talk about the place you live in without running it down, you may know that the time has come when it will be better for you, and vastly better for the town, for you to move on.—Compton Enterprise.

That expression could well be pasted in the hat of many well-meaning persons whose glibness of tongue greatly exceeds their bumps of percipience.

It seems by the following from the Long Beach Trihune that the august fathers of that city have been subjected to some chaffing in the past for faulty errors of oratory, which could easily be corrected at any of the many excellent dramatic schools of Los Angeles:

The council then settled to work, and the way they handled communications, petitions and reports, etc., was a caution. It has been hinted that a person attending the council meeting would think he had got into a secret society meeting, as the councilmen talked in such low tones; they have even been referred to as "the whispering board," but the name was not applicable last Monday night. They, each and every one, talked with clear, distinct articulation, raising and lowering the voice at the right punctuation marks, and all in the room could tell what was before the council. Of course some of the words were strange to us—well, not exactly totally strange, for we have read them all in the Bible, only they were connected differently, and the re-arrangement was noticeable—but we guessed by the expression of the speaker's face what they meant.

Ever since 1896 Covina property has been coming steadily and surely to the front, not by leaps and bounds, but by a steady, healthy and substantial growth. Each year has seen the value of orange groves and the village property increased until today orchards planted to seven-year-old navel trees, bare of any other improvements, are selling from $800 to $1000 an acre, three groves having changed hands at these figures during the week. This healthy condition of the real estate market will undoubtedly be maintained, as these prices, which appear to a casual observer as exorbitant, are based at a conservative estimate on 15 per cent returns on the money invested after paying all the expenses incurred in the cultivation and care of the property. These figures are based at average yields, and the fruit fetching to the grower one dollar per box in the open market. But even should oranges, which is by no means improbable, drop to 75 cents per box, Covina orchards at from $800 to $1000 an acre would be a better investment than lending money at 8 per cent.—Covina Argus.

Most of the country papers of Southern California are taking up the National Association side of the irrigaton expansion fight wth determination and double-leaded columns of good argument. The Escondido Times leads in the volume of information on the question, and advances convincing logic that the national movement is the practical plan.

A Tragedy of the Tub

UM-M-!" said Mr. Shivvers, thoughtfully, laying down his paper; "I believe there is something in that."

"In what?" asked Mrs. Shivvers.

"Why, in their 'Health Hints for the Helpless,' they say that the reaction and afterglow of cold morning-baths is an infallible cure for neuralgia and rheumatism," explained Mr. Shivvers.

"Cold water right out of the spigot, without any warm water at all?" cried Mrs. Shivvers.

Mr. Shivvers smiled a superior smile.

"Of course it is rather heroic treatment, and requires considerable moral as well as physical courage, but to a man convinced of its efficacy that is of no consequence," he said complacently, "and I certainly shall give it a fair trial. Besides," he continued, fortifying his sudden resolution, "it is not one sudden, freezing plunge, but a gradual immersion while you very slowly count six. Like this: one, and you put in one foot; two, you put in the other; three, you sink upon one knee; four, you kneel on both; five, you plunge in your arms; and six, you immerse your body. So, after all, it is not so very dreadful. Yes, I shall certainly try it tomorrow morning."

However, Mr. Shivvers did not seem so enthusiastic in the morning. His wife let the cold water run, according to his instructions, until the tub was full to overflowing; but in spite of reiterated information to that effect, he still lingered in bed.

"Jeremiah," cried Mrs. Shivvers at last, from the bureau where she was doing up her hair, "this is the eleventh time I've called you, and you must get up. You'll be late for breakfast as it is. You needn't try that bath if you are afraid of it," she added, with a laugh.

Slowly and reluctantly Mr. Shivvers crept out from under the warm covers, silently casting a look full of reproach upon his smiling spouse, and into the bath-room, with the laggard step of one who has something weighing upon his mind. Then there was a long, very long wait. Nor was it until his wife had several times exhorted him to "Hurry up, Jeremiah!" that she heard him say:

"O-o-o-one. Ouch! Gosh!"

Then there was another wait, and another exhortation.

"T-t-t-twooo. Ow-ow-ow-wow!"

Another wait and exhortation.

"Th-th-th-th-th-three-e-e-e-e," next came chattering from the bath-room, immediately followed by a blood-curdling shout and a tremendous splash. Then there was a succession of agonized yells, and what Mrs. Shivvers at first took for a streak of lightning flashed out of the bath-room, plunged into bed, and rolled itself tightly up in the covers.

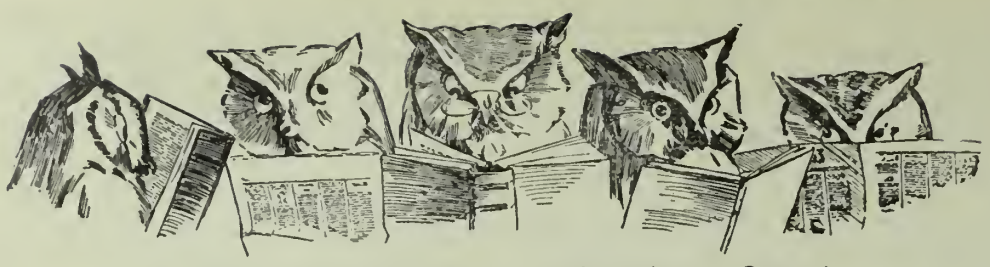
"Why, Jeremiah!" gasped Mrs. Shivvers.

Mr. Shivvers simply glared and shivered.

"Woman," he growled, when he could control his chattering teeth, "did you leave that cake of soap in the bottom of that bath-tub on purpose?"

The Earnings of Playrights

DRAMATISTS of established reputations write plays only upon order. Their ordinary pre-payments are five hundred dollars upon the delivery of a scenario and five hundred dollars more upon the completion of a play. "If the finished work does not realize expectations," writes Franklyn Fyles, of "The Theatre and Its People," in the November Ladies' Home Journal, "or if the manager for any other reason does not desire to put it on the stage, the money paid is forfeited after a certain lapse of time, and the ownership reverts to the author. But if the manager decides to produce the piece the author receives a percentage of the gross receipts, usually five per cent., payable weekly, after the amount previously advanced has been deducted. Ordinarily it increases with the amount of money taken in. More than one native drama has earned one hundred thousand dollars for its author. A dozen have yielded fifty thousand dollars each; three times as many, twenty-five-thousand dollars, and a goodly number, ten thousand dollars."



Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

Unlucky Number Thirteen

THOSE superstitious persons that live in fear of the fateful No. 13 will find rare confirmation of their preconceived notions of attendant ill luck in the fact that Chief of Police Glass' orders for the official decapitation of seven conspicuous members of the force bore the talisman of ill portent, "General orders No. 13." Decapitating a captain, two sergeants, one secretary and three clerks of police, had a military as well as a gory look, indicating a culmination of the idea long cherished by the "big chief," to organize his police force like a regiment with himself as the colonel. Some of us have reason to suspect that once the chief has perfected his ideal ogranization and obtained the wished-for discipline. he may even become somewhat independent of the "war board," which in this instance refers to the police commissioners.

They Should be Careful

IN THE HEAT of controversy over a disputed point the police commissioners should be more circumspect, else they run imminent risk of giving one another away before representatives of the numerically great but potentially small general public. It is unseemly in commissioners to criticize their colleagues on the board for a laxity in the enforcement of city ordinances. Such allusion may touch tender spots and evoke pertinent replies which will be much relished by the great and vulgar horde frequently alluded to as taxpayers, who frequently read the newspaper accounts of the "goings on" of public servants. When police commissioners tell one another, in open meeting, that the gambling ordinance and saloon ordinance and some other ordinances are daily violated under the collective nose of the police department, the public becomes interested, not for any novelty in the statements themselves but because the commissioners permitted themselves unwittingly to stumble upon some truths of which they were not supposed to be cognizant. If the new organization of the police force shall result in the enforcing of the laws upon certain persons and places that hitherto have enjoyed exceptionable immunity from interference the cost, at the expense of a few more or less aged heads. will not be deemed excessive. And yet, you may, possibly, be able to find persons that will say they do not look for any improvement in this respect, and that the favorites now will be favorites hereafter.

Were Struck Amidships

HOW strangely things do sometimes happen! How surprised become great statesmen when their well-laid plans go far astray! Even the astute persons that were posted on what was coming in the police commission were taken completely unawares by the action of the city council in deposing not only the two commissioners, Goss and Pascoe, that had voted for Chief Glass' reform measure but also the two, Parker and Scarborough, that opposed it. The temerity of police commissioners in tackling so ticklish a job as the reorganizing of a police force without at least a tacit preliminary understanding with the city fathers, who are unmistakably fathers of the commission, may be praisworthy as bravery but reprehensible considered in the light of policy. Mayor Eaton, none too popular with the city council, may now find himself president ex officio of a new police commission that will cast four solid votes against his one. In the meantime the public awaits with interest the outcome of the internecine feud—wondering who, if not Glass, will be chief.

Where Were the Police?

A LOCAL preacher whose name is so often seen in print that I will for this once refrain from using it, writes to the newspapers to say that he had discovered, by having his attention called to the news columns, that there had been three prize fights in one week in Los Angeles. This discovery led the minister to ask in agitation, "Where were the police?" Bless you, Dominie, you should have been at the prize fights; then you would have found no need to ask such a question.

Just a Inchin' Along

THAT the Southern Pacific company has hopes of acquiring the city hall to convert it into a pasenger station may not literally be true, but that the great corporation is reaching out in that direction is a matter of record. The city council will grant to the Southern Pacific the right to lay a track across San Pedro street, between Second and Third. The point of proposed intersection is reached by a spur track laid through private property. When the track shall be laid across San Pedro street, extended through another block of property that can be purchased, Los Angeles street will be reached. This thoroughfare may as easily be crossed by the railroad and then but one block of ground will remain to be traversed to enable the Southern Pacific company to establish a new terminus on Main street, in the heart of the city. Looks easy, doesn't it?

Heroic Self Sacrifice

A PATHETIC spectacle, seldom seen in such high places, was the self sacrifice made this week by the councilmen, who, despite an offered opportunity to shirk a most thankless task, determined resolutely to share with the fire commissioners the onerous labors of deciding upon whom to bestow the plum of a twelve thousand dollar contract for hose. In view of the multitudinous brands of fire hose that are offered for acceptance and the contrary pulls of the agents, some of whom are local business men with influence, the task voluntarily assumed by the devoted councilmen is no easy one. That some of the agents are in the field "for blood" with authority from their "house" to get some of their particular brand of hose into the Los Angeles department, even if it must be given away, serves to complicate matters. If some of that hose that needs a bolster to its reputation shall finally be accepted it will not be as a gift, though the manufacturer may derive no direct profit from the transaction. Putting all of this and that together, the onlooker may come somewhere near guessing how much trouble the joint committee is laying up for itself.

There are Other Jobbers

IN the formation of a new Los Angeles organization calling itself the Associated Jobbers of Southern California, the organizers seem to have overlooked as candidates for membership some particularly available persons in and about the city hall. If certain of the fire-hose agents can be believed—and who could doubt them?—there are all kinds of jobbers and jobbery in the Palace of Blunders.

Ignorance is Bliss

AFTER all, the oil refinery really serves a useful purpose. Most of us can make ourselves believe that the odors that daily and nightly offend our nostrils come from the asphaltum stills and not from the sewers. In that delusion we can feel freer and live longer in the assurance that though crude oil gas is not frangipani the breathing thereof, when suitably diluted with purer air, is not necessarily deadly. In the absence of explicit information as to the actual cause of the perfume that makes us tip-tilt our aesthetic noses and seek settlers for our disaffected interiors let us blame it all upon the oil, for oil is healthy.

Ring up Main 1053 and order the GRAPHIC, 25 cents a month.

Omnium Gatherum

OUR police authorities have expressed surprise because of the remarkable absence of crime in the city during race week. It is stated that "there were less larcenies or burglaries reported during race week than in any other week this year, and there were fewer arrests." It is difficult to account for this anomalous goodness except on the ground that rascality concentrated all its forces in the pool betting and race juggling.

It will greatly increase rehabilitation of the local companies of the Seventh Regiment if the Battery D boys, of the firing line join the roster. The old members of the regiment are none the less to be commended because they failed to reach the front, but it will be specially interesting to see in the ranks the boys who smelled powder in the Philippines.

The appearance of a Chicago agitator on the rostrum in this city is a reminder that the election campaign of 1900 is soon to begin. The saving of the country will now engage the attention of a large number of persons who are ardent laborers with their tongues.

The Riverside authorities announce that they will operate the hobo discourager known as the chaingang whenever there are as many as half a dozen hobos in stock. The notice will probably be sufficient warning to the boxcar tourists not to invade Riverside in blocks of more than five at a time.

Santa Barbara boasts of a new oil field with the peculiar feature of being under ocean. The description says it "runs parallel with the coast line a distance of about thirty miles" and for the most part is about two miles from shore. The deposit will be worked, it is understood, as soon as the overlying water can be pumped out.

Minor conditions should not be allowed to defeat the plan for athletic contests between our university and Pomona College. There is a great deal of nonsense in the opposition to such contests because of their alleged "brutality." If every school in the country, from kindergarten up, was supplied with complete equipment for physical culture the next generation would be healthier and stronger than the present one.

A representative of a northern coastwise transportation company has been in Los Angeles, retailing alluring stories about the new gold field at Point Nome, Alaska. He says placer veins are making ten to forty dollars per day, but "flour sells at four dollars per sack and other things in proportion." There are placer mines within fifty miles of Los Angeles, in the Newhall district, that would pay handsomely if worked with the highest type of mining machinery; and the district is less than three hours distant.

It can no longer be said that the distribution of religious literature in prisons is non-effective. San Quentin reports that a convict "made a long tube of a religious paper left in his cell, extended it through the bars to a gas jet, and then set fire to his bedding." His object was a general jail delivery while the prison was burning. The religious

paper was the means of converting the convict into a bread-and-water occupant of a dark cell.

Pasadena rises to remark that there is no ground for fear that the tournament of roses will be skipped next New Year's day. Preparations for the famous spectacle are to begin at once, with the vigor and zeal for which the crown city is widely noted.

Prof. Swift, of Lowe Observatory, is one of the fortunate living persons who witnessed the wonderful meteoric display in 1833. He says "the magnificence of the scene has never been woven into words." The meteors "fell like flakes of snow in a moderate snow storm; in all the cardinal points it was a rain of fire without clouds." We have the promise of a similar display of Celestial pyrotechnics in the early morning of November 15, and as the show will be free to all the audience is likely to be a record-breaker.

The head of one of our local railway systems says "the balance sheets of the street railways of Los Angeles show increased earnings each month for the past year, over those of corresponding months of the year previous." He thinks that in view of the crop prospects and other favorable indications capitalists will now loosen their purse-strings, money will begin to circulate freely, and our advancement will be surprising even to ourselves. There can be no question that the period of hard times in Southern California is about to be displaced by an era of bounteous prosperity.

Tulare county reports the shipment of six carloads of oranges and proudly claims the championship for the largest shipment of new crop citrus fruit ever sent from California in the month of October. The claim is allowed, but the orange districts of Southern California are close on the heels of Tulare. The advance guard of twelve to fifteen thousand carloads of Southern California oranges will soon be en route to grace Eastern Thanksgiving tables with their inimitable beauty.

We have no faith in the stories of queer antics by the Japan current as a cause of our weather peculiarities. We have had two abnormally dry seasons, but we have early evidence that normal conditions have returned. Here in Los Angeles we have already had nearly one-third as much rainfall, this season, as we had altogether last year. The Western Graphic stakes its reputation as a prophet on this forecast: Abundant rainfall throughout this season, bountiful harvests of all crops, followed by a wave of prosperity deep enough to swim in.

Wonderful Growth of the United States

THE Chicago Tribune is publishing a series of illustrated articles upon the "Progress of the Nineteenth Century." A late number contains an article on the comparative standing of the United States, relative to other nations, in industrial and territorial growth. The diagrams illustrating the subject show that during the century the nation has advanced from an insignificant position to first rank in every department of growth, until, with one exception, we stand at the head of all nations. The one exception is shipping, in which Great Britain leads us by more than half.

Taking 100 as the present standard, the growth of population has been from 7 to 100; of mining, 1 to 100; shipping, 6 to 100; postoffice, 1 to 100; college students, 1 to 100; wealth per capita, 11 to 100; area, about 25 to 100; agriculture, 6 to 100; manufacturers, 3 to 100; total wealth, 4 to 100; commerce, 5 to 100; newspapers, 2 to 100.

The relative position of the nation now, when compared with all Enropean nations, is: In manufactures, 40 per cent; in agrieulture, nearly 25 cent; mining, 30 per eent; railways, 40 per cent; shipping, 20 per cent; manufacturing energy, 33 per cent; wealth, 25 per cent. It will thus be seen that the productive capacity of the United States in manufacturing is 40 per cent of European nations, with about four times our population, and our lead in all lines of commercial activty will average about 25 per eent of that of Europe.

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Down the Line

A Chance for Really Truly Patriots

ARE the people of this city patriots for shouting only? They have welcomed the soldier boys back, with shouts from leathry lungs and attractive street pageants, but when it comes to providing in a solid way for the men who maintained the honor of the country, there is a decided lacking. Two cases present themselves to my mind, those of Williamson Dunn, who gave up a profitable place with the Southern Pacific to go to Manila. Mr. Dunn was in the navy for the early portion of his life and when the war broke out offered his services to the department again. They were accepted and he at once resigned his place and went as an ensign. He served well, was complimented by all who came in contact with him, and when his duty was over he came back. He has not been able to find an opportunity to earn a dollar since his return. Captain Diss is at the time of writing in the same position. He had the best political position in San Bernardino county and since his return has been vainly looking for employment. Yet when we were getting up the welcome to the men of Battery D, the merchants of Los Angeles had the commercial spirit so mixed with patriotism that they asked the men not to spend their money in San Francisco but to wait till they got home before they blew it in. As Dr. Johnson intimated "patriotism" is more often than not used to cover up decided blackguardism. Now if some one wishes to re-establish his reputation as a really truly patriot let him take hold and see that these two men have the best places in the city given to them.

Good Truth in a Good Jest

THE races last week at the park were the most scandalous series of sporting events the city has ever witnessed. In the first place scarcely a harness event was straight and then the book-makers' jobbing was so 'raw' to be as plain as a thimble riggers' game. The newspaper men who occupied the press box, fared badly, as did almost every one, which leads to a mot from managing editor Chapman of the Herald, who went to both the circus and the races. "There is a man with Main's circus," said Chapman, "who has perfect control of twenty-four horses in one ring. It is a most marvelous exhibition of the power of man over the animals; but at the betting ring at the track John C. Humphreys out-does the circus performer, for in one ring he keeps perfect control of something like fifty horses and keeps the whip hand of them and of the betting public as well." Mr. Humphreys says he intends to come back to Los Angeles and do business again. With the example of other celebrated sports who "do the best they can" here, his resolution is not to be wondered at.

He's a Rich Man Now

JOHN W. MITCHELL of Cahuenga and this city is a rich man. He has not had the best of luck for a year or so past, but lately he has discovered that his ranch is in the center of the richest oil region hereabouts, and the best experts tell him that he should get an income of anywhere from five hundred to a thousand dollars a month from the place. Mitchell has always had all of the qualities of a rich man except the money. No one knows how to enjoy wealth or how to give others more pleasure from it than he, and now he is about to have a chance to make good. Just watch his smoke.

The Falling Easy Habit

THE habit politicians acquire of falling easy when they do take a tumble is one that once acquired never is lost. Witness the accident that Con Scheerer and Corney Pendleton had on Friday last week. Con's horse ran away and upset his buggy in which he and Corney were riding, with the result that Con was thrown out and suffered a lot of injuries, cuts, bruises and the like, while Corney escaped unscathed. Why? Because of course he chose Con's prostrate form as a place to fall on, and landed full on him with the accuracy that only comes from long experience at Sacramento. Corney took desperate chances in this, however, for Con is one of his most profitable clients.

Fitzgerald Not that Sort

SOME one who evidently does not know Judge Fitzgerald at all has circulated a story that he had made some sort of a compact with the Southern Pacific railway's political bureau to do politics in favor of the friends of the corporation. Judge Fitzgerald has not that weakness, in fact he has only one weakness if it may so be called, which is unswerving devotion to his friends, but as he never makes an ignoble choice of his associates, this is a fault that rises to the dignity of a virtue. The judge is a prince among men, whose great soul knows no tarnish. Governor Gage in appointing him to the bench showed himself a worthy comrade of the man he selected. Fitzgerald would make a Senator that the whole country would be proud of, but that he would make a move at the behest of any corporation is as impossible as it would be for day to be night.

He is the Right Sort of Timber

TALKING about public men, why don't the Democrats bring out Jo Call for a high position—I think he is a Democrat, if he is not, the Republicans ought to at once take him up. He is the best equipped man in private life for a prominent public place that I know of; all of his characteristics and abilities point him out as a man who would fill a Governor's or a Senator's chair with distinction and honor. Call is the man who as special counsel for the government has wrested from Mr. C. P. Huntington a little matter of two or three million acres of public lands that the Southern Pacific was about to benevolently assimilate, and through the Supreme Court has had them restored to the public domain. He is a man of wonderful brain power and possesses a grasp of matters that shows him a statesman. He is of a character that is unassailable and altogether is an ideal man for any place that the people could give him.

He is Open to Conviction

J. BOND FRANCISCO, the artist, employs a number of models for both his draped and the 'altogether' classes, and he tells me that women with good hips are partcularly rare in Los Angeles. He can find plenty who have good torsos and shapely arms and legs, but the waist and hips are almost sure to be defective. The former is apt to be too small and the latter stick out at almost right angles from the body in place of the line of beauty slope, that should distinguish them. Mr. Francisco, however, is ready to be convinced that there are well-hipped women here, so if any wish to demonstrate the fact to his classes they can have the opportunity. OTHEMAN STEVENS.

The last issue of the Ontario Observer was largely devoted to an exposition of the water development in that section during the last dry season. Many of the wells are artesian, flowing as high as 340 inches of water; which volume ranges down to twelve inches from some private wells operated by pumps and windmills. The summary shows an increase of 749 inches of new water supply, divided among eleven companies and individuals. Besides, many thousand feet of pipe have been laid, connecting with the domestic supply system, and the source of the water is guarantee of its purity and excellence. Basing the value of water at $1000 an inch, Ontario claims an increase of over half a million dollars to her permanent orchard valuation, or one dollar to every orange and lemon tree in the colony.

Music and Art

A word regarding the subject of our frontispiece this week. F. A. Bacon received his first musical training from the celebrated Oberlin College, continuing his studies with some of the most distinguished teachers of America. Coming to Los Angeles ten years ago, he took at once a leading position among our musicians. His work in founding the Oratorio Society, and the great success attained in the rendition by the society of some of the masterpieces of sacred musical composition has contributed to his fame as a musical leader. He has solved the problem of organizing and holding together a large chorus and getting good work out of them. He still wields the baton for the society and will produce several oratorios this season, the first "Creation," November 28th, followed by "The Messiah." Mr. Bacon's work is largely of a public order, but little financial benefit accruing to him from the splendid renditions of the great masters.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Chopin, the composer, was observed in Paris on last Tuesday week, and at the memorial masses his marches were played.

Unitarian Church, corner Third and Hill streets. Vesper service at 4 p. m., Sunday, November 5th, in charge of Miss Mary L. O'Donoughue.

PROGRAM.

Organ—Grand Offertaire.....Jules Grison
Miss Mary L. O'Donoughue.
Quartette—Magnificat.....Horatio W. Parker
Immanuel Presbyterian Choir.
Reading ....
Bass solo—Open the Gates.....Mrs. Joseph Knapp
Mr. H. H. Barnhart.
Prayer ....
Response by the Choir—The Lord's Prayer....
.... Shelley
Cello solo—Confession ..... Thome
Mr. Russell Ballard.
Soprano solo—With Verdure Clad (Creation)..
.... Haydn
Miss Jennie Winston.
Address ....
Tenor solo—Lord Vouchsafe Thy Loving Kindness (Stabat Mater) ..... Rossini
Mr. A. Miller.
Contralto solo—O Bless the Lord, My Soul.Rossini
Mrs. J. G. Scarborough.
Trio—Sweet is Thy Work.....Wiegard
Miss Winston, Mr. Miller, Mr. Barnhart.
Hymn ....
Benediction ....
Organ—Recessional ..... Leprevost
Miss O'Donoughue.

On October 10 Giuseppe Verdi, considered the greatest living glory of Italy, celebrated his 86th birthday and Professor Baccelli, Minister of Public Instruction, proposed to King Humbert to confer upon him the highest Italian decoration, the Collar of the Annunziata. Verdi will be the first outside of the army and politics to enjoy such a distinction, which, in fact, originally was conferred only upon the most distinguished warriors. The order was founded in 1362 by Amedeo VI of Savoy, the legendary "Green Count," with the object of creating a spirit of cohesion among his knights. It took its present name in 1518, when Charles III ordained that the golden collar every member wore and wears should have depending from it a medallion with the Annunciation of the Virgin in relief. He also raised the number of knights to twenty, as at present. Once this decoration gave special privileges and prerogatives, those now surviving being only that the recipients are the greatest dignitaries of the state, that at court they come after the princes of the royal blood, that they assist as witnesses at the baptisms, marriages and deaths of the royal princes, and finally take rank as cousins of the king. But will this be a pleasure to Verdi? When his last opera, "Falstaff," was first presented, Signor Giolitti, then in power, wished to create him marquis, but Signor Martini, also a member of the Cabinet, opposed the idea, knowing Verdi's pronounced dislike of such distinctions. The maestro, hearing of this, said: "Martini is my best friend."

According to the itinerary arranged for the American tour of the great Polish pianist, Ignace Paderewski, the music lovers of Los Angeles will have two opportunities of hearing the distinguished virtuoso. The dates are March 15th and 17th. It is said that Paderewski, Jean de Reszke and Josef Hoffmann are largely interested as shareholders, in a company capitalized at $350,000, to found on a permanent basis regular symphony concerts at Warsaw. The list of musical directors embraces many of the most distinguished conductors of Europe.

Haydn wrote hundreds of beautiful compositions, but only one "Creation." He was sixty-five years old when he undertook this masterpiece, and

MRS. FRANCES LEWIS HORD

he devoted nearly three years to completing it. When he was repeatedly importuned to finish it, he refused saying: "I spend much time over it because I intend it to last a long time." The poem to which he wrote the music, and which had been compiled for Handel, but never used by that composer, was given Haydn in London, and on his return to Vienna he entered with religious zeal into the making of the beautiful musical dress for the story which had been told in Genesis and in Milton's "Paradise Lost." This oratorio will be given at Simpson Auditorium by a large chorus and orchestra under the capable direction of Prof. F. A. Bacon on November 28, with Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mr. A. Miler, Mr. H. S. Williams as soloists and Mr. A. Krauss as concert master.

Theodore Thomas and his orchestra have proven an enormously expensive luxury to a few of the public-spirited musical patrons of Chicago. The balancing of accounts shows an average yearly loss to the guarantors of the Thomas concerts of nearly $36,000. This stupendous deficiency cannot fail to have a discouraging influence upon those liberal hearted gentlemen of the big Western metropolis, who have sacrificed so liberally in the interests of the best and highest in musical art. It is to be hoped that a readjustment of the business management of these great orchestral concerts may place them on a more prosperous basis pecuniarily.

Otto Gottschalk is an amiable young man whom musicians will place as the brother of Louis Gotts-

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chalk, and who will be better recognized by everybody as the brother-in-law of J. Bond Francisco. At a little informal gathering a few evenings since Otto told some good stories of incidents that occurred while he was in Germany. It seems that his brother had been chaffing him about every other Dutchman being named Otto. One evening at a cafe the landlord called to a waiter who had lighted the gas, "Ach, Otto, make der light oudt; it's too day yet," whereupon Louis joshed Otto for the hundredth time about the commonness of his given name. Imagine Otto's satisfaction and ebullient spirits when the waiter drawlingly answered, "All right, Louis."

The unfortunate experience of the Manuscript Society of New York, established in 1889, for the purpose of aiding American composers, have resulted in an entire change of name and officers, as well as business management. Hereafter the old organization will be known as "The Society of American Musicians and Composers." The purpose of the new society is to further the development of musical composition in America by affording opportunities to composers for the performance of their compositions under the most advantageous conditions. The distinguished musician and composer, Edward A. MacDonald, is president of the new society.

Mrs. Francis Lewis Hord, dramatic soprano, will sing with the Throop Institute Mandolin Club at Pasadena November 7th, and also in Los Angeles. Her selections will be "An Open Secret" (Woodman); "At the Dawn," (Otto Cantor); "La Serenata," (Braga), with cello obligato by Mr. Stevens. Mrs. Hord will sing at Ebell Hall next Thursday afternoon, taking selections from the new composer, Ruthven Lang.

The new Ladies' Philharmonic Orchestra is rapidly filling up to the full limit of fifty members. In order to preserve the true balance and symmetry of a complete concert or symphony orchestra, membership will necessarily be restricted to the number mentioned.

The rehearsals are progressing very satisfactorily under the exceptionally able direction of Madame Martinez, and great things may be expected from the new organization in the not very distant future.

Several hundred people availed themselves of the "open house" at the Blanchard building Monday evening, and in the art gallery with its hundreds of lights illumining the pictures and in the cosy studios so hospitably opened to whoever might come, the visitors were entertained most delightfully. For the greater part of the evening an orchestra stationed in the Ruskin Art Club room at the end of the art gallery completed the artistic atmosphere with a number of selections. Quite a number of the musicians and artists of the building received in their studios, an attention that will make these monthly receptions exceedingly popular as they become known to the public.

Some amusing remarks are made by well-meaning but uncultured folks who are anxious to make an impression. One chic looking girl whisked up to J. Bond Francisco and gushingly said "Oh, you don't know how much I have enjoyed looking at your pictures. While I know nothing of painting, still I consider myself quite a critic," etc. And Bond smilingly bowed his appreciation (?).

In another instance an old lady timidly asked Mr. Blanchard "where can I find that morning sunset my daughter told me about." Mr. Blanchard considerately showed her a moonlight scene as being most nearly suitable to her expectations.

A great deal of interest is being manifested in the entertainment, "In a Persian Garden," which will be given at the Arlington Hotel tonight. Among the local talent who will take part in the affair are, Miss Edith Wadsworth, Miss Marion E. B. Titt, Mr. Clifford Loang and Robert Fulton. After the musical, dancing will be indulged in.—Santa Barbara Independent, Oct. 27.

The following list of ladies will be patronesses for the Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club concert, November 8th, at Blanchard Hall:

Mmes. Harrison Gray Otis, Fred Eaton, H. F. M. Strong, Oliver P. Posey, Ozro W. Childs, John F. Frances, Frank M. Kelsey, H. M. Sale, David Brainard Dewey, J. Ross Clark, William S. Hook, Albert Carlos Jones, W. P. Furrey, John Jay Fiken, Gilbert Edmond Overton, C. Modini Wood, M. T. Allen, Thomas J. Fleming, Charles Forman, C. T. Bicknell, R. J. Waters, W. H. Bonsall, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Charles Monroe, W. L. Graves, William J. Hawkes, Arthur Braly, Charles B. Boothe, Charles J. Ellis, W. B. Scarborough, T. E. Gibbon, B. F. Johnson, Stephen M. White, Mark Sibley Severance, Walter B. Cline, Telfair Creighton, E. F. C. Klokke, Robert N. Howell, Frank W. Burnett; Miss Fairchild, Miss Helen Fairchild, Miss Echo Allen, Miss Forman, Miss Guileta Workman.

EDWARD SPALDING WARREN

Mr. Edwin Clark, Miss Addie Meek and Mrs. Powell will give a recital at Whittier State school some time this month, which will be enjoyed by several hundred of the State's wards.

There was a large attendance at the Union Sunday-school orchestra rehearsal Saturday evening, and the young people have become greatly interested in the undertaking.

Among the members of the American colony in Berlin are Mr. James Ray, a former pupil of Edwin Clark, who is with Clark's old master, Herr Hagemeister; H. G. Cox and Miss Ellsworth Dungan, who was well known here two years ago as a pianist and accompanist. Mr. Clark received a program of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra this week bearing the signatures of the students mentioned and containing some interesting news regarding the great artists of Europe and the "Kaiser's Orchestra." Josef Rebicek succeeds Herr Herfurth as orchestra director, placing him in the most valued position in Europe. Barth, the pianist, Wirth, violin, and Hausmann, 'cello, who announced three concerts under the auspices of the Berlin Philharmonic for October 27th, November 30th and January 11th. The first program will contain a trio by Mendelssohn; sonata by Chopin, Op. 65, piano, violin, chello; Beethoven trio, Op. 97. The second will consist of trio by Volkmann, Op. 5; sonata, Brahms, for piano and violin and trio by Schumann, Op. 63, while the third will be more varied: trio, Beethoven, Op. 1, No. 2; quintette, Brahms, serenade, Mozart, two violins, viola, 'cello, bass and two horns.

Valentine Abt

Valentine Abt, who is recognized as the greatest living mandolinist, was born at Allegheny, Pa., June 12th, 1873. His first lessons were upon the violin, upon which he made rapid progress, and had he continued on that instrument would, beyond a doubt, have made a corresponding mark in the violin world.

Abt has appeared in concert in all of the large Eastern cities, and has always created unbounded enthusiasm. As a performer, Valentine Abt excels in all particulars, the principal features of his playing being the use of double stops and chords in all keys and positions, the duet style of playing (carrying the melody and accompaniment at the same time.)

The Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club of Pasadena will be heard for the first time in Los Angeles. Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord, soprano, will sing. Miss Mary O'Donoughue will accompany. Mr. Clarence Stevens, cello, and F. Y. Chapin, harp, will assist the mandolin club. Edward Spaulding Warren is the director.

"If I give you a quarter," said the old lady, kindly, "what assurance have I that you will not immediately go off and get intoxicated?" "Madame," replied the polite tramp, "it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to demonstrate to you that it isn't enough for the purpose."—Chicago Post.

"Bill," said the younger man, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bear." The old man, rubbing his eyes, loked the stranger over, and said: "Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes the bear's had 'em."—Ainslee's.

Attorney (sternly)—The witness will please state if the prisoner was in the habit of whistling when alone. Witness—I don't know. I was never with the prisoner when he was alone.

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Anecdotes

Of Tom Ochiltree, Andy Curtin and Tom Corwin

BY BEN C. TRUMAN

THE truest Bohemian I have ever met was Tom Ochiltree of Texas, who was burned out of "house and home" at the Windsor Hotel fire in New York on Saint Patrick's Day last. I first met him in Wasnington in 1880, and in 1886 became well acquainted with him in New York, for we went to the theater quite often and afterwards visited the Hoffman bar-room, where Harry Edwards, John McCullough, Joe Howland, Shanks or Townsend were sure to happen in.

I had heard much of Tom Ochiltree from 1881 to 1886, so much so that I had set him up as a phantom. I had read his correspondence in the New York papers, which touched always on the race track, politics, the club house and the stage. He had the facile diction of George Augustus Sala and the pictorial cleverness of George Alfred Townsend. He was as popular then in journalistic, dramatic, political, and sporting circles as he has been since in Congress, among the scientists, statesmen, sages, and great soldiers of the world who know him so well. He had then the same sense of color in description and enchanting style of narrative which makes him the delight of club-rooms and social circles, and it was doubtless his artistic aptitude of illuminating his speech with rainbows that caused Mrs. Langtry to say that he was one of the most agreeable Americans she had met. The American mule, the Chicago girl's feet, the young girl with an appetite for ice-cream, the solitary oyster in a church-fair stew, the irate father who set bulldogs on young men who sit up after 11 o'clock with their girls, the spring poet who is regularly dashed to pieces by the superior editor, and all the other standard and rather hackneyed comedy of the press paled before what Tom Ochiltree was made to say and do. One unlucky day for my Red Ranger of the Rio Grande John Chamberlain named a horse after him. The horse proved to be a famous one, and that settled it. Tom Ochiltree was made to catch the biggest fish; to pronounce oracularly on the chances of Presidential candidates; to explore Central Africa; to fight Jem Mace in the St. Charles bar-room; to win fabulous sums of money from English noblemen at draw-poker; to tell laughable stories on himself and other people; to rescue ladies from the surf at Long Branch—in fact, was seized upon by all the newspapers to say or do anything funny or eccentric or sensational, without the smallest regard to where he might be or what he might really think about the subject in hand.

This was the phantom Tom Ochiltree that I had set up.

But this was not Tom Ochiltree at all. The real Tom is not a blathersklte, nor does he draw the long bow so much as to endanger its utility. He is stout and carries with him a stomach that has been treated generously, so generously, indeed, that his feet groan out against it. His broad, full-fronted head, wide between the eyes, is crowned with a thick, almost unmanageable, growth of fiery red hair, upon which is always perched the latest and most expensive style of hat. He has a funny cast of the eye—I've forgotten which eye—and of course I haven't got him on my desk along with Webster's Unabridged, Hayden's Dates, and other works of reference. Whichever eye, though, it is it expresses a deal of wit and humor, and sarcastic observation when he is engaged in conversation. The Hon. Tom is distinguished for possesssing the aplomb, not to say the audacity, of Lucifer himself. I never heard of his being disconcerted but once in his life. Then he accosted a lady, whom he knew only by name, sitting with her escort at a theatre, and, noticing her look of surprise, said:

"I hope you have not forgotten me Miss ———? Don't you remember, Mr. B. introduced me to you at ———?"

The reply was rather disconcerting. She said in a frigidly polite tone:

"No, I do not remember it. Mr. B. does some very queer things, and has perhaps as much effrontery as I have heard attributed to Mr. Ochiltree, but he has never had the hardihood to do that."

The Hon. Tom is always neatly, and, in fact, richly dressed. He is a really brilliant conversationalist, has traveled a great deal, and has without exaggeration met the very best people in London and Paris. Sam Ward was once the most popular American in London, but Tom Ochiltree was very much liked and sought after. He is a good judge of a horse, a book, a cigar, a bottle of wine, a picture, the lines of a yacht, or a tenderloin a la Chateaubriand. In short, Tom Ochiltree is well up in all that pleasant agglomeration of ways and words and savoir faire which go to the making of an agreeable man of the world.

Fourteen years ago Andy Curtin, the old war Governor of Pennsylvania, spent nearly an entire winter at the Palace hotel, San Francisco; and although the old man had "sworn off," he occasionally took a whisky sour or a toddy or two, and then he would entertain in reminiscent tale as few men could. I remember one of his stories, one evening, after a Federal officer had regaled us with some of his desperate encounters and hair-breadth escapes.

Picture to yourself this tall, scant old gentleman, speaking slowly and quietly till warmed up with his subject, when his voice deepens and his whole manner changes so that he holds the closest attention of his hearers—impressing all of us as a man possessed of more than ordinary powers as a politician, who certainly comes very close to being a statesman as well. His account of the difficulties that pertained to the duties of his position at the time that the government first resorted to a conscription was interesting, and the tribute which followed to the men who volunteered was of course very gratifying to all of us. But it was when he supplemented a warning to those present to take care as the years roll on not to fall into the not uncommon failing of old soldiers claiming all the laurels of the entire war for their own brigades, regiments and companies, by a little story that he got in his sarcastic work. This story was of an old Pennsylvania townsman of the Governor's who had served in the war of the Revolution as a wagon master. As years rolled on this person used to expatiate upon his personal services at the battle of Monmouth (his single action of moment) until he sat in the village store one night, after several accepted invitations to drink, he told in this wise: "In that fearful day at Monmouth, although entitled to a horse, I fought on foot. With each blow I severed an Englishman's head from his body, until a huge pile of heads lay around me, great pools of blood on eitner side and my shoes were so full of the same dreadful fluid that my feet slipped beneath me. Just then I felt a touch upon my shoulder and looking up who should I behold but the great and good Washington himself. Never shall I forget the dignity of his presence, as pressing his hand upon me, he said, 'My young man restrain yourself and for heaven's sake do not make a slaughter-house of yourself.' "

The shouts of laughter from our little crowd showed that Andy had made his point.

Among the galaxy of great men in Washington just prior to and during the Civil War Tom Corwin of Ohio stood head and shoulders above many, intellectually; and all visitors to the National Capital for the first time wanted Tom Corwin pointed out. Thomas Corwin had a wonderful fund and sense of humor, and many of his jests have gone into history. His power of making people laugh he deprecated as his greatest enemy, and shortly before he died he said he feared "men would remember him only as a jester." His remarks upon this subject were humorous, and there is hardly an old friend of Corwin who cannot repeat one or more of them. Once, it is said, a young man asked him how he should act to become like Corwin. Mr. Corwin replied: "Young man, be serious. If I had been serious I might have been President, but now I am nothing but Corwin."

At another time, after a remarkably humorous speech, in which he had kept the audience for hours in shouts of laughter, he was noticed sitting in his room musing with a very sad expression on his wonderfully mobile face. Being asked for his thoughts he replied: "The world will always honor the teacher and despise the clown. Would to God I had never cracked a joke; but now every one expects me to be funny, and I am forced to do so."

Tom Corwin died with a joke on his lips. The story has been told before, but it is probably forgotten. He had just returned from Mexico, where President Lincoln had sent him as United States Minister, and he was giving his views of the country to a crowd who had gathered around. He was especially addressing his remarks to an old friend, and a lull had occurred in the conversation. At this he had turned to this friend, whose hair had grown remarkably thin within a few years, and said: "I am sorry, Major, to see that you are growing bald."

"Yes," replied the Major, "but that does not matter. You know Caesar was bald."

"As for that," returned Corwin, "Caesar had fits." While the crowd was laughing at this retort, Mr. Corwin was struck with paralysis, and shortly after died.

My First Rhinoceros

BY WM. HARVEY BROWN.

I HAD established my chief camping place for six weeks of hunting near the limestone caverns of Sinoia, in Mashonaland. Engaging some guides and carriers, I made my way straight to the Ongwa river.

At dawn on the third morning before I had risen and dressed my black boys ran to my tent excitedly exclaiming, in subdued tones: "Inyamazona, inyamazona;" meaning, "Game, game!"

I looked across the flat in front of our camp and saw a huge rhinoceros walking leisurely along.

This was game indeed. Delaying only to put on my shoes, I snatched up my rifle and bandolier and ran up the river to head him off. Slipping cautiously around to the place I expected my rhinoceros to pass, I peered over the rise and down the flat. But there was no rhinoceros in sight.

Turning around, I was astonished to see him staring at me not two hundred yards away. For a moment it seemed as if some antediluvian monster had been suddenly resurrected. The animal looked as large as an elephant, just as my two English friends had said.

The native carriers traveling behind me at once dropped into depressions in the ground and concealed themselves. Taking cover behind mounds of earth, I finally reached an ant heap within a hundred yards of the great beast, which now came out of the bush into the open.

I took aim at his right shoulder as he was walking obliquely toward me but evidently did not pull as quickly as I should, for the bullet entered his side.

To my astonishment that mountain of flesh immediately jumped up and down like a bucking horse, and then he ran in a circle as if chasing his tail. As soon as he began these antics my natives bolted for the timber, where they could climb trees.

The rhinoceros now came charging toward us, puffing like a steam engine. I thought he was going to run by me, so I lay quiet, intending to give him a shot as he went past, but the first thing I knew he was coming straight for me. Evidently he had perceived my head above the mound.

When twenty steps away I gave him a shot in the chest and had barely time to jump to one side before he ran over the mound, stepping on the very spot where I had been lying.

He swung around to charge me at short range, and as he turned I shot him through the lungs at four paces. Then he rushed straight forward for a hundred yards, but suddenly changing his mind he wheeled around and once more started toward me. He had advanced only a few steps, however, when he fell dead.

I ran up to him, jumped on his side, danced a griffin's jig and gloated over him in the most approved fashion. For one can kill his first rhinoceros but once.—From "On the South African Frontier." (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Ring up Main 1053 and order the GRAPHIC, 25 cents a month.

Affairs. The Possibilities of an Industrial Exposition

LOS ANGELES is to have an industrial exposition and fortunate will the city be if it chances that the committee in charge is able to hit upon a plan worthy of Los Angeles and the tributary country. The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, which has assumed the responsibility of and taken the initial steps toward, the exposition, certainly is representative of brain power enough to make a success of the venture, if it enters on the task with spirit and originality.

It would seem that a better title than Industrial Exposition might be devised. The world is surfeited with expositions, and the word has come to be suggestive of such mammoth enterprises that anything Los Angeles could do would be expected to fall far short of the idea now connected with industrial shows bearing that title, and we cannot afford to be put in the light of a child parading in its parents' garments, especially when the child itself is so presentable in its normal habiliments.

But while Southern California cannot present an exposition on a mammoth scale, it has, even in its industrial life, picturesqueness certain to appeal to all possible visitors, if that is made the dominating idea in the entertainment. We are not a peculiar people, but we have a peculiar land and peculiar industries, from the standpoint of all other sections of the Republic. A corn exposition may have some novelties, but after all it is suggestive of brute force rather than of romanticism or picturesqueness. But when the stranger looks on the orange, lemon, olive, fig; when his attention is called to the search for gold, silver, copper, lead, his mind is carried away with thoughts that border on the romantic, even though the same natural laws govern the production of corn and oranges, and even though the coal mines, suggestive of power and dirt, are conducted on much the same plan as the gold mines which arouse day dreams of vast riches.

But aside from the exhibits for the benefit of the stranger, there is a great field for the instruction of ourselves in such an exposition as we might make. The citrus fairs of a few years ago, while they were never attended as they should have been, did a great work in educating the people of this city to the requirements of the country, and there is always a danger that the city and its tributary country may grow apart in ideas and sympathies. The orange grower, as he became more familiar with his industry, felt that he had less to learn from the citrus fairs, and they were at last abandoned. And yet it seems certain that this was a mistaken idea, for the industry is one in which new ideas are continuously being presented, and the various districts have much to gain by coming in touch with one another, while the people of the cities need the exhibits to maintain their sympathy with the country, and the country needs that sympathy.

If a good display of citrus fruits could be gotten together again in this city, what a wonderful improvement would be noticeable over the displays of a decade ago, when but three or four localities were able to display fancy fruit, and when even those sections were shipping less than a quarter as much fruit as they now are. Then the great majority of sections which were producing oranges sent to the fairs fruit which is not now to be duplicated, and if it could be, would not go to market. Better care, the cleansing of orchards, budding to better varieties, has been going on until there is not a section turning out oranges which is not within close touch of the district producing the best. What a magnificent display of the fruit could now be made, and what a wide area of country would enter into the competition!

But with the oranges would come a display of other fruits which would be astonishing. When the last citrus fair was held, California lemons were almost a curiosity to the majority of orange growers themselves, and but few of them could tell the difference between a citron and grape fruit. That is a condition forgotten in the past decade, and with the oranges and deciduous fruits would be displayed, as a common-place product, lemons and grape fruit, now known in every citrus fruit section.

It is rather notable that when the last citrus fair was held, the exhibit was kept down to fruits and vegetables principally because they represented about the entire production of this section of the State. Never have we had a fair in Southern California in which the mining, oil or dairy interests had any considerable space allotted to them. Ten years ago the mining interests were in the dormant condition which came after the closing down of the silver mines and before the opening of gold mines. The oil industry existed, but on so small a scale as to attract very little attention. There were many heads of cattle on the ranges, but the dairy industry was insignificant. These three great industries are the growth of the past decade.

Few people comprehend the magnitude of the mines of this section. Not only is Southern California supplying half of the world with borax, not only is it sending out soda and salt in immense quantities, but the gold production is mounting up year after year until it now amounts to millions per annum, and the outlook for increased production is now considered better than ever before, while capital is steadily becoming less timid.

The nearest approach to a boom Southern California has had for a decade is now on in the oil industry. Wells are being sunk in a dozen or more districts in the State, a large portion of which are in the southern counties. The output is running into the millions, if not the tens of millions of dollars per annum, and no person can tell where the end is to be. The cheap fuel for which the State has been longing for years has been found. The speculative fever is rising daily, and every inhabitant of Southern California is, or at least ought to be, anxious to learn more of this new and great industry.

But not less important than mining or development of oil, or than the fruit industry itself, is the great dairy industry which is growing up in Southern California, the output of which promises in another decade to exceed in value that of any other industry. It is coming so gradually that it is as yet attracting little attention to itself, but it has reached such proportions that it should be given attention by every organization and individual interested in the growth of the country. The butter, cheese and condensed milk exhibit at the coming exposition should be one of the leading attractions.

And then, beyond all these, there is another industry, more mysterious than all, which like the three great industries just mentioned, is almost exclusively the growth of a decade. This is electric development by harnessing the mountain streams of Southern California. What is there more wonderful than the fact that houses are lighted, street cars propelled, machinery driven, in this city by the force of the waters of the San Gabriel or Santa Ana river, the latter more than eighty miles away? What are the possibilities of a display of electricity thus generated?

Southern California has had fairs heretofore, but not in recent years, and if the people of this section of the State throw themselves into this venture, they will surprise the visitor not half as much as they will themselves by the wonderful possibilities and achievements of their country. We do not know Southern California. We each go about our daily duties, thinking nothing and caring little for what our neighbors are doing, and we need, for our own good, to pause long enough to take an invoice of our possessions. E. F. HOWE.

It was on the day of the Jewish new year. A man with a pronounced proboscis was being brushed at a boot-black stand. He handed the Italian the customary nickel, whereupon the latter inquired, "You notta a Jewda?" "No," replied the customer; "why do you ask?" "Because, on de holiday we always charga de ten centa."

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In the Gay Life

ONCE, when Otheman Stevens was the editor of a paper and I was "doing" society, or what the people around the office call slush, I said to him, "I haven't a thing to write about this week, what shall I do?" "Oh, write anything," he said. "You needn't worry to dig up anything too deep for society, you know, they wouldn't understand it if you did. No use trying to be an Addison, &c., &c., &c." That speech, or the gist of it, was the unmaking of me for depth of literary attainments, so here goes for this week, for which the above is an apology. I suppose Mr. Stevens knew what he was talking about.

The town is full of President Wheeler. I had never heard of him before or that it was the proper thing to call a man President in that way, as if he were the President of the United States, but everybody is talking about him and telling of the witty things he said at that banquet at the Van Nuys the other night. We need that kind of thing here, and it is quite commendable that Los Angeles should turn itself loose as it did to hear them, even if they did come high. At the Blanchard Hall on Thursday night there was another crowd to meet him and he left soon after. I should think the way we behaved all through would have been a "delightful surprise" to him, especially as he is really only a president of a university.

I dare say that wedding of Miss Graves and Mr. Strong was a very fine affair. I do not know the young lady very well, but I remember being particularly charmed with her and her appearance, and especially her voice one time when she sang in public on one of the occasions that Mrs. Kempton gave a pupils' musicale. She did sing beautifully and I think a great many of her friends learned then for the first time what a fine voice she possessed. The applause was tremendous. She is a young bride—in fact, both the young people are young—and society has been greatly interested. One of the papers stated that the marriage took place under a floral umbrella; perhaps another calls it a canopy and another will be likely to call it most anything under heaven. However an umbrella has rather a good signification, "weather" it was intended so or not—shows the young people were prepared at once for the proverbial rainy day.

A number of society people on their way to the Orpheum the other night on a street car were talking about some of the young men here who had gone to the Klondyke, and then the whole car began to talk at once about Mr. Harold Butler, who went a year ago last January, I think, and who has been doing so well. From what I heard and from what I know the young man and his family are to be congratulated, not so much for what he has accomplished, and that is not a little, but for the pluck he has shown throughout. He went at the time there was that fracas with the transportation companies and when there were all sorts of splits. (I do not know what to call them, for I am not particularly posted on what they really were.) Any way he carried his own luggage all the way across country on his back and endured all kinds of hardships. Fancy it! For a young man who always seemed the petted darling kind, and who from casual acquaintanceship appeared to be born with patent leathers for the express purpose of dancing attendance on all sorts of social functions! It has surprised everybody, not that he endured the hardships spoken of, but that he went on and on and would not give up or give in and was prepared for more. Bravo! The first winter he literally paved his own way, built his own cabin and sawed his own wood. Now I hear he has all his wood ready for this winter, and still he sticks. In the meanwhile he has laid away a few claims that he thinks will amount to something, and while they are amounting he is working on the side with some large business concern in West Dawson. I always did say that blood tells. The young gentleman is what the French call "born." There are still a great many people about that old stand-by town, Philadelphia, who remember his parents and grandparents well. His parents came out here for this climate before he was born, but old Philadelphians, and there are a good many in this town, will remember the section around Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, where his grandparents lived and where an aunt of his who married one of the Quaker City's most famous physicians, Dr. Reed, still resides.

Speaking of Philadelphia reminds me—of several things. A Los Angeles paper stated that when Philadelphia heard it was not to have Dewey it just rolled over and went to sleep again. Well, if it did, that's not so bad. Some towns won't even wake up.

It is astonishing in going about how many persons one meets who have lived in Philadelphia at some time or other. There are a number of society women here who have had it for a home at least once in their lives. I was going to write this up last winter when I was back—way back East, as people from Iowa say—but I didn't feel like it. I might have made a hit. There is Mrs. O. W. Childs. She went to school in Philadelphia; Mrs. Otheman Stevens was born there, and I think so was Mrs. Bradner Lee. At any rate she lived there some time. Mrs. Stephen M. White was educated in a convent down in the old aristocratic quarter of the town; Mrs. Wilbur Parker received part of her education in some high-class school in the same vicinity, and there are others that I can't think of just now—besides the Butlers I spoke of before, Mrs. Butler's family name being Hughes. It is very pleasant to meet people from the good old city, and we all think it is not such a bad place, even if it is caught in a sound sleep once in a while.

Dear me! What is the use of writing society—when there are other things to write about and when the daily papers are getting so unreliable it is not safe to copy from them. Every paper tells its own story and they are all different. It is realy only a matter of heads or tails which to take. One says Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Thom have gone East, another states Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Thom have gone to the Abbotsford Inn. The Graphic says positively that they are at the Abbotsford Inn. It would be nice for those reporters—those horrid reporters, you know—to form a combine or a trust or something of that kind. If they do not it will come to such a pass that there will really be no more society at all in the gay life.

Miss O'Connell, niece of Bishop O'Connell, who has been the guest of Mrs. V. Ponet, entertained her friends with a musicale on Monday evening previous to her departure for San Francisco. Miss O'Connell is a finished artist on the piano and a social favorite here.

Charles W. Wilson of Pasadena, a popular attache of the Santa Fe freight office, was married to Miss Nevada Sisson at Louisiana, Mo., October 26. They will be at home at 320 Center street, Pasadena, after November 10th.

A well-known newspaper man, Mr. L. L. Carpenter of the Times, returned from the East Wednesday with his bride, who was the belle of Lansing, Michigan.

Captain and Mrs. Thom and family have become guests at the Abbotsford Inn for the winter. The two young men of the family, Cameron and Catesby, fresh from their experience as warriors in the Philippines, will contribute in a great measure to the social life of the hotel.

The Hotel Palms is forging right ahead in the front of the procession. On Saturday evening last Manager Fryman gave a delightful tally-ho party to his guests and the races were attended and places of interest visited. On Tuesday evening a Hallowe'en party was given in the hotel parlors. The hotel has been well filled and people have been turned away for a month past.

Out of feeling for the bride and her family I will not advertise the names of the parties in the latest scandal to more people than are already acquainted with the facts of the scene at the wedding. What a place to exhibit temper and bad breeding! The "talk" on the episode is all sympathy for the sweet young bride, and the groom is branded politely as a chump, and when men express themselves it sounds much stronger.

Good Things

By the score are being prepared for the GRAPHIC. Among the new writers whose work will shortly appear are Hon. JAMES BRICE, member of the British Parliament; FRED. A. OBER, traveler and naturalist; CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, who is well known hereabouts; OLIVE THORNE MILLER, the well known writer on bird life; MARY LOWE DICKINSON, author and lecturer; and—we will tell you more next week.

A Royal Present

IT is the custom of Eastern potentates to give their visitors all that they may praise, or seem to like.

Sir Reginald Pounceby-Pounceby called on the Sultan of Muzzemore when he was shooting in the district, and stopped to admire the big gate.

"Beautiful!" he said.

Half an hour afterwards he found two great niggers struggling to open his portmanteau.

An elephant, passing, attracted his attention. It was mad with rage and was trampling a way through the market place.

"Fine elephant," said the Sultan.

"Splendid beast," said Sir Reginald.

"It is yours," said the Sultan simply.

Sir Reginald gasped, but thanked royalty for it means war to refuse a gift.

"My chief wife," said the Sultan, as a heap of flesh waddled into the chamber. It is etiquette to praise all things belonging to the Sultan, so Sir Reginald was in a fix. If he did not praise her he knew that assassination would follow; if he did she would be his.

"You no like her?" said the Sultan suspiciously.

"D——d fine woman," said Sir Reginald in desperation.

"She is yours," said the Sultan, pushing her across. She waddled over and sat on Sir Reginald's knee, 217 pounds of plumpness, rising sixty.

"Thanks," gasped Sir Reginald, and presently he made his adieu, leaving a fine double-barreled gun and a few knick-knacks behind.

Then came the puzzle what to do with the lady. His wife would object, and besides the lady was neither young nor beautiful. A brilliant thought struck him.

He had two young lion cubs, a spotted snake, several deer, and a tame buffalo. So giving these, and the Sultaness, to his shipping agents, he told them to forward them to the address on the following letter in which he wrote to a popular European prince:

"Sir:—Permit me to send you a few curious animals collected during my expedition in Sohokoto, and beg your acceptance of the same. They are two lion cubs, a buffalo, seven deer, one snake, and one old cat."

This is a true story, and it is sad and not funny. American papers are requested to name no names. —Pick-Me-Up.

Jack—"Does he put much feeling into his singing?" Tom—"You bet. Why, when he sang his 'Drinking Song' last night the whole audience got the delirium tremens."—Indianapolis Journal.

Farmer (to young thief)—"What are you doing under the tree with that apple? Bright Boy—"I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple which, I see, has fallen down."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Women's Clubs

"All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women."—Voltaire

Ancient Sculptors at the Ruskin Art

AT their regular meeting Wednesday morning the Ruskin Art club had as their honored guest Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California. The lesson, which was upon the sculpture of Skopas, Praxiteles and Lysippos, was in charge of Mrs. W. A. Driscoll and Mrs. Jean M. Bowers. The members were very much enthused and encouraged by Mr. Wheeler, who very kindly assisted in the lesson. Next week the lesson will be under the direction of Mrs. H. G. Brainard and Mrs. F. H. Snowden. They will take up Hellenistic sculpture from the death of Alexander to the destruction of Corinth.

Science and History at East Los Angeles

THE current events section of the Wednesday Morning club of East Los Angeles held its regular meeting Monday afternoon. Mrs. E. E. Newman had as a subject for a very interesting talk the South Pole Theory. Miss Allison Barlow had a paper on wireless telegraphy, and Mrs. Edella Elder and Miss Christine Benson gave very instructive accounts of the results of Tripler's experiments with liquid air. The afternoon closed with a paper on physiology and a discussion of the Katipunan society the Grotius celebration and the Jamison movement.

Women for Insane Hospital Physicians

AT the regular meeting of the La Jolla Woman's club, San Diego county, the club voted to join the California club of San Francisco, in an appeal for women as physicians in the insane hospitals.

San Diego Club Discusses Literature

THE paper before the San Diego club last week was given by Mrs. Mrs. D. P. Hale on "Prominent Works in Modern Fiction." An analysis of Kipling's "Captain Courageous," Wescott's "David Harum," and Beatrice Harraden's "The Fowler" was given in a very entertaining way by Mrs. Hale. In the discussion which followed the members were requested to give short talks on books they severally admired the most. The club had for a guest Mr. P. G. Atteus, the traveler and explorer, who is now making a tour of the world afoot. He told much of interest that he had seen in Switzerland, and also made a few remarks in modern classic Greek. Readings then followed from "David Harum" by Miss Dickson. The club discontinued its meeting this week to attend the county federation, which was held in San Diego at Unity church.

Gathered Here and There

THE remark was recently made that women have more time to read and cultivate their minds, and consequent upon this fact is it not going to make a wide difference between men and women in their ideas, tastes, etc. Under the head of Over the Club-Woman's Teacups in the Woman's Home Companion Mrs. Knobe has said, "Some folks who say the 'mixed' club, that is, the club for both men and women, is to be the club of the future ought to be encouraged by the Countess of Aberdeen's recent remark, speaking before the great International Council of Women at London, 'Are not these societies confined to one sex dividing the life of the race in a way not intended by Nature or God?' Whether or not the club man and the club woman will mix and make up, it is interesting to know a number of men are members of the Iowa Federation of Women's clubs. They are associate members of a woman's club, and when it was admitted to state membership the men incidentally came in for this unusual distinction."

Mrs. May Wright Lowell, president of the International Council, has said, "There is no theory among women that cultivation will give woman ma n's power; it but develops her as man's companion in the work of the world."

Industrial Schools for Girls

THE club women of the State Federation of New York are industriously agitating the question of industrial schools for girls which shall be more on the line of the manual schools for boys. Up to this time there has been nothing but reformatories where a girl might learn a trade by which she could become self-supporting. In order to enter these schools the applicant must be arrested upon a criminal charge and committed like an ordinary criminal, and is forced to associate with all grades of viciousness.

It is a strange fact that while there is no school for the prevention of degradation of girls there are nearly a hundred to take care of her afterward. It is conceded by the most dull that the old adage still holds, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the most intelligent women of the State have therefore taken the matter in hand.

It is not sought to make this a State charity, but to place it on the same basis as the free public schools, with the exception that distance will make it necessary for the majority of the students to live at the school, and a mere nominal charge will be made for board. As in all educational institutions, the federation will encourage the plan of bestowing scholarships as awards upon deserving pupils.

A Riverside Meeting

AMONG the most important and prosperous clubs of Southern California is the Woman's club of Riverside, of which Mrs. Elizabeth Darling is president and Mrs. Sadie Keith corresponding secretary. The same line of work is taken up that is being pursued in the Wednesday Afternoon and Ebell clubs in this city. Besides their classes in music, art, current events and Shakespeare they have a home and philanthropy section. At the meeting of the review and current events class last week, which is under the leadership of Mrs. A. Rhoda Rouse, a very interesting paper had been prepared and was read by Mrs. Sadie Keith on the subject of Samoa. Samoa has long been a bone of contention among Germany, Great Britain and the United States. A general outline was given of the habits and disposition of the Samoan people; of the government, of the productions of the island; also of its peculiar interest to us as the home of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mrs. Vandegrift gave a very instructive sketch of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. She dwelt on the early education, and of the the talent which showed itself in his first literary productions. His essays rank the highest of all his works.

A review of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" was given by Mrs. Alkire. Pasages from this wonderful production were read.

Mrs. Filkins read a paper on Mr. Stevenson's views on "Realism and Fiction." Realism is depicting things as they appear, as opposed to romanticism. Among the many thoughts brought out was the thought that realism was the true mark to satisfy the nameless longings of the soul. That fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child. It was not meant to convince, but to enchant. Something tangible and real was Stevenson's ideal in art.

Hallowe'en at Pasadena

THE social event of the week was the Hallowe'en reception given by the club to its friends. The whole affair was fragrant of the legends of the evening. The dim lights of candles cast a dreamy glow through the rooms, and the subdued strains of an hidden orchestra seemed almost unreal. Two ancient colonial lanterns and numerous jack-o'-lanterns, with their wide-spreading grins, most effectively illuminated the art hall. The decorations were unique and most artistic throughout the rooms, brilliant red and yellow chrysanthemums combining with cranberries, apples, grapes and other fruit, to give a distinctiveiy Hallowe'en air to the whole place.

The friends of the club members turned out in force, some one hundred and fifty guests enjoying the hospitality of the ladies. When refreshments were served, the Hallowe'en cookies each contained a tiny ring, a button pin, or some other appropriate token. The apples, nuts and raisins added to the fun of the evening, as the young people roasted their chestnuts in the great open fire, threw apple parings over their shoulders hoping to see the favored initial, and counted with great zest the seeds in the apples named for some especial friend.

The reception lasted from eight to ten, and in all its details was an artistic and happy function.

Counting the People by Machinery

OUR first census, made in 1795, showed the population of the United States to be five million, and the count cost Uncle Sam, who was comparatively poor then, one cent for each person. It is estimated that the twelfth census, to be made in June, 1900, will show that our people number seventy-five million, and that the item of clerk hire, in the Census Bureau alone, will exceed five million dollars. Clifford Howard, writing of "How the Next Census Will Be Taken," in the November Ladies' Home Journal, says that "although the work of enumeration will be completed by the first of July, it will probably be two or even three months later before the last of the schedules are received at the Census Office; for not only must they all be first examined by the supervisors, but in many cases they will probably require revision because of some error or informality. The actual counting of the people will not be done until the schedules are turned into the Census Office. The enumerators simply gather the facts, and the office force in Washington does the counting and the compiling, which is done by electricity. In one hundred days all the facts relating to seventy-five million people will be tabulated."

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NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulations the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

THERE are some questions or every day problems which may not he of such overwhelming importance to the sterner sex as was the outcome of that $8000 race last Saturday or the probale final disposition of the Philippines, but which are of the utmost importance to the feminine world, namely: the art of becoming a well-dressed woman. And let me say that if women only realized what significance there is in this, and would ohserve and be a little painstaking, the world would be purer, and these same women would have less to complain of in their own husbands. I have heard it remarked that Los Angeles women are on the whole well dressed, but I was obliged to draw the opposite conclusion from the appearance of some would-be recherche fashionables at the races that week. One of our hest-known society women appeared two afternoons in a most elegant gown of black lace with all the accessories due an elegant reception gown or carriage costume, but exceedingly incongruous with the race track surroundings. To say she was in poor contrast to tbe many elegant tailor-mades is putting it mildly, for she was not only that hut conspicuous and common in all eyes, while at another time her costume would he a rival to any creation of the same degree.

Dress does not always make the woman, it is true. We have been taught in our childhood days and have not forgotten that "Pretty is as pretty does," hut dress often unmakes an otherwise attractive woman. One of the absorbing questions I referred to is this: If a woman wishes to represent the latest mode, but it is unhecoming to her, what is she going to do? There are handsome women who would rather be fashionably ugly than unfashionably handsome. And there are those on the other hand who laugh at costume plates, who dress to suit their own fancy and somehow impress others as thoroughly "up to date." Of course such utter disregard can only he indulged in hy a certain few who have come into this world with a natural taste and tact in this particular and who can realize their own good and bad points, and so cunningly enhance the former and conceal the latter that they produce a most charming impression, no matter what they wear. You have heard some one say no douht of a very pretty and pleasing woman, "Her costume was the most charming creation I ever saw—the colors and style seemed to be absolutely designed for her, they suited her so completely." It was a creation made for her and there you have the secret of her success as a good dresser. It was not a blind following of any set mode but one of her own, which she knew hy long experience to be particularly adapted to her.

A woman should never wear a thing, no matter how stylish or lovely it may be in itself, if it is not becoming. The women who have reputations for being well dressed have invariably learned it through being always hecomingly dressed.

Parisians say that rich foreigners over-dress frightfully. That is only when they slavishly copy the colors and eccentricities of style worn by demi-mondaines, whose aim is to attract attention. A really well-dressed woman, be she French, English or American, wears clothes that are unsensational. Appropriateness is as essential as becomingness.

It is common comment that San Francisco is the tailor-made city, hut I believe that Los Angeles is a good second, and it is in the near future that we will see almost exclusively tailor suits on the women who are obliged to attend to husiness or be on the down-town thoroughfares during the daytime. The woman who wears a simple well-made cloth gown, keeps it scrupulously hrushed, and has a variety of becoming neckwear, a smart hat, good shoes and gloves, well kept complexion and hair, is far more stylish than the young woman, for example, who came to me the other day to ask me to help her to get on the stage. Of course, she had left an elegant home, and her parents objected to the stage. People of the theatre are always told this hy aspirants, with unconscious impertinence.

I have often ohserved this fact that the higher the social position and the greater degree of refinement the simpler the clothes worn. It is true we put large frames to small pictures now, and the majority of the weaker sex like large frames. It is all a matter of taste. Taste is tact, tact is feeling; but we cannot legislate for either.

THE man who aspires to the tip top notch of fashion now carries two watches—one the plain, unvarnished chronometer of the business man, the other an ornamental hybrid, perhaps a comhination of calendar and time piece. This is really only a revival of an ancient custom, as the "modern fop" of 1777 is described as sporting

A lofty cane, a sword witn silver hilt,
A ring, two watches and a snuff hox gilt.

ONLY the softest fabrics are used and never before have such artistic colors and designs been seen. The heavy stiff silk hrocades have vanished into the past, and in their place are the soft, clinging brocades that look as if hand painted. Applique work is used a great deal on these filmy materials for evening gowns. Among the new materials in this line is crepe meteore, which as its name would signify, is a bewildering shadowy effect of many delicate shades. Viole d'Orient is a close rival of mousseline de soie, and is quite as flimsy and heautiful. Crepe de chine, chiffon and liberty silk complete the list of these gauzy and expensive materials.

THE trimmings this season are as extravagant as they are heautiful, which is saying much for their price. They come embroidered, jeweled and spangled, and many novel effects, such as shaped flounces, are introduced.

LATELY there has been considerahle talk about the wane of the pompadour, but it is assured now that the pompadour must go, and the edict has gone forth that women must part their hair in the middle, which means the tearing down of two whole years of hard work that has been necessary to accomplish all that was required in a first-class pompadour.

Collecting Fares by Zones

THE street railways of the German city of Hamhurg are operated by what is called the zone system of collecting fares. By this system the passengers are sold tickets which entitle them to ride a distance of five miles, which is called a zone. For convenience in issuing transfers, this ticket is divided into smaller zones of one-fifth the distance. These smaller zones are marked upon the trolly posts so that the conductor can tell when the limit has been reached, and then he demands a new fare. By this system the passenger knows that he is entitled to ride a distance of five miles, and in case his ticket is not used when he alights, he receives a transfer good for the unused portion of the zone, provided it is used within a definite time. It is claimed that this system is more satisfactory to the public and to the company than the old one in use in other cities.

This plan would he popular on such a line as the Pasadena electric. By the system now in vogue of charging five cents to the city limits and increasing the fare hy a like amount as each corporation is reached, those who wish to make short trips along the line but crossing the city orders are charged a much higher rate than is fair. For instance, the fare to the city boundary at Garvanza in five cents, a distance of nearly seven miles. But should one desire to hoard the car at Lincoln Park and go to Garvanza, a distance of less than half a mile, he is charged ten cents, simply because these two points are located in different municipal corporations. This plan prohibits short trips, which are the most profitable to the company. Under a zone plan, these short trips would come under the five-cent rate, while the through travel would he in no way affected. There is considerable of this local travel which is either compelled to pay exorhitant rates or else walk long distances, and the extra number of nickels the company would get would more than compensate them for the high fares they now exact for short trips. If the company desires to check the tendency of its patrons to join Los Angeles for the purpose of getting low fares, such an equitahle plan of charging would accomplish the purpose.

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About the House

Something About Forks

IT IS not very long that forks have been in use in England, and when they were first introduced their use was ridiculed as an effeminate piece of finery. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays a "fork-carrying traveler" is spoken of with much contempt. An Englishman who had been in Italy, writing in 1611, says: "I observed a custom in all Italian cities that I did not see in any other country of my travels, and that is the use of a forke. It is because the Italians cannot by any means endure to have their meat touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean." Ben Jonson in his "Devil's an Ass," act v, scene 4, joins in the laugh against the effeminate fork:

"Have I deserved this from you, for all my pains at court to get you a patent?"

"For what?"

"Upon my project of the forks."

"Forks! What be they?"

"The laudable use of forks, brought into use as they are in Italy, to the sparing o' napkins."

The Greeks, with all their elegance, were ignorant of forks at table; even Lucullus ate with his fingers. The only mention of "forks" in the Bible is in the Pentateuch, and in this case the "flesh-forks" were evidently intended to take the meat out of the pot. The first historical reference to the use of forks was at the table of John, the good Duke of Burgundy, and he had only two. At that period the "cutting squire," as the carver was called, served to each guest a slice of meat on a piece of bread, which he passed by means of a long-handled fork. It is best not to enquire too closely how the guests ate their food at that epoch.

At one time in France it was customary when a gentleman was invited to dinner to send his servant with his knife, fork and spoon. In case he had no servant he carried them with him in his pocket. To this day in the peasantry of the Tyrol, and of parts of Germany and Switzerland, generally carry a case in their pockets containing a knife, fork and spoon.

Americans are apt to judge of the good or ill breeding of a person by the manner of using the fork; but this is not always a sure sign abroad. Germans often clasp it with a clenched fist, and it is sometimes omitted even by the French. I have seen a lady-in-waiting to a continental queen eat a dinner entirely without the aid of a fork.—What to Eat.

The Virtue of Apples

SOME physicians are like the old minister who exhorted his congregation "to not go to the races; but if they must go, don't bet; but if the devil tempts you so that you cannot resist the temptation, put your money on the big gray mare, which, entre nous, belongs to Deacon Sharp." The physician admonishes his patient to avoid eating before going to bed; but if one must eat, to confine the indulgence to a list which he provides, usually headed with ripe apples. The reasons for the prominence of apples as a pre-slumber refreshment are good. The nutritive value of the apple is about fourteen per cent. Its value consists chiefly in the amount of carbohydrates and vegetable acids it contains. The apple contains also a large amount of phosphorus. Its acids are exceedingly useful through their stimulating influence upon the kidneys, whereby the poisonous products of life's processes are removed from the body and the blood and tissues purified. A ripe apple is digested in about an hour or an hour and a half, whereas a much longer time is required for the digestion of a green one.

Colors in the House Furnishings

THE favorite shades in fall house furnishings are to be green and red. These come in such variety of tints and gradations of self-color that they seem to present the whole gamut of color. From the pale pink to the royal purple, there is an infinite variety of reds, and one is almost bewildered by the array of exquisite greens, coming in a mist-gray effect and deepening and vivifying the variations of this color through olives and myrtles and emeralds. These beautiful tones are not confined to expensive weaves. In carpets, the same purity of tone is to be found in the Brussels and ingrains as distinguish the costly Axminsters and Wiltons. In fact, the higher grades are exactly reproduced in both color and design in the cheaper grades. A refined taste, therefore, is not curtailed by a restricted purse.

My Query

SHE sweetly sleeps, with naught to fear,
A sly mosquito lingers near,
With loving smile,
And all the while,
Is toward her closely creeping.

He soon essays to serenade
This rosy, dimpled, winsome maid,
And sounds a tune,
A weird rune,
While at her coyly peeping.

And still she sleeps; he changes key,
Begins a dreamy rhapsody
Of soft refrains,
And minor strains,
While rythmic action keeping.

He hovers near the pretty face,
The rounded throat, half hid in lace;
Then plants one kiss,
And soon in bliss,
A dozen-fold is reaping.

Pray, who would this sly rover blame?
Would you and I not do the same,
Would we not steal
A kiss with zeal,
If we should find her sleeping.

—ARTHUR MACDONALD DOLE.

What the Prisoner Said

A CELEBRATED Judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied.

"What does he say?" demanded the Judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that ould woman, with the red bed curtain round her, sitting up there?' "

At which everybody present roared.

"And what did you say?" said the Judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's going to hang yez."—Collier's Weekly.

A Hurry Call

A HEAD adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that fitted the beard inquired:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins's?" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Yes."

"Please come to No. 414 High street, just as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street," and the window came down with a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan.

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some forcible remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want; pa and ma is shut up in the foldin'-bed, an' we can't get 'em out."—Collier's Weekly.

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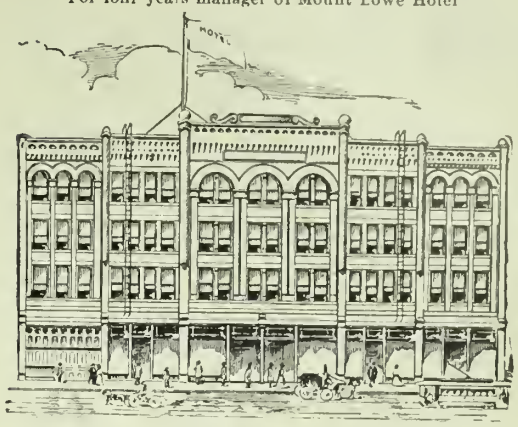

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N. B.—No roughs admitted.

Amusements

IT has gone forth, even to the reception halls of the United States Dramatic Syndicate in New York, that Los Angeles is a "jay town." And, indeed, the statement is far more serious than it sounds, for in theatrical language "a jay town" is technical talk and means volumes to the hooking agent or advance man. Manager Wyatt, of the Los Angeles Theater, is the authority for the statement, and he ought to know, for it cost him just five thousand plunks to become a member of the syndicate, which also requires a bagatelle of $500 a year as booking dues. Mr. Wyatt righteously complains that the people of Los Angeles do not recognize his efforts to mantain a standard theater and present the high class eastern companies, and avers with warmth that he is going to assist in giving the town the kybosh as regards standard attractions, though that condition of affairs is coming fast enough without much help. Viola Allen and company were booked for a week, but Miss Allen will not come with the company as she has learned of the ways of the theater goers, and will send Miss Elsmery in her stead. Sara Bernhardt and De Wolf Hopper have been cancelled because the risk is too great. And so on through a list of the best touring companies of the season.

As an illustration of the disappointing reception the best shows get in Los Angeles it is not necessary to go back farther than last week to "Mlle. Fifi." The comedy played to 300 people, after a run of 150 nights in New York city with the same cast. Then there was the "Sign of the Cross" and "Mistakes Will Happen," two fine plays that nearly went broke whistling for the angels they would naturally expect to find in this Angel city.

So with good reason Manager Wyatt proposes from now on running a popular house as near as possible, light up Sunday nights, and otherwise try to get his fingers on the true pulse of the public.

The next date is "A Breach of Promise," headed by Charles Miller, beginning next Thursday. It played to seventy-five cents in San Francisco, but the price of the best seat in Los Angeles will be made to fit Los Angeles pockets—fifty cents. A number of attractions now booked are liable to cancel at any time, for theatrical people are like sheep—where one breaks, the rest follow.

DID you ever notice that in stageland everybody seems to have plenty of money tied up in little red sacks to hand to faithful servants and followers? Two or three of the blooded folks in "An Enemy of the King" tipped their servitors with these convenient bags, and I have a consuming desire to know just what kind of money they contained, whether gold, silver, copper or just old bent nails from the stage mechanic's tool box. But no matter, there are all sorts of thrilling incidents in the play, and few strong men could sit through the play without shuddering for fear that some of the combative characters might sure enough shove a sword through his fellow actor. And the way Captain Reynolds brandished his carving knife over Miss Hampton's head was enough to make one's evening milk punch turn to kumyss. Miss Hampton has the opportunity to show her artistic abilities in the play. With delicacy she portrays the lighter vein of treachery in woman's nature, then with equal subtlety she presents the outburst of woman's deeper nature of love and its attendant faithfulness. Though we have all learned to love Miss Hampton, it is just a bit lonesome not to see Miss Van Buren in a better part. But it was not in the play, so we must hope that the two young women love each other as much as the public loves the both of them.

I wonder if Frawley thought of the last time he put "An Enemy of the King" on in Los Angeles, when his leading man, Edward Bell, disgraced himself by getting a vulgar "jag on," and upsetting the wine cups all over the floor? Frawley makes a capital Captain Launay. He is as bold as a lion and causes many gloves to patter in his heroic scenes.

Captain Reynolds knows how a wounded man falls from actual experience in the English army, and as a final climax his death is deliciously dramatic.

The play is well mounted, and I am sure they have the same tennis racquet (without strings) that they used some two years ago. And they have developed a new use for the thing—that of catching people by the arm or head.

The death of Montignac seems almost a knell of the death of the Frawley company—in Los Angeles. For next week they play an assortment of the most popular successes of their engagement, and then—good-bye.

IF the vaudeville bill at the Orpheum next week doesn't crack all records for brilliancy, then appearances will be wonderfully deceiving.

There are to be six novelties introduced, and each of these has been used as a feature—note "THE FEATURE"—of New York vaudeville programmes during the past six months.

There is Mlle. Lotty, a woman with form divine whose poses plastique, under gorgeous colored lights, was the sensation of the Lederer's "Great Man in the Man" show in New York for five months.

Wright Huntington and a fine company in one of the cleverest comedies produced in vaudeville —"A Stolen Kiss"—are on the new bill.

Laura Burt, a star in the New York Casino productions during the past year and one of the cleverest women on the stage, high salaried and a mighty magnet, will "do a monologue," as the term is.

Walton's Simians will show the perfection of wild animal training. The monkeys give imitations of the most difficult aerial feats.

Mlle. Erna's musical dogs will constitute another high-class animal act.

Sada, a girl violinist, has made the musical hit of the year in San Francisco, and is said to be the most remarkable young artist in the concert field. She made her debut in vaudeville in San Francisco last month.

Vinie De Witt, the cornetist, and Tom Brown, colored comedian, hold over.

Next Week

We will announce a coming feature of the GRAPHIC that will interest every member of the family—man, woman and child.

Watch for It!

Cues

A DRAMATIC chronicler has startled Miss Julia Arthur by agreeing unequivocally that she "has a fine leg for Hamlet." There is at least the ring of frankness to this assertion.

Charles Hoyt, the well-known dramatist, and Frank McKee, his partner, one of the best known theatrical firms in the world, has or have practically dissolved. After the death of Mr. Hoyt's wife (Caroline Miskel, and she was the second) he seemed to lose interest and let things go any way they pleased.

It will please Orpheum patrons to learn that Lillian Burkhart has engaged True S. James as her leading man. He has made hits in big legitimate productions, and ought to prove more than efficient in his new position.

Frederick Warde is booked for five nights at the Los Angeles theater beginning December 4.

Henry Irving's reappearance in America recalls the following story of his retort to Wilson Barrett, just before Barrett sailed for his first appearance in the United States. It happened in London one day as he was strolling on the Strand, and chanced to run across Irving. They soon became engaged in conversation as to the critical character of American audiences. Irving had already played in this country.

"So you are going to America, are you?" asked Irving.

"Yes, in about a month," was the reply.

"What are you going to play?"

"Claudion, and possibly Hamlet."

"Why, I've played Hamlet in America," said Irving disdainfully.

"Well, are you the only man who can do it?"

"No, but I am convinced that you are the only man who cannot."

The Orpheum's trip to Paris scheme is taking hold immensely. One Spring-street photographer offers $1.50 apiece for the coupons, and as there will be some 250,000 of them issued it is not expected that he will take more than two-thirds of the little slips.

Hollenbeck Park

MORE people learn every week of the attractiveness of Hollenbeck Park, with its terraced lawns, placid lake, and shady nooks and fine music by the Southern California band every Sunday afternoon. Following is the program for tomorrow, November 5th:

March, "The Directorate" (Sousa); waltz, "Au Pritemps" (Thome); selection, "The Fortune Teller" (Herbert); medley, "Ye Olden Times" (Beyer); first movement from the moonlight sonata (Beethoven); overture, "Band Monstreich" (Suppe); selection, "Faust" (Gounod); character piece, "The Sword Dance" (Voelker); "Flower Song" (Lange); patrol, "Yankee" (Missud); "Star-Spangled Banner." Take yellow or green Traction cars direct to park.

MOROSCO'S

SUNDAY NIGHT (November 5th) the Frawley company will begin the tenth and last week of it's successful engagement at the Burbank Theater. The arrangement of plays for the last week is the most attractive of the entire season. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights and Saturday matinee, Ouida's great drama of "Moths" will be revived by general request. At a special matinee on Wednesday afternoon and on Friday and Saturday nights the much-liked "Trilby" will be brought out again. On Friday afternoon the long-looked-for Ibsen play will be presented. "Hedda Gabler" is the drama selected. It will be the first presentation in Los Angeles of one of the great Norwegian dramatist.

ORPHEUM

THE Orpheum this week is a repetition of the success of last week and while some of the good features have taken their departure they have been replaced by others just as good. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Budworth still continue to introduce their royal visitor, Prince Lala-go-willie, to the public, and Mr. Budworth's appetite for Saratoga chips and property chicken has in no way diminished.

La Petite Elsie is also with us again this week and it is pleasing to note that she has taken Western Graphic's sugestion and changed her so-called impersonations, which her strong childish personality would not permit her to portray to advantage, for a series of imitations which are infinitely better rendered and greatly increase the interest of her performance.

The Hawaiian Queens' act this week is as different from that of last week as black is from white and in their little musical act entitled "The Queen's Fan" they give one of the prettiest performances I have ever seen on the vaudeville stage. Their singing is good, the stage setting is superb and their costumes are simply gorgeous.

There is no change in the act of the Le Page Sisters, but there need be no change, for their performance is excellent as it is. Nor can too much praise be given to Howard's miniature circus, as it is a wonderful exhibition of brute intelligence and shows the result of a long course of patient training. It is the best production of the kind I have ever seen and cannot be far from the best in existence.

Here endeth the tale of the hold-overs.

The three new-comers on the bill are all good

and a choice between them would be very difficult. I will therefore not attempt to place one above another, but will take them in the order in which they appear on the program.

Vinnie De Witt is a musical specialist and in the words of Artie she is about "de limit." She certainly knows how to push good music through the cornet and the applause that follows all of her selections, especially her perfect rendering of The Palms, proves that the audience appreciates her talents. I would like, however, to offer one suggestion and that is that she substitute for the bit of rag time that follows "Dixie" some of our patriotic airs, say "Yankee Doodle." The effect would be much more pleasing.

The Florenz troupe of acrobats are well known to the public and no words of mine can either add to or detract from their well deserved renown. Some of their feats seem almost impossible, but they are carried through with an ease that shows how perfectly practiced the performers are.

Last on the bill but by no means least is Tom Brown, and as a monologist he is a howling success. It is so seldom one sees a good "real coon" on the stage that to see one who is not only good but fine is a rare treat. Tom Brown's songs are new and well sung and his stories are bright and told in a highly characteristic manner. All in all, he gives a performance that leaves no doubt of his ability.

He—"It seems to be generally acknowledged as a fact that nearly all women admire a soldier." She—"I don't know as to the married ladies, but none of the single ones would object to a good offer-sir."—Chicago News.

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Mlle. Lotty, the Modern Venus.
Wright Huntington, aided by Miss Adele Francis and Mr. Geo. Farren, in Hurst's Comedy, "A Stolen Kiss."
Miss Laura Burt, Lady Monologue Artiste.
Walton's Wonderful Gymnast Monkeys.
Mlle. Erna's Trick and Musical Canines.
Vinie DeWitt, Cornet Soloist and Vocalist.
Tom Brown, Colored Aristocrat.

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Wednesday Matinee, and Friday and Saturday Nights, **"TRILBY"**

Wednesday and Thursday Nights, **"THE DANCING GIRL"**

Friday Afternoon, first appearance of Henrik Ibsen's drama, **"HEDDA GABLER"**

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 12—**"Burn's in Town"**

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National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

IT is probable that the medals to be presented to the California volunteers by the Native Sons of the Golden West will be distributed some time during this month, probably about Thanksgiving. It has been suggested by Colonel Berry that the medals be given out when the Seventh regiment monument is unveiled, providing that event is not too far distant. However, nothing has been decided upon as yet. Ex-volunteers will be obliged to present their discharge papers in order to obtain the certificate and medal.

The resignation of Captain D. R. Weller, U. S. V., as major of the Seventh infantry, N. G. C., has been accepted.

The applications of Captain Schrieber and Captain Frank C. Prescott, formerly lieutenant colonel and major, respectively, of the Seventh infantry, N. G. C., for leave of absence with permission to leave the United States with the volunteer army have been disapproved on the ground that when a member of the National Guard enters the volunteer service and leaves the State he is discharged by that act. This ruling was received at regimental headquarters last Tuesday, and the facts will probably be published in the next general orders.

The resignation of Captain M. W. Lewis, surgeon, has been forwarded.

Colonel John R. Berry returned last Wednesday from a trip in the northern part of the State.

Company M, of Riverside, held its State shoot for October last Monday. The attendance was good and the average high. Corporal Bloom scored 64, which was the highest score, the next highest being 62 and 60.

Company A, of Los Angeles, held its State target practice at the East Side range last Sunday and had a good attendance. Lieutenant Sam Crawford scored 63, the highest score of the day.

Company L, of Santa Ana, held its State shoot for October on the 26th, with a good attendance. Six men scored 50 or more.

Father William D. McKinnon, formerly chaplain of the First California volunteers, has been appointed a chaplain in the army to succeed Chaplain Hall, retired. He will accompany Archbishop Chappelle to Manila.

Lieut. J. D. Fredericks, battalion adjutant of the Seventh regiment, has been elected captain of Troop D to succeed Captain Howland, whose time has expired. Captain Baker presided at the meeting, at which Lieut. Fredericks was the unanimous choice. After speeches by Captains Baker, Howland and Fredericks, the troop adjourned to the Imperial cafe, where an elaborate menu by Stahmann was discussed. Before the meeting of the troop, Mrs. Howland was presented with an elegant piece of cut glass. Captain Howland was also remembered by his troopers in the shape of a watch fob, consisting of a gold maltese cross, upon which was mounted a pair of cross-sabers and the letter D. Captain Howland at the close of his address presented the troop with a life-size photo by Marceau of head and bust. The new captain has had considerable military experience, being an ex-member of the troop, instructor of military tactics at Whittier and at present holds the position of battalion adjutant of the Seventh.

The dress of women nurses in the United States army it has been decided, shall consist of a waist, with adjustable cuffs, and an apron of white linen, worn with a skirt and necktie of the army blue galatea. A jacket of the galatea style is also approved, to be worn when desired. Capes are not to be used. Chief nurses are entitled to wear, in place of the apron, a sash of red silk knotted around the waist. Each nurse may have the uniform made as best suits her convenience, but the material and cut are to be as prescribed. The distinctive badge of the nurse's corps is a modified form of a Greek cross of dark enamel, edged with gold.

Admiral Dewey has lately been much annoyed by people claiming to be acquainted with him. Recently a stranger walked up to him, extended his hand, and exclaimed: "Admiral, I bet you don't remember me." Admiral Dewey, recognizing in him one of the bores, answered laconically, "You've won your bet," and walked off.

That Ever Bobbing-Up Horse Show

A MAN named Wooster" was the description of a corpus which the New York police telegraphed Chief Glass they could send him. Just what fresh troubles has placed the young man at the disposal of the New York officers is not known, but it is enough to say that, like the case of "Steamship Claims Kapus," buncoed Angelenos have entered their losses in red ink and closed their accounts with Wooster. After leaving Los Angeles, which by the way was by electric light, Wooster went to the City of Mexico, where he purposed promoting another horse show. He did not find it such an easy graft to enlist the support of Mexican nabobs and was about to give up in despair, when a reporter of one of the dailies fell into his path, with the result that a column boom was printed, depicting in roseate language the beauties of a real, swell horse show as Mr. Wooster would give it. Armed with this self-inspired puff he sallied forth again, when about the first man he ran into completely squelched him by exhibiting a copy of the Mexican Herald of the same day containing a column of the warmest kind of roast Wooster. And his trunk was checked out of town next day.

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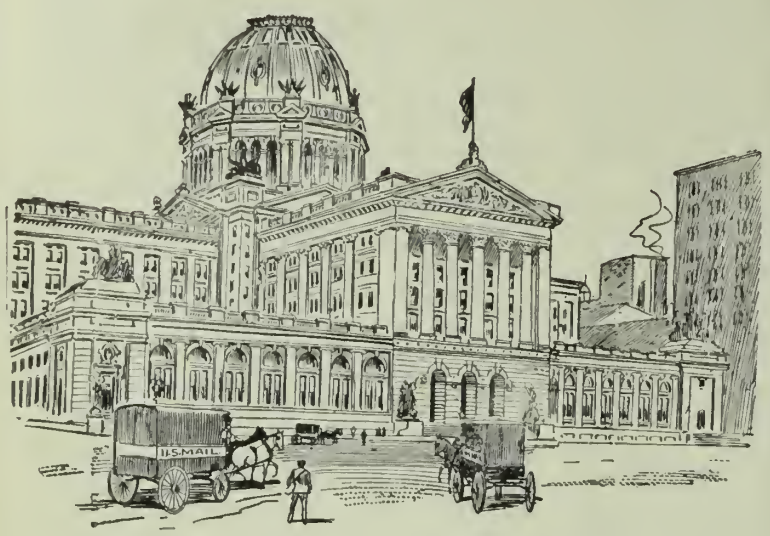

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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MR. A. MILLER

Tenor Soloist Oratorio, "The Creation" Simpson Auditorium, November 28th

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

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IRWIN H. RICE - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

IN the spirit of the times and recognizing the value of strength as represented in the consolidation of business interests on legitimate lines, the two leading weeklies of the Southwest the WESTERN GRAPHIC and the Los Angeles Sunday World have been merged into one publication. The combined papers will appear next week under a name yet to be determined in the same form as this paper is at present, retaining the best features of both journals with their staffs of writers, including E. F. Kubel, editor of the World, the recognized musical and dramatic critic, and best all around writer in Southern California.

The combined circulation of the two papers will place the new WESTERN GRAPHIC next to the Times in value as an advertising medium, and while of necessity the rates for space will be advanced slightly, all contracts now in force on both papers will be fulfilled to the letter.

Every Word the Truth

THERE is no doubt whatever but that, taking all things into consideration—such as prodigality of soil, variety of productions, healthfulness of climate and equability of temperature, charming scenery, cheapness of living, railroad facilities and accessibility to market—form January to December, year in and year out, month in and month out, day in and day out, Los Angeles is incomparably the most charming place to permanently live in that is known. And to a great extent this holds good throughout Southern California especially so far as healthfulness of climate and equability of temperature and productiveness of soil are concerned. There is not another just such a spot as Southern California on the globe, and this statement is corroborated by all unprejudiced observers and cultivated travelers who have written upon the subject.

Modern physicians are generally agreed that the healthfulness of a climate is more dependent on the dryness of atmosphere than upon any other condition, and it has been ascertained to a statistical nicety that the rate of mortality in different countries throughout the world is in direct ratio to the humidity of the climate. Thus, reliable statistics demonstrate that the annual mean rainfall in Alabama is 47 inches; in Georgia 57 inches, and in Florida 53.90 inches, and exceeding that at Naples, Nice and Mentone, and about the same in the Bermudas. These figures have been taken from official observations made by Government functionaries in the most thickly populated and most salubrious portions of those States—that for Florida having been taken at Jacksonville, the most famous winter health-resort in the country east of the Sierra Nevada mountains and one of the dryest localities within its borders.

On the other hand, the mean average rain fall of Los Angeles is 12 inhces; Santa Barbara 14 inches, of San Bernardino 13 inches, of Orange 11 inches and San Diego 10 inches. At a glance one can see why Southern California maintains such a tremendous advantage in this single though prominent respect. The extremes of temperature in the Southern States are higher than our own during the summer months and very much lower in the winter. Thus, the mean temperature for July in a single year at Jacksonville was 84° 4′, Los Angeles 74°, Santa Barbara 72° and San Diego 71°. And it must be remembered that the heat in Atlantic and Gulf countries is much more disagreeable and unhealthy on account of the humidity and enervating conditions of the same.

The difference in temperature during the winter months is not so marked, although the mean figures are greatly in favor of Southern California, which range perceptably higher, as has been noted. Besides, there is the greater precipitation of rain during the winter months in Florida and Mediterranean resorts than in Southern California—and it is this as much as anything else that is driving the old valetudinarian from the former places to the latter. Then again, there is a tremendous amount of miasma throughout Florida that does not lurk in mountain regions—and for that reason, alone, many of the best and most honorable physicians, who have examined the matter carefully, recommend their well-to-do patients to winter in California, not in Florida. It is estimated by hotel and railroad men that there have been annually for several winters 20,000 visitors in Southern California who early flee the inhospitable regions of the states east of the Sierra for Southern California which has come to be looked upon as an ideal refuge for the old and infirm—and the day is not far distant when a hundred thousand people will winter in Los Angeles and adjacent cities, and when two or three times as many hotels and boarding-houses as now exist will be insufficient for their perfect accommodation.

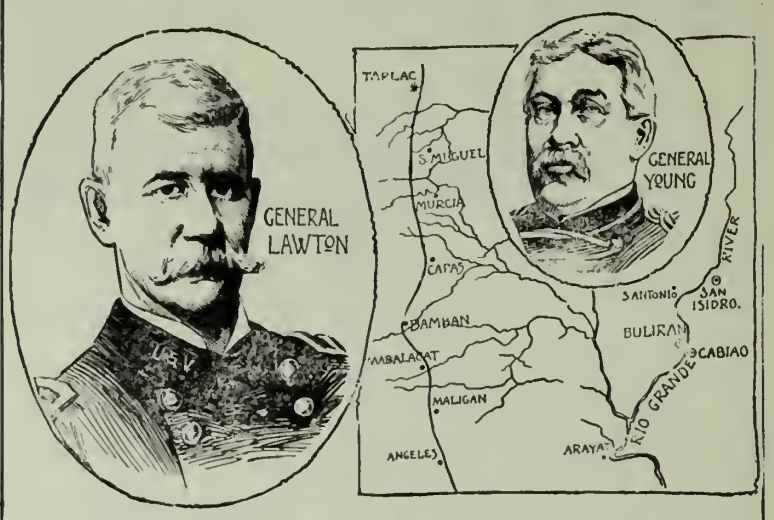
A good story is told of a busy man who leaves his home early in the morning and gets back after dark and rarely sees his children. One morning he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing outside the house.

He told him to go in, but the boy would not, so his father cuffed him and went on to work. The boy went in crying, and his mother asked him what was the matter.

"Man hit me?" said the boy.

"What man?" said his mother.

"The man that stays here on Sundays!"—New York World.



THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN LUZON.

It looks now as if the next storm center in Luzon would be at or near Tarlac. It is said that Aguinaldo has a force of 16,000 at Tarlac and Generals Lawton and Young, starting from San Isidro, and General MacArthur, from Angeles, are marching on the Filipino chieftain's headquarters. By this movement, concentrating the two forces against the insurgents, the Ameritan commanders hope to deliver a telling blow for the American a...

Observations of the Owl

BY W. R. REAM

Le Roi Est Mort; Vive Le Roi

IN THESE eventful days, when the official life of a most conspicuous public functionary hangs in the balance, there is apparent a popular tension which seems ready to be relieved only in the cry of "The king is dead; long live the king." How much of the support that for years has backed up Chief of Police Glass, and tided him over the biennial movements that were designed for his undoing, depended upon his certainty of retaining power will soon be determined by a crucial test. Chief of Police Glass for ten years has been the head of the police department of this city. His induction into office was as sensational as his retirement promises to be and the present wrangle of rival police boards had its counterpart ten years ago when J. Frank Burns tried his best to retain the office to which John M. Glass was appointed.

All Kinds of Influence

While he seemed to be well fortified in his position Chief of Police Glass had more kinds of backing than often falls to the lot of a public officeholder. With every recurring attempt to supersede him in office there arose a mighty defensive force whose combined strength was unassailable. The banking interests, led by the Hellmans, demanded his retention in office. The Catholic church, despite his suspected affiliations with the A. P. A., was for him and Bishop Montgomery was and is his friend. The A. P. A.'s are on his side, and the Times' editor-in-chief, if not some subordinates, stands by him. Until the fatal "General Order No. 13" included in the officers reduced in rank two veterans of the war, the G. A. R. was favorable to the Chief. That the head of the police department has been able to keep on tolerable terms with the "long hairs" and the saloon men and gamblers shows that he possessed more diplomacy than his dealings with the Police Commission would indicate. But in all these sources of support there is evidence of an existing feeling that loyalty to a Chief whose star may be waning should not for an instant cause forgetfulness of the policy of acclaiming his successor.

Out of Power, out of Mind

Always stand in with the person in power. When he is shorn of his peacock feather, shun him The office-holder, the editor, can be of use to you while he holds office or controls columns. When he loses or relinquishes his station you can safely overlook him. The rabble is always with the man of influence—whether to bark at or to kiss his heels matters little, for when his yellow jacket of authortiy shall be doffed the attentions cease. Few men attain and retain influence over their fellows by superior intellectual force alone. True and permanent greatness depends more upon the ability to use brute strength in such gradations as to seem to be something else. As an of-

fice-holder the great man can deprive some persons of making a living; as a great editor he can "roast" recalcitrant persons that choose to think in a different groove. Wherefore, it behooves all persons to be not unmindful of greatness while it is enthroned. And yet, most grievous mistakes have been made in assuming that because a once influential man is out of power it follows that he may never again wield the scepter. Gall and wormwood may be the portion of him who counts not on the uncertain turning of the whiligig of time.

There are Ups and Downs

That which has been called a municipal imbroglio is still brewing and no man confidently may say what is to be the outcome of the admixture of politics and pique, bombs and buncombe, in the disorganization of the city constabulary. Which of the two factions is right I assume not to say, but that both are amusing you must all agree. Having no bread and butter at stake in the outcome, I sit idly by, like a looker-on in Venice and find some cachinating consolation in the circumstance that some wily persons are barking up a tree wherein is no game. Of all the incidents attending this diverting interruption of a quiet season one must give the palm to the finesse that was shown in flaunting as a red flag the name of George Arnold as a possible candidate for Chief. Mere mention of such a possibility, without the semblance even of probability, served the purpose of drawing a broadside from the stone castle on First and Broadway.

Postmaster Groff

The man that has been once "in" stands the best chance of re-entrance, whether it be a jail or a public office. That Judge Lewis A. Groff will be the next Postmaster seems now to be accepted as a foregone conclusion. Judge Groff possesses much fitness for the place, regardless of the fact that he has already held office under the Federal government. Councilman Toll says that he never was a serious candidate, John Koster wonders what is the good of a brother-in-law in Congress, Motley Flint makes comparisons of service to the local Republican party, Captain Cressey is dazed and—Congressman Waters will next week hie to Washington.

In the Gay Life

HERE is another scoop: Miss Bertha Crouch and Mr. Martin Chase of Riverside are to be married. The date has been set for December 13th. They are not a bit superstitious, and they wish the thirteenth came on a Friday, although I see they have been careful to have a Wednesday, "the best day of all." As to the scoop, it wouldn't be a scoop if I stuck to the truth, or, rather, to a promise; for I promised not to tell. But if everyone always wanted to tell the truth, what would become of us all? Truth is all very well, and it is the best policy when it pays. But in this case the truth would have cost me the scoop. The young lady's folks made me give my word of honor I would not tell it until they "gave" it to the Herald. But then, you see, they wanted to give it to that paper because they know Mr. Chapman. He is a friend of their's. I can't help that. He is a friend of mine, too. Perhaps he won't be any more. But I can't help that, either, and besides, this is not the first time I told a—but never mind about that now. To come to the wedding. They both are tennis champions, you know, and now they can play a new game, even if it is a lottery. And more than that, they can keep up any amount of little racquets and still be in the game—of matrimony. Well, it is to be a large wedding, or rather a large reception, for the marriage proper is to take place at the Van Nuys, and the wedding generally in Kramer's Hall. Just at present things are hustling about the Van Nuys, trousseaux and all that getting ready. Miss Crouch, when she is Mrs. Chase, will live at Riverside. That old story of Miss Crouch being engaged to some rich miner of St. Jo, and which appeared first in the San Francisco Chronicle, and was afterward copied by all the rest of us, was overhauled the other day, and we had a good laugh at it; for at the time that the notice appeared in the paper Mr. Chase was in the chase—excuse this awful pun. While the report only amused him, I think it made him ache a little bit. Of course Miss Crouch was east at the time; the papers said she had gone east to be married, you know, and that made it worse for him even if he did know all the time he would bring down the game—this "game" is about the chase not about the tennis this time. There are more games than one. However, there were some relatives of the young gentleman who did not take kindly to that announcement business a bit, but I suppose they are appeased now. The funny part of it was that the man from St. Jo was only a beau—and a Catalina one at that—of just three weeks!

To return to the "scoop"—we always have them in this paper. Of course, once there was an announcement of an engagement that we didn't get —but—oh, we didn't want it.

I hear the Country Club are just as mad as they can be, mad as March hares, or mad as the people who have Belgian Hares, which is worse. On Saturday was the club's great opening day, you know, and the members are simply "wild" at the papers for the way it was passed by. "There was that reporter from the Times," said one of the officers, "the one that doesn't know when it's wet"—(I think, maybe, she was born in Southern California)—"she was out there and wrote about that much," measuring off a "stick" with his fingers, "and that was all wrong. There's Cosby" —(Be sure you spell this right, printer, C-o-s-b-y) —"a name that every one in town ought to know, and that was spelled wrong. And there wasn't a word said about the reception—a big affair like that, with everybody in town present. I bet there were six hundred people there. And only a little write-up like that. If it had been one of those little junk teas they have 'round here, with two or three people there, the papers would have given a whole column and a half of decorations and stuff about it, and would have told who were there — — —" and there was a draught that made my blood run cold, and all the men in the bank stared at me and I left, and went over to see Mr. DeVan about that other golf club. Nice young man, that. He tells me that the club is not for young men under eighteen, as I said the other time I wrote about it, and here is the list of members—the club is the Westmoreland, and hangs out where the Country Club used to be; initiation fee, $5; monthly dues, $1. (Free ad.): Carlton Burke, Warren Carhart, Tom F. Carhart, Earl Cowan, Dr. Coffin, Guy Corson, D. S. DeVan, Elwood DeGarmo, Curtice DeGarmo, Emil Ducommun, Fred Engstrum, Dr. J. E. Edmonds, Clarence Ferguson, Bert Williams, D. J. Frick, Frank Gillelen, Harry Gregory, Arthur Heineman, V. E. Klokke Karl Klokke, Geo. Laubersheimer, Roy Loomis, Jack Murrietta, Virgil Owens, Dr. Pepper, Glover Widney, Fred Phelps, John Posey, Harry Robinson, Ross Smith, Arthur Smith, Albert Stephens, Russell Taylor, Dr. Taylor, Carl Tufts, Will Tufts, R. W. Vincent, Harry Walton, Winsor Walton, Clem Wilson, Charles White.

The Needlework Guild had a meeting one day last week. These charitable things are the best way to get into society. You join, you pay your money (more than everybody else put together), and when there is a fancy bazaar you are put down at the end in a corner to sell house-maids' aprons, and after a while you get to be "among those present." There is a lady now that I know of who is dying to get into society—has a perfect c-raze for it—and I think she will get there if she keeps on. She has been a "worker,"—officers and all that—for about fifteen years. Perhaps in fifteen more years—who can tell?

Some of the young people of the High School gave a party at the Casa de Rosas last Saturday evening. These young people were crazy to have their names in the paper, but I really have not got them. There was a good deal of hilarity. The Times called is a shirt and pillow-case party, but that was a misprint. It was something like that, at any rate. Miss Imogene Lyall, one of the most popular girls of the class, was auctioned off to a young gentleman for thirteen beans. The young gentleman was strictly incognito, with the laundry-mark of "Wick" in large letters on the corner of the sheet that disguised him.

There were more Orpheum parties than usual last week. One evening there were all the Wilcoxes, Mr. and Mrs. Plater and a party, Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance and some others, Miss Helen Eaton, Miss Schwarz and some gentlemen occupying a box, and ever so many others I cannot think of now.

This is the first time I have written Mrs. Severence's name in ages. I wonder she does not find society in Los Angeles more agreeable. She herself is certainly agreeable, having, I think, one of the kindliest expressions I have ever seen. She occupied a box with some house guests of hers, I imagine, and it it was quite a treat for "the mob" to see her get in and out of her carriage. Well, there are some compensations for us.

Major and Mrs. Truman and daughter leave New York today by North German Lloyds line for Egypt, via Gibraltar and Naples, and will spend a month on the Nile and in Palestine.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Baldwin have just got settled again in their home on Twenty-third street, after a three-months' trip to New York, Boston and other eastern cities.

Geo Rice is home again after a six-weeks' trip to Chicago and intermediate points.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

NEXT month the Seventh Regiment will probably hold an election for field officers. We have only one field officer left in the regiment—Colonel John R. Berry—and his term of office expires next month. At the election the regiment will select a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel and three majors. Speculation is rife as to who the new officers will be. Candidates are shy of allowing their names to be used. Field officers must be chosen from men who have previously served as commissioned officers, consequently the new officers will probably be chosen either from the line officers of the regiment or from the brigade staff. Captain George Lawrence of the Signal Corps has been mentioned among others as an available candidate for a majorship. The chief objection comes, however, from his own command, who do not care to lose him. The general feeling in the regiment seems to be that the officers should come from the line. An organization like the Seventh certainly ought to be able to produce its own officers.

Last Wednesday evening the committee of Native Sons having in charge the distribution of medals to the volunteer soldiers of California met and conferred with some of the officers of the Seventh regarding the best method of distributing the medals. It was decided to hold a celebration on Thanksgiving Day, the main feature of which will be a parade of as many members of the Seventh volunteers as can be mustered. The committee has decided to invite Governor Gage and staff, General Shafter and staff and Mayor Phelan of San Francisco. A committee of Native Daughters will distribute the medals.

Captain George Lawrence of the First Brigade Signal Corps, who has been in the United States volunteer service for the past year and a half, was mustered out of the volunteer service on the 2d of September and assumed command of the Signal Corps in this city last week, relieving Lieutenant Sabine, who has been the corps' most efficient commander during his chief's absence. Captain Lawrence went into the volunteer service as a first lieutenant and was promoted to captain soon after arriving in the Philippines and made a record for himself that his corps is very proud of.

Regimental headquarters has communicated with the different commanders in regard to the silhouette target practice to take place the latter part of this month. It is desired to have the Second battalion, comprising Companies A, C, F and I, practice together and Companies G, K and M practice together. Companies B, D and L will have to practice by themselves on account of their distant location from other companies.

Sergeants Crowder and Morton have just returned home from the Philippines, where they have been serving in the volunteer Signal Corps. The boys are both members of the Signal Corps in this city and on account of their excellent training here they were made sergeants in the volunteer service soon after entering.

Company C will give a ball at Armory Hall on Thanksgiving eve, the 29th instant. Extensive preparations are being made and the committees having the matter in hand are determined that the affair shall be second to none.

Captain P. A. Collins, the new commander of Company I, who is also captain of the Uniform Rank, K. of P., and one of the companies of the Americus Club, was married this week to Miss Alice M Gray. Honors are coming thick and fast upon the new captain.

The ball given by the Signal Corps last week was a grand success. The hall was comfortably filled with a select crowd of the corps' friends and the music was excellent.

Company A's baseball team got beautifully done up last Sunday by the country lads at Alhambra—the score being 19 to 6. Sergeant Albert Clark will tell you all about it in a confidential whisper.

Regimental Orders No. 6, of November 6th, have just been published. Paragraph I calls attention to the fact that members of the Guard who served in the Spanish-American war have until November 30, 1899, in which to report. Paragraph II instructs company commanders to assist the Native Sons in distribution of medals. Paragraph III reduces Sergeant C. S. Church, Co. C, and Corporal William P. Pann, Co. M, to the ranks; and appoints Corporal F. Gamble, Co. C, and Corporal R. C. Prentiss, Co. F, to be sergeants. There are a number of discharges from Companies A, C, F, I and M. Private George H. Parks is transferred from Company M to Company A.

Affairs

The Larger Interests of our Southern Empire

The Question of Taxes

THE rather startling statement was made one day last week by a leading property-owner of Los Angeles that a piece of business property which he owns on one of the principal streets loses 60 per cent. of its receipts above other expenses through taxation. That such a condition may cause the prospective investor to pause before buying Los Angeles property is not strange, and yet a further survey of the situation is necessary before there be any general condemnation of values in this city.

The view of the question which people will be inclined to take first is that there must be some gigantic waste in the handling of public funds to make such a burden of taxation, and ample demonstration of such waste is to be had by those who note the idleness and "soldiering" which is always to be seen in several of the offices of departments of the city government. So great is this that one of the leading officials of the city who has been long in service declares that one-half the men employed by the city could do all the work that is now done if the work were entrusted to a capable and honest manager. County affairs are practically controlled by a State league of office-holders, who may not have formal organization with secret signs and grips, but who nevertheless are able to present demands on the Legislature and enforce them through fear of combination to destroy the legislators politically. Through the enforcement of these demands county affairs are controlled in the interest of the officials and not of the people. Then adding to the wastefulness of the city and county governments the rank extravagance of the State government, and we have ample evidence that the tax rate is far higher than there is any requirement for the accomplishment of a given amount of work.

But Los Angeles does not stand alone in the matter of heavy taxation. It is one of three counties in the State in which the total tax rate of the county and city amounts to $1.90 on each $100 of valuations. Tuolumne county this year takes the lead with a combined county and State tax rate of $2.60; Nevada county follows with a rate of $2.55; Shasta county with a rate of $2.40; Lake county with $2.38; Mendocino and Santa Cruz with $2.20; Placer and Ventura with $2.15; San Diego with $2.10; Del Norte, Riverside, Santa Barbara and Yuba with $2; there are four counties with a rate of $1.85; two with $1.80; six with $1.75; three with $1.70; four with $1.65; two with $1.60; one with $1.55; one with $1.50 and one with $1.40, the lowest rate being in Yolo county.

But when it is conceded that the tax rate is heavy, that it is heavier than there is any legitimate cause for, there is still another side of the question. No one needs to be told that real estate takes on the quality known as unearned increment, and that the property-owner gets the sole benefit thereof. Property is what it is made to be by the people of the community. Los Angeles values are the product of the city building of the past thirty years. All that it is has been made in that time. It is safe to say that during those years the average increase in values has been between 2 and 3 per cent. per annum, and if the property has meanwhile brought in an income of 3 per cent. on the investment from other sources besides paying for the improvements made, the investment has certainly been a profitable one, for no person can properly complain with a net annual revenue of 3 per cent. and an advance in values of another 3 per cent. on a long time investment. It may not be just what is wanted by the ordinary investor, but it is considerably above the average of earnings of capital.

Neither Los Angeles nor California has a monopoly of wasteful officials. While the taxpayer is licensed to complain of the disregard of his interests by those who have been chosen by him as officials, he is in the same position in this regard with taxpayers everywhere, and the fact cannot be lost sight of that taxation must increase in the same proportion as development and consequent improvement. If more money is being raised in one city than in another for improvements, it implies that the first is creating fixed assets where the second is issuing dividends. It is a matter of policy to what extent capital shall be set aside for future earnings or be distributed for present consumption, and naturally enough, the newer city is the one where the accumulation of assets in public improvements shall have the most pressing demands.

The Boom of Oil Business

The financial columns of the San Francisco weeklies have taken on a new character, within the last few months, oil well investments having become the chief topic of discussion. The oil exchange of that city is listing new stocks almost daily, and it is thought that 100 companies will be listed in the near future. In consideration of oil wells as an investment, San Francisco seems to be

Down the Line

He Posed for His Exit

THIS is the way General Mathews will look when he walks out of the Postoffice next winter, leaving John Koster or Judge Groff in charge. He posed for the picture just on purpose to show that he could leave the dignities of office with a good grace. If the grace is not visible, it is the camera's fault, for the General always carries that quality with him. He expects to be the next, or one of the next State Senators from this district, and hopes to cast his vote for a Democrat, which is the only reason he should be defeated. He is such a good Democrat that he ought to be a Republican. Perhaps he will in time, for he believes in the flag and sound money. Among the gentlemen of the business end of the press of the city Mr. Mathews is an especial favorite for his uniform courtesy and accommodating ways

A Man with a Couple of Missions

THIS is a man with a mission—two of them, in fact. One is the construction of the deep sea harbor at San Pedro, and the other is a railway from Salt Lake to this city. He has about finished the first undertaking and is hard at work on the second. You cannot quite hear the choo choo cars coming over the desert, but when you hear him make a speech on the subject you think you can. Everybody likes Tom Gibbon, particularly C. P. Huntington and Johnny Muir. No man in the city has done so much for the Southern Pacific in his own peculiar way, yet the company does not seem to appreciate his work. However, he manages to get along despite this ingratitude and the entente cordial has been so far restored, that Muir has promised to give him the first annual pass across the Southern Pacific's ferry from San Pedro to Terminal Island. Gibbon belongs to many clubs but as yet has not joined the Catalina Yacht Club, for the very reason that the name alone gives him an attack of mal de mer.

He is Keeping Quiet Now

EUGENE GERMAIN used to be one of the most popular men in the city before he got the place of Consul to some little Swiss town, where he dropped out of sight for four years. He is back here now but rarely bobs into public view. Time was when Germain was one of the Republican leaders, and when he appeared on the street in his Knight Templar uniform he was a gorgeous sight. His fruit company had virtually a monopoly of the orange business and money rolled into his coffers from every quarter. Maybe he has enough now, and may be it is still rolling into his bank account in a quiet way, but at any rate he seems to have had enough of active business and politics. His whiskers are now voluminous—but there are no more Populists, so that cannot be the reason of the growth. By the way, all of the prophets have failed to mention him as a possible Postmaster. He is always possible.

And He Came Here to Die

BRITISH VICE CONSUL MORTIMER weighs two hundred pounds or more, and they say he came here expecting to die from consumption twelve years or more ago. He can outwalk any man in the city and enjoys any kind of a scrap or controversy more than eating, and the latter is by no means his weak suit. Mortimer is not liked very well by the British colony, and failed to attend the last dinner given by the Britshers on the queen's birthday, but the loss of that meal does not seem to have affected his heartiness. If you want to know what his enemies think about him ask C. A. Sumner, and then for the other side go to the F. O. in Downing street. Mortimer's reports about Southern California have not always pleased the boomers, but they have kept a lot of British gold from being blown in on worthless schemes.

getting in the lead of Los Angeles, where the industry has heretofore centered, and the entire State is being exploited for oil. It is not strange that the new industry is awakening great interest when there are instances of great fortunes coming to those who are fortunate enough to secure good wells. One instance is told of men who three years ago were poor now having an income of $1500 per day from a section of land considered almost worthless until oil was found upon it. Such stories recall the days of Pitthole, Petroleum Center and other Pennsylvania towns which arose to magnitude and in a few brief years were deserted and became as forlorn in their ruins as any wrecked city of the Far East. But while the oil industry flourishes but temporarily in any community, while it causes cities which it creates to rise and pass to decay more rapidly than other cities, still in the broad territory benefited by it it endures for many years, one small territory succeeding another in regular order. Such has been the experience of Pennsylvania, and such can be the expectations of California.

In the local field it is a matter of congratulation that the industry is gradually receding toward the unpopulated territory to the west of this city, and the active operations have now passed beyond Westlake park, though they now threaten Sunset park with making that the sumphole of all the new territory. The park as yet, at least, exists as an unattractive property to which no one ever goes. Whatever its future may be, its utility as a park would appear to be as far removed as the clearing of the derricks from the section. In the territory which centers at Fifth street and Commonwealth avenue a dozen wells are being sunk, and from 20 to 80 barrels per day are being pumped from each. But beyond this, the oil men are mystified. The course which the oil territory takes has not been decided, new wells to the west and north of the point of present activity failing of success.

Orange Crop and the Railroads

As one of the indications of the great prosperity now on in the country it is notable that the statement of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company for three months from July 1 shows an increase of earnings to the amount of $1,533,000, with an actual decrease in operating expenses. The experience of this road is not unlike that of almost all others, so great being the demands on the company that a car famine is threatening through the entire country. With all the increase of business comes advanced freight rates which the New York Times has figured out to amount to 6 per cent. a year on the total railroad preferred stock.

But with this great increase in railroad business, each week seems to bring California nearer to a crisis in transportation matters. An organization has been formed, and it is expected that papers of incorporation will be filed before this is published, of a "forwarding company," to which it is expected that 60 per cent. of the oranges of Southern California will be consigned for shipment by the packers. It is believed that this company will co-operate with the Fruit Growers' Exchange, controlling about 30 per cent. of the crop, thus placing 90 per cent. of the oranges of Southern California in harmony to work as a unit for better transportation conditions. Naturally the plan of campaign is kept a secret, and a very close one, which fact by no means tends to reduce interest in what the growers and shippers are doing behind their closed doors.

In the days of the public worship regulation act in England, Sir William Harcourt was invited to visit Lord Beaconsfield, at Hughenden Manor. On Sunday the young politician accompanied his host to the village church, and on the way thither was warned that some hints of the high-church movement had penetrated even that sylvan solitude. "My friend, the vicar," said the lord of the manor, "will take what I call a collection and he calls an offertory, and afterward what I call a plate and he calls an alms dish will be placed on what I call a table and he calls an altar."

The Country 'Round

What the Scissors and Pencil find in Graphic's Exchanges

THE extent of the Belgian hare industry can be shown by the number of "rabbitry" advertisements in country papers. The Long Beach Press contains half a dozen such notices, and in a news column is the information that there is a Belgian hare club in the town, the members of which recently subscribed several hundred dollars for the importation of a fine buck from Europe.

For the size of the place, San Pedro has more troubles than many metropolitan cities. Lately The News, of that town by a harbor site, has been running a fret mill on street railroad franchises, lighting contracts, fire limit ordinances and goodness knows what else. The News takes sides against the Hooks in the electric railway franchise, which, in view of the evidence in Los Angeles of the Hooks' ability and enterprise in that line, is a mistake. The News admits that Mr. Hook has secured rights of way to the city limits of San Pedro, which fact of itself should point out the buttered side to the town trustees.

The entire country press of Southern California has acquitted itself in various styles of literary effort, each paper humorously or seriously calling the attention of Andrew Carnegie to its town as a site for a public library. San Diego occupies the position of the boy eating an apple that "wasn't goin' to have no core," and Redlands is the cynosure of all cities with library aspirations. The Graphic would suggest that it is a case of "who saw him (Carnegie) first," and it is time for envy to give way to congratulation.

It is the country press that brings to one's mind the days of his boyhood by their accounts of the Hallowe'en pranks of the rising generation. The San Pedro American tells of the ringing of the fire bell, a gate swinging on the schoolhouse flagpole, misplaced wagons and other things, but the funniest is about a man who rejoices in the sobriquet of "Bowser" appearing on the streets in borrowed trousers while his own flapped in the breeze from the topmast of a vessel in the harbor.

The Ontario Observer arouses the suspicion that its report was written in some feeling, with the unction with which it tells of the next morning: And then the next morning the city marshal, who had slept with one eye open, herded the boys all together and escorted them around from place to place where the damage had been done and stood over them clothed in the majesty of the law and a broad grin, and made them replace all the sidewalks and crossings, and compelled them to take the benches all back into place. Oh, yes, the boys had lots of fun—and so did a good many other people when it came to the encore.

Now praise be unto Governor Gage for the briefness of his Thanksgiving proclamation. Critics say that McKinley has overdone and Gage underdone the thing. If inclined to criticise the governor at all, we should say he might have made the proclamation much shorter, something like this: "All ye Californians: By these presents ye shall know that it is my painful duty to establish the old fad for this year. If any of ye's feel inclined to thank, do so with more or less violence, but if ye have no cause to thank, don't distress yourselves. In either case the world will wag along its usual way."—Santa Barbara Independent.

According to the Ontario Observer a Mr. James Kennedy and some others are about to begin the erection of a $15,000 hotel, the building to be located on the famous Euclid avenue. The citizens of Ontario are to contribute a bonus of $2,100 worth of land to secure the improvement.

When the Century Ends

THE nineteenth century closes with the year 1900. Immediately after midnight, therefore of December 31, 1900, is when the twentieth century begins. In other words, it begins with the first second of the first hour of the first day of January, 1901.

The twentieth century will open on a Tuesday and close on a Sunday. It will have the greatest number of leap years possible for a century—twenty-four. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that to and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948 and 1976.

The twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks but one day of being exactly 5218 weeks. The middle of the century will be January 1, 1951.

Several announcements are made of changes to be inaugurated with the opening of the new century. The first of importance is that Russia will adopt the Gregorian calendar. This will be done by omitting thirteen days, the amount of error that will have accumulated after the close of February, 1900. The Russians will then write January 1, 1901, instead of December 19, 1900, or, rather, instead of both, according to the dual system now in vogue in that country and in Greece. The other important announcement is that it is not at all unlikely that the astronomical day, which now begins at noon of the civil day, will begin with the civil day at midnight. The present method of having the astronomical day to begin twelve hours after the beginning of the civil day is apt to be confusing. On the other hand, to have the former begin at midnight, just when the astronomers are often busy, will be to them somewhat inconvenient.—Scientific American.

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And best of all the GRAPHIC will publish a series of exclusive letters from the

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by that prince of entertaining writers,

MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN
Commissioner to Paris

There are other features coming which are not yet in shape to announce.

Music and Art

THIS week we present an admirable likeness of Mr. A. Miller, who will sing the tenor role in "Creation," November 28th. Mr. Miller is comparatively a new-comer, arriving from the East but a year ago. He was born in Rochester, Ind., and has lived there almost continuously. He received his musical education at the Ada Conservatory of Music in Ohio and after graduating became a pupil of S. G. Smith of Columbus, Ohio, and later with F. W. Root of Chicago. Mr. Miller was in charge of the musical department in the Rochester Normal University for three years, resigning his position to come here. He also had charge of both the Evangelical and M E. church choirs, besides conducting the music at county institutes, etc. He is now tenor in the Immanuel church in this city, receiving the position two weeks after his arrival; has classes in Riverside and Compton and a number of pupils in the city. Mr. Miller is a thorough musician, an excellent reader, and his voice is of a most pleasing quality, strong, of good range and sympathetic.

A new idea of the possibilities and limitations of the mandolin was given the houseful who listened to Valentine Abt at Blanchard Hall Wednesday evening. The quality of tone and the brilliancy of execution shown by Mr. Abt proved conclusively that there is more in the pretty little instrument than tinkle and twang. He played several of his own compositions, which were brilliant and full of technical difficulties, which vanished befoe his skill like mists before the morning sun. The Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club was resplendent in white ducks, black coats and yellow sashes, and their part of the program was presented in a manner reflecting the greatest credit on Mr. Warren, the club's leader and instructor, to whose tireless energy is also due the success of the concert socially and financially.

Mrs. Francis Lewis Hord sang several numbers in her usual acceptable manner, and Miss Mary O'Donoughue accompanied with feeling and delicacy.

Following the concert Mr. Warren, assisted by Mrs. Hord and Miss O'Donoughue tendered a reception to Mr. Abt in their studios on the third floor, punch being served to the invited guests. Dividing the honors with Mr. Abt was General H. G. Otis and party, the General having taken an unusual interest in Mr. Warren's enterprise.

Mrs. Minnie Hance Owens of this city, daughter of City Clerk Hance, is now the contralto of the Brick church on Fifth avenue, New York, which is one of the richest and most exclusive churches of Gotham.

The first public appearance in this city of the California Ladies' Quartet was at Blanchard Hall, Friday evening, the 3d. Under the careful training of Mme. Crawford the three young ladies who form the string portion of the quartet have developed a true ensemble spirit and a feeling for the real beauties of concerted music. The program was rather severer than the style the quartet will give in their coast tour, but the strength of Mozart, the voicing of Zimmerman, the delicacy of Beethoven and the brilliancy of Weber were entertainingly presented and warmly received.

Among the musical events in San Diego may be mentioned the meeting of the Amphion Club with Miss Reed Wednesday; a recital by Miss Gertrude Gilbert and her pupils at her studio, and a meeting of the Oratorio Society Monday evening under the direction of Prof. Smith, at which

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good work was done on the Christmas concert music. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baker, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Rowan and Miss Maud Schinkel are busy rehearsing for the matinee musicales to be given by them this winter. The personnel of the Unitarian church choir has been somewhat changed, and now includes Miss Margaret Kroenert, and Miss Bisbee, sopranos; Mrs. T. E. Rowan, contralto; Nathan Schiller, bass; T. E. Rowan, tenor and director, and Miss Chita Kraft, organist.

Good, solid work was done at the first Symphony Orchestra rehearsal at Blanchard Hall last Tuesday forenoon. Harley Hamilton looked the director through and through as he stood on an improvised platform of chairs and yanked and hauled the orchestra through the new music. Arnold Krauss is concert master this year and has entered whole-souled into the work. This year's work will demonstrate that a symphony is here for keeps. The musicians seem to enter into the enthusiasm displayed by the promoters of the orchestra. Mrs. E. T. Earl will have charge of the work until Mr. Len Behymer returns from the East. A permanent society is being formed, and nearly enough has already been subscribed to pay for the series of six concerts the first dated Friday. December 1st. The program: Fifth Symphony, E Major, known as the "Leonore Symphony," by Raff; "Funeral March," Chopin; Fantasie on motifs from "Hansel and Gretel," by Humperdinck; "Overture to Faust," Spohr. The soloist for this concert is Miss Frieda Koss, contralto, who will sing an aria by Bruch.

The Thomas-Reed-Toles concert to be given in Blanchard Hall next Friday evening, November 17th, is looked forward to by music lovers with unusual interest. Mrs. Thomas' pure and sympathetic soprano voice never fails to call forth decided admiration from a musical audience, and Miss Reed, whose violin playing is always artistic, combined with Mrs. Toles at the piano, will prove a concert of rare interest. The program follows:

Gade—Larghetto, Allegro Vivace from Sonata in D Minor for piano and violin; Foote—Irish folk song; Schumann—"Der Brant;" Bishop—"Should He Upbraid;" Schumann—(a) "Romance," (b) "Novelette;" Schubert—Impromptu; Wagner-Wilhelmj—"Preisleid," from "Der Meistersinger;" Ries—"Introduzione es Gavotta;" Donizetti—Aria from "Don Pasquale;" Chopin—(a) "Berceuse," (b) "Prelude," (c) "Ballade;" Godard—"Chancon Arabe;" Vidal—"Printemps Nouveau;" Bach—Aria for G string with string accompaniment; second violin, Reginald Bland; viola, Dora James-Clark; cello, Clarence Stevens.

The afternoon concerts given on each alternate Sunday at the Unitarian church, corner Third and Hill streets are meeting with marked success. On last Sunday afternoon when the vesper service opened at the hour of 4 p. m. there was scarcely a vacant seat left in the house. Then, too, the idea of having each service conducted by the leading musical talent of the city and the personnel different each time is the key to the success of the venture. For it not only permits Los Angeles people to see what an excellent array of musical talent the city possesses but it affords opportunity for the musicians to hear each other and by so doing make observation and comparison and thus be benefited in their own work.

The Immanuel church choir consisting of Miss O'Donoughue, organist, and Miss Jennie Winston, Mrs. Florence Scarborough, Mr. A. Miller and Mr. H. H. Barnhart, assisted by the cellist, Mr. Russell Ballard never appeared to better advantage than at last Sunday's service. Miss O'Donoughue, although not seated at her own organ, which makes more difference than at first thought would appear handled the instrument in her accustomed skilled manner and Mr. Ballard's solo, "Confession," by Thome, with the organ accompaniment, was a pleasing innovation to the program.

Comment on the individual numbers of the members of the choir or their work as a whole is unnecessary, except to say that the program as given in last week's issue of this paper was carried out to the evident satisfaction of the audience The trio which closed the program, "Sweet is Thy Work" (Wiegard) by Miss Winston, Mr. Miller and Mr. Barnhart was especially effective. Whoever is responsible for originating the idea which has resulted in the concerts is deserving of the thanks of the community, and the music-loving portion in particular, and it certainly is a shrewd move on the part of the management of the Unity church organization, as it cannot fail to result in rendering this church very popular with the people.

Mr. Frederick Stevenson has just received several hundred copies of his latest composition from his publishers, Oliver Ditson Co. "Now, When Jesus Was Born" is an anthem, suitable for Christmas-tide, and contains bass and tenor solos and chorus. Like all of Mr. Stevenson's work, which alone would compose a good library of anthems, choral works, and sacred and concert songs, it is musical and chaste, telling its story in words and music that allow of no misinterpretation.

Monday evening rehearsal of "Creation" was well attended. Mr. Fitzgerald addressed the chorus regarding extra free tickets, and it was decided by rising vote that only singers would be admitted free, notwithstanding the protest of an elderly German tenor who suggested that "each man and lady no, should have two seats already yet."

An artist who has made her home in Los Angeles, Mrs. Kate Putnam Hooker, is on her way home after extensive travels throughout the old world, visiting the great art centers.

With every right to an honorable retirement as the great master of his day, whose prestige only the youthful Mozart, whom Haydn loved, had threatened to disturb, and with the acknowledged leadership in all forms of musical writing, Haydn could not defy the stimulus furnished by hearing of Handel's "Messiah" in London, and old and feeble as he was, he put in nearly three years of time in the writing of the "Creation," that brilliant masterpiece which took Europe by storm when it first appeared and has never been equaled. It remains the great musical story of the birth of our planet. An adequate presentation of this oratorio, with a chorus of 150 voices and an orchestra of 40 pieces, will be made by Mr. F. A. Bacon at Simpson Auditorium, on November 28th, with Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mr. A. Miller and Mr. H. S. Williams as principals.

The Klaus Ladies' Orchestra appeared at the Y. M. C. A. Tuesday evening, preceding a lecture by Rev. Dr. S. A. Steel on "Home Life in Dixie During the War."

See announcement of the consolidation of WESTERN GRAPHIC and SUNDAY WORLD on editorial page.

The Y. M. C. A. announces a concert Tuesday evening, November 21st, by the Aeolian Glee Club. The club is composed of colored people and they will sing plantation and popular songs as only that race can sing them. A pleasing program is promised by the fifteen members of the club, which includes Miss Viola Spikes, who is spoken of as being "phenomenally talented."

"Sweetheart, I Love But Thee" is the title of a new song by Arthur L. Holgate, published by George T. Exton Music Co., which will be on sale shortly after December 1st. Charles Stodard will sing this song at the U. S. C. Glee Club's concert in December at the Los Angeles Theater.

Frederick W. Blanchard may sign Katherine E. Oliver, a noted interpreter of Scottish character pieces, who includes in her repertoire selections from "Lass o' Lowre's," "The Play Actress," "Little Minister" and others. Her advance sheets contain remarkable letters of commendation from the authors of the above novels besides glowing tributes to her talent from the metropolitan press.

A striking Chinese picture of Miss Hunt has been hung lately in the Blanchard Art Gallery.

Miss Frances Davis of San Francisco, a noted vocal teacher, is visiting in Los Angeles, and contemplates locating here permanently. An artist of her standing would unquestionably be a great acquisition to our musical atmosphere.

Mr Harley Hamilton has moved his studio from the Bryson block to 320-21 Blanchard building

J .Bond Francisco will open an exhibit of sketches in his studio in the Blanchard building the middle of next week, which will be open to the public.

Mme. Johnstone-Bishop will leave for Honolulu the first week in January. She will go to San Francisco next Tuesday to sing with the Symphony Orchestra Thursday, returning on the 20th instant. Her numbers will be: Aria, "La Forza Del Destino," Verdi; (a) "Good-bye," Lord Henry Somerset, (c) "Baby in the Moon," Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, (c) "Invano," Chaminade; aria, "Samson," Handel.

Mrs. Thomas Watson Young gave a talk to girls at the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art Thursday evening, subject, "Voice Building." Mrs. Young is a teacher of voice building, etc., in the school, and her talk was much enjoyed by a number of young people.

The life class of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design will resume the use of models next week, the anatomy class beginning a few weeks later, owing to the illness of Dr. McArthur. Miss Emma Marston, a post-graduate, has been appointed assistant teacher

There were times, not so long ago, when to recite was to rant; when the elocutionist was as much to be dreaded as the ubiquitous book agent. It is a pleasure, therefore, to listen to those whose readings are marked with an ease and grace, both in voice and action, that denotes the perfection of the reader's art. The recital given by Miss Rombough and Miss Van Ness at the Ebell building last Saturday morning for the school children was well attended, and the children (and little ones are proverbially critical) evinced a lively degree of satisfaction with the program arranged for their benefit, which was as follows: Miss Rombough, "The Race for the Bride"; Miss Van Ness, (accompanied on the piano by Miss Bessie BeDell,) "This Little Pig Went to Market"; Miss Rombough, "The Sailor's Story"; Miss Van Ness, "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost"; Miss Rombough, "Jimmy's Prompt Obedience."

These numbers were so enthusiastically received Miss Rombough gave as an encore an exquisite little reading, entitled "Little Heartsease," and Miss Van Ness responded with a characteristic piece of Riley's "Our Hired Girl," and a very cute little poem, "A Child's Wise Answer."

Miss Rombough and Miss Van Ness, assisted by Miss BeDell, held a reception for the children in the club parlors at the close of the recital, and were greeted with the warmth and sincerity that, coming from such ingenuous critics, must have been pleasing indeed.

Miss Rombough is forming a class for ladies in physical culture, which bids fair to be very popular. The other clesses connected with the Boston College of Expression and Dramatic Art are rapidly being organized.

A large audieuce greeted the first appearance of the Krauss String Quartette Thursday evening at Blanchard Hall. The program was well selected, and, while not as heavy as some which are to follow, it contained some wonderful work. The quartette did splendid work, the phrasing and coloring being well nigh perfect. Mr. Krauss played a sonate by Handel that evoked great enthusiasm. Miss Frieda Koss made her first appearance in concert in this city, and was well received. Her selections were rendered with true artistic feeling, and showed a voice of rare possibilities.

The rehearsal Monday evening of the Oratorio Society will be held in Simpson Auditorium, at 7:30 sharp. Photos will be taken of the chorus and orchestra.

Hollenbeck Park

The excellent class of music played by the Southern California Band at Hollenbeck Park, Sunday afternoons, is proving more and more of an attraction to the best class of people. For musicians especially it is a delightful recreation to stroll among the trees in the fresh air, with the sound of music as refreshment. The program for next Sunday is:

March. "Niebelungens," (Wagner); potpourri, "Trip Through Europe," (Conradi); waltz, "Les Sybarites," (Fahrback); selection, "Ernani," (Verdi); "A Hunting Scene," (Bucalossi); "Indian War Dance," (Belstedt); selection, "Atilla," medley, introducing "Miss Divinity," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "You Got to Play Ragtime," etc., (Mackie); "Serenade," (Schubert); "Minuet," (Bocherini); National melody overture, Russia, Germany, France, England and America, (Heinecke).

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The Oil Industry

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THERE is an expansion now going on in Southern California, and for that matter all over the State, which the most strenuous anti-imperialist should rejoice over. It requires no soldiers for its development, neither does it abridge the liberty of any man. This is the wonderful expansion that is taking place in the amount of petroleum being produced from the oil wells. All over the State comes the news of the discovery of new "finds" in different sections, and in many of the new fields the wells are producing larger quantities of oil and much of it of a higher gravity than ever before known in this State. So general have these recent discoveries been that it can almost be said that our oil fields extend, to paraphrase the politician's rhetoric, "from Siskiyou to San Diego," for the writer has been shown various specimens of oil taken from wells north of Sacramento all along the length of the State down nearly to the city of grief on San Diego bay. These specimens range in gravity from 16 degrees to 40 degrees, Beaume.

THE FIRST WELLS.

For fifteen or twenty years oil has been produced at Puente, in the eastern part of Los Angeles county, and at Santa Paula, in Ventura county, in considerable quantities, and used as fuel to some extent in Los Angeles or shipped to San Francisco, but until the discovery of oil within the corporate limits of Los Angeles, in the spring of 1893, these wells were not regarded as belonging to an extensive body of oil territory, but when the Los Angeles field was opened, and oil found in paying quantities in wells so near together that seven of them are known to be located on an acre of ground, it convinced men who were conversant with the subject, that there was a very large body of oil underlying the city, and as State geologists had reported extensive areas of territory as containing indications of oil, from this time on the interest in the subject has steadily increased. But even with the spectacle of the location of over 1000 wells in a district only 4000 feet long by 600 wide, and the production of a million and a half barrels annually it has only been within the past year that the opinion has prevailed among oil men that the California fields are the most extensive in the world. This opinion has been the result of the discovery of paying wells in other widely separated sections of the State and a careful examination of the geological formation of the State, made on account of the gradual working out of the Pennsylvania fields and the consequent necessity of finding new sources of supply, especially those located adjacent to tide-water.

These operators and capitalists were of course seeking for an oil with a paraffine base which can be refined at a profit, and until very lately have not regarded California oil as of much value. Lately, however, there are indications that in some portions of the State paraffine oil may be found, and even if this should not prove true, the increasing demand for fuel oil has made a steady and advancing market for our oil, so that the future promises good return for the California product. These circumstances have drawn San Francisco and Pennsylvania capitalists into the field, to such an extent that the demand for oil properties, both productive wells and oil lands, has rapidly increased.

The falling down of the Pennsylvania oil wells has gone so far that the price of oil has advanced sharply in consequence. Extensive developments of paraffine base fields are now taking place in Texas, Colorado and other portions of the Rocky mountain range, and unless these new fields prove rich in oil, the price of this kind of oil will continue to advance.

While it is a fact that the demand for California oil would be greater and the producers realize a larger price if it had a paraffine base and was more suitable for the production of kerosene, there is a compensation in this from the fact that had this been the case the product would have excited the cupidity of the syndicate controlling the Standard Oil Company, and production been restrained to prevent a break in the market price of Eastern oil. Another advantage which accrues to the coast at large from ours being a fuel oil is that it has given us a cheap fuel for manufacturing and other uses. While the amount of oil in use for this purpose is but small compared with the total power producing fuel used, it has served a very useful purpose in keeping the price of coal down. When the wells become so numerous that the supply will be ample the price of fuel will be reduced to less than half the present price, placing the coast on an equal footing with the East in regard to the production of power energy. The advantage of this in every line of industrial activity will be apparent to every intelligent man.

VIEW IN THE OIL WELL DISTRICT

LOS ANGELES PIONEERS.

About three years ago the writer obtained some interesting statistics in regard to the genesis of oil development in Los Angeles, from J. B. Turner, who was the first man to put money into the oil business in this city, a summary of which is herein given:

In February, 1893, Messrs. Aitman, Canfield and Doheney dug two wells, with pick and shovel, on West State street—one at the corner of Patton street, which was sunk 150 feet, and the other on the fifth lot east from Patton street. These wells were 4x6 feet at the top, and dirt was hoisted up by a windlass and bucket. In each of them some oil was found. This oil was of a very different character from what was expected, as the owners only anticipated getting a very heavy oil—so heavy that it could not be pumped up; nothing but liquid asphaltum. They found, in fact, an oil, in one of 14 degrees specific gravity and in the other 17½, which of course could easily be pumped.

Having accomplished this much, and having exhausted their "grub stakes," these gentlemen began looking for capital to aid them in making further discoveries. After spending some weeks in an unsuccessful endeavor to interest capitalists in the enterprise, they, for the second time called upon Mr. Turner, who before had refused to lease or sell on satisfactory terms two lots which he owned lying between these two wells, Mr. Turner having purchased the lots some years before with the intention of digging for oil, for which he had paid oil prices. This application resulted in an arrangement by which a small amount of capital was furnished by Mr. Turner and a company organized and the work of development again begun. This was in April, 1893. The working capital of the company was only $300, a portion of the amount advanced, $500, being used to straighten up debts contracted in the first attempt. This $300 was only sufficient to sink wells twenty feet, all of the operators being inexperienced in this kind of "mining." But this effort demonstrated two facts: that there was more oil, and, also that experience in well boring was needed. On account of a disagreement between the men interested, operations ceased for a time. Mr. Turner shortly after purchased the interests of the other partners, and commenced operations with a small hydraulic boring rig. This was about the middle of June. The result was a seven-inch hole, 225 feet deep, on the corner of State and Patton streets, where a good deal of oil was found, and also a large quantity of water. To avoid the expense of casing, the rig was moved to another lot adjacent, where a well 485 feet was sunk. This well yielded about three barrels of oil per day, which sold for $2.50 a barrel. This was in October, 1893.

About the same time that Mr. Turner began with

the hydraulic rig, Messrs. Doheney & Aitman constructed a cheap, primitive rig and began drilling on a lot which they had leased on Patton street, to the west of where the former gentleman sunk his first well. They went down a few feet, when the hole filled up with water. The well was abandoned and a lot farther to the east on West State street was leased, and they resumed operations there. Up to May, 1894, they had three or four wells, about 300 feet deep, from which five or six barrels of oil per day was being pumped. After the completion of the first well drilled by a hydraulic rig, Joseph Bayer began to drill in the Second-street park, which property he owned. After several failures he succeeded in completing three wells, which yielded from two and a half to three barrels per day, at a depth of 300 feet.

In January, 1894, J. F. Turner put in a Keystone St. Louis well-boring drilling rig, which was the first of the kind brought into the field. With this he drilled seven wells to a depth of from 520 to 650 feet, which wells are located on West Seventh street, east of the location of his other wells. Those wells produced an average of about five barrels each, and were completed about the first of May, 1894.

At this date Mr. Doheney also purchased a similar rig and with this he put down about half a dozen wells near the intersection of Douglas and West State streets. These wells yielded about five barrels each.

In April, 1894, Ellsworth & Griggs brought a rig into the field and put down three or four wells on Court and West State street near Douglas. The capacity of these wells was five barrels per day each.

In July, 1894, Mr. W. Turner came from the East and associated himself with his brother, J. F. Turner, and since that time they have operated under the name of Turner Brothers. They put in a Standard rig, and with this improved machinery drilled deeper wells and got very much better results. This date closes what may be termed the pioneer history of the Los Angeles oil field. From that date new men came into the field, and the number of wells and the amount of the output rapidly increased, each month showing a great advance in the number of wells and also in the amount of oil produced.

Among those who came into the field about this time were Messrs. Canfield, Perkins, Haight, Van Slack, Hardy, Alderson, Hunt & Rust, Burns, Thomas, Lathrop, Matthay, Libby, Martin, Susskind, Adams, the Los Angeles Transfer Company, Shawl & Rich, and Byer & Last.

In July, 1894, there were about fifty wells, and the total output was from three to four hundred barrels—showing an average output of from six to eight barrels each per day. A large number of the pioneer shallow wells at that date had fallen off so much in output that many of them were abandoned. Turner estimated that the falling-off in output of their wells after being pumped one year was about 75 per cent. in those which are not deeper than 650 feet. These wells are close together, being about seven to the acre, and many of them not reaching the oil sand, while those that did only touched the upper crust of it. Among pioneer drillers it was thought that the danger of breaking into a vein of water was increased as the drill progressed and when the surface oil was reached they advised the owners to stop drilling. This opinion was probably caused very largely by the fact that they could make more money by drilling shallow wells.

It will be seen from the above that the average output per well was, in July, 1894, only an average of seven barrels per day. In 1894 there was a total of about 300 holes in the field. Deducting from this number seventy, to allow for the abandoned wells, dry holes, and wells which were not pumped because the output was too small to pay, it left 230 productive wells.

PRODUCTION NOT INCREASING

The estimates were then made by the member of the first exchange, who had bonded the output, showed that the product of the bonded wells was 3000 barrels per day, while there were enough wells not in the exchange to bring the total production up to 3,500 barrels per day. Dividing this product by the number of live wells, 230, at that time the average was about fifteen barrels per well per day, showing that the average per well had more than doubled within one year. It is a curious fact that the total production at the present time, with 1000 wells, is about the same as in 1894, when there were only 230 productive wells, and the average per well has fallen from fifteen to five and a half barrels per day. The per cent. of diminution is not quite so great as this would indicate because there is now a greater proportion of abandoned wells. The fact, however, remains that while the number of wells has increased from 300 to 1000 the total product has remained about stationary.

The increase in the average production referred to, in 1894, arose almost wholly from the practice of sinking the wells deeper. Theretofore well owners operated on the theory that by going deeper than 600 feet there was danger of "knocking the bottom out" and striking water. When deep drilling began, and oil sand to the depth of 200 feet was passed, these wells yield a much larger amount of oil, one or two for a short time yielding 600 or 800 barrels and for months produced from 50 to 100 barrels. But the fact that production remains stationary while the number of wells has increased three-fold proves the truth of the adage that "you can't increase the amount of milk by multiplying the number of teats on a cow." Had the number of wells remained stationary the production would have been about the same with a far greater profit to the producers. This condition only exists in the Los Angeles fields. In other sections land is so cheap that owners can protect themselves by the purchase of adjacent land. The extent of the Los Angeles field now covers an area of about four miles in length by 600 feet in width, extending from the Baker Iron Works on Buena Vista street to the city limits on the west. Its general direction is east and west. Within these limits are about 1000 wells, 400 of which are not being operated, either being "dead" or producing so little oil as not to pay operating expenses. The wells in this field are closer together than in any other field in the world, and the wonder is that they hold out so well. These wells have been producing an output of 100,000 barrels per month for the past four years, and it is thought that the output for the present year will reach 1,500,000 barrels. It will be seen that this only shows a yield of 5½ barrels for each well, but it must be remembered that a large number of wells are operated which are on the verge of being "dead" and thus lower the average of those which are more productive.

The price of oil has fluctuated from $2.50 per barrel, when the first wells were opened, down to as low as 25 cents per barrel, the latter rate being reached in the summer of 1894. Since that it has risen to as high as $1.25 per barrel, the present quotations being $1 per barrel at the wells.

The amount of tankage at the wells is 150,000 barrels. In addition to this there is tankage at railroad tracks, supplied by pipe lines, to the amount of 300,000 barrels. The supply on hand in Los Angeles is 158,000 barrels. The local consumption, in Los Angeles and Southern California, is 100,000 barrels, or the total output of the Los Angeles field. Of this 90,000 barrels are consumed in this city.

The average cost of wells, including total cost of land, drilling, casing, pumping plant, etc., has been in the neighborhood of $2500 per well, but now, on account of the increased cost of iron, this has been increased to nearly double, or $4,000.

COST OF PRODUCTION

The cost of oil is a mooted question among oil men. Some say that it has been 75 cents per barrel, but that now under the increased cost of iron it is $1. Others put it at about 50 cents and 75 cents. Taking a 75 per cent. net cost basis, the prices which oil has brought since the first sales would show a small margin of profit. But when we eliminate those who have from various reasons made a failure from poor strikes and sales at low figures, which accidents attend all mining operations, it can safely be said that the majority of well owners have done a very profitable business, and with the prospect of better prices in the future the outlook is encouraging.

At first $2.50 per barrel was paid for oil, but

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about the close of the third year the price went down to from 25 to 50 cents per barrel, a sum much below the cost of production. On this account many of the wells were shut down, and others which were operated only returned enough to pay running expenses, not counting in interest on the capital invested. This condition of affairs resulted in a movement for the organization of an oil exchange, for the purpose of controlling the output and regulating the price. Much difficulty was experienced in uniting the various interests, and the first organization was practically a failure in this regard, although it resulted in ultimate good in inducing the building of pipe lines and storage tanks, so that the congestion of oil at the wells was somewhat relieved, and the railroads were induced to increase their facilities for shipment. But the causes which first induced oil men to unite eventually resulted in the present organization, which has had the effect of increasing the price until it is now $1 per barrel. But even this price is much below the commercial value of the oil as a fuel. A great advance has, however, been made in creating a demand for the product of the wells as a fuel. This required a long season of education showing its value as fuel, and also to convince manufacturers that the supply was sufficient to insure its permanency. The cost of changing from coal to oil being considerable, it has been necessary to steadily increase the supply in the tanks so that contracts for future delivery could be safely made, before large establishments would make the change, even after being fully convinced that it was the cheaper fuel. The discoveries which, with in the last two years, have been made in various sections of the State have settled this phase of the question, and the indications now are that from this on the demand will easily take care of the supply, however much it may be multiplied. In fact, conservative operators say that should the output continue to increase in the same ratio as now seems probable, the price will continue to advance on account of the increasing demand for fuel oil.

VALUE AS FUEL.

The relative value of oil and coal is about in the ratio of one ton of Wilmington or Australian coal to three barrels of oil. Thus at $1 per barrel it is equal to coal at $3 per ton. At the present price of coal at, say $9 per ton, oil is worth, for fuel $3 per barrel. As manufacturers become convinced of the abundance and permanency of the supply of oil, one of two results will occur, either the price of oil will go up, or the price of coal must be reduced; in any event, oil will probably retain a fuel value of not less than $2 per barrel, not to say anything of by products and refining. The use of oil as a fuel for producing energy is no longer questioned. It has largely supplanted coal for manufacturing purposes, and on most of the railroads in this section is rapidly supplanting the dearer fuel. Experiments have also demonstrated that its use on large ocean steamers is economical, both on account of the cheapness of the fuel itself, and the saving which can be made in freight space. The largest ocean steamers on a voyage of 3000 miles usually carry 3000 tons of coal. The difference in tons space which the coal requires is 39 per cent. more than oil, or a saving of 1,170 tons space which can be utilized for freight. A large steamer with 300 tons of coal on board would only have 400 tons of freight space, while the same vessel using oil would have 1570 tons space for its cargo. Such a saving of space will soon crowd out coal as a fuel for ocean steamers where oil can be cheaply procured. The scarcity and cost of coal at Pacific ports will make a large demand for fuel oil on this coast, both on account of its cheapness and its saving of space for long trips.

A new use for the low gravity oil is in sprinkling the streets to allay dust. Trials for this purpose have been made and it has been found that the dust can be kept down much cheaper by this process than by water.

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION.

The local consumption of oil about disposes of the output of the Los Angeles field. The balance of Southern California depends upon other fields, and the San Francisco market is supplied by wells in Ventura, Santa Barbara, Kern and other northern counties. Some of these outside fields have already nearly reached a point where their output exceeds ours, and the total production of outside oil is far in excess of the local output. The following table gives the present output, as nearly as can be ascertained. It is a difficult matter to get at reliable data on this subject, as many of the companies are very close corporations and will not give out the facts. In Los Angeles the output is given out with considerable accuracy, by the exchange, but in others, notably the Union Oil Company of Santa Paula, it is largely guesswork. From the best information obtainable the output is about as follows:

Wells.	Location.	Barrels per mo.
1000	Los Angeles	100,000
	Santa Paula and Newhall	100,000
18	Coalinga	80,000
21	Fullerton	25,000
20	Whittier	15,000
40	Puente	12,000
125	Summerland	12,000
		344,000

This shows an annual production of 4,372,000 barrels, of which the Los Angeles and Santa Paula fields each furnish about one-third.

Santa Paula and Puente are the oldest oil fields in the State. They have been operated for fifteen or twenty years, and until the discovery of oil in Los Angeles, had a most excellent market for their oil, prices ranging as high as $2.50 per barrel. The product of the Puente wells is sent to the Chino sugar beet factory in pipes, and that of Santa Paula by ship or rail to San Francisco, or used by the Southern Pacific railroad.

The Coalinga field, in Kern county, is perhaps the most productive field in the State, in the amount of oil produced per well. This field is near the mountains in the San Joaquin valley, about ten miles from the Southern Pacific railroad. It was opened four years ago, the first development being by Canfield, Connon & Chanslor of Los Angeles. The first wells were drilled pretty far up the mountain, and struck oil at a depth of from 600 to 800 feet, and averaged twenty-five to fifty barrels per well per day. Another lot of wells were sunk farther down the anticline, where oil was found at about 1000 feet. These wells at first produced 700 to 800 barrels per day, and after three years are producing from 500 to 700 barrels. A new line of wells is now being drilled still farther down the anticline, where it is expected the drills will have to go 1,500 or 1,800 feet, but it is thought that a very large flow of oil will be struck. There are eighteen wells in the field and the product is sent to the railroad by pipe line.

The Fullerton and Whittier wells are located on the south side of the Puente hills, not far from the Puente wells, and near the towns above named. In the Fullerton fields some excellent wells have been drilled, the largest producer having lately been opened by the Santa Fe railroad. For a time it gushed nearly 1000 barrels a day, and is still a wonderful producer. This field contains twenty wells, and nearly all of the production, 2500 barrels, is taken by the Santa Fe.

Whittier has also twenty wells, the production of which is 15,000 barrels per month. It is shipped to Southern California points.

The Summerland field is located on the beach at the village of that name a few miles from Santa Barbara. There are 125 wells in operation, many of which are owned by R. H. Herron of Los Angeles. Some of these wells are out in the ocean, some distance from the shore, and in this respect are unique in oil exploitation. The wells are 400 feet in depth, the production being 12,000 barrels per month.

The late advent of San Francisco and Eastern capitalists into the oil industry has had the effect to increase the interest of both operators and capitalists in the Pacific Coast fields. It is said that San Francisco parties now own a majority of the Los Angeles wells, and reports are rife of large purchases of oil land in the Newhall and other fields by men who will do their own exploitation.

The extent of the district in which oil can be found is so large that there is no danger of it being monopolized by syndicates, for it is the opinion of the best judges of such matters that the oil sand can be found all along both sides of the coast range from the Mexican border to the Columbia river in Oregon. This vast deposit has as yet scarcely been touched, and today offers the surest returns of any mining industry in the State.

Specs' View of It

I CAN well remember when I was a youngster at school there were three brothers who for months "pestered" one of the big boys, until one day when he could stand it no longer he tackled them with the butt end of a hickory sapling and sent two of them to bed for a week with their bruises. At first the whole school was "down" on the victor for the brutal way in which he evened up scores, but as the brothers' heads healed the necessity for the severe punishment became apparent and all was forgotten in the whirl of fresh incidents.

Chief Glass might have been the big boy, but he wasn't and "orders No. 13" could be travestied as a hickory club or an ell of lead pipe. It is plain that politics is at the bottom of this police squabble and it has been the false notion of a certain element of the police department that their strength of pull would carry them through any amount of "pestering" their Chief. But they failed to reckon that John Glass is as good a politician as he is Chief of Police, and his hickory club fell with precision and merciless justice.

There have been many laxities in the policing of the city aired in the newspapers from time to time, all of which have been laid at the Chief's door. This is manifestly unfair, as the Chief can no more keep his eye on all the criminal element than any other man with but one pair of eyes. If there has been an organized disregard for the authority of the Chief, as has been asserted, he has taken the only course open to him in his semi-military position, and with the exception of a certain amount of humiliation on the heads of the derated officers no one suffers any real hardship in the shake-up. Loyalty and obedience among subordinates are vital elements in an efficient police department, without which the efforts of the best man on earth would avail nothing.

On general principles a rattling of dry bones is a good thing once in a while, and though the rattling may produce unpleasant feelings and perhaps do injustice to a few who are unfortunately in the path of the breeze, a change in any branch of the public service is more apt to prove beneficial than otherwise.

The deciding of the right and wrong in the matter of walking a man on the plank without a hearing will tend toward the latter in the true American spirit. But it is at this point that we must take the word of all high military authorities—that in matters of discipline Americanism must take a seat back of experience. There can be but one directing brain and unswerving allegiance to the dictation of that brain, be its conclusions right or wrong.

The majority City Council is making a collective ass of itself and the Mayor is showing a degree of determined resistance that proves the value of the upper lip in character reading by the features. I am no lawyer, so don't presume to prognosticate the outcome of the mess, but I have no doubt the matter will have its final settling in the courts, which in this instance will be put to the use of a laundry for the city's soiled linen.

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If you want to be in style next year, you can date your letters "MCM." This year the Roman letter style is too cumbersome to have many followers, being "MDCCCXCIX."—Citrograph.

Women's Clubs

WHERE is the man who has the power and skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman's will,
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.
—From the pillar erected on the Mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.

At the regular meeting last week of the art class of the Woman's Club at Riverside the subject was Cardinal Richelieu as an Historical Character, also the Origin and Growth of the French Academy. Miss Wright presented a most excellent paper on this subject. The beginning of the French Academy was discussed thoroughly, its object and what it achieved. Miss Laura Reynolds gave interesting sketches of the sculptor, Jean Goujon, and the artists, Claude Lorrain and Nicholas Poussin. The date of Goujon was supposed to be about 1520. His celebrated picture of Diana hangs in the Louvre. Poussin made a specialty of the antique, and was also a celebrated classical landscape artist. His most celebrated painting is the "Arcadian Shepherds." Claude Lorraine was also a landscape painter of the seventeenth century. His pictures recall the Golden Age. Miss Nellie Vande Grift favored the class with a piano solo. The last paper on the program was a very fine description of Fontainbleau. Its celebrated palace, the Pompadour mansion, by Mrs. Day. A number of pictures showing the different rooms in the palace were circulated among the ladies.

Last Saturday was "California Day" at the Pasadena Shakespearean Club, and a most loyal, patriotic meeting it was. Mrs. Sweesey opened the program by marshaling some twenty of her high School boys and girls to sing "Hail California."

Mrs. Lou V. Chapin of Los Angeles, a daughter of the club, described quite fully the governmental machinery of the State, with its executive, legislative, and judiciary powers, and political methods. The merits and deficiencies of the State organization were freely discussed.

A clear, concise talk was given by Judge Rossiter upon the legal status of women in the State. He gave a short, comprehensive historical sketch of the development of woman's standing before the law, and then carefully explained her business and property rights in California. Several questions regarding the inheritance laws were asked the Judge, and the closest attention was paid his address

The Reform Schools of the State was the subject upon which Mrs. A. C. Herrick spoke, detailing the aims, methods and results of this work, with which she was heartily in sympathy.

Mrs Lois A. Dane read an excellent paper upon the preservation of our forests, foretelling the dangers to the State if no protection be given our magnificent trees. Extracts from Mr. Lukin's articles upon replanting the burnt districts with non-combustible conifers were read. Samples of various seeds were shown.

Alta California in her romantic, simple, happy, daily life, was the subject of a most delightful paper by Mrs. Helen E. Bandini. Her pen pictures of the life on the rancho and in the adobe were keen and vivid and greatly enjoyed by all. Many of the quaint customs and manners were described and the charm of the old peaceful pastoral times was felt anew by all who listened.

The Ruskin Art Club had for its subject on Wednesday morning, November 8th, Hellenish Sculpture—the period embraced from the death of Alexander to the destruction of Corinth, 323—146 B. C.

The lesson was in charge of Mrs. H. G. Brainerd and Mrs. F. H. Snowden.

Previous to the presentation of the regular program some topics necessarily omitted from the previous week's lesson were given and proved of great interest. The lesson was opened by the leaders in a brief characterization of the age. The death of Alexander left the Greeks in possession of the civilized world, without the centralized power to maintain a kingdom of such vast extent. It was inevitable that separate kingdoms should be founded, such as those of the Ptolemies in Egypt, the Attalidae at Pergamon, the Selenkidae in Syria and Mesopotamia. Mrs. W. J. Washburn followed with a delightful explanation of a large map of Greece and Asia Minor prepared by herself.

The work of the schools located at Pergamon, Rhodes and Tralles was described and photographs shown of the Dying Gaul, the Laocoon, the Farnese Bull, the Apollo Belvidere and contemporary Apollos, Diana of Versailles and other subjects. The difficult topic of the Great Altar at Pergamon was very clearly explained. The Aristotelian philosophy, the onward sweep of conquering armies and the intense striving after the realities of life, all tended to create a change in thought and character as shown in the sculpture of the period

The topics were most carefully prepared and entertainingly given.

The Wednesday Club of Alhambra had as its guest this week Mrs. George Rice of Los Angeles. Mrs Rice gave a very beautiful description of the historic Fallen Columns of Karnak. The club was further entertained with a vocal solo by Mrs. H. R. Warner.

At the Friday Morning Club this week Mrs. Cora Williams addressed the members on The Personal Study of Hypnotism. Mrs. Williams is a pupil of the great hypnotists Charcop, Liebault, Forel and Bernstein.

At the Wednesday Morning Club of East Los Angeles Monday the current events section held the boards. In the absence of Mrs. Sherman Page, the leader of the section, Mrs. J. Noonan Phillips presided. The program consisted of an account of the progress already made on the San Pedro harbor by Mrs. Hattie Gordon, a review of recent literature by Mrs. Stella Mathews, and a very interesting talk on Pinhole Photography by Mrs. J. Noonan Phillips. Topics of general interest were discused by different members of the section.

Wednesday morning was devoted to the study of and analyzing of Act IV in King Lear. A character delineation of Kent was given by Miss Meigs, which was followed by a second paper on Kent by Mrs. Hubbard, describing the true qualities of the gentleman. A paper on the characters of Goneril and Regan was read and discussed also.

The public school teachers are showing a decided interest in the Civic League and many have become members of the organization At the close of the meeting the following officers were elected. Mrs R. L. Craig, president; Mrs. D. G. Stephens, first vice-president; Prof. W. H. Housh, second vice-president; Miss Helen Davis, recording secretary; Prof. J. M. McPherson, financial secretary; Mrs. W. J. Washburn, corresponding secretary; Frank A. Gibson, treasurer; Mrs. Summer P. Hunt, chairman of the Amelia-street school; Mrs. W. W. Stilson, chairman of the Castelar-street school.

See announcement of the consolidation of WESTERN GRAPHIC and SUNDAY WORLD on editorial page.

The Crown of the Valley

DEAREST BETTY: The only event of social interest in our set this week was the dance given at Columbia Hall Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Daggett in honor of John's twenty-first birthday. It was a very swell function and the house, which is especially adapted to artistic decoration, was beautiful with trailing vines and masses of flowers. A new hardwood floor had been laid in the library and was used for the first time upon this occasion. Just the right people were present and although the party was large the rooms were not too crowded for dancing and every one had a delightful evening.

Miss Leonore Muse and the Misses Daggett are arranging for a young girls' card club, which is to meet one afternoon each week during the winter, the first meeting to be held about December 1st.

Mrs. A. S. Halsted, who went to San Rafael last week to spend a few weeks with her father, Rev. Dr. Hall, formerly of Pasadena, writes that she was joined there by her brother, Gordon Hall, who has just returned from a most successful business trip to Alaska. Gordon Hall has a number of old friends among the young society people of Los Angeles and Pasadena and is now practicing law in San Francisco.

H. Edmund Earle returned Wednesday from a short visit in San Francisco, where he was conspicuous in society and distinguished himself as a leader of cotillions and in other gay scenes.

Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Up de Graff are entertaining Dr. Up de Graff's mother and sister, who arrived from New York this week and who expect to remain here during the winter.

Miss Pearl Libby, who has been in Pasadena some weeks settling up business affairs, left Monday for Chicago, and it is rumored her marriage with J. C. Clow of that place will occur early in the spring.

Judge and Mrs. H. H. Rose, who spent the greater portion of the summer on a camping trip in the high Sierras, had a most delightful outing from which they have but recently returned. Ex-Governor H. H. Markham was one of their party for some weeks. Judge Rose is most enthusiastic over their experiences and tells many interesting stories of hunting and camp life. He and the Governor made the acquaintance of a most eccentric old mountaineer who owns a remarkably sagacious dog, Booze, half shepherd and half—something else, which goes to the making of a very shrewd animal. There is a bounty placed by the county up there on squirrels—or some other animal which has a long tail, I forget what, and the old woodsman traps them. When caught he divides the animal between Booze and the cat and keeps the brush himself to prove his claim to the bounty. Booze does a little business of this kind sometimes on his own account and every squirrel he catches he divides honestly with the cat and discriminatingly brings the tail to his master—at least, the Judge vouches for the truth of this story and refers to the Governor for its verification. After one has swallowed this story there are others.

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Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

Goodbye to the Eel Skirts

PROBABLY the most important change in the styles this season is in skirts. The tight-fitting eel-skirts which have been so popular and so vulgar are to give way to the full-backs. In order that we may be let down easy the medium is a single or double box plait tacked several inches down from the waist line and much pressed, so it really shows but little change at first glance until it reaches to the hem; then it falls in loose, graceful folds, quite a pleasing contrast to the old swishing, bedraggled habit skirts.

The new skirt will be welcomed with joy, not only for its becomingness and grace but particularly for its comfort. The eel skirt has been responsible for much that was unpleasant in the way of personal criticism, and at the same time the wearer was in constant fear of its bursting when sitting, and to the stout woman it brought unlimited woe.

Morning Costumes

Not being a believer in mourning, or at least not in deep mourning, it is with reluctance perhaps that I give a few ideas in regard to what is considered the correct thing in this particular line. There are certain people who still cling to this relic of barbarism and although the custom of enveloping one's self in heavy crepe and black stuffs has been severely denounced through the press for years, it still continues and it may be well to know what the correct costumes are for the different periods of mourning. One is liable to meet with very peculiar combinations of materials under the name of mourning. There are materials in black worn by persons both in and out of mourning, but the materials used particularly for mourning are Henrietta Eudora, which resembles Henrietta, Melrose, drap d'alma, nun's veiling, tamise and crepe, which has ever been the most distinctive mourning fabric, and which is very much less expensive than formerly.

Dressing in mourning is divided in periods or seasons, for each of which a certain style of dress is appropriate. The widow wears crepe six months and black for two years. For an aunt, cousin or any relative further removed than the immediate family custom does not demand the assumption of the mourning garb, but if it is worn, plain black is correct for six months and black and white for the remainder of the year. After plain mourning has been laid aside plain white, or black and white, is appropriate, but the old-fashioned idea of purple or lavender is entirely out of style.

Since the long sweeping skirts have been worn for the street it has been a perplexing problem to most women how to get along with but one pair of hands to carry their pocket book and bundles, hold up their skirt and perhaps carry an umbrella all at one time.

When One has but Two Hands

Some enterprising manufacturer has conceived the idea of a "pockethandkerchief-pocketbook," (this word need not be pronounced very often, else there might be some trouble) and an article meant for this double purpose is now on the market. It is made with a compartment at one end to slip the handkerchief or gloves or both into without mussing or injuring anything, thus making it an easy matter to keep track of one's belongings.

The Tailor-Made Girl

Oh, it's not the ruffly, fluffy girl
That's the girl of girls for me,
And it's not the girl in white marseilles
That's my joy of joys to see.
But give me the girl that is tailor-made
She's the swellest of all that be.

—Denver Post.

This is truly the day of the tailor-made girl, and rightly so, too, for a number of reasons. In the first place, she is the swellest, neatest and most chic, and, again, almost anyone can afford a tailor gown nowadays. They can be had from twenty dollars, the price of any sort of gown, to one hundred dollars or more. There was a time, and not long ago, when tailor mades were very exclusive from the fact that women thought only perfect figures could wear them and the short, dumpy woman and the long, slim woman avoided the tailor suit as they would a plague; but there is a decidedly different feeling now, and every woman must have from one to five tailor suits. Now, a word to the woman who is obliged to be content with one. Don't get a pronounced color unless you want to be known by that one gown every time you appear out of doors. Black, dark brown or dark blue would be the best and last the longest. These dark shades keep looking fresh and new longer than the light ones, and you don't tire of them as soon. Then, again, if you are only going to have one gown of this sort don't go to extremes in the style. Some of the very handsomest gowns are the plainest.

Millinery Items

Hats are becoming more and more complex, both in design and coloring. It is all general effect and no details, at least these latter are so welded into the whole that they are difficult to define. Black picture hats crowned with ostrich plumes and huge chiffon bows and puffs are lined with the fluffiest of white and pale pink chiffons, folded and tucked and puffed until they are a mass of softness that is most becoming to the face beneath.

Fur is extensively used this winter in millinery and there is nothing richer or handsomer than the tan furs combined with the rich shades of red velvet.

Angel wings and all kinds of natural and unnatural plumes are to be seen, but the whole bird seldom.

Eyeglasses Renewed

Transplanting eyelashes and eyebrows is the latest thing in the way of personal adornment. Only the brave and rich can patronize the new method at present, for, besides being painful and costly, it takes a long time to accomplish it.

In Paris and London, says Woman's Life, there are specialists who make a handsome living out of the process of transplanting hair from the head to the eyebrows or eyelashes. The specialist works by putting in, not on, the new eyelashes and brows wherever they are absent or grow thin, and so cunning is he in his work that not even the closest scrutiny can detect any difference.

By means of the new process, it is said, eyes which are at ordinary times only passable become languishing in their expression, while eyes which were previously considered fine have their beauty much enhanced.

This is the way the new eyelashes are put in: An ordinary long needle is threaded with a long hair, generally taken from the head of the person to be operated upon. The lower border of the eyelid is then thoroughly cleaned, and, in order that the process may be as painless as possible, rubbed with a solution of cocaine. The operator then, by a few skillful touches, runs his needle through the extreme edges of the eyelid, between the epidermis and the lower border of the cartilage of the traugh. The needle passes in and out along the edges of the lid, leaving its hair thread in loops of carefully graduated length.

When this has been done another and another length of hair is sewed through the lid, until finally there are a dozen or more loops projecting. By this time the effect of the cocaine has been lost, and the operator is obliged to desist and put off the further "sewing of hair" for another sitting.

The next step in the process is cutting off and trimming the ends of the loops, and the result is a fine, thick, long set of eyelashes. It is the finishing touch that is to come that is to make them look like nature's own. When they are first cut they stick out in the most singular fashion, giving the person operated upon a most uncanny look. The operator's next step is to take curling tongs, made of silver and no larger than knitting needles, and to give them the curve which is essential to

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perfect beauty. Then the eyes are carefully bandaged and kept so until the following day.

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THE VOLUABLE BARBER

He Disparages Funston and Relates Fresh History

I SEE that Funston's goin' back to the Philippines," remarked the barber, as the newspaper man settled himself in his chair.

"Funston; whose he?"

"Why, don't you know? He's the fellow that McKinley made a general for wadin' through a brook somewhere in the outsquirts of Manila."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, Funston and some other soldiers crossed the brook in a fight, and the fellow that runs the news factory at Manila said they swimmed a river."

"And wasn't it a river?"

"Yes, like the Los Angeles river in August. Bah! it's 'nough to make a man sick that ever read about Washington's feat. Ever read it?"

"I've read that he wore either twelves or thirteens—forget which."

"Naw; I mean his crossin' the Delaware river with his army."

"That's no trick, to cross the Delaware; I've done it myself."

"What, swimmed it?"

"Not much. Crossed it on the railroad bridge at Trenton."

"Yes; but when Washington crossed it, with his whole army, there wasn't no bridge nor no boats, and the river was bank full with an ice flood."

"Did the old man skip over on the ice cakes like Eliza in Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"Naw, they all swimmed, river a mile wide."

"Must have been kind o' chilly, if the cakes were cold."

"I guess yes; forty degrees below zero."

"Any powder get damp?"

"The history don't state; but they captured forty thousand Hessians without firin' a gun."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Why, you see, when they got across every man was coated all over with ice about three inches thick, and when they started to attack the Hessians——"

"Did their trousers bag at the knees?"

"When they started for the Hessians they was just like they was ironclad, see, with the ice all over 'em. Well, when they got near enough the Hessians cut loose at 'em with Krupp cannon and Gatling guns and Mauser rifles and——"

"Did the Hessians have such shooters?"

"O, you ought to read history. An' not a man was hurt."

"Lordy! What kind of a schutzenfest was that?"

"Why, the bullets and things just glanced from them ice-covered soldiers like raindrops from a duck's back. Just like wastin' shot on an ironclad. Hessians scared nearly to death; thought Washington's army was spirits; legs shook so they couldn't stand up. Every man of 'em surrendered—the whole forty thousand. Talk about yer Funstons and a Manila brook in fly-time!"

"Did any of Washington's men suffer from colds, coughs, sore throat, hoarseness, rheumatism, lumbago, lockjaw, delirium tremens, one bottle cures, or——"

"Naw, Washington ordered part of the town to be fired and told his soldiers to line up and thaw out. What do you think about the Boers?"

"O, ask Cudahy, or some of his men when they come in. I don't know anything about the pork market."

"Why, don't you read the papers 'bout the war in Africa?"

"Yes, I've seen something about it in the headlines; but don't you believe anything of the kind. It's all a story to sell the newspapers. Don't you take any stock in it?"

The barber looked pityingly at the newspaper man, as he gave the razor a vigorous whack on the strop.

"Every American who enjoys life, liberty and taxation, as the immoral Declaration of Independence says, should read the newspapers," solemnly remarked the barber.

"I do read 'em," retorted the newspaper man. "I don't read the fake yarns made to sell papers, but I read all that's worth reading—the sermons, death notices, doctor advertisements and——"

"O, Lord!" sighed the barber. "You see the Boers, down in Africa, are not educated people, like us. But their country shines with gold and glitters with diamonds (ain't that nice? I'm workin' it into my speech.) The British feel that the Boers are not capable of taking care of their gold and diamonds, and so they have sent an army of redcoats to take charge of the business, see?"

"Yes; how are they getting on?"

"Well, the Boers are fightin', but they don't fight fair. The British general, Sir John Smith, was killed in the first battle. He left everything to his wife, including the tussle with the Boers. Lady-Smith is as good a fighter as her husband was, but she lost her left wing——"

"What do you mean; her port flipper?"

"Naw, the left wing of her army. You see, Lady Smith had a thousand mules, hought in the United States. The mules was warranted, an' she expected great things from 'em. As I understand it, her plan was to have the soldiers of her left wing lead the mules up pretty close to the Boer lines, then turn suddent, whack the mules over the head and start 'em heels first toward the Boers' kickin' a swath like a Kansas cyclone."

"Pretty good scheme; how did it work?"

"That's the point. That's where, as I say, the Boers don't fight fair. You see, the Boers know something about mules themselves. They got wind of Lady Smith's scheme, an' what did they do? Why, they sowed a thick swath of oats from their lines, night before, toward the British lines. Well, when Lady Smith's left wing got up to the oats the soldiers couldn't turn 'em stern foremost, to work the cyclone racket. The mules struck that oats trail head on, and they concluded to follow it to the granary. Soldiers tried to stop 'em with ropes tossed over the mule's heads. Finally the whole left wing was buckled down to a tug-o'-war with the mules, three thousand soldiers agin a thousand mules."

"My money goes on the mules!" exclaimed the newspaper man, rising from the chair.

"Right you are. Before the redcoats knowed it the mules had towed 'em right into the Boers lines. Dou you call that civilized warfare? Not hy a jug full. That's why I'm down on the Boers; they don't fight fair. S'long."

A woman at a literary reception in London said she had heard the American "hosier poet" read at Exeter Hall. "How curious that a hosier should become your poet laureate in America," she said. The American to whom she spoke did not know what she meant until she said that her favorite among the "hosier poet's" poems was "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin." Then he exclaimed that It was "Riley, the Hoosier poet." "Oh, your Americans have such a queer way of pronouncing things," said the woman. "Yes, but Mr. Riley is not a hosier, he is——" began the American. But she cut him short with: "Oh, I see; it is a joke, then; you Americans are so funny. I suppose you think Mr. Riley is a blue-stocking, and so you call him a hosier."

Spurgeon once passed a stone-mason, who, after each stroke of his hammer, cursed and swore. Mr. Spurgeon laid his hand on his shoulder, and, looking kindly at him, said: "You are an adept at swearing. Can you also pray?" With another oath, he replied: "Not very likely." Holding up five shillings, Mr. Spurgeon said if he would promise never to pray, he would give him that. "That is easily earned," said the man, with a fresh oath, and put it in his pocket. When Spurgeon left, the man began to feel a little queer. When he went home, his wife asked him what ailed him, and he told her. "It is Judas's money!" said the man, and, on a sudden impulse, he threw it into the fire.

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TWO PICTURES OF MAUD KNOWLTON In "Brown's in Town" at Moroscos' next week

Amusements

IT IS like the last visit of parting friends, this final week of the Frawley company. We have learned to know the individuals of the company by their personalities, and in the characters of the medley of plays of the farewell week it is like the rush of memories of a pleasant acquaintance that precedes the good-bye—bon voyage. It does not often fall to the lot of a man to record to his own credit the two most successful seasons in the theatrical history of a city, but this is what Mr. Frawley can justly claim. He has proven beyond a doubt that the measure of the Los Angeles public is a dollar show for fifty cents—and he has made money at it. So has Oliver Morosco, the young man of quiet demeanor and suave personality who presides over the destinies of the theater. He is probably the youngest manager in the business, and is already counted as among those at the top of the list. The theater is booked full up to next June and arrangements are nearly perfected for a stock company for the summer months.

Following the Frawleys is the farce-comedy, "Brown's in Town," then a week of minstrels, the Grau opera company for a month, and Morosco's opera for possibly two months. Mr. Morosco is a believer in detail, and the same care in costuming and stage setting that has characterized the Frawley productions will be observed in the future. With the fine orchestra under Mr. Arnold Krauss, the ensemble for delightful entertainment is complete, and it is verily a reality that the Burbank has lost its hoodoo with its name.

To the Frawleys we can only bid them adieu with regrets, and assure them that from indefatigable Timothy Daniel himself to petite Pearl Landers, the ladies and gentlemen of the organization have made admirers and friends that last longer than during the few hours the footlights blaze. The two Marys occupy a place in the public heart that is unique in theatricals. They have passed through all the incidents that usually cause bitter jealousy between women of the stage without so much as a sign to the public that the green-eyed monster had invaded their friendship. Again, they share the affections of both sexes, a revelation in magnetism.

There is one man in the company who the public never sees and seldom hears of, who toils when the others sleep, who is the buffer between the stage door and the world, who listens to the troubles of all and tells his troubles to no one; who with English courtesy is polite to the bore and precise to the business man, and above all keeps track of the dollars. Manager Murray, for the company, is his status and not a little of the success of the season was due to his work.

CROWDED houses at every performance has been the rule of the week at the ever popular Orpheum and it is safe to say that not a single patron of the house has been disappointed in any of the good things the management has selected to please the eye and tickle the ear drum.

Tom Brown, the colored aristocrat, is better even than last week, which is saying a great deal. His songs and sayings are new and he introduces a Chinese impersonation that is perfect and as funny as can be. Vinie De Witt also repeats her overwhelming success of last week and I am glad to note that she has taken my suggestion in last week's Graphic and substituted the Star-Spangled Banner for the bit of rag time that she formerly played after the immortal Dixie.

All of the five new acts on the bill are good and I will not even attempt to say which is the best, but will speak of them in the order of their appearance on the program.

M'lle. Ernas, who, by the way, is a man, has a collection of trick dogs that is unique. Their performance is really fine and not the least amusing part of it is to see the way in which the dogs themselves enjoy it. One would almost think that they were in charge of the act instead of their master. In "A Stolen Kiss" Wright Huntington and his clever company have a little one-act sketch that is far in advance of the customary vaudeville affair of its kind. The performers are all good and the act is staged with the same care that would be given to a pretentious play Sada shows herself a complete mistress of the violin and encore after encore follows her perfect rendering of many beautiful selections. Her performance is a rare musical treat.

And now comes M'lle. Lotty, the lady of the "Poses Plastique," about whose act so much has been said pro and con. I cannot for the life of me see the reason for so much criticism, for while there is to be sure a freer exhibition of the female form divine than we are accustomed to there is none of that audacity which is characteristic of the living picture. Certainly M'lle. Lotty's act is a novelty and nobody can gainsay that it is beautiful..

Next on the bill is the only, the incomparable Laura Burt, and I have only one fault to find with her, namely that she does not come on soon enough and leaves too soon. Every minute she is on the stage is a minute of pleasure. In her imitation stump speech with her fruit ranch hat she strikes the keynote of humor with no uncertain sound, and her songs and recitations are most happily selected and are presented in a way that shows the true artist in every tone and gesture.

Walton's gymnastic monkeys close the evening's performance. Mr. Walton is the same personage who as M'lle. Ernas introduced a troupe of dogs earlier in the evening, and his monkeys are as good in their way as her dogs were in their's. The bright little Simian who performed on the flying trapeze would put to shame many a human brother.

Morosco's

"Brown's in Town," the latest farcical effusion that is now playing in San Francisco, has been secured by Manager Morosco to follow the Frawleys at the Burbank theater next Sunday evening, November 12th. It is described by the management as a balm for jaded nerves. Its story which is an entirely new one, is said to be replete with humorous complications, the dialogue is sparklingly witty, and the situations are well timed and highly effective. The farce is free from marital infelicity or inuendo of immorality, and the time-worn bald-headed benedict who flirts with a music hall singer is also eliminated. The conventional old maid and the fussy mother-in-law are dispensed with, as well as the hackneyed German, Irish or French maid. "Brown" has a maid, but she is a novel one; one you do not see every day. This particular maid in "Brown's in Town" is one of the octoroon type, and portrayed by one of the best artists on the stage today. She is not of the "Lord, the carriage waits" order, but one who was the talk of all New York last year. Miss Fanny Midgeley, who is at the head and front of all the American comic singers, has been engaged to play this part.

WRIGHT HUNTINGTON—AT THE ORPHEUM

Orpheum

The crowds have crowned vaudeville "King of Amusements" at the Orpheum this week, and the coronation festivities will probably be extended into next week. The new vaudeville people that are to open next Monday evening are of the sort that win high praises from the judicious as well as the careless ones.

Louise Dresser, a sweet singer and a beautiful girl "from the Wabash," as she is advertised, will present a singing turn, and is to be assisted by a couple of genuine pickaninnies.

Jack Norworth, calling himself "the jailbird coon," has a monologue act that led the bill in San Francisco recently and made a great hit.

Merritt and Murdock have a skit called "Luncheon at 2" in which they introduce vocal imitations and other features calculated to entertain.

Wright Huntington and his comedy company; Laura Burt, the charming actress; Sada, the girl violinist; Walton's monkeys and M'lle. Erna's trick dogs, complete the bill.

Los Angeles Theater

It is doubtful if any American play ever won more widespread popularity than "In Old Kentucky," now making its seventh annual tour of the country, and announced for presentation in this city at the Los Angeles theater for three nights and Wednesday matinee commencing November 13th. It has made its author, Mr. C. T. Dazey, and its manager, Mr. Jacob Litt, independently rich, and as yet it shows no signs of waning popularity. One of the secrets of its continued success is that Mr. Litt has wisely kept the company up to the standard of excellence set the first year. He has not cheapened it; on the other hand, he has strengthened it wherever possible, and this year he has provided new scenery complete

In selecting Kentucky as the background for a present-day play, Mr. Dazey has gone into a region of the country which probably abounds in a greater variety of strong character types than any other State in the union. It is said that Mr. Dazey took up his residence in the blue grass State for a considerable period of time for the express purpose of studying not only the type of Kentuckian with which the country at large is most familiar, but also that other type of Kentucklan, of which we know but little, except when the papers detail the particulars of one of those deadly feuds which exist among the rugged residents of the mountain districts, the hunters, the moonshiners and the nondescript class which live in the back counties. Mr. Dazey has a dash of this character in his play, "In Old Kentucky." He also has a bit of character in his drama that might be said to fall between that found in the mountains and the class that is to be found in and about the famous horse center at Lexington. No play that deals with Kentucky character could escape a horse element.

The blue grass girl figures in Mr. Dazey's new play and if one can believe the Kentuckian on his native heath or elsewhere, sober or so so, there are no such beautiful women known to the world. The darkey, always capable of being made an object of interest in American plays, has also been utilized by Mr. Dazey quite successfully, and his enterprising managers have gone a step farther than the dramatist in this direction by introducing what is called on the bills the pickaninny band, which is composed of a number of diminutive Ethiopian players of a sufficient number of brass instruments to constitute a band such as is encountered in country towns and backwoods villages. Mr. Dazey introduces a race track, and is accredited with a very ingenious manipulation of racing events, subject to the restrictions of the stage. The managers have secured several well-known Kentucky horses which are introduced in the racing scene at the close of the act.

It is a generally accepted fact that the chief purpose of the modern stage is to amuse, to furnish the necessary relaxation to the victims of the grinding commercialism that characterizes the present age. With this one object in view, Messrs Dunne & Ryley, the well-known theatrical firm, has exploited those representative merry-makers, Mathews & Bulger, who appear at the Los Angeles theater Friday evening, November 17th, for an engagement of three nights and Saturday matinee, in their latest version of that infinitely amusing mixture of vaudeville farce and opera entitled, "By the Sad Sea Waves." While this is the second season on the road of this popular entertainment it is so constructed as to allow the introduction of features, such as songs, jokes, etc., of contemporaneous interest. The management announces that everything on the entire program this season is absolutely new except the title of the piece. The piece is strictly up to date, and its dressing in the way of costumes and its scenic investiture is veritably said to be a kaleidoscope of color. Those popular comedians, Mathews & Bulger, have prepared an entirely new vaudeville act in which they appear during the coming engagement for the first time in this city. They have surrounded themselves with a brilliant cast of comedy stars who have made big metropolitan reputations in their respective lines of work. The chorus of twenty trained voices is a feature especially worthy of commendation and as a bouquet of beauty, it may justly be considered a congress of feminine loveliness. New music was especially arranged by that clever composer, Gustave Luders. The merits of the piece may be judged by the fact that it had a successful run of 102 nights at the Herald Square theater, New York.

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This reminds us about not putting all your eggs in one basket. How about it? And it works much like the man who put his grist in one end of the sack and a rock in the other to carry it to mill. The only place where this only one business works is in the song "Just One Girl." Advertise in all "good things."

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale, No. 31984.

George W. Robinson, plaintiff, vs. May Agnes Jordan, H. M. Russell, William R. Smith, D. B. Fisk & Company, a corporation, and Lydia A. Shoemaker, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein George W. Robinson, the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against May Agnes Jordan et al., defendants, on the 6th day of November, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Three Thousand, Six Hundred Forty-One and 10-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 88 of said Court, at page 67, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The east one-half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Nine (9), in Township One (1) south, Range Nine (9) west, San Bernardino Meridian, in the Rancho Addition to San Jose, as per map of the Subdivision of the Rancho Addition to San Jose and a portion of the Rancho San Jose, recorded in Book 22, pages 21 and 22, Miscellaneous Records of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County

By STEPHEN ALDEN Deputy Sheriff.
A. W. HUTTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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Orpheum

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Jack Norworth, in original monologe, "A Jailbird Coon."
Merritt and Murdock, in the sketch "Luncheon at 2."
Miss Laura Burt, Lady Monologue Artiste.
Sada, last week of the world renowned Violin Virtuoso.
Wright Huntington, aided by Miss Adele Francis and Mr. Geo. Farren, in Hurst's Comedy, "A Stolen Kiss."
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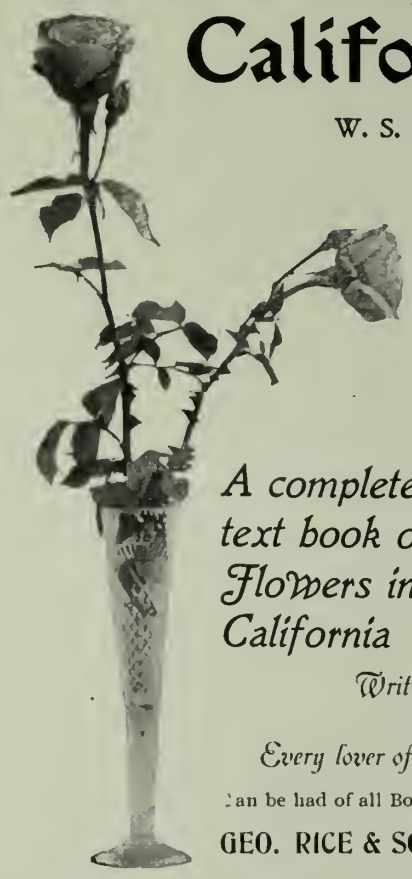

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Western Graphic

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ARNOLD KRAUSS, Concert Master

"The Creation" Simpson Auditorium, November 28th

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IRWIN H. RICE - - MANAGING EDITOR

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IT IS very gratifying to the publishers to note the extreme expressions of commendation by friends of the WESTERN GRAPHIC and SUNDAY WORLD on the consolidation of the two publications. It is admitted by every one that the move is a good one, and the fact that the merging of the oldest weekly with the finest weekly makes this practically the only illustrated family weekly in the southwest is the talk of club and counting-room.

That the standard of the paper is to be steadily raised by the addition of more brains can be seen from a display announcement on another page, which enumerates some of the new writers whose work will shortly appear, and we take this opportunity to state that the contract with these authors is for one year.

The WESTERN GRAPHIC has arranged, over the offers of several daily papers, for a series of weekly illustrated letters of the Paris Exposition by Major Ben C. Truman, who is now on his way to France, via the Nile and Egypt, which detour will consume some weeks. Major Truman's felicitous and graphic style is a guarantee of the entertainment and instruction that will be contained in these EXCLUSIVE letters.

WESTERN GRAPHIC is now on the boom, as it has since its birth helped to boom this country, and with the continued goodwill and patronage of the people of Southern California will make a publication second to none in this country.

TO SUNDAY WORLD SUBSCRIBERS

For the balance of November the WESTERN GRAPHIC, with which is consolidated the SUNDAY WORLD, will be served to you as heretofore, without any change in price. The majority of subscribers, however, will probably receive their papers Saturday morning.

A definite plan for the future will be announced next week

The balance of the seriel story, "In His Steps," will be served to SUNDAY WORLD subscribers this week in one final installment.

A DANGER IN BOOMED ENTERPRISES

IN THE sudden taking hold of the oil industry by promoters of companies there lurks a danger to the legitimate development of the resources that prompts WESTERN GRAPHIC to sound a note of warning. First, to the owner of oil lands, from the man of many acres in a "belt" to the small holder whose all is legitimately invested in his rig and location: You will be approached sooner or later by the ubiquitous "promoter," who, with smooth tongue and alluring word, pictures of dividends and treasury stock sales, will invite your signature to combinations and instruments of conveyances, for which you are to receive certain blocks of stock and possibly a small amount of cash. He will talk of hundreds of thousands capitalization and the cheapening of production—all with a purpose. While the honest capitalization of interests is the essence of latter-day money making and perfectly safe under proper administration, the danger of over-capitalization and mismanagement are too great for the individual to incur without most profound deliberation.

Second, to the investor, be he capitalist or a modest householder who saves from his income: In San Francisco there have been organized a number of oil companies, scores of them, some capitalized for almost as much as all their property together is worth. They operate with enticing statements of the values of their properties as oil-producing lands and place great stress upon the prospects, occasionally going into Colonel Mulberry Sellers' figures in their zeal to impress prospective purchasers of stock, "which for a short time is offered at twenty cents on the dollar," etc. The character and standing of the men at the helms of these new industrial ships cannot be too closely scrutinized by the intending investor. And it is not safe to take even the name of a known financial pillar in the directorate of a company as guarantee of the corporation's soundness, for there are many ways of inducing influential men to allow the use of their names as officials of decidedly wild-cat schemes.

As every man's business is his own business WESTERN GRAPHIC will not undertake the task of sifting the wheat from the chaff, nor is this warning intended as an attack on the oil industry, of which we are justly proud. But truth is truth, and when a swindler shows his head this journal will be pleased to take a shot at him.

The admission of the Hawaiian Islands is an instance of prosperity following the flag. All advises from that mid-ocean bit of Uncle Sam's farm unite in saying that the islands were never so prosperous as now. Even the members of the once royal family have become reconciled to their loss of official dignity, their gain in wealth more than compensating them for the loss of the gewgaws of royalty. General Prosperity has established his pickets in every nook and corner of the islands.

Just before the last rain the calamity howler had begun to peep above the top of his hole and whine out that we were going to have a dry winter after all, but the spatter of the rain drops filled his mouth with mud and stopped his clatter. Poor man, he is having a hard time of it. Our rains are coming just as needed, and they bring in their train improved business conditions which make the outlook for the season very roseate. With plenty of rain, a boom in oil properties, and the natural increase in the volume of business consequent upon normal climatic conditions, Southern California should cover up the pessimist so deep he can't scratch out.

STREET IN KIMBERLEY, THE DIAMOND CITY.
At Kimberley are the greatest diamond fields in the world. It is estimated that $100,000,000 worth of diamonds have been taken from the Kimberley mines. Cecil Rhodes is the prominent figure in the development of these properties. The Boers hate Rhodes and it is reported that a large price has been placed upon his head by Kruger.

City Hall Echoes

IT WOULD puzzle a whole courtroom full of Philadelphia lawyers to figure out where we stand in the police imbroglio. Never before were things at such sixes and sevens in this department, and the end is doubtful. This condition of affairs was clearly heightened, and perhaps to some extent brought about by the uncertain attitude of the City Attorney. He first proclaimed the authority of the Council to dismiss its creatures, the old Board, and create anew. On the strength of this opinion, the new appointees proceeded to maintain their alleged rights. The Mayor, on the other hand, with the two Republicans of the old Board, paid no heed to this pronunciamento from the legal end of the municipal building, and bided in serene patience the time when his opinion would veer to their view of the case. Their confidence was rewarded, the City Attorney fulminated anew, and in a directly opposite strain, and now the old Commissioners hold sessions, grant licenses, talk to the big Chief, and, like the Countess in the Dodge Club, to the words of a Watts hymn, will "sit and sing" themselves "away in everlasting bliss," until some cruel Superior Judge sees fit, by virtue of quo warranto proceedings, to oust them or to nail them down tighter. At present it's a case of

"You are right, and we are right
And all is right as right can be"

and no one can tell of the outcome. The mess assumes rather serious proportions, though, when it is learned that the Chief of Police detailed a dozen or more men of his own faction to guard his official castle for him against any attempts the enemy—the so-called "rump" board—might make to take forcible possession of the central station. The Mayor, too, in all the panoply of office and of war, was there to help him. The coup d'etat did not transpire, and the two camps seem to be, at this writing, content to await the action of the courts.

I believe that Messrs. Scarborough and Parker, the Democrats who belong to both Boards, have taken their stand mainly because of the first opinion given by the City Attorney, who, according to the former, assured the new Commissioners and the members of the Council who appointed them, that the Council had as good a right to remove as to appoint, that such action was legal, and that the new Board was authorized to demand the books and records of the old Board. But Mr. Scarborough shows evidences of hysteria when he makes the claim that nine-tenths of the police force are in sympathy with the new Commissioners and are ready to do their bidding. It's none of the police force's business, in the carrying out of their duty, who the Commissioners are. They look for their orders to only one person, the Chief of Police. So long as Mr. Glass is in office, he

must be obeyed loyally and unquestioningly, and those who depart from this rule should be promptly dismissed. The insubordinate, wire-pulling conduct of some of the policemen is at the root of the unsavory mess which now awaits purification. As to the right of existence of either Board, that, as I have said before, awaits a judicial decision. The City Attorney's latest views in a letter of instructions to the Chief of Police, holds that "until there is a judicial decree ousting Messrs. Pascoe and Goss from office, their acts as Police Commissioners are valid and must be obeyed by you. * * * * The ultimate outcome of the quo warranto proceedings would not be affected, nor would it affect the acts of the Commissioners acting as a de facto Board. I would therefore advise you are legally required to obey the mandates of the Board composed of Messrs. Pascoe, Goss and Mayor Eaton until the two former gentlemen are legally removed by decree of court, should such decree be rendered." Until we see what success Judge Ling has with Attorney-General Ford nothing definite can be arrived at.

The undercurrent of public opinion, while not particularly favoring the new Board, which is tainted by the Frapped Five of the Council, who by no means represent the strong material of that body, is that a change in the person of the Chief of Police is absolutely necessary. This feeling takes various expression. "Glass has been there long enough, he ought to go," and "Glass thinks he owns the town; put him out," are heard. The army and navy batteries are turned on him and protest vigorously against his action in disgracing some of their members. The whole fight is on him. The old Board means to keep him in place, the new Board is equally determined to put him out of office if given the chance. I don't know that much sympathy need be spent on him. I remember when he presented his credentials from Indianapolis (I think) to the Police Board here eleven or twelve years ago, when he was an applicant for a place under Chief Cuddy, and since that time he has done very well in a temporal way. His autocratic and imperious manner has not endeared him to the public, and were the political whip removed, I don't believe he could keep his clinch on the place a week. No doubt he has meant to do his duty to the best of his lights, but his disobedience of orders regarding the isolation of prisoners, his ill-tempered strictures against any one who presumed to question his acts, and, more recently, the neglect of his men to enforce the city ordinances regarding saloons, have cost him many supporters. At the same time it will be a very difficult matter to fill his place. All the old office-hunters, and shelf-worn politicians with a pretense of Hawkshaw talent, have come to the fore and are smiting their breast in conscious pride, but none of them possess a tithe of Chief Glass' admitted ability. He has held the place much longer than any Chief before him, and there has been no open scandal, and all talk that has arisen may be attributed to the Chief's unfortunate opinion of his own importance.

Now we have a story that a "ring" engineered by a "corporation lawyer" is endeavoring to prejudice New York capitalists against bidding on the water bonds on December 6th next. The tale is fishy. Capitalists leave such matters to their lawyers, who inform themselves fully before passing an opinion. These lawyers will, first of all, construe the contract with the water company, and, it is safe to say, they will find enough in that instrument to warn their clients, without the hocus-pocus of a stealthy pamphlet alleged to be manufactured and circulated by the "attorney of one of your large railroads."

THE LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY.

For the first time this season the announcement of the Bellevue Terrace Hotel, one of our select tourist and family hotels of Southern California, appears at "the top of column next to reading matter" on page twelve of this paper. Already some reference has been made in the columns of this paper to Mr. Geo. W. Lynch, one of the distinguished proprietors and ex-president of the Southern California Hotel Association, whose name is known to hotel men throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Mr. Horace Birdsall, the other proprietor, a capitalist well known in this section and manager of the Bloomington Land Co., formerly proprietor of the St. James Hotel of Davenport, Iowa, is as pleasant and affable a gentleman as one would wish to meet. "Get there" is stamped all over his rotund figure, and he has taken hold of the hotel in company with his friend, Mr. Lynch, for the purpose of running it thoroughly up to first-class standard.

Thousands of dollars are being spent in putting in steam heat, elevator service, renovating and refurnishing rooms, tennis court attached, lawns beautified and the entire place made most beautiful and attractive. The hotel will do a large business without doubt.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

LAST Sunday five teams from the National Guard participated in the Sharpshooters' Tournament at their range east of Brooklyn Heights. Company A had three teams entered and Company F had two. The range is not as good as the one the boys have been in the habit of using, and they did not do as well as usual. The following is the score:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
Company F, first team:			
Sergeant W. H. Westcott	21	20	41
Private R. W. Lewis	21	22	43
Private J. W. DuBios	20	15	35
Captain F. L. Reynolds	20	19	39
Private W. E. Harper	19	17	36
Total	101	93	194
Company A, third team:			
Corporal Carroll	13	13	26
Private O. Lockwood	21	19	40
Private L. Dalton	15	21	36
Private John George	20	18	38
Private Parks	20	18	38
Total	89	89	178
Company A, first team:			
Lieutenant Samuel Crawford	21	19	40
Sergeant H. C. Miles	20	9	29
Sergeant G. O. Lockwood	20	22	42
Private J. C. McCroy	19	21	40
Private A. Splittsdoesser	20	6	26
Total	100	77	177
Company A, second team:			
Captain Robert Wankowski	20	10	30
Sergeant L. T. McKee	21	15	36
Sergeant A. S. Clark	20	17	37
Private J. Magnone	20	19	39
Private Demmitt	19	10	29
Total	100	71	171
Company F, second team:			
Private N. D. Bennett	19	10	29
Private L. P. Neitz	12	18	30
Sergeant W. P. Hyatt	15	19	34
Corporal L. E. Meyer	17	13	30
Private G. Bacon	17	20	37
Total	80	80	160

Bernard E. Goodwin, late member of Battery D, who committed suicide last Saturday night, was buried Tuesday morning with military honors at Rosedale cemetery. Captain Diss, Lieutenant McKeeby and a large number of the Battery boys were in attendance. Company F furnished a firing squad.

Harry E. Mitchell the newly elected first lieutenant of Company M, was married to Miss Estelle Estudillo of Riverside last Wednesday. Lieutenant Mitchell's future home will be at the Perris Indian School, where he holds the position of military instructor.

Invitations are out for the ball to be given on the 29th inst. by Company C at the regimental armory. The boys are exerting themselves to make the affair a success, and a good time is assured.

Lieutenant Sabine of the Signal Corps gave a dinner Saturday night at his home on South Hill street in honor of Sergeants F. Crowder and D. Morton, who have just returned from the Philippines where they served in the Volunteer Signal Corps. Covers were laid for sixteen. The affair was informal and very enjoyable.

Company M has invited Companies G and K to be its guests on Thanksgiving and to participate in a silhouette shoot.

The Second Battalion will probably be ordered out for parade on the afternoon of Thanksgiving. The occasion being the distribution of medals to volunteers.

Company A's sharpshooters are endeavoring to arrange a match with Company M of Riverside. It is probable that the shoot will come off some time next month.

We are in receipt of a complimentary ticket for an entertainment given last night by Company B of San Diego at their armory. The program consists of several vocal selections followed by a military sketch entitled "A Day in Camp;" time, June 3, 1898; place, Camp Merritt, San Francisco. The cast consists of Major C. T. Meredith, Captain R. V. Dodge, Lieutenant J. M. Smith and a dozen non-commissioned officers and privates.

Affairs

The Larger Interests of our Southern Empire

State Sectionalism

THE irrigation convention which met in San Francisco on Tuesday has undoubtedly accomplished good in one direction, even though its achievements at this writing are not known. Whatever resolutions may have been passed, it is not probable that any other good will be accomplished of greater importance than giving the delegates a broader conception of the greatest of States. The very subject of irrigation must of necessity resolve itself into a complexity of local problems, from which we can glean only the main facts that there are four great subdivisions of California when studied from an irrigation point of view. The northwestern corner of the State forms a triangle with its base constituting the Oregon State line, its altitude outlined by the Pacific ocean and its hypothenuse by the Coast range, while San Francisco is its apex. In this triangle there is an abundance, if not a superfluity, of water for all purposes. The second great division embraces nearly half the State and about half of the water of California. It is the great central valley, traversed by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and their tributaries. The third division is the desert country, which occupies a small triangle in the northeastern corner of the State, a narrow strip east of the Sierra Nevadas, and a large body of Southern California. The fourth division is the strip of land along the Pacific, south of San Francisco, extending to the Mexican line.

If a convention were to be held in Cincinnati, with a view to determining upon some general principles affecting agriculture for the whole territory within a radius of a thousand miles of that city, there would be no greater complexity of interests than is involved in an irrigation convention in California. The wheat and corn growers of the north and the rice and cotton growers of the south would know as much of each other and of the needs of the section of the other as any delegate to the irrigation convention is apt to know of the needs of the State taken as a unit. And so it is that California has sectionalism forced upon the people against their will, and if the convention of the past few days has contributed anything to a broader conception of the needs of the State it will not have been held in vain.

State Unity

But while we cannot fail to note the centrifugal force of sectionalism, which has at times prompted talk of State division, we ought not to close our eyes to the centripetal force of mutual interests. It is not necessary to sit in judgment on the merits of State division to see that there are elements of unity of purpose and of interests plainly in evidence. It is true that no philosopher has yet arisen capable of harmonizing all the features of California's industries, but it is certain that year by year these industries are individually spreading over new territory and blending the aspirations and achievements of the people, and while the present leaders in enterprises have little interest outside of their section, two great universities are bringing together the young men and women of the State and sending them forth, not as representatives of the north or the south, but of the whole State. They are the Californians of the future, and that they will have a broader knowledge of, and greater friendship for, the State in its entirety than we of this day seems certain.

Commercial interests are drawing us into closer relationship one with another, and while there may be rivalry between cities in reaching after trade, that very rivalry will tend to show how closely we are related. E. F. HOWE.

Improvements at Hotel Palms go rapidly forward, and the capacity of the house is being taxed to its utmost to accommodate the patrons. Manager Fryman is constantly beautifying the appearance of things, putting up new portieres, tinting the ceilings and walls, adding new potted plants and making the interior of the house as attractive as possible.

A grand excursion to Mount Lowe and Alpine Tavern is to be given on Tuesday, the 21st of November, for the benefit of the Los Angeles County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals The fare for the round trip is $1.75. The prime object of this excursion is to raise funds sufficient to establish Bands of Mercy in our public schools.

The Country 'Round

What the Scissors and Pencil find in Graphic's Exchanges

THERE is a strawberry blonde personage who has been holding down an editorial tripod at Redlands ever since the name of the town first appeared upon the map—in fact, much of the credit of its being a round spot in geographys and atlases is laid at the door of the aforesaid gentleman's sanctum. His name, by the way, is Scipio Craig, who is not State Printer, but is, nevertheless, just as popular on his native heath and among the newspaper fraternity of the Southwest. A few years ago there was a considerable agitation upon the subject of State division in which the Citrograph, Mr. Craig's—Scip's—paper, took the side of a North and South California, it is easy to see now with an eye to an extra State Printer job near enough so he could spend his Sundays at home. The State division idea took such strong root beneath Scipio's auburn locks that he has discovered a law on pages 110-11 of the '59 Statutes of the State of California which provides for the dividing of the State, beginning with the north boundary of San Luis Obispo county on the Pacific, and running to a point about midway of Inyo county on the Nevada side. Now if he can only discover that he has been State Printer of South California these forty years and can get some fellow to shave his back salary warrant he will be able to square up for all the "joshing" he has received since he refused to dye his hair.

W. A. Wright, D. D., writing in the Ontario Observer, makes a strong plea for the consolidation of colleges, applying his remarks chiefly to denominational schools. He says in part:

"Schools large enough to provide the essential facilities of instruction, and to furnish a student body in which a high standard may be obtained, have a great advantage over one that can do neither or only one of these.

"Schools large enough to furnish classes as large as a professor can conveniently arrange may be more economically carried on than two or more schools containing in the aggregate the same number of pupils. It will require two endowments of the same amount to carry on the two schools, as the one which is the conslidation of the two.

"Further, specialization, or provision for individual inclination and need, may be provided for better in the large school than in the small one.

"Hence it has come to pass that a great wave of prosperity has come for the large schools. It may be that it has been carried too far, and that something of advantage has been overlooked in the small school, and that all the disabilities of the large school have not yet been generally recognized. Nevertheless, these virtues of the small school, can be claimed only within certain easily defined limits. A college may be so small as to lay no claim to any of them."

Continuing, Mr. Wright points out that with the broader religious views of the day, that once impassable barrier to consolidation is removed; and he draws an interesting picture of the possibility of a large college with the combined endowments of all the Protestant colleges.

The figures for the beet sugar campaigns at Chino and Oxnard show a total of 29,741,800 pounds as the production of a two months' run, the Oxnard factory output being nearly 4,000,000 pounds more than that of Chino. It took 108,048 tons of beets to make this amount of sugar and 303,177 bags to hold it. The labor of 900 men was required, who received $140,000 during the brief time the factories were in operation. The amount paid the farmers for beets was $664,000, which added to the labor item makes a total of $804,000 left in the beet area this season. Of the other supplies that were drawn from the resources of the country the item of over 120,000 barrels of oil is the greatest, followed by 17,000 tons of lime rock. Altogether, considering the light beet crop on account of the drought, the industry is one to be proud of, providing a market as it does for a total of $1,000,000 of raw material, supplies and labor.

THE BEET SUGAR FACTORY AT CHINO WHICH HAS JUST FINISHED THE SEASON'S RUN

The Santa Ana Blade of last week contains a story of the prodigality of the soil that has the sound of the good old boom days, but bears the mark of honest statement. It concerns the eighteen and one-half acre ranch of Otis Birch, which is set to walnut and apricot trees, there being 371 of the former and 971 of the latter. The apricot crop was sold for $5000 and the walnuts will bring $250, making the receipts from the orchard $5250. Aside from this Mr. Birch has reserved enough fruit for his own use until next year's crop comes on. This is the second crop the orchard has produced, the trees being only five years old from planting.

"I suppose your wife misses you a great deal?" inquired a lady of a commercial traveler. "Well, no; for a woman, she has a remarkably straight aim," was the reply.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"They have given me the heaviest part in the new play." "You don't say so! What is it like?" "I have to catch the big, fat leading lady when she faints in the fourth act."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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Music and Art

Musical Undertones

THE presentation next week of the oratorio of "The Creation" by the chorus and orchestra which have been diligently rehearsed for some time by Mr. F. A. Bacon, justifies a few remarks as to what an "oratorio" is. There are many people who shudder at mention of the name, because they harbor a belief that it is a musical creature of startling mould, that should never have been permitted to escape through the doors of a monastery, or at best a church.

But these fail to appreciate the fact that while the oratorio is, as a rule, a sacred poem set to music, its character is, more often than not, that of deep dramatic interest. It may be serious and religious, like the "Messiah," or it may be as secular as "The Seasons." The oratorio as we know it is comparatively modern. The Mysteries, Moralities and Miracle Plays of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which were largely based on Biblical subjects, educated the public in the great events of Scripture history, and from these early rude and often grotesque performances the oratorio resulted as the finished product, having the noblest application of music, in which the Sacred Story is invested with a living interest. The first presentation of a Scriptural Story set to music was probably that of the "Festum Asinorum" in which a carol called the "Proso de Asino," wherein Balaam's quadruped was made to figure. There was a Monk of Canterbury who wrote many Miracle Plays during the reign of Henry II of England, and died in 1191, and the public evinced a great interest in these musical affairs. "Geistliche Schauspiele" became common in Germany in the early part of the fourteenth century. The sixteenth century was ushered in with a sudden development of interest in performances of this sort, and the titles of the miracle plays indicate how the Bible was being drawn upon for material. "Abel e Canio," "Sansone," "Abram et Sara," and "Il Figluolo Prodigo," all show their origin. It is a most remarkable fact in the history of music that in the year 1600 were produced in Rome Emilio del Cavaliere's "Rappresentazione" and in Florence Peri's "Euridice," the earliest examples of the true oratorio and the true opera ever presented to the public. The name of the class of the former arose from the fact that the first presentation was made in the oratory of S. Maria in Vallicella. In this prototype of the modern oratorio there were scenes, decorations, action, and even dancing. The parts called for Time, Life, The World, Pleasure, The Intellect, The Soul, The Body, two boys who recited the Prologue, and the Chorus. The orchestra consisted of one lira doppia, one clavicemballo, one chitarone and two flauti. No part was written for a violin, but the composer suggested that a good effect could be produced if one were to be used in unison with the soprano voices throughout. He also directed that the orchestra be hidden from view; that the characters carry instruments in their hands to pretend to play; that The Body, when the proper time came, was to throw away his golden collar, and the feathers from his hat; that the richly dressed "World" and "Life" were to discard their velvets and their ornaments and look shabby. In the matter of dancing it was made optional, but in place of the dance the vocal and instrumental parts of the last chorus must be doubled. But should a Dance be preferred the verse beginning "Chiostri altissimi stellati" must be sung, accompanied by stately and reverent steps. To these will succeed other grave steps and figures of a solemn character. During the ritornelli the four principal dancers will perform a ballet, embellished with capers (saltate con capriole) without singing." Such directions, at the present day, if carried out, would no doubt serve to fill the house, but the cutting of capers would disturb the religious atmosphere.

After Emilio came other great writers of oratorio, who developed his crude, if pregnant, ideas. Giovanni Carissimi, a most refined and graceful composer, wrote numerous oratorios, "Jephte" being to this day a test for a even a great soprano voice in the role of "Jephtha's Daughter." To this great composer is given the credit of dispensing with the spectacular representation, and also of founding a brilliant school, of which his most illustrious disciple, Alessandro Scarlatti, was the greatest example. Scarlatti reaches into the modern time with his operas, cantatas and oratorios. With a broad style and dignified manner this noble contrapuntist developed the form of the Aria to a symmetry which retained its hold upon all writers until the time of Gluck. He made a fine use of the dry recitative, and his rhythmic melody was equally attractive in his operas and his oratorios. At the time of Scarlatti's death in 1725 oratorio writers were becoming plentiful, but they were much in the same groove, even Handel contributing "La Resurrezione," now forgotten. Opera and oratorio, up to this time, had run along parallel lines. Two great German names appear in the next few years, Karl Heinrich Graun and Johann Sebastian Bach, both of whom made the church chorale the foundation for their Passion oratorios. The former's great work, "Der Tod Jesu," is of broad and noble form, and Bach's Passion Music is a colossal monument before which all musicians do lowly reverence. The time was now rife for the coming of the Master of Oratorio. Thoroughly conversant with the subtlest mysteries of Counterpoint, possessing a melodic vein that flowed smoothly and swiftly, the master of harmony, Handel wrote for the voice and the wonderful effects he could produce with it. In his operas he had run the gamut of human emotion, and when wearied with the worldly strife he turned to the writing of religious music, he transferred his best forms to his later field. "The Messiah" is an epic, in which Italian airs are made to do a noble service. Thus "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" is an "Aria Cantabile;" "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," an "Aria di Portamento;" and "He Was Despised" is an "Aria Parlante," while "Rejoice Greatly" is an "Aria di Bravuro." All down the line each air is according to Italian traditions and usage, and the pleasing smoothness of the songs and chorus is due to this fact. His music invites a devotional interest; no one can scoff at "The Messiah." It was this oratorio, when heard sung by a thousand voices, that inspired Haydn to write "The Creation." In his younger years Haydn set Boccarini's "Il Ritorno di Tobia" to music, constructing a true Italian oratorio, but since its presentation at Vienna in 1808, it lies buried with Handel's "Resurrection." Twenty-four years after he wrote of Tobit, despite his seventy years, he completed "The Creation," upon which he lavished the wealth of his musical nature, heightened by the devotional feeling that in this work he was giving a tribute to his Maker for a fruitful life. There is an utter absence of declamatory music in "The Creation;" he made use of a descriptive style in which there was no exaggeration, his colors were laid on without extravagance. The sauve beauty of the great master's best style, the delicious flow of melody which came so freely, and the advance in orchestration shown in this work, combined in the creation of a work, which, while of the utmost simplicity and clearness, is yet singularly impressive. The choruses are not of the gigantic scale of those of Handel, but they are more cheerful and brighter in tone, and "The Heavens Are Telling" is a work of rich beauty, which probably has as many admir-

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ers as "The Hallelujah Chorus," despite its sublimity and grandeur. Beethoven wrote only one oratorio "Christus am Oelberge;" Spohr wrote three, "Das Jungste Gericht," "Die Letzten Dinge" and "Des Heiland's Letzte Stunden." Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "St. Paul" and Gounod's "Redemption" are familiar to all, which cannot be said of Lizt's "St. Elizabeth" or even of Rubinstein's "Christus," but for all those that came after them, Handel and Haydn may be said to have set the models.

E. F. KUBEL.

Arnold Krauss

THIS distinguished violinist, was born in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1866, and began his studies in the National Conservatory of Music at the early age of seven years under the celebrated teacher, Louis Wiest, the teacher, also, of Franz Kneisel. Mr. Krauss graduated in 1885, receiving the first prize with distinction. He next went to the Paris Conservatoire, where he was two years under the eminent violinist, Charles Dancla, graduating with honors. He became a member of the Colonne Symphonie Orchestra, playing at the famous concerts until 1891, when he came to America to engage himself with Theodore Thomas' orchestra in Chicago. In 1894 he made his first appearance in Los Angeles as soloist for the Ellis Club and was received with a hearty appreciation which has steadily heightened during his residence here. In 1897 Mr. Krauss returned to Europe, studying for one year under the great master, Cesar Thomson. Returning to New York, he joined the Paur Symphony Orchestra, and after playing with this organization for some months, he was invited by Victor Herbert to take the position of second concert master of the Pittsburg Orchestra. On the death of Dion Romandy, Mr. Krauss was tendered by telegraph the position of musical director of the Burbank Theater Orchestra, which offer he accepted and the excellent music he is furnishing at that popular playhouse is one of its strongest features. Mr Krauss is a violin player of fine technique and strong individuality and is most successful both as a soloist and a teacher.

Semitones

THE Krauss String Quartet goes on a tour of Southern California and will play at a charity concert at Pasadena on the 25th. At the latter place the quartet will play, in addition to the Haydn and Bruch quartets given at their last concert, "Death of the Maiden," from Schubert's D Minor quartet, and Mr. Krauss will play with Mr. Stamm the Tartini sonata in G Minor.

Hummel's septet for piano, strings and wind, will be the feature of the next concert of the California Ladies' Quintet.

Emma Nevada, the well-known American prima donna, will open the new Odeon Theater in St. Louis, "the handsomest theater in the west," on November 24th. She will concertize to the Coast, and a local manager is already figuring on her appearance here.

"De Pachman New Year's Day and Paderewski in March," is for the notebooks of local pianists.

When Haydn was at the height of his popularity his enemies and detractors of the Italian faction sent from Vienna for Giardini and Pleyel to stem the tide. Pleyel was Haydn's pet pupil but Papa kept his temper, and he is on record as saying, "Pleyel behaves himself with great modesty," and again, "Pleyel's presumption is a public laughing-stock. I go to all his concerts and applaud him." And on that memorable day a hundred years ago, when the thunder of applause, led by the Emperor, greeted "The Creation," Pleyel returned the compliment with interest. This great oratorio will be sung, with a chorus of 150 voices and an orchestra of thirty-five pieces, under the direction of Mr. F. A. Bacon, at Simpson Auditorium, on Tuesday evening, November 28th. The soloists are to be Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, soprano; Mr. A. Miller, tenor; and Mr. H. S. Williams, bass.

The San Diego Oratorio Society has been studying Handel's "Messiah," under the direction of Joseph Smith, for the last six months, and will produce the oratorio at the First M. E. church on December 14th. The chorus numbers about eighty voices, and will be assisted by Prof. Symonds at the organ, and possibly a few violins, cornet and bass viol.

H. T. Sanford of San Diego has published a song, "Our Southern Home," the words and music both being his own.

Miss Frances Davis, a prominent vocal instructor from San Francisco, and a lady possessing many friends and acquaintances here and elsewhere in California, has opened a studio in the Blanchard Building. She has devoted a number of years to perfecting herself in her chosen profession, having studied abroad for two years or more with Vanucini in Florence and Delle Sedie in Paris Previous to her study abroad for six years or more her instruction was secured in New York city, under such prominent vocalists as Cappiani of New York And Halo Campanini, the tenor, and Lablache, who were in the United States for quite an extended period of time, but whose homes were in Europe. Miss Davis comes to Los Angeles well introduced, and will make her residence at the Abboteford Inn.

Unitarian church, corner Third and Hill streets. Vesper service at 4 p.m., Sunday, November 19th. Program under the direction of Prof. D. H. Morrison: Lillian Fellows Burdett, soprano; Abby Gilman, alto; C. Modini Wood, tenor; D. H. Morrison, bass; Arthur M. Perry, violinist; Blanche Rogers, organist. Organ, "Autumn Song" (Lindsey Kern), Miss Blanche Rogers; call to worship, "The City Sleeps," (Darley); quartet, "O Lord, Veil Not Thy Face," (Beethoven); reading; four-part song, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," (Housley); solo and quartet, "O Lord, I Come," arranged from Braga, with violin obligato; prayer; response, "The Lord's Prayer," (Anon); four-part song, "Weave Thyself a Crown," (Marchetti); trio, "Praise Ye," (Verdi); violin solo, "Romance," (Sivori), Arthur M. Perry; address; quartet, "Thou Who Reigneth," arranged from Schuman; quartet, offertory, "Abide With Me," (Perry); Hymn 313; benediction; organ, march, Archer Westbrook.

The subscription list for the symphony concerts in Cincinnati this year is the longest on record, and it may be said that for the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra's coming season the same pleasant condition exists, a large portion of the downstairs seats being already secured by subscribers.

Pasadena is coming to the fore musically, having taken blocks of seats for the Symphony Orchestra concerts, and "The Creation."

Mr. D. H. Morrison, who has been having a long siege of illness, hopes to resume his regular work on Monday next.

San Francisco is on the stump regarding a symphony season. Frizt Scheel likes the City of Brotherly Love too well to come back.

The appearance here of Katherine E. Oliver, the celebrated reader and impersonator of Scottish character, is looked forward to with much pleasure by readers of Scottish literature. The following letters just received from Stanford University by Mr. Blanchard shows without doubt the popularity of this artist, who will appear here Nov. 23 and 25, at Blanchard Hall:

"I learn that you are to have Miss Katherine Oliver in Los Angeles in the near future. I take the liberty of writing you concerning her interpretation of "The Little Minister," as given at Stanford University last evening, and consider it not only a pleasure but a duty to commend her excellent work. The large audience here was delighted with her, and praises are heard on all sides. She brings to her work an accurate knowledge of Scottish life, and an ability to present that life so truthfully that all are charmed.

"Nothing was overdone, there was no striving for effect, but the deep appreciation of the reader found an easy and natural expression which went directly to the hearts of her listeners and gained their sympathy at once. Yours very sincerely,

"LEE EMERSON BASSETT."

Mr. T. W. Wilde will not appear in public this season, and will devote only a portion of his time to pupils and church work, the rest being taken in practice. Mr. Wilde is adding to his already long list of memorized pieces.

Next Tuesday, the 17th, is the date announced for the German-Evangelical church concert, which will be given in Blanchard Hall.

Mrs. Francis Lewis Hord gave the second of her delightful musicales last Monday evening, in her studio in the Blanchard Building. Mr. Clarence Stevens assisted her with several 'cello solos, and the chafing dish made the occasion a gastronomic as well as musical feast.

Mr. Carl Angeloty has in the hands of the publishers a very catchy little piece, in rag time, entitled "Colored Dignity."

Clarence Eddy, the leading organist of this country, is due here for a recital shortly.

It seems a shame that church organizations in this city, that is, the larger and wealthier congregations, as well as some of those of Pasadena, do not appreciate the importance of paying better salaries to church choirs. Here in a city of over 100,000 inhabitants, the remuneration accorded this class of musical talent is much less than paid in similar Eastern and in many smaller places even The church-going population of the class referred to is made up in a major degree of Eastern people of culture and possessed of abundant means, who do not begrudge a minister proper pay and if we mistake not salaries that will compare favorably with churches of cities of similar class elsewhere in the country. Yet the important adjunct of the service, the choir, must needs be underpaid. Possibly a little more united effort on the part of the musicians of say Immanuel,

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First Congregational, Temple B'nai B'rith, First Methodist Episcopal, St. Vincent's and the Cathedral might result in much needed improvement in this direction of proper compesation.

It will interest al lovers of Schubert's music to learn that the manuscript of a march for two pianofortes, hitherto unknown, has just been brought to light in Heidelberg. The manuscript bears the date of "Vienna, November, 1825." In one corner, the word "Schwammerl" (little sponge) is written. It may be that this latest "find," like so many other unpublished compositions of Schubert unearthed during the past decade or so, will not tend to increase the fame of the great German composer, yet the mere fact that it bears the nickname with which he was christened by those who were admitted to his close friendship, will arouse a warm interest in the new discovery among his legion of admirers in this country. Schubert was not dubbed "Schwammerl" because of any inclination on his part to "sponge" on others, but because of his big-heartedness, which made him a constant victim to the "squeezing" process, especially when applied by the caressing hand of friendship.

The Downey Banjo and Guitar Club has organized for instruction and recreation, intending to make the social side a special feature. Rolla E.

ROLLA E. GARDNER—Mandolin, Banjo, Guitar

Gardner of this city was unanimously elected director for the season, and under his competent leadership the club will certainly make rapid advancement.

At The Family Hotels

The Abbotsford Inn numbers among its recent arrivals Miss Laura V. Germain and Miss Beatrice M. Germain of Chicago, the Misses Rouse of Peoria, Ill.; A. Campbell Johnston of Garvanza, W. H. Bailey and family of Oakland. The Inn is destined under its new management, and with its extended improvements, to be the center of many pleasant social events this winter.

Former permanent guests of the Hotel Lincoln who are expected soon to again make that hotel their home are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan, who have been east for a short time, and Mrs T. F. Warren of Kingman, Arizona.

Judge and Mrs. McKeeby and Lieut. Geo. McKeeby are making the California hotel their winter residence. Mrs. Howell and three daughters, and Mrs. Strevel of Winnipeg, Manitoba, are recent arrivals at this popular family hotel.

Among the Los Angeles people who have taken up their residence for the winter at the Hotel Bellevue Terrace are Attorney Clarence A. Miller and M. L. Meyer and family. Prominent recent arrivals from abroad are Mrs. Wm. Strange, Miss B. L. trange and Miss G. A. Reid of New York.

Social ife at Hotel Palms is assuming a lively aspect. One of the events which is looked forward to with interest is the Saturday evening hops which take place semi-occasionally, the last one occurring last Saturday evening. Prominent among the Los Angelenos who have taken up their winter residence at this hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Prager.

Next Wednesday evening the Union Circle of Foresters will give a social hop at Blanchard Hall, and Friday evening the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will entertain at the same place. The Schoneman-Blanchard orchestra will furnish music for both occasions

A San Francisco Letter

ABOUT as regular as the season, San Francisco has and exploits the fads and hobbies of this generation. It has horse shows, dog shows, and its doll shows, and Friday of this week the Doctors' Daughters open what will be, perhaps, the most unique doll show that we have seen. It is to be held in the mapleroom of the Palace hotel, and will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. for two days. The Doctors' Daughters require about $5000 this year for their work, and the need of the money has proven a powerful incentive to their energy and ingenuity, and the question everywhere asked where society women meet, is, what feature may possibly be introduced to this affair that will make it different from those that have gone before it.

San Francisco was treated to a little romance in the engagement line this week, and this time it is Miss Alice Moffitt, the younger of two daughters of J. Moffitt, of Blake, Moffitt & Towne of this city, or rather she is claimed by this city, although her home is in Oakland. She is not entirely unknown to Southern California, as she is California's champion woman golf player, and has loving cups and trophies galore. She won the $250 loving cup at the Burlingame golf tournament last July, and then went south, where she won all the honors. Her picture was published, among others of the bridesmaids officiating at a wedding at Alameda, in a San Francisco weekly, and one of these papers found its way east where Mr. George Doubleday of New York saw it, and lost his heart forthwith. As may be presumed, some preliminaries were necessary before they were engaged, but the old saying, "Faint heart never won," etc, proved to find another friend.

Again the Alhambra theater has thrown open its doors to this theater-loving city, and this time, I believe, will make a success of it. The house has been opened repeatedly with cheap shows of all kinds, and in each case it has been a failure; but Mr. Ellinghouse, who is at the back of this proposition, is giving us high-class entertainment and is charging a good price for it. The house has been filled to the doors since the opening night, and the people seem satisfied with the program. This week Julia Arthur's greatest success, "A Lady of Quality," is being given, with Miss Eugenie Blaire as "Clorinda" Next week "In Old Kentucky" will be revived.

Manager Oppenheimer of the California theater has certainly done something to this institution which has brought favor to the house from the constant theater-goers of this city. The California theater was always pretty to look upon as a theater, but it is even more comfortable and attractive than ever this season, with its interior decorations and the new arrangement of the seats. Very good attractions have been booked, and the S. R. O. sign is regularly displayed in the lobby. I think the large part of the success of this season's work here is due to the careful attention of the management to the details about their house. This week Harry Corson Clarke and company are presenting "What Happened to Jones." He has appeared here before with this play, but this time his company is better balanced and includes several people who are well known here, among them being Miss Ida Banning, who made her debut in Los Angeles, and who is well known to the society of Southern California.

Gertrude Foster, who also hails from the sunny south, is now leading lady at the Alcazar, having followed Miss Adalade Fitzallen in this position. "My Friend From India" is being played this week, L. R. Stockwell, who is so well known on the coast, assuming the title roll. Mr. Stockwell takes this play out for a tour of the coast, with another company, in the near future. The play is a new one to this city, but it has been well received, and Stockwell's connection with it should vouch for its success.

RALPH. A. GROVER.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.

WESTERN GRAPHIC 25 cents a month, collected by mail; we pay all postage.

The young Siamese princes are having a good time in Nice. It has become the fashion to invite them to all the receptions, and to judge by their faces they enjoy being lionized. A distinctly funny incident occurred the other day. A certain lady, after a great dael of pains, succeeded in getting an introduction to one of the dusky youngsters. The introduction took place in a well known drawing room. With perfect correctness, but rather to the surprise of those present, especially his highness, the lady saluted him with a deep court courtesy. The little princeling, who had been wearing a good-natured smile, looked almost terrified, and it was thought he was either going to cry or run away. With the benevolent idea of putting him at his ease the lady promptly asked him how many brothers and sisters he had, to which he replied, quite innocently, that the last time he had the curiosity to inquire the number was in the neighborhood of eighty. It was then the good dame's turn to be frightened.

Hollenbeck Park

Band concert program for Sunday, Nov. 19, 1899: March, "Mount Lowe," (Marie Truan); Waltz (new), "Mercedes," (Trinkhaus); Selection, "Martha," (Flotow); Potpourri, "Reverie," (arr. Beyer); Aria, "Fallstaf," (Balfe); Levee Revels, "new," (O'Hara); Selection, "Stradella," (Flotow); The Lost Chord, "Cornet solo by Emmet S. Peak," (Sullivan); La Paloma, Yradier); Mazurka, "La Tzigane," (Gaune); "Stars and Stripes," (Sousa). Take Traction green and yellow cars direct to park.

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"I'M AS FULL AS A GOOSE of Pommery Sec, and I'm as true and as liberal an Irishman as I was the day I left the old country. And I have resolved, Margaret, to give a reception that shall startle the Muldoons and the Mulcaheys hereabouts, and I shall make it as swell as any of the fine affairs that have taken place lately. I was just thinking, as I came up the street, my darling, how greatly I had been blessed, for an Irishman; Veni, Vidi, Vici—I came to America; I saw you, my darling, blushing daisy that you were; and I conquered the worst foe man has to meet—poverty. He have health, wealth and happiness, my darling. God has been good to us. We have as fine a home as there is in Los Angeles, with superior surroundings; we have horses and carriages and satins and laces and diamonds, my darling, and four healthy, happy children, the best blessings of all. And I'm determined to give a reception, Margaret, and show to our friends that I'm an honest, happy, grateful Irishman; not one of your sordid Micks, who get all they can and keep all they get, and who squeeze the half dollars they are obliged to spend until the eagles upon them scream. Mrs. Casey, it has occurred to me that we go a great deal to our rich neighbors' entertainments, but that we have never given anything ourselves. The liberality of the poor Irishman is proverbial; but the rich Irish in America, I'm grieved to say, are generally the stingiest people in the land. I read the other day about a rich Mick setting out a poor countrywoman and her sick children and sickly furniture into the streets on account of her delinquency in paying her rent. And I saw that spalpeen at the Cathedral, the Sunday afterward, praying to the holy Virgin and our blessed Saviour; and then I prayed against him, and asked our Father in Heaven to renew his Lazarus business when that poor old woman found her way into Abraham's bosom."

In due time invitations were issued, which read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Casey,
At Home,

Monday Evening, October 16, 1899.

And, in due time, letters of acceptance were received in response to nearly all invitations sent out; and on Monday evening last the Casey mansion and gardens on Buena Vista street stood out like some fairy scene in their wealth of ornamentation and illumination. Many of the guests lingered in the gardens, little dreaming of the atmosphere of enchantment within, until the bewitching diminuendoes of soft melody floated through the zephyry air, and only lost themselves in the spray of fountains and the aroma of exotics. But what shall be said of the interior, in which the staircases, from basement to roof, wound with flowering shrubs, where were concealed everything but the branch and blossom; wreaths and bells and caskets of flowers swinging from lintel and window and picture and bracket; roses crowning the statues, and sprays of drooping vines wreathing the chandeliers, that shed soft brilliance of light; mantels covered with moss and bedded with violets; tall vases on precious pediments, and rare clusters of scarlet passion-flowers, and cold camelias, and burning geraniums, and great white orchids hiving a honeyed breath in their golden hearts, and fern-filled basins where tiny fountains cooled the air about them? Music murmured there, too; a stream of gorgeous hues and tissues. Magnificent women, with bare bosoms and blazing jewelry, ascended and descended the stairway. Down one vista dancers flashed in and out their mazes; down another the crystals and gold and silver of a table shone, red with Burgundy and Bordeaux, tempting with terrapin and truffles, with enormities of spiced meats, and pastries, and confections and fruits.

The feature of the affair, however, was the dance and supper. That eminent scraper, Professor Fiddlestick, and his band of forty performers—the agitators of catgut and blowers of which had demanded pay for their services in advance—were permitted to eat and drink as much and as often as if they were gentlemen; and it was also stipulated that they should act as rudely and as boisterously as some of those who move in the best circles of society. The friends of Professor Fiddlestick need not be informed that the selection of music by that eminent maestro was not otherwise than admirable, and the execution thereof exquisite and soul-stirring. At ten o'clock precisely the band struck up the "new" and delightful music of Les Lanciers, and forty-eight that popular quadrille.

The supper was the combined effort of the Messrs. Poodledogums, and was a complete success, from the assault upon the oysters and terrapin down to the surrender of the ices and chocolate. At the witching hour of night a regular grub procession made a circuit of the salon, and, in a few moments thereafter, the crack of a Chinese gong announced that the aristocratic midnight hash was ready. The rush for that grub-table beggars description. Pell-mell went male and female guests, and hither and thither went the waiters, with Professor Fiddlestick and the newspaper reporters well in the lead.

The Messrs. Poodledogums had so arranged, "in their mind," that a system of courses should have been regulated by the striking of a little bell. Alas for human ingenuity! Before its first stroke, even, a regular Mississippi river steamer sortie had at one and the same time brought to the same plate pickled oysters, fricandeau, tongue en gelee, Charlotte Russe, Makaloff salade, bombe a la Vanilla, pate de foie gras, pickles, gloves, sleeve buttons, nuts, toothpicks, sponge cake, dancing programs, pocket-handkerchiefs and floating island. To add to this spectacle of porcine manners of mastication, Fiddlestick's menagerie of vulgar scrapers and blowers made a gastronomical break, and set the supper to music. The discourse was anything but delectable. But what it lacked in harmony it made up in volume. How could it have been otherwise? Gustavus Redherring, the gentleman with the cornet a piston, attempted to touch high C and devour a Portuguese tart at the same time. Hans Sourcrout essayed a like musical feat with a handful of San Fernando olives in his mouth. Herman Lagarbeer, the man with the big fiddle, went down to low G, and made a dive for a ham-bone while so doing. Rudolph Limburger, the artiste with the bass-drum, in an attempt to capture a maccaroon, accidentally welted an elderly Garvanza stepmother over the jaw. And thus the band played on until the food played out.

As is usual upon almost all such occasions, only a small portion of the guests assembled could be accommodated with seats at the festive board. As is generally the case upon all such occasions, everybody was hungry. As is common at all such gatherings, all those who could not get seats, philosophically took it standing. And such a chawing

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and elbowing and besmearing can only be seen at an American evening party.

After the complete destruction of the Messrs. Poodledogum's supper, most of the guests lighted out without a word to their extravagant host or hostess, while a few—a very few—who get enough to eat and drink at home, repaired to the hall of the goddess Terpsichore, and "tripped it upon the light fantastic" until Aurora smiled upon the scene.

And just as Patrick was retiring that night, or morning, he said to Mrs. Casey.

"I say, Margaret, but it was a swell old mob, wasn't it? It's a great thing, this society, eh?"

"And, mama, how they did eat!"

"Eat! Be Gorra, there isn't a damned thing left for the cat!" B. C. T.

The Boers' Domain

"ANY ONE who will study a map of South Africa will be able to understand a few of the reasons why the British war office feels it necessary to mobilize so large a force to subdue the South African republic and its ally, the Orange Free State. When the Afrikanders finally secured a recognition of their claims, in the convention of 1884, they were allowed to fix their boundaries about a territory of 119,139 square miles. The nation which has been known as the "petty republic," and which some of the London journals now characterize as the "trumpery little state," is therefore in reality nearly as large, territorially, as New Mexico, and larger than all New England together with New York. The Transvaal is considerably more than half as large as either France or Germany, and it is larger than Italy. It and the Orange Free State comprise a territory about equal to that of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan combined.

To reach Pretoria, the Transvaal capital, from Mafeking, the British troops must traverse about 150 miles of hostile territory. From Laing's Nek, the most accessible point on the Natal frontier, the distance to Pretoria is about as far, while from Kimberly, should the British commence invasion from that point, the distance is nearly 300 miles. Could the troops which have been mobilized as far as Cape Town travel as the crow flies, they would have a journey of nearly 600 miles before them to reach the nearest point on Transvaal soil. The task, indeed, of mobilizing the troops from Cape Town and bringing them to the Boer capital would be almost equivalent, in point of distance, to taking an army from Chicago to New York City, the last 200 miles of the journey being through hostile country.—Chicago Record.

Hair Dressing

TITIAN bronze, the new shade of hair, is still too much of a novelty to be common, but who has seen it and not longed for tresses of that wonderful hue? It is too expensive an operation to ever become the popular shade, and no amateur at hair dyeing can accomplish the desired result, so the fortunate few who possess locks of Titian bronze need have little fear of many duplicates.

The art of hair dyeing has made tremendous strides within the last few years, and there are many artists in that line whose work defies criticism, another word for detection, but Americans, as a class, have not taken kindly to that sort of thing, and the remark that "she dyes her hair" is still considered by many as a term of reproach.

The fact that fringes are an accepted novelty may not be altogether a joy but it is apparently inevitable, so the only thing to do is to put on one's best smile and be happy. If we can't be happy we will be just as happy as we can. Silk fringe is being sold at very high prices and fringed scarfs are to be seen in all manner of places even invading the precincts of the milliner, until she has been obliged to dispose of them on the backs of the hats, leaving the fringe to hang down as a sort of curtain over the hair. Some fringes are of course delightfully pretty, but unless used with careful and sparing hand they are apt to give a curious ragged effect to the toilet, for each individual strand has a temper of its own when under stress of wind, and "flies out" in anything but pleasing fashion.

Specs' View of It

"AT LAST we are to have some square horse-racing," is a sentence in a San Francisco paper that is enough to make a Southern Californian not only dark green with envy, but disgustedly mad at the memory it brings of the recent brazen exhibition of faking at Agricultural Park. A few enthusiasts, it is true, consoled themselves with the thought that they had been privileged to look upon some noted horseflesh in Gentry and Joe Patchen, and either sensibly went around the corner and matched twenties with themselves or foolishly parted with their money to the swindling book-makers. The gentlemanly racing of horses is one of the noblest of sports, and the crooked gambling orgie is as superlatively low-down and contemptible. The people of San Francisco, from the toughest sport to the society woman with a penchant for the excitement of the track, are to be congratulated upon the establishment of Tanforan Park, with a gentleman at the helm in the person of Mr. F. H. Green, secretary and manager.

I wonder if the days of honest sport are not but days of the past, any way. Though a lover of out-door sports and a frequenter of those places where the strength and agility of men are the essence of the entertainment, as well as the race-track, I have seen nothing in California that did not at least smack of a "job" for years, except tennis and golf tourneys and perhaps a game of croquent.

The bicycle track was once a magnet for thousands of people, who enjoyed the manful struggles of the young men who rode for blood (which was sometimes literal after a "spill") without the trappings of pacemakers and coaches. But it is a notorious fact that the quarter-mile track has become of such ill repute that the public will not patronize it, and it is therefore difficult to find a manager who will promote a meet.

The great American game of baseball, which now nearly divides the honor with football, now only draws a few front rows-ful of spectators to the bleachers, and those are either dyed-in-the-wool rooters for lack of greater capacity or people whose idle curiosity leads them in whatever direction promises entertainment. The reason is plain, and is admitted by the fair-minded of the "fans" themselves, that instead of the once healthy rivalry for supremacy at the game, the tendency to play every other inning with the players clustered around the umpire becomes unspeakably disgusting to the observers, if the game does not actually break up in a row over the division of the gate receipts.

The reaction from this state of demoralized amateur sports will come in the same ratio as we approach the condition of the old gladiatorial days of Rome, when the games, while hideous in their earnestness, were conducted in a manner that allowed no back talk or the "fixing" of things in advance.

The immense distances of the coast are an insurmountable difficulty in the profitable conducting of a baseball league, and the same may apply to anything but yearly trips of the big university football teams. With this in view it looks as though we shall have to be content with an occasional scrub baseball game and a jockey club, yclept "Agricultural Association," that is run on the gullibility of the people, which policy came disastrously near the limit this season.

Pruyn—"Have you heard that horrible story about old Stiffe being buried alive?" Dr. Bolus (hastily)—"Buried alive? Impossible! Why, he was one of my patients."—Brooklyn Life.

Mother—"Johnny, stop using such dreadful language?" Johnny—"Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it." Mother—"Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you."—Tit-Bits.

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Women's Clubs

"Are women books"? says Hodge, "then would mine an almanack, to change her each year."

THE regular monthly "at home" of the Pasadena Shakespeare Club was held Saturday from 3 to 5 at the club house. The floral decorations were unusually attractive and pretty. Mrs. H. D. West and Mrs. L. P. Crawford received, while the music was in charge of Mrs. J. G. Rossiter and Miss Stontenburg. Pleasant chat, tea and wafers combined with music and pleasant company, made an agreeable afternoon for many friends of the club.

The Shakespeare section of the Wednesday Morning Club met as usual in the assembly hall of the East Los Angeles Congregational Church. The morning was occupied with the discussion of important questions, and with the reading of papers upon some of the characters in "King Lear." Papers upon Lear were read by Mrs. Dunsmore, Mrs. Rowley and Mrs. Harrison. An interesting discussion upon the characters of Lear and his daughters followed. Mrs. Dorland also read a careful characterization of Lear. A paper upon the character of Cordella was read by Mrs. Ad cock, and one on "The Fool," by Mrs. True. The study of the "Merchant of Venice" will begin in two weeks.

San Diego has a club called the Mothers' Club, which meets once a month to discuss subjects bearing on mothers' work. The last meeting was devoted to "Care of Eyes," upon which much information was given by different members. A feature of the club is that mothers other than those belonging to the club are invited to attend the meetings, which fact entitles the organization to classification as semi-philanthropic.

The leading woman's club of Redlands is a musical organization called the "Spinet Club." The first recital of the season was given on the third instant in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A., talent from San Bernardino and Los Angeles assisting in the program, which included a Hadyn trio. The December meeting will be devoted to American music, a subject that is usually overlooked by musical societies, but the Spinet has arranged for an afternoon which will be both instructive and entertaining.

Another Redlands club is the Contemporary Club, the art section of which held its first meeting of the season on the fourth under the direction of Miss Putnam. The symbolisms of early Christian art was the main topic. The lesson included an informal talk on the art of the Catacombs, Byzantine and Romanesque art and the mosaics of Ravenna.

The lesson of the Ruskin Club Wednesday morning led by Mrs. W. W. Stilson and Mrs. C. F. Howland, was of the greatest interest. It also afforded unusual opportunity for the expression of individual thought. The subject was "Principles of Sculpture," and in a certain sense, was a review. Varying definitions of art were given; art in the abstract; art in its relation to beauty; also its dependence upon the best in physical and intellectual beauty for its survival in its highest estate. Monumental art had its origin in the observance of the festival. A distinction was drawn between the Dorian and Ionic races and the reason given why sculpture was to a much greater extent found among the Ionians. An intense religious spirit pervaded their work and idealized and deified humanity. Contour, light and shade, texture and color, the influence of material and size, and other features were clearly brought out. The topic of the Laocoon, omitted from the preceding lesson, was then presented, and, with original comments, proved of much interest. An invitation was given to an informal tea to be given in the club rooms on Friday afternoon for the extension of acquaintance among the members. The next lesson will be in charge of Mrs. F. A. Larkin and Mrs. Motley Flint, the subject being "Early Italian Sculpture."

The increasing importance of the "Social" or "College Settlements" as they are known in this city, has been shown by the very effective work and beneficent results in many of the larger cities. In New York City there are not less than twenty of these Social Settlements, mostly in the densely crowded East Side, whose purpose is not so much to teach religion as to illustrate it. Little groups of cultivated and unselfish men or women establish themselves in certain sections of the city where their influence is most needed, and make centers of helpful example for all the people about them. Christian neighborliness of the most practical sort is the keynote of their work. They display no sign and avoid all appearance of charity.

They conduct art and literary classes, teach sewing, cooking, singing, and child-training, and take charge, during the day, of babies whose mothers are oblige to go out to work. The settlement residents also go into the homes of the crowded tenement population, and by gaining their confidence, establish the intimate personal relations which form the best possible foundation for effective help. The dwellers in the tenements find in the residents not only a mental stimulus, but an incitement to order and cleanliness, the better cooking of food and the better care of children. By comparison with the vast populations among which they labor these settlements are only tiny sparks, but each one burns with a steady light, and makes at least a little space around it brighter.

In a recent issue of "Demorest" this article appeared: Mrs. Russel Sage, who is a club woman, a philanthropist, a lawyer and several more interesting things, at a recent meeting of the College Woman's Club of New York, scored men's clubs and their members in a manner to make the serious and reticent Mr. Sage tremble if he were a club man. Among other things she charged men's clubs with having done nothing to better the world. "The principal object of most of these clubs," she said, "is eating and drinking; and I know men who have sacrificed their vote in order to spend their election day at their country club. Women's clubs are organized with a serious purpose, not for mere personal comfort, and there is no doubt about the fact that women's clubs are usually serious enough and not very comfortable."

To those women who are a little inclined to complain of the small opportunities for competition with men and perhaps think their sex is their handicap it may be of interest to know that there are no less than seven thousand, six hundred Postmistresses and at least eight thousand women to whom the oath of office has been given qualifying them as assistants. The same salaries are paid to them as to men doing the same kind of work

In the Gay Life

SOCIETY is as gay this week as a Salvation Army social. What makes the Salvation Army sing to the tune of "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town" every night now at the corner of Second and Broadway?

Everybody has been waiting for the midwinter cotillion to set the pace. And it has, all right, all right. The cotillion has been the real thing for once,—all credit to two clever little women who've had sense enough to do the thing up in smart style. Five dollars a head, and you got your money's worth.

The two clever little women—I won t tell who they were—simply nailed every florist in town for potted plants and things, and Kramer's looked out of sight—different from the old cheese-cloth affairs at Turnverein that would have made the counter clerks think "cash" if they had fallen in by mistake.

Past ball decorations have been on the order of the Day Laborers' Picnic Association. You could not look at 'em without looking for the transparency to pass by.

None of that this year, and no hired artificial flowers, either—but, whisper, have you heard about the supper?

A real supper—large-cold-bottles-and-small-hot-bird sort of thing, don t you know.

The chappies are delighted. This antique sandwich and billious punch business at a hall is really an imposition. Look at the list of the officers and members, and see what a lot of the up-to-date Johnnies are really in it this time.

There is John G. Mott, Jr., in the chair—that is, he is as much in the chair as the head of a cotillion club can be in the chair—and he said he would do the thing up brown or die smiling in the attempt. And as the killing smile did not finish him—he must have done it the color he wanted. Then there was Garland, with that delicious grave-digger air of his which contrasts so beautifully with his evening clothes, and W. A. Barker, and Lieutenant Miner, and J. D. Foster, and J. F. Sartori, and E. B. Tufts, and Will Stephens, with his blase indifference to all the married ladies; and W. S. Porter, whom, for some reason or other, the girls think the sweetest thing ever happened; and Gregory Perkins and young Engstrum and Willie Innes, with his cast-iron smile; and Ed Stimson himself, with his wonderfully and fearfully made yoube-

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damned air; and Jack Griffith, and Chanslor, and Bagby, executive committee on potted plants and birds; and Spence and Carhart and Klokke and Sale, with his drug-on-the-market hand-shake; and Walter Newhall, very English, don't you know, and those other arch-Anglomaniacs, Hancock and Bundrum and Jevne; and a lot of young fellows like Modini-Wood, Fred Griffiths, Holliday, Henderson, Schumacher and Albert Carlos Jones.

Then there's Dickinson,nice old chap with his dignified height, and his joyous smile, and his effulgent hair—where there is any; and the other Henderson, and—let me see—there are some others,but I can't think of them. If you want to know who they are, ask the Times. They were there and fixed it up in great shape. Pretty good showing of fellows, wasn't it? Oh, "the cotillion" is going to be the real thing this winter. It will have the whole world at its feet. That is to say, the world at one foot and the other Henderson at the other. Some of the buds will be seen later on Some of them are not out yet—and Russ Avery and the other Stephens are still waiting. tillion on Tuesday night.)

One of the buds saw them coming up Broadway the other day. She clutched the other bud and said, "Oh, Kittie, let's run. Here come the cradle snatchers.! "

Nobody calls Russ anything but "The Youth's Companion"now. There's a black cat, too, but—anon.

And if Stephens doesn't pay atention to some one nearer his own age pretty soon he'll be known as Pitcher's Castoria.

Why?

Why, children cry for him,don't you see?

Now what else's been going on this week? Ghee whiz, don't ask me. I've done nothing but sit in the club and watch it rain—Great Jupiter Pluvius—that is, up to Thursday, when I went out between drops to make some calls. I heard of a few dinners and luncheons that have been going on, but nothing that would take your breath away if you weren't asked. (By the way, I forgot. Joe Chanslor had sixteen guests out to supper after the cotillion on Tuesday night.)

I picked up some lively gossip on my rounds. Everybody is talking about the Roseys and their new house. Wonder where Rosey keeps himself? Really it is nothing but "Oh, did you hear this" and "do you know that," till a fellow gets sick of hearing their name. But of course I can't deny that they're good people to supply material for an afternoon chat. Mrs. Rosey has really had a most wonderful career, though I suppose it is less remarkable in Los Angeles than any place else on the civilized globe.

She began life somewhere else, where a few others of our smart set started in, and married Ollie when he had just a bit of money. I don't know that at that time they had any aims to soar. Mrs. Rosey went out a little. Ollie was worth—oh, say 100 cents on the dollar, when Mrs. Rosey discovered a pearl mine, so the story goes. She found pearls in a stream, and now Ollie has other mines. Nobody pays any attention to him, but there are millions in it, and the last year or two everybody was going to Mrs. Rosey's luncheons and dinners just to see her Paris gowns and diamonds—and, oh, hasn't she got them, and doesn't she wear them everywhere?

Don't say a word, but I saw her one night at a dance with near $5000 worth of rings on her hands, and heavings knows how many thousand dollars' worth round her neck. It just shows that Los Angeles draws the line at less than $100,000 for the smart thing. They used to say that a woman, to float in the swim, must have money, beauty and a shover from behind. Mrs. Ollie never had a shover. She had the money and the beauty, and supplied the shove too. Some people didn't like the shove. Some objected to the beauty, because her hair is falling off so in color. But I have failed to see where anybody in Los Angeles has had the nerve to draw the line at the money. The house will do, but I shouldn't want to live inside so much color and gimcrachy.

By the way, speaking of the Roseys, have you heard the latest about dear Paree?

The Roseys are going over soon, you know. Mrs. Rosey can't be happy till she's had a London season, and some one was telling Harry Fleishman about it.

"Mrs. Ollie going?" said Harry. "Going to Paris to—well, I'd as soon take a veal tamale to a lord mayor's banquet as to take my wife to Paris—if—if I had one."

But I started to tell you what is going on in society.

Mrs. Sale gave some luncheons. She is going to give some more, and some dinners, but that's nothing. She couldn't get along a week without giving a dinner or something. She once gave me a bottle of catsup, and it's way out of sight.

By the way, Somebody Drake Ruddy has instituted literary Sunday evenings. I saw some time ago that the Burdettes were doing the same thing in Pasadena. Wonder what has become of Mrs. Casey? She was dying to have salons, too, only she thought some folks might think it beastly bad form because Casey kept his all week.

Of course Mrs. Ruddy's affairs must be entertaining, but great shades of departed chappies, I can't be expected to know the intellectual feasts of women. At any rate, I don't, and I'm not going to try. Mrs. Ruddy goes to clubs some, but her dinners and such are not a bit clubby, thank heaven. She goes in for camaraderie.

There were some more teas this week. Mrs. Bancroft gave one to show off her work in art. Mesdames J. G. Mossin, Sumner P. Hunt, O. W. Childs, Morris Hellman, Francis J. Thomas, E. Shent, Hugh Vail and Miss Florence Silent assisted her in receiving.

But what women want to give teas for I never could understand. Why didn't Mrs. Bancroft, sensible woman that she is, ask some men. They might have appreciated her work. I bet there wasn't a woman in the lot that knew a pastel from a crayon. Women say men don't know a thing about pictures, especially in their own homes; that they always say the pictures look best where they are. Tell me, now, did you ever change round the pictures for a woman, and does she ever know where she wants them? She takes them all down and has you climb round on a step ladder hours at a time, and when she is through she thinks they looked best the way they were at first. After all, women are right about what they say of men and pictures as mentioned in the beginning.

Then the Monday Musicale Club held forth, Miss Blanche Rogers having the honors, and the Schwarzes (three of them) gave a luncheon for Miss Crouch. I see Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Crouch announce this week the engagement we announced last week. There is something singular about Mr. and Mrs. Elisha. Mrs. Elisha is all right—and so is Miss Bertha; but Great Scott, is there a Mr? If so, where is Elisha?

P. S.—All that tommyrot about the cotillion champagne and birds is made up. They had the other things. Ghee!

The annual bazaar of the St. John's church, which is always one of the social functions of the season, will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 5th, 6th and 7th. The society people of the city are all interested, and this year it promises to surpass all previous occasions.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Horton and Miss Christine Kurtz will give a card party on the evening of November 28th for young ladies at Mrs. Horton's home.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Gotthelf gave a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of the new Rabbi of the Temple Bnai Brith, Dr. Hecht. Besides the guest of honor and the host and hostess, were Mr. and Mrs. Spier and Miss Clara Spier.

One of the daintiest little affairs ever given in our City of the Angels was the farewell dinner to Major J. A. Driffill at the Van Nuys Monday evening. The private dining room on the second floor of the hotel was transformed into a perfect bower of beauty. The ceiling was covered with wreaths of smilax, amid which were hidden tiny colored electric lights, casting a soft glow over the tables below. The walls were not to be seen, being banked in with beautiful ferns and palms. The table decorations were American Beauties, maiden hair ferns and violets; the large oval mirror in the center of the table bearing upon it, in violets, the suggestive words, "Au Revoir." The place cards and menus were hand-painted by Mrs. A. Loring Bancroft. The menu was in every respect a counterpart of a dinner given by the Emperor of Austria last June, at which Count Wurmbrand was present. The party consisted of the guest of honor, Major J. A. Driffill, Mrs. J. A. Driffill, the Misses Mary and Emma Driffill, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Howe, Count E.Wurmbrand-Stupach, Mr. E. C. Hamilton, M. L. Hache, Dr. C. Portius. Major Driffill took the late train for San Francisco Monday night, en route for Honolulu

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In the death of Andrew Donohue Martin the community, which in this instance comprises the state of California, loses a brilliant young man, whose open-hearted, generous nature has endeared him to hundreds. For a number of years his health compelled him to spend a large portion of his days at his resort at Palm Springs, on the desert, whither but a few weeks ago his bride, a queen of San Francisco's most exclusive coterie, accompanied him in the fulness of her love to spend what was to be their honeymoon, of which Death spared to them but a few fleeting days. No living thing nor person can bring balm to the heart of the young woman so suddenly bereft; mankind can minister but feebly to the widow whose only solace is time—deliberate but measurable time.

Aunt Budge: "Poor Budge! Does your tooth ache still? If 'twere mine, dear, I'd have it out at once."

Budge "If 'twere yours? Well, auntie, so would I."

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Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

"O papa, papa, what's a Mo,
And why's its hair dark green?"
"My son, you really frighten me,
Pray tell me what you mean."
"My mamma has a blue cloth dress,
All trimmed with nice green braid,
And when I asked her what it was,
'It's Mohair, Bob,' she said!"
—S. F. News-Letter.

THE fashion world is certainly in a woefully topsy-turvy condition at present. There is a prophecy for plainer styles both in dress and millinery but it's merely a prophecy and the fact is the old styles are not fully discarded and the new ones not fully adopted, leaving the matter of certain details very much unsettled.

The fashions for women this season are most beautiful and varied. The stout woman need not look vulgar in the very tight-fitting skirts, because the new ones have pleats or tucks or slight fulness in the back and hips which do not reveal in startling frankness excessive hips. The very thin woman may conceal her too straight hips by the new Paquin skirt, which is gathered full on the waistband.

The well-shaped, svelte woman may display all her gracefulness in the charming princess gowns —the tight-fitting skirts and bodices with the small, tight sleeves and the half-fitting coats reaching to the knees.

Of course, the refined, well-dressed woman avoids an extreme fashion until it has become sufficiently adopted not to make her too conspicuous, and if it is unbecoming she will not adopt it until she has adapted it to her own special style. And every woman should find out her own good or bad points, and conceal or adorn them with taste and judgment.

How often a slender little woman with pale general coloring swamps herself in a hat or gown she admired on some robust, rich colored opposite type!

The craze for automobile red is so great that six new shades of the brilliant hue have been devised. These shades are equally becoming to blonde and brunette women and just the thing in dinner or theater gowns.

All of the more delicate shades are grouped under the head of pastel tints of which there are fifteen most exquisite combinations.

There are three new shades of violet, although violet is not as popular for this fall as formerly.

A very smart fad is to wear a loose coat of some light cloth made so long that it nearly covers the gown and at the same time gives a very fascinating glimpse of a lace or silk flounce and some very effective blouse waist. In light tan cloth one of these long coats is made so that, while apparently loose, it does not hide the shape of the figure. It is generally worn with the fronts turned back far enough to show a gown of much lighter weight material but exactly the same shade, made with a lace or cut work flounce. There is also visible the front of the waist trimmed to match the bottom of the skirt. The coat is faced with fur and lined throughout with satin. This is a very superior garment for two or three reasons. Of course it is very rich, but the style can be easily copied in much less expensive materials and still be very satisfactory and then it can be worn as an evening wrap if the armholes are made a little large.

A very rich and stylish garment of the redingote effect has been produced from apricot velvet over a petticoat and vest of white satin. The neck is finished with a stock and jabot of white or pale apple green mousseline de soie and at the waist is a broad belt of heavy black satin fastened with a buckle. The revers are embroidered around the edge and cut out. A white felt hat with one graceful black plume and a large pompom of white liberty silk completes this toilette.

THE DILETTANTI

CURIOUS as it may appear, the Queen, through the government, is not only a printer, publisher and bookseller, but will not allow any one else to print and sell certain books. All mariners' charts are printed and published exclusively by the Queen—a very good thing for the mariners, as it insures strict accuracy. Ordnance maps are also printed by the Crown, and it is the Crown alone that can afford the great expense incurred in their production. A third publication which the Queen keeps to herself is the monthly "Journal of the Board of Trade," which ought to be a very profitable speculation, crowded as it is with advertisements. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the fact that the Queen, in company with Oxford and Cambridge Universities, has the exclusive right of printing and publishing the Bible, though any one may publish a Bible with notes. In the matter of copyright, ordinary persons have the right to publish and sell a book as long as they live, and the right is retained by their successors for seven years after their death, or for forty-two years from the date of first publication, if that be a longer term; but the Queen's copyright in anything Her Majesty publishes will last till the Day of Judgment.—Literary Life.

Many buyers of books, especially paper covers, are familiar with the name of F. Tennyson Neely, the publisher who failed so heavily recently. His petition in bankruptcy gave his liabilities as $359,000 and assets, $415,000. It is enough to make other publishers suspicious of the handling of cheap books to note the results of Mr. Neely's energy in that direction.

Following the example of Harper's in reducing the price of their monthly, the publishers of Lippincott's magazine will reduce the annual subscription to $2.50 on January 1st. They say it is to celebrate the opening of the new century, and while we do not care to criticize them from the point of being a year early, it can be said that the move looks like the celebration of the complete demonstration of the success of the cheaper magazines, vide Munsey's, McClure's, etc.

Rev. Edward Dillon, of Woodbury, N. J., who has traveled extensively abroad, says that he regards the library of the late Hon. J. B. Stearns, of Norumbega, Maine, both in point of taste in the selection of rare editions of classical authors and in the richness of binding and illustration, one of the finest private libraries he has ever seen, excelled only by that of Sir Walter Scott, of Abbottsford.

According to the Literary Life "Richard Carvel" has the lead in popularity, followed by "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "David Harum" and "The King's Mirror," in the order named.

"Bleak House," Broadstairs, the favorite seaside residence of Charles Dickens, will shortly be offered by auction, says Literary Life. Little can be said as to its picturesque appearance, but magnificent sea views can be had from almost every window. Just below "Bleak House," on a ledge in the cliff, is "Cosy Nook," a picturesque little place, which is also to be offered. Dickens, writing of Broadstairs, says: "In our sunny window on the edge of a chalk cliff, is an old-fashioned watering place, to which we are a faithful resorter, we have a pier—a queer old wooden pier—fortunately without the slightest pretension to architecture, and very picturesque in consequence. We have a fine sea, wholesome for all people, profitable for the body, profitable for the mind, and now the gilded sails are gliding past the shore and shining on the far horizon."

Mr. Dunne, who discovered to the world the people of Archey road, has brought out a second volume of sketches entitled, "Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen." Some of the sketches, however, take us to a country other than our own, for there are five chapters devoted to the Dreyfus case, and one to a clever skit upon "Cyrano de Bergerac." The opening chapter very properly deals with Expansion, and

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Mr. Dooley's idea of the matter may be gathered from the following extract: "I don't know what to do with th' Ph'lippeens anny more thin I did las' summer, befure I heerd till iv thim. We can't give thim to anny wan without makin' the wan that gits thim feel th' way Doherty felt to Clancy whin Clancy med a friendly call and give Doherty's childher th' measles. We can't sell thim, we can't ate thim, and we can't throw thim into th' alley whin no wan is lookin'. An' 'twud be a disgrace f'r to lave befure we've pounded these frindless an' ongrateful people into insinsibility. So I suppose, Hinnisy, we'll hav to stay an' do th' best we can, and lave Andhrew Carnegie secede fr'm th' Union. They've wan consolation; an' that is, if' th' American people can govern thimsilves, they can govern anything that walks." Mr. Dooley is as funny as ever, and any one appreciating a good laugh should not fail to cultivate his acquaintance.

Arizona Justice

LARGE BUNCHES of 18-carat excitement permeated the atmosphere in the vicinity of Greenlaw's mill, down in the pastoral precincts of Clark's valley, near Flagstaff, when the week was young.

Two limb-loppers, who had been saturating their system with the cinematic centrifugal serum for several days past, concluded to cease their servile labors and take with them much of the worldly goods of the camp above the mill, where they were working. They did. They also took with them unreceipted bills from the commisariat and the jugged juice joint, and they were unpaid.

Their bundle of booty included hams, knives, blankets and other necessities of life, besides the other unpaid accounts at the store, mill and saloon. During the stillness of the night they diligently disturbed the dust in the trail toward Mormon dairy.

Now, at the commissary there is a young man named Roach, who, when his feelings are roached up, is exceedingly stern and unforgiving; also is the equilibrium wrecker at the saloon, who frowns upon such liberties.

Each of them secured a horse, supplied themselves with several six-shooters apiece, and amid the shouts of the populace, set off to remonstrate with the remiss limber-loppers.

They struck through the timber south, came out on the road ahead of the two sawdust-squirrels and started back looking for them. They had gone but a few miles when they met them coming along the road with a pack burro and another fellow that they had picked up along the road and pressed into service to help transport their goods.

As they came up to them Roach pulled out four or five six-shooters, and in a voice that reminded one of a slaughter-house next door to a cemetery, said:

"Hams up!" and down went the hams on the ground. Then, "about face; half of you on each side of the road. March!" And back they went toward the scene of the crime.

"I want you fellers to understand that I'm the Sheriff of Clark's valley; there's my star on my horse's forehead. The first one of you that breaks off of a dog trot'll be holed up like a malpai and have to be stuffed with excelsior to make you fit your clothes."

The whole mill had turned out to meet them when they came. Mr. Roach was compelled to put on a slicker to prevent the tears of joy from sweeping him away down the dry wash and ruining his garments.

"I guess we had better take 'em right into town and put 'em right into the bastile there, hadn't we?" asked Sleuth Roach of Eb. Greenhaw.

"No; I'll tell you what let's do. Now if you fellers," turning to the two shivering ham-hookers, "will jest work out what you owe these fellers and the mill, we'll let you do it," said Greenhaw.

Now, at $2 per day they are rubbing a saw backward and forward across trees, and the whole valley is irrigated with the sweat of their thoughtless brows. All this time they are being guarded by two men whose salaries per day amount to $6.50. Still, revenge is sweet, and no matter if it does cost $2.50 per day to see them saw, they are bound to say they saw them saw—see?

The conundrum that is being propounded down there in the hollow is: How much will it cost to have them work out their sentence?—Coconino Sun.

About the House

EVERYTHING had gone wrong with me all the morning and I was weary and impatient. So, after dinner, I ran in to see Loesa, for I craved the tonic of her bright, reliant personality. Loesa and I are both young housekeepers, but she has the "faculty" and I haven't. She is always discovering or inventing nice ways and things and "making something out of nothing," as she calls it. Loesa is my mainstay.

She was clearing up her kitchen as I came in, and humming a gay little air. Her brown hair had blown into soft, light curls about her face: she looked brighter and prettier than ever.

"See my jelly?" was her smiling greeting. "Isn't it pretty? You can't guess what it's made of."

"No, I can't," I admitted. It was clear and firm and delicately pink. I had never seen any jelly quite as exquisitely colored before.

Loesa closed the shutters and gave a satisfied glance around the neat, darkened kitchen. "Come into the sitting-room and I'll tell you all about it," she said, gaily.

From the depths of an arm-chair she began: "There are three kinds of fruit in that jelly. I bought a quart of plums, yesterday, but they were too hard to eat, so I stewed them. But first I cut out the hard portions and they constituted fruit number one. A saucerful of red raspberries left from breakfast was fruit number two. I made two apple pies this morning and saved all the nice parings and cores for fruit number three. The apple made the quantity of the jelly, the tart plums the firm quality and the raspberries the dainty coloring."

"It wasn't anything to make it," she continued, lightly; "it didn't need much boiling, and I have three tumblers of very superior jelly from what most people would throw away;" and she laughed, proudly.

I sighed. "How do you ever think of such things, Loesa?"

* * * * * * * *

Frank must have clam chowder for dinner and I didn't know how in the world to make it; but I concealed my ignorance confidently. There was Loesa—she'd know; so I ran over again.

"My recipe was originally Mrs. Lemcke's," she said, "but I've made it all over to suit myself. Hers was too elaborate for us. Can't always get all those things here, you know, and we don't care for carrots. I cut fine and fry brown a quarter of a pound of salt pork, then put it into a kettle with two quarts of boiling water. Add one pint of finely-cut onions and boil twenty minutes; then one quart of finely-cut potatoes and cook ten minutes; then five finely-cut tomatoes, one even teaspoonful each of black pepper and sweet marjoram and cook fifteen minutes. Chop fine twenty hard-shell clams and add them, with their juice. Melt one tablespoonful of butter and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, cook for a moment, then add to the chowder, boil ten minutes and serve. I think a little more cooking all through improves it."

I made the chowder and it was delicious. Frank was delighted. "Getting to be a famous cook, aren't you, little girl?" he said, with evident pride. Lear Loesa!

Next day we exulted together over our success. "I suppose you opened a can of tomatoes for your chowder and had a pint or so left," said Loesa thoughtfully. "I did, and we were so tired of all the ways I knew to prepare tomatoes, so I thought up a new way. I seasoned them with salt, pepper, sugar and butter, as usual, then I added a big pinch of sweet marjoram and cooked them well. Instead of bread or cracker crumbs I thickened them with flour stirred into a little cold water. Try yours so, my dear."

I did. Were they good? Well, we emptied the dish.—Adelaide Davis Reynolds in What to Eat.

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IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Popular Orpheum Orchestra
has been secured to play at the oyster parlors every evening from 11.00 to 12.30. Go and hear the music as soon as the theaters close.

Large dining rooms that can accommodate 80 people, smaller ones for smaller private parties. Private dining rooms for ladies. The great resort with the theater goer. The house never closes, open from sunrise to sunrise.

The Imperial Cafe 243 South Spring St. Tel. Main 101
High Class Family Resort
Entrance from both Broadway and Spring Streets

Interior View from Spring Street Entrance
Business Lunch from noon to 2.30; quick and efficient service. The best home brew and imported beer fresh from barrel. Fish and game grilled to order. Fine fresh oysters on call. Open house until 1 a. m. Special attention given to theater parties. Fine private dining rooms for ladies.
R. J. STAHMANN, Manager.
N. B.—No roughs admitted.

At the Theaters

IT is a coincidence that the first Madge Brierly we ever saw here in "In Old Kentucky," is now playing at the Orpheum in the person of Laura Burt and we have pleasant recollections of her in the role some five years ago, but while physically acceptable and playing the part with a pretty dash, she lacked that peculiar quality of piquant elfishness which makes her successor, Elsa Ryan, fit in more naturally as the unsophisticated mountain child. "In Old Kentucky" is a melodrama rather loosely constructed as to plot, but in which the threads of interest are held in a sufficiently firm hand to keep the public interest at a strong tension. Love and hate, treachery and retribution are the notes out of which the melody of the piece is built, but the incidental features, such as the pickaninnies and the horse race, serve more to furnish an atmosphere, than to add to the story.

But it is all good, healthy food for the infrequent theater-goer who goes to the theater to be stirred and amused and the popularity of the play is shown by the fact that its drawing powers have not been exhausted in six seasons. The play is no longer a novelty and there remains but little to say for or against it. The interest nearly centers in the mountain-maid and her assumption of the jockey uniform. Elsa Ryan is a dainty little actress who does her work with discretion and with a proper appreciation of what the public expects in the role. The other members of the company, notably H. B. Bradley as the horse-racing Kentucky Colonel, acted well their parts, while the darkey members of the pickaninny band made up in gusto what they lacked in musical skill. The buck and wing dancing was exceptionally good.

"By the Sad Sea Waves," which held the boards at the Los Angeles last night, is very much the same as when it visited us last year. It is a bright farce, replete with funny situations, and full of the good things that entitle it to its claim of being a "vaudeville operetta." The two comedians who head the show of course have the unctuous portions of the performance, but the syncopated pianist, Ned Wayburn, the "plastique" posturer, Mlle. Le Seye, lively Bessie Challenger, and a whole string of merry-makers, dancers and singers, all contribute to what is at times a whirlwind of sparkling gaiety. The music is catchy throughout and the scenery is really handsome and appropriate.

It is with a broken heart and a contrite spirit that I am obliged to confess that with hardly a leg to stand on in the dramatic sense, "Brown's in Town" has floated jubilantly on the surface of the uncertain sea of local popularity. There is nothing to the piece; a flimsy thread that could not even be dignified with the name of "plot," but the twisting about and shaking up of a handful of characters, like nuts in a basket, creates situations that are supremely ludicrous, and you laugh in spite of yourself, and at the very time that you are mentally pasting the "rubbish" label on it all. The modern art of advertising has been impressed into the service of Brown and his multifarious troubles in such a way that the farce holds the laurel wreath for being one of the most successful applications of printer's ink on record. The papers and the deadwalls have gleamed with Brown's visit and even poor German stares at you from the posters which proclaim that "Der Brown ist dah." At any rate, the magnificent advertising had magnificent results, and the packed houses and perpetually cacchinating audiences testify to the skill of Brown's business manager. Breeziness and perpetual "go" are the characteristics of this farce made on the Gallic plan, and the sinuosity of a discharged lie and the tribulations it entails, form the groundwork and inspiration of the play. But without the very capable people who tell the story, it is not altogether certain that it would prove the unbounded success that they make of it. They are, oneand all, of that special degree of cleverness which is needed to furnish the snappiness and dash which must be unintermittent, and from the author actor, Mark Swan, down to the farm hand who cuts no figure in the plot, but does a few venerable "musical turns," all do their part and do it well.

The principal figure is, of course, the supposititious and ubiquitous Mr. Brown, whose dolorous toying with his identity, in order to escape the consequences of flying in the face of a peppery parent's commands, are the hub about which the different spokes revolve. The dialogue is reasonably bright, but a great deal is left to the imagination of the audience, who place their own construction on many of the situations. Mr. Swan is a bright, alert Newlywed, Maude True Knowlton is a fetching wife, whose physical charms are enhanced by stunning gowns; Jessie MacHall—of the Gracie Plaisted type—is a 'cute soubrette, and materially assists the action of the play. Charles Horn, as the hot-tempered father, and Webster Cullison as the weak-kneed rival, give good account of themselves, while Fannie Midgely, as "Primrose," a colored cook with an ebullient mind and temper of her own; G. H. Ebner, as the gardener with a musical penchant, and Monica Lee, in a lame presentation of a German husband-hunter, all contribute to the general condition of hilarity.

The Orpheum's newest turn was Louise Dresser and her two dusky assistants. Miss Dresser follows the May Irwin lead, is good and wholesome to look upon, and has a yard-wide smile of engaging attractiveness, but the best part of her show lies in the work of the smallest of the pickaninnies, whose "Lauterbach" and "Du, Du, Liegst mir im Herzen," were "killingly" funny. His German, with a negro twang and faulty pronunciation, was deliciously novel. Sada, the talented pupil of Ysaye, changed her bill, and made it more in accordance with gallery tastes. But her excellent technic, shown in her fine staccato and in the strong bowing, was again in evidence, and it were a pity, indeed, if this young player should abandon the serious pursuit of her art to continue on the stage for the sake of money-making. Hal Merritt and Florence Murdock, in their "Luncheon at 2," do a prosaic turn, Wright Huntington's repetition of "A Stolen Kiss" had not even the charm of novelty, and did not add to the attractiveness of the bill. Mr. Huntington changed his playlets in San Francisco, but he evidently thinks Los Angeles unworthy of this consideration. "The Jailbird Coon" and Laura Burt, the two "monologuists," went over much of their work of last week, which example the dogs and monkeys also followed.

I had a letter from a theatrical friend in Boston anent the progress of Alice Neilsen, who, when she left the Bostonians to star with the backing of a California angel, had all sorts of bad predictions made for her. It is certain that when she was here with the Bostonians she was weak vocally, and a veritable "stick" from the histrionic standpoint. She is acting in a new operetta, "The Singing Girl," a sort of Hungarian "Mikado," and my correspondent writes: "You would be surprised at the improvement in her. She fairly carries off the comedy as well as the vocal honors. I couldn't see anything in her in 'The Fortune Teller,' even with the aid of a powerful glass, but the other night, while watching the new Neilsen, and news came of the dangerous illness of Della Fox, I said to myself, 'her successor has arrived.' Neilsen has learned to sing, and now that she is learning to act with real comedy spirit, she will have the operatic soubrette field all to herself in a few seasons."

E. F. KUBEL.

Orpheum

A lot of striking novelties will add to the breeziness and all-round attractiveness of the bill at the Orpheum next week.

Jerome and Alexis are first of the newcomers. They have a unique act—the impersonation of a gigantic lizard and a huge frog. As both are acrobats of skill, and contortionists as well, and as their costumes are realistic, they are able to startle the spectators with their lifelike imitations of the animals.

Groggin and Davis are acrobatic comedians with excellent reputations as entertainers. They have never been seen on the Coast before.

Leo Carle is another artist who will make his initial bow to a Los Angeles audience next Monday evening. Carle is considered the greatest lightning change artist in the world. An act of this sort has not been seen at the Orpheum for a long time so Carle will doubtless receive a warm welcome.

Baby Ruth Roland, a "phenomenal child artist" is the last of the newcomers.

Louise Dresser and her lively pickaninnies are to remain another week, which will be good news for those who fancy clean and clever fooling, with singing that is of the rag-time variety.

Jack Norworth, the story-telling "jail bird," is to tarry another week, as also Merritt and Murdock, the comedians whose imitations have been a strong feature of the current week's bill.

Los Angeles Theater

Greater America, the famous production that will be seen at the Los Angeles Theater next week, commencing Monday, November 20th, is one of the most wide-awake, soul-stirring shows on the road. It produces one continual roar of enthusiasm and applause from the time the curtain rises until the end.

In the second part the great "Points in War," as introduced in the grand finale of "Greater America," some most remarkable results are realized by the combination of drums, allegoric and pyrotechnic effects employed, and to which we call especial atention.

To all who have witnessed the militia at practice, after a few volleys had been fired, a rumbling or din in the air has been heard, caused by a disturbance of the atmosphere, and something that is always present in time of battle. By this combination, tuning the drums in unison, or together, placing the smaller against the head of the larger, and working up as much friction as possible, the vibrations, operating one upon the other, produce in a great measure this effect, whereby we are enabled to give a much more perfect representation of these sounds than could otherwise be obtained.

Eugenie Blair in "A Lady of Quality," the great play based on Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's novel, opens at the Los Angeles Theater next Thursday evening.

Morosco's

Minstrel shows are like the circus—we all say they are out of date, but we all go. The best in this line of entertainment is to hold the boards at the Burbank for a week beginning Sunday night.

Richards & Pringle's famous Georgia Minstrels embodies the best in this popular line of amusement. Every feature presented is original and up-to-date. Fifty well-known names appear on its roster; two big military bands furnish the choicest music for its parade; a well-trained orchestra of thirty pieces supplies the music for its indoor performance. The famous troup of Arabs the greatest tumblers and acrobats of the century, specially engaged for this show, which also includes a host of vaudeville entertainers, minstrel amusers of the highest class, and a score of spectacular surprises, dialect songs, negro melodies, comedy, acrobats,

LOS ANGELES THEATER

C. M. Wood and H. C. Wyatt, Lessees.

Tonight and tomorrow night, "By the Sad Sea Waves"

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Wednesday Matinee, November 20–21 and 23

A. R. CARRINGTON'S

(The Drummer Boy of Shiloh)

Greater America Co.

In the novel and unique musical conceit

A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL.

Seats now on sale. Popular Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

Telephone Main 70

NEXT ATTRACTION.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23, 24 and 25th, and Saturday Matinee.

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

EUGENIE BLAIR and an excellent support,

Presenting the Wallack Theater Success from New York,

A LADY OF QUALITY,

By

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett & Stephen Townsend.

Seats now on sale. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00

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MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager

This Evening—Last Performance of "In Brown's Town"

Commencing Tomorrow (Sunday) Night, Nov. 19,

RICHARD & PRINGLE'S

Famous Georgia Minstrels

50 People ∴ 2 Bands ∴ 2 Cars

Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinee Today.

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Orpheum

MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND

Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater

Week Commencing Monday, Nov. 20.

Jerome and Alexis, the Frog and the Lizard.
Leo Carle, the Lightning Change Artist.
Goggin and Davis, the Far-famed Acrobatic Comedians.
Baby Ruth Roland, the Wonderful Child Artist.
Louise Dresser and her Pickaninnies.
Jack Norworth, in original monologue, "A Jailbird Coon."
Meritt and Murdock, in the sketch "Luncheon at 2."

PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

trick-bicyclist, grotesque and fancy dancing, tight wire walking and funny comedians. Altogether it presents one of the latest and greatest efforts of this popular firm of pioneer managers.

Stage Chat

MISS GERTRUDE FINNEY, well known in private theatricals here, is studying at the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School in New York City.

Laura Burt, who is at the Orpheum, was the jockey of the first "In Old Kentucky" company that visited here.

The bookings of the Burbank are practically continuous until next October.

Manager Wyatt of the Los Angeles Theater has a tempting array of good things on his books for the next few months, despite the disposition of the Eastern companies to give Los Angeles "the shake."

Nance O'Neill follows next week's minstrels at the Burbank for a four weeks' engagement, after which there will be opera galore, the Jules Grau company playing until February 26th, when the big company from Morosco's Grand Opera House in San Francisco will come down for a six week's engagement, after which—again Frawley.

Wm. H. Crane has gained solid popularity with his new play, "A Rich Man's Son."

"The Only Way," the Dickens story in which Henry Miller is playing has been having a wonderful run.

"The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," the most uproarious and successful of recent farces, has just entered on the third month of its engagement.

Robert Edeson is playing a one-month engagement in vaudeville in a little playlet of his own, "Palmistry," in which Ellen Burg helps him.

Marie Wainwright is playing in "Mlle. Fifi" in New York.

"The Greek Slave," an opera greatly in vogue in England, and which Augustin Daly was about to put on when he died will be opened in New York on November 28, with Dorothy Morton in the title part.

The Kendalls open their American season on November 20.

Nance O'Neill will present "Peg Woffington" during her engagement, this play being the old "Masks and Faces."

Tom Darmody, proprietor of the popular Belmont Cafe, was the recipient Saturday morning last of a beautiful photograph of T. Daniel Frawley, sent over with the donor's compliments as a little parting gift and to testify to the esteem in which Mr. Frawley and the members of his company hold the recipient. During their stay in Los Angeles this popular cafe received a large share of the patronage of the members of the company, and they say the Belmont will always have a choice position in their memories.

Sir Henry Irving's brilliant improptu speeches are very carefully prepared beforehand. Singularly enough his reason for doing this is that he fears an attack of nervousness.

Planche, who wrote many plays for the English stage, and is there forgotten, is to have a plaque on a new Weber monument in Dresden, because he wrote the libretto for "Oberon."

Subscription tickets at the famous Schiller Theater in Berlin, which include cloakroom fees and reserved seats, can be bought for six marks ($1.50) for six performances.

Rostand went to Vienna lately to have photographs taken of the rooms in which his new Bernhardt play is to have its locale.

It is rumored that Helen Bertram, who took Alice Neilsen's place as soprano with the Bostonians, is to marry a California millionaire.

The new operetta which the Bostonians have this season is called "The Viceroy," with music by Victor Herbert.

May Irwin is keenly disappointed that her son failed to pass his examination at Annapolis.

The Bernhardt-Coquelin American tour begins on November 23d of next year.

Edward Morgan and Henry Miller attended a vaudeville show recently where they were burlesqued and applauded heartily.

Mrs. Wm. L. Spencer, widow of Senator Spencer of Alabama, and a cousin of Vice-President Hobart, will shortly enter the vaudeville ranks.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale, No. 31984.

George W. Robinson, plaintiff, vs. May Agnes Jordan, H. M. Russell, William R. Smith, D. B. Fisk & Company, a corporation, and Lydia A. Shoemaker, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein George W. Robinson, the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against May Agnes Jordan et al., defendants, on the 6th day of November, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Three Thousand, Six Hundred Forty-One and 10-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 88 of said Court, at page 67, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The east one-half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Nine (9), in Township One (1) south, Range Nine (9) west, San Bernardino Meridian, in the Rancho Addition to San Jose, as per map of the Subdivision of the Rancho Addition to San Jose and a portion of the Rancho San Jose, recorded in Book 22, pages 21 and 22, Miscellaneous Records of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN Deputy Sheriff.
A. W. HUTTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The Palace Cor. FIRST and SPRING STS.

A Select Family Re ort

Patronized by the business men of the city with their families. Elegantly fitted, cool in Summer and warm in Winter. The Berth Family Orchestra in attendance Free concert every evening from 8 to 12 o'clock. Refined music. No Vaudeville

Restaurant and Refreshments

Last car of the evening in every direction and for Pasadena passes the door.

Especially Adapted to
After Theater Parties

The Palace Restaurant Company

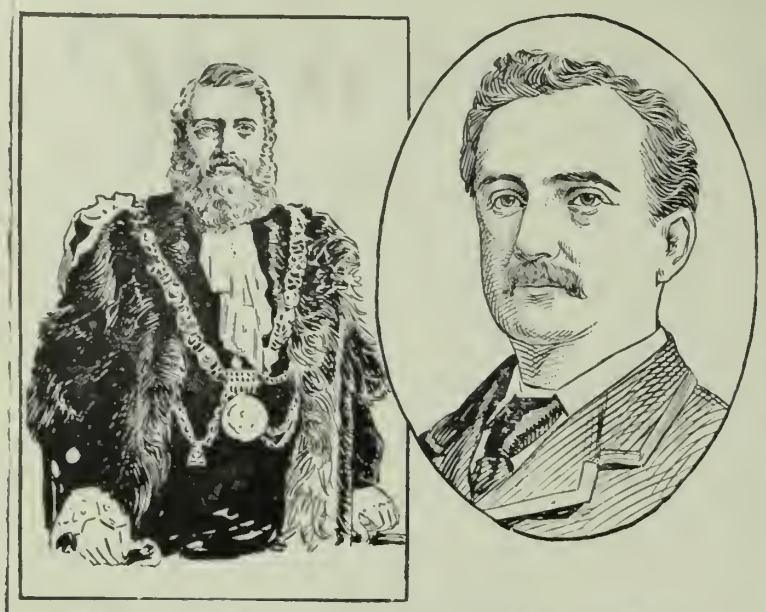
"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"

The world loves a successful man, a man who has won his way, through his strict business methods, based upon honest square dealing and the golden rule. Such a man is Mr. S. P. Creasinger, the ever alive and hustling money lender. Mr. Creasinger's advertising catch line has always been "A Barrel of money to loan" and it comes very near being the literal truth. His advertising methods have been based upon the principle of doing exactly what he says, those who have had dealings with him once are always his best friends and customers.

Mr. Creasinger believes in the value of printers ink judiciously used and confined to facts, and not a little of his success is attributed to his advertising and the faithfully carrying out of every promise. His business never grows less, but constantly increases each year. The fact that he has done over one million dollars worth of business in the past week is a showing that many banks would be proud of. With Mr. Creasinger's increase of business naturally goes an increased popularity for his business acumen and strict fairness with all parties. He has both the borrower and the lender to satisfy and it goes without comment that his customers are all satisfied. Mr. Creasinger is recognized by the business world and in financial circles as one of the shrewd and cautious men who is both cautious and censervative, but once he has determined on a course he backs his judgment with his money and never, so far, has known what it was to fail. Mr. Creasinger is the president of two mining companies, the "Lost Gulch" mine, Arizona, and the "Red Cloud" mining Co. in California, his business has doubled every year for five years. It is ten times more than it was five years ago. Mr. Creasinger is broad and liberal, thoroughly free from any selfishness and charitable and benevolent in all things. He is a lover of nature and enjoys fruit growing and ranching on his own land and is a true lover of fine horses and stock, of which he is largely interested. Mr. Creasinger drives one of the finest spans of horses in Southern California and never takes any body's dust. Neither does he in business.

S. P. CREASINGER IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, AT 218 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

The divisions of human industry are agriculture, mining, manufactring, commerce and exchange. Upon these are founded all good principals of successful society. That people are the happiest who most observe the basic elements of human relations and make the least effort to devour one another. As mankind is largely dependent upon what grows out of the earth, agriculture becomes the basis of all efforts to prolong existenee. Therefore, he who can best adjust his efforts to those of nature, secures the results. To bring man-force and elementary forces in agriculture into happy union requires thought, study, reflection. In Southern California, brains and muscle meet meritorious nature in thoroughness and attractivencss, soil conditions, meteorological differences, and other influences combine to produce marvels in the interests of the human race, hence Los Angeles is not destined to become alone an aggregation of noted beings but the entire surroundings are fast assuming peculiarities peculiar to the region and the natural attractions. The rural population is tending to density. All the elements of compactness are here, hence the valleys tributary to Los Angeles will pour their wealth into her commercial lap. They will not only pour in but also draw out vast quantities of household and agricultural necessities for compensation. The banking and loaning of money go hand in hand with the great development of our country. Probably the largest loan agent in Southern California is Mr. S. P. Creasinger of whom this sketch is but a brief outline.



MAYOR DANIEL TALLON AND JOHN E. REDMOND.

John E. Redmond, M. P., and Daniel Tallon, mayor of Dublin, are in this country and will visit the leading cities in the interest of the Parnell monument fund. The corner stone of the monument was laid in Dublin October 7. The visitors have met with good success since their arrival in America, the collections so far, especially in New York, amounting to a goodly sum.

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LOS ANGELES

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Ar.	Denver	5 00 pm	Thur.	Sat	Mon.	Tues.
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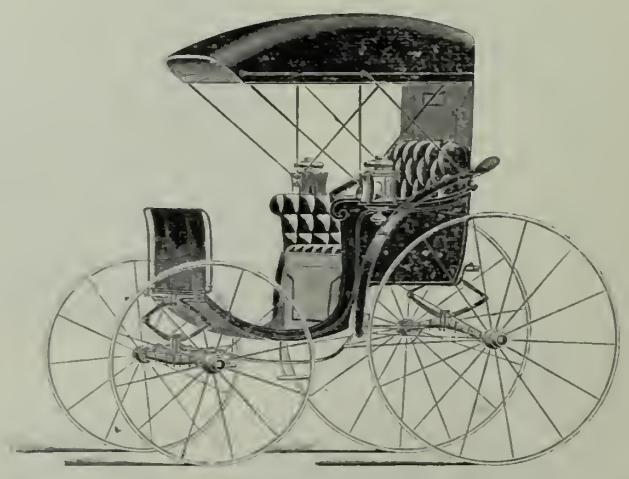

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THE SUNDAY WORLD Consolidated with

Western Graphic

The Los Angeles World

Volume VII.
Number 22.

Los Angeles, Saturday, November 25, 1899.

10 Cents
a Copy

Photo by Marceau for WESTERN GRAPHIC

Eng. by Mausard-Collier Co.

MME. GENEVRA JOHNSTONE-BISHOP

Soloist "The Creation" Simpson Auditorium, November 28th

Western Graphic

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT

311-313 NEW HIGH STREET TELEPHONE MAIN 1053

ENTERED AT THE LOS ANGELES POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

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HOW little the generations whose memory reaches into the past but a score of years think of the true sentiment of our November holiday! And in truth there is but little sentiment in these end of the century years, and in line with the spirit of the times the prevailing thought of a large percentage of Americans is the acquisition of the best Thanksgiving dinner for the least amount of money. The heart full of gratitude of our forefathers has given way to a stomach full of turkey, and in lieu of their feelings of fervent acceptance of the bare blessings of life the fin de siecle beneficiaries of the hardships of the Puritans are apt to complain of the age of the bird under discussion.

The modern Thanksgiving smacks more of a Roman feast after a success at arms, through many families make of it a day of reunion and joyous intercourse that carries an undercurrent of sentiment not wholly antipodal to the semi-religious character of the day in early times.

But even though it should change into a feast day pure and simple, why is it not just as well? The hard knocks of life very naturally give, to men at least, a feeling of self-satisfaction in the results of their efforts, and the one time conviction that the hand of God was in our every act has given way to a more liberal construction that places a man's success or failure more upon his own shoulders.

Therefore it is meet that men should gather their families about them and indulge in material felicitations as well as pæans of spiritual thanksgiving incidentally offered the bounteousness of Nature.

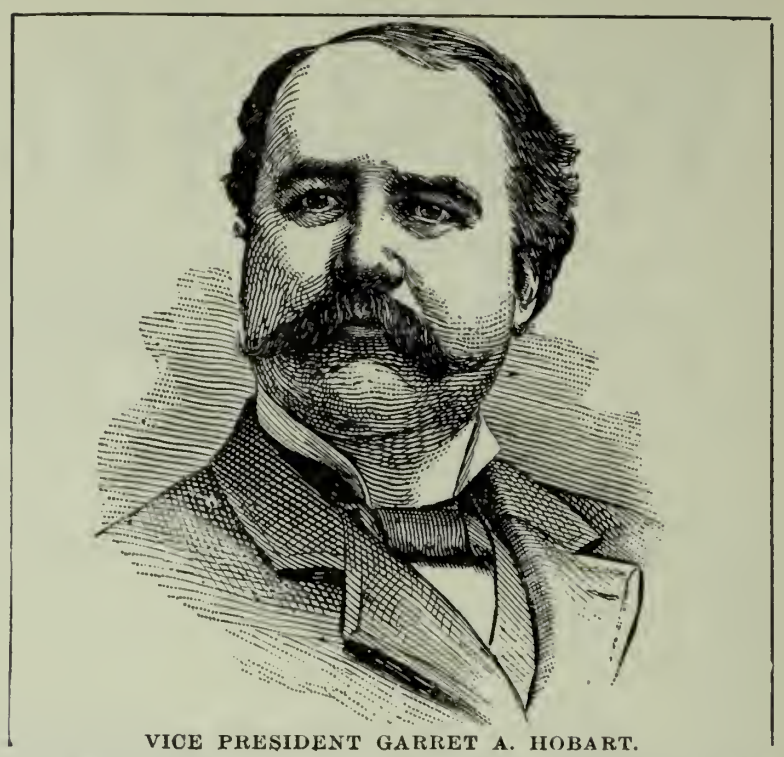
And now we approach the stereotyped form of newspaper Thanksgiving thought—which requires no thought. A Southern Californian with access to the most insignificant of periodicals has only to cogitate a moment to produce a lengthy list of evidences of our righteousness—if it is a fact that the beneficence of Nature, the generosity and good judgment of Jupiter Pluvius, and the favoritism of the god of war are conditional upon our proper conduct. But it is only those who take the trouble to inform themselves who are aware that notwithstanding the period of apparent stagnation California's exports were double her imports, a condition of affairs that is the backbone of our dawning boom. The drouth has been a blessing in stimulating a marvelous development of water that will prove an effective guard against disastrous effects from a future dry spell.

Altogether we of the Southwest have every reason to eat our turkey with relish and in equanimity, and with Jone's Dyspepsia Tablets get our stomachs in shape for Christmas, which is less than a month distant.

Many tax payers find that on property on which they have paid taxes for several years the raise this year over last in the total is from 20 to 25 per cent. Assessments have been raised when in fact the real value has fallen. Of course the rate continues to go up, up.

The GRAPHIC not only remembers its friends but it never forgets them; its enemies—well it hasn't any.

Southern California is itself again. With rain and sunshine our true semi-tropic conditions of lovely spring with its roses and profussion of flowers, vine and verdure, have returned. Surely our much talked of climate is excelling itself in these lovely November days.



VICE PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART.

Vice-President Garret A. Hobart died at his home in Patterson, N. J, Wednesday, November 22. Mr. Hobart's death is a severe loss to the nation. He possessed the respect and confidence of the senate as well as the entire coutry.

City Hall Echoes

THE police muddle continues, but the conditions may change within a day or two now, if the Attorney-General consents to the quo warranto proceedings. If he does not do so, it will be largely because he gives weight to other than legal considerations. Should the case reach the courts it will be difficult to see how the old Board of Police Commissioners will hold on to their job. The charter is sufficiently positive to show that the majority of the Council will carry their point. Section 7 says: "Four Police Commissioners shall be appointed by the Council." Section 9 is equally explicit when it directs that "all appointed officers shall hold office until removed by the appointing power, which shall have the power of removing in all cases." This would seem to cover the status of the Council and both Boards, and while it is to be regretted that things are in this shape, it looks none-the-less as if Chief of Police Glass' days are numbered. That the majority of the Council and the new Board are sure of their position, and that members of the police force think them so, is shown by the way in which ex-Captain Roberts has acted. Knowing that the old Board—or rather what is left of it—will put him off the force, he has evaded the service of the notification to have him appear before that Board to say why he should not be dismissed, and he has therefore the plea handy that he was discharged without a hearing. The probability is that when the new Board gets the upper hand and oust Chief Glass, Captain Roberts will be put in temporary charge of the force, until it can be decided who is to fill the present Chief's big shoes. It is really a bad turn for the city that Mr. Glass has developed such an overweening conceit, that the people feel that he should be forcibly reminded that he is their servant and not their master, for he has, for the greater part of his occupation of the office, held his force well in hand, and there has been no such talk as drove Chiefs Darcy, Benedict, Cuddy, McCarthy and Skinner from office before Mr. Glass came, during the latter's incumbency. But his arbitrary and imperious conduct has turned the people against him, so that even the acts of a "rump" Board, whose sole purpose is to remove him, are not looked upon with disfavor.

The Frapped Five gave an indication of their purpose when, on Monday, they refused to consider the recommendations of the old Board in the matter of requisitions, and laid them over to await further action. These particular demands were all for small amounts and were for labor and supplies, and it would not have hurt the Council to have paid them. The Police Board has no authority to contract bills, except through such power as the Council has clothed it with, and all that the Board could do was to certify to their correctness. The claim that the "Council exceeded its authority in holding up" these bills is pure bosh. The supply committee was not the proper body to pass on the bills finally, as under the charter, all demands must go to the Finance committee. And then the Frapped Five were "sorter" broken up, with Todd in Colton and Lauder in Bakersfield. It takes six votes to pass a money ordinance, and the five, unsupported, could not have done this, and it is usual to send demands for scrutiny to the Finance committee. At best it was a breach of courtesy towards the supporters of the "de facto" Board. The Council, under section 207, "by an ordinance may authorize any officer, committee, or agent of the city to bind the city without a contract in writing for the payment of any sum of money not exceeding three hundred dollars." I haven't been able to find such an authorization on file, although there may be one, in which case the Council would be at fault. As it stands, the Council alone has the power to authorize the payment of any demand, then the Mayor gets a whack at it and then the reviewer, the City Auditor, may have his say and can hang the demand up. But the funny part of the mess will come if the Mayor should take it into his head to retaliate upon the Council—for all demands on the treasury, salaries included, must be approved by him.

The Mayor's threat that if the Five "got too funny" they might be removed from office is a mere flash in the pan. In ordinary matters the Council is its own judge, and when it comes to legal proceedings to declare the Councilmen's seats vacant, His Honor will require something more substantial to stand on than his displeasure at the conduct of the Five. They are working within their rights at present, and the Mayor can't touch them, much as he would like to, and if they win out, the Mayor will have to smooth the wrinkles out of his face and receive the new members gracefully.

The market men have won their fight over the commission men and on Monday the Council will pass an ordinance which will leave the public market open for the transaction of business every day and all day, except Sundays. The fight is a year old and has been waged with varying success by both sides, but the Board of Public Works, on figuring out that the question of revenue to the city was closely involved, decided to make as much money out of the venture as possible, and so sided with the market men, who will now continue to rent stalls and use these as business places and depots of supply, while the commission men will occupy more luxurious offices down town and pay higher rents for warehouses. There was the fear of a private market house also before the eyes of the Board.

The ease with which bidders on public work, who had figured too low, slipped out of contracts, thereby putting the city to the expense of readvertising and imposing unnecessary delay, is to be checked hereafter. Councilman Toll brought it about that when a contractor makes a bid he must live up to it, and that if it becomes necessary to advertise for the difference between the amount of the bid of the contractor at fault and the one accepted, the city will sue the bondsmen of the former. This action will have a very wholesome effect, for it is notorious that many bids have been turned in on work that showed plain as day the bidder could make nothing out

of the job except by evading the specifications, and while this new move will have a tendency to lift prices, it will result in speedier and better work. The squabbie over the Third-street tunnel contract is fresh in mind. Assignments of this contract, and dillydallying in the work, has somewhat blocked the progress of this improvement, although of late better work has been done. The Broadway Bank is now the financial backer of the contractor, so that there should be no longer any delay.

The Library is about to adopt a new rule toward the fiction fiends. The new books which are in active demand whenever they happen to have caught the public fancy, travel from hand to hand very slowly, and it is proposed to order hereafter twenty copies of each successful novel of the day. These will be seven-day books, and to avoid the application of the favoritism system, whereby in former times the personal friends of attendants were given first choice, it is proposed to make a list, whereon the name of any one paying a nickle will be placed, and when his time comes he will be notified that the book is at his disposal. The purpose of this plan is to make a fund out of which extra copies of the books most in demand will be purchased, each particular book having its own reserve list and collection of five-cent pieces.

THE LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY.

Specs' View of It

IT WILL be a regretful thought for a long time hence that I missed seeing Judge McComas punch the head of Horace Appell. To be sure, it was not a Jim Jeffries swing from a crouching attitude but the solitary fact that he reached the fruity-named attorney's face is enough to tickle the fancy of many Angelenos. That Appell would sometime browbeat the wrong man and get his head beaten in return was inevitable, but that mild-mannered Judge McComas, who will stand more abuse than a nickle-in-the-slot machine, should be the avenger of decency is a surprise to his greatest admirers. It is too bad that the next county convention is such a long way off, for if it occurred within a month the Judge could secure the nomination for District Attorney hands down. It has been suggested that the Court House colony provide a suitable belt for the Assistant District Attorney who acquited himself so nobly in Justice James' court room, the belt to be forfeited when some one with more muscle and a longer reach shall finish the job so well begun.

Horace Appell is not the only man in his profession in Los Angeles that needs a forcible suggestion that there are a few people on the face of the earth whose personal rights must be respected. The bullyragging and brow-beating of witnesses and opposing counsel seems to be the principal stock in trade of a certain class of lawyers, whose brutal instincts are to the exclusion of any sense of the possible existence of human feelings in the person who may come under the lash of their tongues. And it is all the more unfortunate that these practitioners are usually smart enough to keep just outside the limits of contempt of court, but in the protection of the court inflict suffering on the unlucky victim that would be intolerable to any but a law-fearing person.

A great majority of witnesses are such through force of circumstances. Dragged to the bar of a court through the medium of a subpoena, it is only those who have been through the mill on many occasions that can honestly disclaim a feeling of timidity in the solemn presence of the law. Making statements under oath is a serious matter to many people and when the somberness of the situation is intensified by the ponderous demeanor of the attorneys it is a wonder that many men could give their names correctly. It often appears to the spectator that instead of allowing a man to tell the truth, that the chief object of the lawyers was to induce him to prevaricate; and when as a last resort one of them proceds to either scare him to death or drive him into a frenzy of anger, it is indeed a strong-minded man that can say the same thing twice.

Next Thursday, besides being a great day for a wholesale disappearance of turkey gobblers, is also a date on the calendar that usually furnishes material for certain individuals to rail against the brutality of the young men who in different parts of the country entertain thousands of people trying to push a leather ball across a chalk line. Just watch them begin to sizzle when the news of a few broken bones comes over the wires from the football fields.

I have quit thinking about that police squabble. A friend of mine, just returned from Mexico, has given me a dandy wire puzzle which he bought in Guadalajara for dos centavos, and when I once get the horn rings off I will know I've solved it. Before they get though with it every man concerned will be at least temporarily branded as an incompetent, or a liar or a thug.

Women's Clubs

"Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power." — Horace Mann

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE, who is traveling in the South with her husband, recently attended the Georgia State Federation and was a guest at Atlanta of Mrs. Lowe, the President of the Federation, also of Mrs. Platt, the Vice-President. Mrs. Burdette has induced these ladies to visit California at the time of the called meeting of the Federation of this State, to be held in Los Angeles on January 16th, 17th, 18th.

The Shakespeare Club of Pasadena having at its two previous meetings discussed the questions of the day affecting the city and State, last Saturday turned its attention to the problems of the country at large. About a hundred ladies were present, and the session was a very interesting one.

The club deemed itself especially fortunate in having the privilege of hearing an address from Judge Enoch Knight of Los Angeles. His subject was, "The American Home," and most thoughtfully and ably did he handle the theme. He deplored the fact that we, as a nation, did not more fully appreciate the value and influence of home life, and that we, in latter years, have made ourselves less and less a home-owning and domestic loving people. The best type of citizen is he who makes a home, and that nation which makes the most of home and family is the surest, safest and most abiding. In recent years rural life has lost its hold and the congestion of population in large cities is a danger sign. But the trolley is uniting village to city, and country to village and this influence with rural mail delivery will restore the taste for rural life as nothing else could.

Mrs. H. D. Norton spoke of the Wards of the Nation, the Negro and the Indian. She rapidly reviewed the history, political and economic, of the colored race and concluded that its present status, when but forty years out of bondage was promising and full of hope. But the Federal government must guarantee personal safety, political fairness and legal justice to the negro in order that his development may be steadily upward. Of our dealings with the Indian, we are all ashamed, Mrs. Norton declared. The school work for the Indian youth was described, and Mrs. Norton felt strongly that work on the reservation was better and more lasting beside preserving family and tribal ties.

Is the United States Under Greater Obligation to Its Warriors Than to Its Statesmen? was the question most brightly discussed by Miss Virginia Pease. While all honor should be given to our naval and military men, she said, yet we have not taken due notice of our few great statesmen nor is statesmanship cultivated or encouraged as it should be. According to Reed and the general public a statesman is a "successful politician who is dead," but her own definition was far more, far higher, so high in fact that very few ever reached its mark.

At the close of the program all present joined in the stirring strains of "America," all four verses, and the club adjourned, feeling that it was good and profitable to have been there.

San Diego may perhaps be a mark for much disagreeable chaffing from her neighbors, such as being dubbed the "city of grief," etc., but the writer had occasion to visit that little city last week and was greatly impressed with a few things that are not mentioned by the cork artists of monologue and the would-be humorist behind the footlights. For the very reason that San Diego is a little switched off from the main track of theater going, etc., makes it necessary for its people to seek higher amusements, and it is safe to say that the standard of music, at least, of San Diego is such as would put us to shame at the outset. There are nine women's clubs devoted to the higher development of intellect of which eight are federated. The line of work taken up by those clubs varies from ancient and modern history to art, music, and general topics, and the women of San Diego without exception are brilliant, broad-minded and delightful.

A Woman's Civic League is being organized in Pasadena. These leagues are doing unlimited good all over the country and there is at present a great deal to be done toward the improvement of municipal affairs in Pasadena, consequently some of the wide-awake women of the Shakespeare Club have made a call for all women who are interested in the welfare of their city to join in the formation of a Woman's Civic League.

"For if a young lady has that discretion and modesty without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has."—Hannah Moore.

The music department of the Woman's Club of Riverside held its usual meeting on Thursday at the home of Miss Lela Allen, the leader of the section. Mrs. Alguire read an interesting paper on "The Mission of Music;" Mrs. Brown followed with a vocal solo, "Sunshine Song"(Grieg); Miss Clara Dunbar played "Papillions," by Grieg, which was followed by a paper on "Tone Production." The subject was ably and entertainingly handled by Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Darling gave a paper on "The Uses and Abuses of the Voice." The program was concluded with the Adagio and Allegro movement from Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata and a sketch of the life and ambitions of Robert Franz by Miss Allen.

The subject discussed by the Ruskin Art Club Wednesday morning was Early Italian History. The lesson was in charge of Mrs. F. A. Larkin and Mrs. Motley Flint. A resume of the discoveries made by the German department of the school of archeology at Athens was read and a short description of the sculpture and art found in the tomb of Etruria was given. A brief outline was given of the early history of Rome, which is divided into three periods, the Rome of Kings, Rome the republic, and Rome the empire.

Mrs. Sterns gave some interesting facts concerning the legendary history of Italy and in the discussion of the lesson the influence of Greek art upon Roman sculpture was brought out and it was shown that Roman sculpture is lacking in purity and chastity. This is particularly true in the statue of Venus Medicean, which in the Roman production betrays self-consciousness, evident design and coquetry.

Later the work done by the French and American departments of the Institute will be reviewed and next week the subject for the lesson will be "The Age of Augustus." The lesson will be led by Mrs. F. W. Chase, Mrs. S. E. Arnold and Mrs. J. B. Owens.

The Friday Morning Club devoted yesterday morning to modern literature. The first subject of the morning was "Notes on New Books and Magazines," edited by Mrs. N. Messer. The historical novel was discussed by Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham and brief reviews of Richard Carvel (Winston Churchill), Janice Meredith (Paul Leicester Ford), To Have and to Hold (Mary Johnston), were entertainingly given by appointed members of the club.

DOROTHY.

The Crown of the Valley

DEAREST BETTY: Tourists are swarming into Pasadena like bees into a honey pot and everybody is happy. The men are all so jubilant over prospective prosperity that every woman, married or single, is getting a seventy-five dollar tailor-made suit and blowing herself in party gowns, for the gayest possible social season is anticipated. It is really something like the old boom days.

The Country Club gave the first of a series of dinner-dances last week, which was a pronounced success, and the dates for the others are December 16th, January 15th, February 14th, and March 16th. These promise to be among the swellest functions of the year. The largest event of social interest this week was the afternoon card party given Thursday by Mrs. Webster Wotkyns at her handsome home on Orange Grove avenue in honor of her Eastern guests, Mrs. Chester Dawes, Mrs. Usher, and Miss Laughlin. The house was beautifully decorated with La France roses and ferns and tables were arranged for forty guests.

Mrs. W. S. Wright entertained Thursday of last week with a charming luncheon at noon. Daylight was excluded and the drawing-room effectively decorated with chrysanthemums and fern fronds. The luncheon table was ornamented with bride's roses. The guests on this occasion were Mesdames J. R. McClintock, H. L. Story, Stuart, Emil Kayser, F. B. Wetherby, Misses Roth, Orton, and Mrs. Bresee of Los Angeles.

Miss Ada Story has returned from the East and Miss Nan Brown is expected next month. The Misses Greble, who have been East during the summer, have changed their plans and will not return to Pasadena until February, much to the regret of their many friends here.

I suppose you have heard that King Macomber has bought the J. H. Adams place on Orange Grove avenue—at least that is what the Star says. The Times says L. V. Harkness, King's father-in-law, is the purchaser, but anyway, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kingsley Macomber are to live in it, and it is one of the handsomest residences on the avenue.

Among the recent returns to Pasadena for the winter are Mrs. Burton Scoville and her mother, Mrs. Allen Dodworth, who have been in Chicago the greater part of the summer.

The Valley Hunt Club has been having several small affairs recently confined to club members and will give a card party Monday evening, but has not made any preparations for an elaborate function yet this season.

PHYLLIS.

The Country 'Round

What the Scissors and Pencil find in Graphic's Exchanges

EVERY paper in Southern California has had more or less sarcastic remarks to make on the non-appearance of the meteoric shower that was to have made pyrotechnics in the early morning hours of Tuesday and Wednesday last week. It is rather amusing to picture the probable sights that could have been seen in different places during those post-midnight hours; and what an opportunity for the small boy to shout "rubber-neck," had he been allowed to "sit up" in expectation of the free fireworks.

At several points of high altitude the scientific men watched and smoked with philosophical patience, chatting the while about matters of the starry firmament that only they know anything about. Undoubtedly there was some scientific profanity indulged in when they silently folded up their glasses after taking one final, contemptuous peep at the sun dogs that heralded the end of night.

Old Pa Ranchero set the alarm clock for three in the morning and sat for two hours at a window with his toes crossed, shivering in the thinness of his robe de nuit, wishing he had a pin wheel to set off so that he could satisfy the family and get back to bed.

In a parlor some young folks had begun an evening of jollity with games and dancing, and at midnight had brought the affair to a reasonable conclusion with a supper. But the expected spectacle of nature's making was the piece de resistance, so with young men yawning and misses sniffling from frequent trips out into the night air "to see," the pink of dawn was all that drove the members of the party to their homes, the meanwhile to anathematize the astronomical advance agent that billed the Leonid meteors for "positively their last appearance for thirty-three years." (You can't always keep dates on a one-night stand)

The tables are turned upon the poor dog as well as the horse in these later days. It was not so long ago that the rabbit was considered legitimate prey for the most ornery scrub of a dog that ever disgraced its master, says the Ontario Observer. But now listen; a few nights ago two ten-cent dogs had a little round of tag with their neighbor's ten-dollar rabbits, and at the end of the game the rabbits went home with the dogs—inside, of course. Now the owner of the rabbits wants $35 for lost hare meat, pedigrees, etc.—principally pedigrees, etc.—and the owners of the dogs are wondering whether it's best to kill the canines and try to get the money out of their pelts, or to keep them as samples of high-priced dog flesh.

From all points come most pleasing, soothing reports of the benefits of the rains. The country press is a good barometer of the public's feelings, and the confident air assumed by it is an indication that a feeling stronger than hope is permeating the land. The gentle precipitation at most opportune intervals, together with news of heavy rain and snow in the mountains and the wonderful development of water, is the leaven that is turning a period of stagnation into a condition little short of a genuine boom.

Uprising of the Tonghaks

In her march toward modern civilization Korea experiences troubles which would make a less persistent country sick of the job. To make a bad matter worse the Tonghaks have again risen in Chung-Chong-Do and Choi-La-Do. So serious is the disturbance that a detachment of Korean soldiers has been dispatched from Seoul to quell it.

From private sources we learn that the cause of the Tonghaks' uprising is their dissatisfaction with the local administration of Chung-Chong-Do. They are followers of Mr. Chick Chack Chow, who is a progressive statesman, wearing a 7¼ hat. They also have a branch organization in Choi-La-Do, headed by Mr. Spick Span Spok, known as the "Grand Old Man" of Choi-La-Do. The mahang of Chung-Chong-Do is Tick Dolly Roo, a lineal descendant of Fol De Rol, and is to Chung-Chong-Do and Choi-La-Do what Poker Davis is to Los Angeles.

As everybody knows, Tick Dolly Roo wants to put his party in possession of the municipal offices, though he was elected on a civil-service platform. His party is known as the How-Come-Yous, and they care naught who makes its laws so long as they get the rake-off. But the Tonghaks are pledged to uphold the civil-service system of Chung-Chong-Do and Choi-La-Do if it costs a neck, and they purpose making old man Tick Dolly Roo live up to his pre-election promises or know the reason why.

To show the sentiment of the Chung-Chong-Doites and the Choi-LaDoites it is only necessary to quote from a speech made by Mr. Chick Chack Chow at a recent meeting of the Tonghaks. "Tick Dolly Roo," said Mr. Chick Chack Chow with fierce eloquence, "promised us to uphold the merit system in the administration of Chung-Chong-Do, and are we to suffer him to violate that promise? No, fellow Chung-Chong-Doites, no! Tick Dolly Roo shall keep his word or Mrs. Tick Dolly Doo or Mrs. Chick Chack Chow will be widows some of these days!" Mr. Spiek Span Spok spoke in a similar vein, concluding with this appeal to the people: "Proud Tonghaks, it is now or never. Tick Dolly Roo must keep faith with Chung-Chong-Doites or the Chung-Chong-Doites will see that Tick Dolly Roo enjoys no more honors at the hands of the Chung-Chong-Doites!"

Our latest information is that at the forthcoming mahangal election Tick Dolly Roo will be defeated and Mr. Chick Chack Chow will be elected by a large majority. This means that Chung-Chong-Do will take precedence over Kink-Kitao, Tungehuen, Yunglung and other foremost cities of Korea. Mr. Chick Chack Chow's forcible nature is due to the fact that he has six wives to handle.

Solomon and Hypnotism

A story is told of a judge who lately had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling;" that he did it automatically, and unconsciously, and under the direction of a hypnotist.

The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to five years' penal servitude, but told him he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist, and have himself made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labor and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."—Collier's Weekly.

While a regimental band was playing after the queen's luncheon, at Osborne, recently, a sprightly music-hall air, unfamiliar to her majesty, struck her fancy. She immediately dispatched an aid-de camp to find out the name of the music. On his return the officer seemed very much embarrassed, and hesitated until the queen insisted on his telling her what was the piece of music that she had admired. With much difficulty the officer faltered out that its title was "Come Where the Booze Is Cheaper." After inquiring the meaning of the substantive, the queen is said thoroughly to have enjoyed the joke.

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Affairs . . . The Larger Interests of our Southern Empire

ONE may possibly be excused for smiling in contemplation of the irrigation convention in San Francisco last week. The work done was on so broad a scale and resulted so harmoniously that everybody can afford to be good-natured over it, and while in the humor we might as well smile at what was really a rich joke, though not so intended. Before the convention convened there were two classes of advocates of irrigation work. One side favored the national development of irrigation, not only for the public domain, but for the private lands of the State as well. The other side insisted that nothing could be expected from the Federal government, and consequently all that could be hoped for must come from the State. There was a small minority who stood between these two classes of extremists, maintaining that there was a field for each, the Federal government to develop the public domain and the State to lend all the aid in its power to the development of the irrigation resources of private lands. The convention met and adopted a platform which provides for Federal development of the public domain and State assistance in the development of other lands, and now there is not a person to be found of any shade of belief who does not claim that the convention did just what he wanted it to do. Everybody is satisfied and everybody is claiming a victory for himself. The irrigation convention was therefore the greatest assembly of Californians known to history, and that great hopes can be based on this new-found harmony seems certain.

CALIFORNIA SPRINGTIME
It is in November that Nature begins to give forth the Flowers and Verdure

Two Million Barrels

The statement is made by some of the oil men that under a tract of land 1000 feet square in the western end of the oil field in this city there is not less than 2,000,000 barrels of oil. This statement is based on the fact that a series of wells, which bound the district, have gone about 55 feet into oil sand without piercing it, and the experience through the Los Angeles oil field is that the sand runs 25 per cent. oil. But beyond the 1000 feet square no one knows how far the stratum of oil sand extends, and there may be many times as much oil yet to be found as has been discovered. It is therefore evident that the production of petroleum in Los Angeles is to continue for a number of years, and the situation is so inviting that not only is local capital taking hold of the industry with renewed interest, but capital is coming here from outside for oil investments. Who shall say, in view of the possibilities of the new-found cheap fuel, that this city is not to gain prominence in the near future in manufacturing lines?

The Orient

Is California making a mistake in not pressing after Oriental trade more than it is doing? The commercial papers of Eastern cities are inclined to think so and are criticising the people of this State for their neglect of a fancied opportunity. And now Managing Editor Young of the San Francisco Chronicle is out in an article in the Forum, in which he takes the ground that the Chinese will learn to manufacture from their own raw material fully as rapidly as they will learn to consume, and that Oriental development is a menace, rather than an encouragement to California. Between these two extreme views, California merchants will hardly know how to choose, and probably the truth will never be known but from experience. Judged by what we see of Chinamen in California, it appears that Mr. Young has the best of the argument, for certainly here the Celestial production tends to outrun consumption. Should this prove to be true in the empire, Chinamen might flood the world with products of cheap labor that would result most seriously to more than our nation. But, on the other hand, recent years have demonstrated in Japan that wages rise in proportion to skill in meeting articles demanded by society, and while the Chinaman, in his present condition, labors very cheaply, an increase of wages is certain to follow extensive foreign trade.

There are two influences which will tend to regulate this trade. Every Chinese family has an inalienable homestead, and as a result of the agrarian laws of the empire, which forbid the leaving of land in idleness, there will probably be no general rush of the people from the land to factories. The second restraining force will be the power of foreign nations in the dismembered empire, each of which will have its "sphere of influence," and neither of which will permit Chinese trade to become a menace to the world. The only danger there can be is in a sudden realization of the power of the people in industry. The Chinese race is the most promising force on earth, looking forward a few hundred years. Their control during evolution leading on to a stage of civilization something like our own is the greatest problem of the age. What this transformation period will have in store for American business men is a matter for experimentation.

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Music and Art

EVERY ONE who goes to hear Raff's "Lenore" Symphony and is unfamiliar with Burger's poem, should possess himself or herself of a copy of it and learn it by heart. Raff was a "programist," that is, his works have titles on them which furnish the key to the musical idea. Mr. Hamilton's program for the coming concert is strongly romantic, Raff and Humperdinck both belonging to the "moderns." Both are musical illustrators, who make things easy for that class of music-lovers which believes devoutly that music possesses the power to convey certain feelings or impressions. This claimed attribute of music may well be questioned when taken apart from the dramatic, characteristic or imitative interest any composition may possess, and while the majority of serious musical thinkers spurn this view, there are many who can see mental pictures arise before them as certain music is played. "Program music" generally has a cue attached to it to direct the imagination, and the untrained public, which often thinks a symphony dreary stuff, with hardly a "tune" in it, takes very kindly to a suggestion of any kind. From the banal "Sheridan's Ride," with its cavalry trot, blare of trumpets and boom of guns, to Liszt's "Mazeppa," the idea of representing by instruments the galloping of a horse is borrowed from Monteverde, who invented it in the early part of the seventeenth century. Raff uses it freely in his Fifth Symphony, but in his masterpiece, the Third Symphony (Im Walde), he reaches the very height of ideal programming by painting the various sounds of the forest. Even in this the galloping of the Wild Huntsman is depicted in the customary way. Program writing permits of an unusual freedom of form, so that this sort of music is perhaps less of a strain on a public which has not learned to understand or appreciate the higher beauty of the strict symphonic form. A large volume might be written of the attempts of the composers of all ages in the way of program music. Imitation was the first endeavor and descriptive intention came next. The cuckoo was the first easy mark, as in a 16-part vocal canon "on the approach of Summer," a Flemish composer started the train near the close of the fifteenth century. Antonio Scandelli (1570) wrote a part song in which the cackling of a hen laying an egg is imitated. Other birds are made to do service, with more or less fidelity to nature, but the military side of program music is first given serious thought by a composer of eminence when W. Byrd wrote a piece for the virginal under the title "Mr. Bird's Battle," in which the trumpet, bagpipe and drum are introduced. John Mundy, in 1620, wrote a "Fantasie on the Weather." Adam Krieger (1667) wrote a four-part vocal fugue imitation of cats, which was quite in contrast with Buxtehude's attempt to describe "The Nature and Properties of the Planets." Purcell, even, wrote a "frost scene" in "King Arthur," in which shivering and teeth-chattering is imitated by the chorus. The great Bach did not disdain to write a capriccio in which he put a post horn, and Emanuel Bach wrote a "Schlacht bei Hochstadt." Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue" is well known; Haydn put imitation music into both the "Creation" and "The Seasons;" Beethoven wrote a "Battle of Waterloo," Dussek and others wrote "battle" sonatas, Mehul's beautiful "Le Jeune Henri" overture, which is better known as "Le Chasse" and which the orchestra will give during the present season, must not be forgotten; Rameau, in his clavichord compositions makes frequent use of the barnyard fowls' somewhat limited vocal emissions; Kotwara wrote the "Battle of Prague;" De Kontzski dallied with the peculiarities of an awakening lion; while Bierey was so hard up for material that he arranged a quartet of frog "quaquas." In the period best known to us Beethoven represents the highest grade of program music, and in the "Battle" and Pastoral symphonies he is clearly guilty of writing descriptive music, but it is doubtful if even these works could be intelligently followed without a key. Mendelssohn tried his hand at this sort of work in "The Midsummer Night's Dream;" Schumann's "Carnival," "Wald" and "Kinder" scenes are in the same category; Spohr is realistic in his "The Consecration of Tones" symphony, David's "Le Desert" is strongly descriptive; Berlioz—the arch-priest of program music—went so far in the "King Lear" and "Francs Juges" overtures that the people rebelled; while others like Liszt in "The Battle of the Huns" earned the criticism that "these composers prowl about Golgotha for bones, and when found, they rattle them together and call the noise music."

But there is this to say for Raff, he never became an extremist, and he remained faithful to classical form. The intrinsic merit of a composition often knocks the prejudice of an educated music-lover out of time, and such can readily see beauty in the "Episode de la vie d'un Ariste," "Die Landliche Hochzeit," and "Poemes Symphoniques," although they are unvarnished program music.

For those who cannot procure Burger's "Lenore," I will tell the story briefly: Lenore awakens at daybreak wondering if her lover William be dead or faithless. He had gone to the wars, but when his companions returned after the declaration of peace, he was not among them. The shouting host was met and hugged and kissed, but "alas, kiss and salute were for Lenore mute." No one could tell her anything of her lover, her mother tried to calm her fears, and solace her, asking her to look for peace with God but the wrung heart which cries

"Salvation is with William, yea,
Without him is but hell,"

ends by blaspheming. Then when night falls the tramping of a charger at full speed is heard, it stops before Lenore's house, and the overwrought maiden hears the tones of her lover's voice calling on her to ride with him

" * * * For today I thee
A hundred leagues must bear
My nuptial couch to share."

The clock strikes eleven, and after repeated urgings on the lover's part and hesitation on the part of Lenore, she springs behind him on the horse and away they fly through the night. The descriptive matter in the poem becomes gruesome; tolling bells, wailing song, coffins, biers and other sepulchral adjuncts heighten the grisliness of the ride. In furious galop they go on, hedges, trees and mountains fly past, they pass a spectral revel, until in the end the race is run,

"The nuptial bed at length is won,
The dead ride quick by night."

Through an iron gate they fly, over graves and tombstones they leap, until suddenly horse and rider stop. The girl, in horrid wonder, sees her lover's jerkin fall off him, piece by piece, disclosing a naked skeleton, with scythe and hour glass, which falls to the ground. The charger snorts flame from his nostrils and disappears in a flash of fire, and amid the unearthly howlings of demoniac spirits Lenore sinks to the ground. Phantoms dance in a chain about her, warning her of her punishment for blasphemy, but praying for her pardon, as she expires. This story Raff has set to characteristic music, but he secures his effects by purely legitimate instrumental means.

The Thomas-Reed-Toles concert of last week possessed certain points of interest. The audience was thoroughly sympathetic and the flowers lasted until nigh the closing number. The performance of the principals was uneven and while commendation is due for good features, there was a weak side to each performer. Mrs. Thomas, a colorature singer, whose limpid vocalization is always a pleasure, did her best reading in Bishop's quaint, old-fashioned "Should He Upbraid," and earned the greatest applause in the brilliant Donizetti aria, in response to which she sang "Robin Adair" very sweetly, but the Foote and Schumann songs were ineffective and nearly colorless. It has been some years since I heard Miss June Reed, and while her experience has broadened and her technique is good, her temperamental conditions do not clothe her with any remarkable amount of magnetism. She is a cold player, yet possesses a certain degree of sensibility and insight into the work in hand that makes her interesting to listen to, but her metier lies in the lighter forms of violin music. She lacks the physical strength to give force and proper expression to the Bach air for the G string (the accompanying of which by other strings was in bad taste), but within this limitation she is an agreeable player.

Mrs. Toles, a brilliant but hard and steely pianist, should leave Chopin alone. The passion and melancholy of the Polish tonepoet are desecrated by the commonplace. Her best number was the Schubert Impromptu (Op. 142, No. 3).

E. F. KUBEL.

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop may well be recognized as one of the leading oratorio and concert singers of America today. Both the East and the West are able to claim her, as Ohio was her birth-place and she made her debut as an artist in

New York City. Mme. Bishop claims Chicago as her home, but has traveled all through America and is widely known, and has resided in this city for some months, her work here being so well known that we can only say that it has been highly appreciated and has done much to raise the musical standard of this city. Her voice, a pure mezzo-soprano, of wonderful range, and full of distinct carrying power, raises her at once to the rank of a thorough artist. Mme. Bishop studied several years abroad, being a pupil of Mme. Anna de La Grange, of Paris, Randegger and Frederick Waller of London, and at the end of this season returns to Europe for a year, having been appointed the oratorio teacher in the famous Walker School, in Florence, Italy.

Personally, Mme. Bishop is a very beautiful woman, magnetic, tall, of excellent figure and carriage and dressing with charming taste. To know her in private life is to appreciate a nature broad and kindly to every young artist as well as congenial to artists of equal merit with herself. Her repertoire is immense, containing several interesting programs for recital work as well as all the principal oratorios and operatic arias. Apropos of her wide acquaintance, Mme. Bishop was the guest of Mme. Patti at her castle "Craig-y-nois," in Wales, in '92, and was entertained by Wagner in Bayreuth the same year, during the great Wagnerian Festival.

Mme. Bishop will sing in Haydn's "Creation" next Tuesday evening, having just returned from a most successful concert season in San Francisco, of which the daily papers spoke in the most flattering terms. Regarding other work by this artist, we reproduce several press notices from hundreds of equal importance:

"Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop's appearance at St. James Hall last night took the form of an ovation. She was obliged to respond to encore after encore, since we have had no one since Parepa Rosa's time to take her place in oratorio work."—London Times.

"Mme. Bishop was the soprano last night in the 'Messiah' and never before have we heard 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth' sung so well in this country. Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, was so delighted with Mme. Bishop's voice, enunciation and rendition that he congratulated her before the immense audience present. She is thoroughly an oratorio singer."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Arthur Perry, violinist, Miss Elizabeth M. Jordan, pianist, and Mr. Clarence W. Stevens, cellist, have announced a recital to take place on Tuesday evening, the 12th, in Blanchard Hall.

Mme. Marie Huni announces a vocal recital by her pupils next Monday evening at Blanchard Hall.

Ayton Armitage, whose announcement is among our list of teachers this week has a beautifully sweet and well-trained barytone voice. He has sung in concert and opera nearly all over the world with great success, and as teacher he has been very successful in placing the voice perfectly to insure that clear, open tone so peculiarly consequent upon the Italian method. The Manchester (England) Examiner and Times says, in speaking of Mr. Armitage's singing at one of the late Sir Charles Halle's concerts: "Mr. Armitage's rendition of Blumenthal's 'My Queen' was in every way acceptable. Mr. Armitage is fresh from his college (Leipsic) and certainly shows the effect of hard work and careful study under a perfect teacher. It was a treat to hear so beautiful a rendition of 'My Queen.'"

The big Thanksgiving concert at Hazard's Pavilion should be patronized by every one in Southern California, as it is something new for this part of the country, although these large concert festivals have been given many times in the East with great success. The program has been selected with great care, the prominent part being taken by the little folks. For the opening, the chorus of older people will be seated upon the platform, then the little men and women will march in, singing "Bringing in the Sheaves," each child carrying a sheaf of grain. The full chorus assists in the singing, and as the little ones take their places on the front of the platform the effect will be very pleasing. The chorus of one hundred men will sing two numbers. Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop will sing "The Ninety and Nine," and it is said there is no other who can sing this piece so effectively in America. The big orchestra will have three numbers on the program, and the people who attend this concert will be well repaid.

Owing to the delay in the finishing of the Searles addition to the Hopkins Art Gallery in San Francisco, the thirty odd paintings from local artists which were to have gone north this month will not be sent until the middle of next January. It was at first suggested that a local jury would pass on the paintings, but it has been decided to send them up individually and stand the test of the main jury.

The Pasadena Artists' Guild, of Pasadena, of which Mr. W. L. Judson of this city is president, will open their annual display December 16th, in the art gallery in the Memorial Hall of the Shakespeare Club on North Fair Oaks avenue, near the Throop Institute. The best artists in Southern California hang pictures every year at this exhibit, and great pains are being taken to make this year's collection one of the very best. The opening reception will be attended by artists and society people of both this city and Pasadena.

Hollenbeck Park

Besides the following fine program by the Southern California band, there will be a balloon ascension at Hollenbeck Park Sunday afternoon: March, "Washington Greys," (Grafalla;) waltz, "Charlatan," (Sousa;) selection, "Robert le Diable," (Meyerbeer;) Spanish serenade," La Rosa de Castillo," (Reiter;) medley, "The Corker," (Mackie;) overture, "America," (Tobani;) selection "Maritana," (Wallace;) sextette, "Lucia," (Donizetti;) opera medley, (Godfrey;) march comique, "China Town," (Rosey.)

A Fine Horn

One of the handsomest musical instruments ever brought to this city is the magnificent golden cornet, which has just reached here through the Fitzgerald Music and Piano Company, for Miss Adeline Nickels Meek, the well-known cornetist. It is a beautiful instrument, far more ornate than those usually displayed by professionals, in fact, it is the finest specimen of handiwork in its line ever seen in Southern California. It was a special order of the famous three star B flat cornets made by the Boston Musical Instrument Manufacturing Company, one of the best known firms of musical artificers in the United States, whose work ranks as among the very best. The cornet is a most elaborate yet chaste instrument of burnished gold, covered with ornate engraving, with mother of pearl finger buttons, and is contained in a very handsome solid leather case. It is fully up to the guarantee of its makers. It has a pure, bell-like tone of superb quality, sweet and ringing, its accuracy of pitch in all the scales is remarkable, while the thoroughness of the workmanship, the elegance of the ornamentation and the beauty of construction and its rich finish has aroused the admiration of all who have inspected it. Its unusually clear and brilliant tone, and its perfection of tune, render the instrument noteworthy. Naturally so beautiful an instrument is expensive, but the purchaser is well pleased with its intrinsic musical merits, which are great, although the embellishments materially heighten the interest in it. Pianos with richly carved cases and string instruments inlaid with jewels are not uncommon, but it is seldom that so handsome a wind instrument is turned out of a manufactory, and Miss Meek has every reason to be not only well pleased with it, but take great pride in its possession.

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Mr. Younghusband's Thanksgiving

BY C. C. HAHN.

IT WAS the week before Thanksgiving. Mr. Younghusband was walking jauntily down the street, perfectly well satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He had married the woman he loved a few months before, had a comfortable home, a good business, and a fairly clear conscience, as men's consciences go. But for that matter, the latter never troubled him greatly at any time.

The only crumpled rose leaf in his bed at this time was such a trifling crease that it really couldn't be called a worry. But then, with Younghusbands the world over, very small trifles are matters of moment where domestic matters are concerned. Although a bachelor of age and standing, I can say from personal observation, that even the smallest of small babies in a new house can turn things topsy-turvy and worry the young husband far more than half a dozen will later on.

The trifle that was worrying Mr. Younghusband was this—in just a week he and his wife would be called upon to celebrate the first Thanksgiving in their new home and in their married life, and Mr. Younghusband had set his heart on making it the most completely happy celebration he or Mrs. Younghusband had ever known—one that could be looked back and talked about for months after. Months? Years after he hoped they could look back to this day and recall its pleasure.

They had begun laying their plans for it the first of November, and now, for a week, had been storing supplies in the cellar and pantry. A special trip had been taken out in the country to Mr. Vandercook's farm, and a turkey, the turkey of the flock, chosen especially and with much deliberation for the occasion, and that turkey was at this moment hard at work growing fat on Nebraska corn for the sacrifice. They had also brought home with them in the back end of the buggy, a particularly yellow pumpkin, which had struck the fancy of Mrs. Younghusband as being the plumpest and prettiest pumpkin she had ever seen, and it was now resting on the top shelf of the cellar, waiting for Wednesday to come around, when it would be sliced up and baked into such pies as a man says, whether he believes it or not, no one but his mother can make. Other articles had been chosen with the same care. And after dinner, which was to be eaten in a cosy dining room before a genuine wood fire in a regular open grate, there were nuts and apples in the cellar, ready to be brought up and eaten, and complete the superstructure for a thirty-day dyspepsia.

But with all these careful preparations the Thanksgiving feast bid fair to be a failure, or at least, not so enjoyable as had been anticipated. For man is a sociable animal, and all the world knows that a genuine feast cannot be enjoyed in solitude. Just as misery loves company, so man's palate works better if he has some one near for his tongue to wag or to tell of his enjoyment.

And at the last moment Mr. Younghusband had found that their Thanksgiving feast was to lack this chief element of happiness. First, they had planned a family reunion, with a mother-in-law on each side, but that had been abandoned, perhaps for the best. Then a dear girl friend of Mrs. Younghusband's had been expected to break a wishbone with a boon companion of Mr. Younghusband before he took unto himself a wife, and various other blessings. But they, too, had failed them, and now, on this morning, a week before Thanksgiving, Mr. Younghusband was coming down town to his office with the nearest approach to worry on his mind that he had allowed since those blessings had been assumed. And every young husband will agree that under the circumstances it was a cause for worry. For who would care to have all his Thanksgiving plans spoiled on the very first Thanksgiving day after he was married and had gotten a home of his own. An idea struck him as he was walking down to his office.

"The very thing," he said out loud in his excitement. "I'll speak to Mamie about it at noon," and he went on to his business with a more cheerful air.

The resolution that had come to him with so much suddenness was caused by the sight of an old gray-bearded man standing in the shelter of the Young Men's Christian Association doorway waiting for a stray job to come floating by on the November wind or, what is more likely, for he was an energetic old man not prone to wait for things to come to him, standing in the shelter of the doorway long enough to get a little warmth in his old bones before starting out again to hunt up a job. For this the old man eked out a miserable existence by doing anything he could induce any one to let him do.

Everyone in Omaha has seen him at some time or other during the last two years. His clothes were old like himself, and tight across the chest, as old clothes have an unpleasant faculty of being. But they were always clean, and his beard, which was long and gray, was of such a clean gray that he would be a fit object for the artist's brush.

Now Mr. Younghusband had held some conversation with this odd jobs man when he had been able to give him a crumb of employment and had found out that he was a gentleman in spite of the rough knocks the world had given him, and he had also learned that he was without home, relatives and friends. The chances were a thousand to nothing that he would have no invitation anywhere to eat turkey on Thanksgiving.

Mr. Younghusband would run the chances, anyway, and invite him to dine with them. That is, if Mamie was agreeable. Mamie was. And that afternoon on his way down town again he stopped and delivered the invitation, which was accepted, or this story would never have begun.

The sun rose on Thanksgiving morning, as it has a habit of doing on such occasions. In a little hall bedroom on a street that it is unnecessary to name, the old man with an invitation to eat a Thanksgiving dinner was making his Thanksgiving toilet preparatory to going out to dine! He had eaten a square 10-cent breakfast at a shop house, a thing unusual, for the cheap way of living in Omaha, as in other cities during the hard times, was to breakfast on doughnuts and coffee, which could be obtained for a nickel, indulge in all the luxuries of vegetables and meat with three slices of bread for a dime at noon, and go hungry to bed.

But this day, thanks to the invitation, he was going out to dine in regular fashion, like old times, and consequently could afford the extravagance of a full meal in the morning. Why, he might be able, even in a gentlemanly way, to eat enough at this dinner to last him for two or three meals.

The room he was in was not calculated to keep him at his toilet longer than was absolutely necessary, and that was not long. The wardrobe of a chop house boarder is not extensive. If it were, he would pawn it and board somewhere else for a day or so. It is a question worthy of the social scientist, upon how very little a man can live when he has no money, and how very economical he can be in dress.

The old man's hand trembled with excitement, and his eyes glistened with a pathetic interest, as he brushed his threadbare coat, and with a bit of soap and a corner of his towel, tried in vain to wash away the faded colors that time had made.

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He had been in a quiver of excitement ever since the day before when Mr. Younghusband had spoken to him on the street and given him this wonderful invitation. For this was the first time he had been invited out to dine for years. He had often gone hungry these winter days, but it was not hunger alone which gave his old hands the additional tremble and made him anxious to appear spotlessly clean—it was the fact—the stupendous fact—that he had been invited out to dine!

So his already carefully brushed clothes were brushed and brushed again, his hair smoothly combed, and the fringes on his collar and cuffs trimmed to the quick, until he imagined his host would fail to notice that they were frayed and rough. Fortunately it is fashionable for old men to wear beards, for he had no razor and could not have afforded a visit to the barber. And, besides, the beard helped to conceal the collar, sawlike at the edge, and the tie which was no longer new.

This story would make a much better subject for an artist than a story writer. The picture would tell of an old man nearing the end of his life, with all the hope, enjoyment and friends behind him, and the young couple in strong contrast, on the threshold of life, surrounded with luxury, full of hope and blessed with friends; the old man within a span of the grave and the great unknown, earning barely enough for the cheapest of cheap rooms to sleep in at night and the scantiest of cheap food to keep his soul and body together. sometimes one wonders why the good Lord wants the soul and body to stay together when it is such a struggle to keep them from parting.

What recollections came to him that day his host and hostess have taken delight in recalling during the last year, for this is a story of Thanksgiving a year ago. Under the influence of the cosy dining room and the open grate fire, the old man began to thaw out of that reserve which freezes around people who are alone in the world. For the loneliest place on earth to be lonely is in the heart of a city where one has no friends.

What need to repeat the sad story! One by one, wife, children, all had gone. Friends—if they can be called such—at any rate acquaintances—had disappeared from view, or now passed him by without recognition.

"I never asked for alms," he said, rather proudly, "but I wrote once or twice to those early friends for help in securing work. They never answered. Some one has said that the failures of life should be respected because they help others to avoid failure. But whether they are a benefit or not, no one cares for the old who have failed. With the young it is different. They may recover. But the future of the old is sealed."

The three sat around the open grate an unpardonably long time. The clock in the federal building struck eleven and then the half hour before the two young people would hear of their guest leaving. And after he had gone, the two still sat by the fire thinking of him, and of this, the first Thanksgiving of their married life.

Could they have seen into the cold little room of the ten-cent lodging house, they would have found their guest upon his knees before his thinly covered bed, murmuring between sobs, "O, God! Bless them, in basket and in store, for they have befriended the friendless."

At that very moment Mrs. Younghusband was busy saying, "Find something for him to do, John."

And Mr. Younghusband replied, "I will, tomorrow."—What to Eat.

Sir Walter Scott was far from being a brilliant pupil at school. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school. The teacher put the pupils through their paces. After a while Scott said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me." The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow," said Scott, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

A WOMAN ANIMAL-TRAINER'S ADVENTURE

A THRILLING episode in which a woman's pluck and presence of mind were matched against the cunning and ferocity of a wild beast was witnessed recently by a number of people in Philadelphia. The parties to the affair were MademoiselleMorelli, a trainer of leopards in Hagenbeck's show, and one of the beasts in her charge. The animals were being transferred from one cage to another preparatory to a rehearsal, and Mademoiselle Morelli went in among them clad, as usual, in a French blouse of deep red and tights of the same color, and armed with a whip and a revolver. One of the leopards, a big fellow named Rapier, snarled at her as she entered the cage and was promptly lashed over the back. He retreated to a corner and refused to move when ordered. When struck again with the whip he suddenly turned and sprang upon the trainer, landing upon her shoulders and burying his claws in her chest. Though terribly injured and in great pain, Mademoiselle Morelli beat the animal upon the head until he loosed his grip and fell to the floor. She then seized a three-pronged fork handed her through the bars, and when the leopard sprang a second time he landed on the prongs, which sank deep into his breast. Thoroughly cowed by this reception, the beast once more retreated, with Mademoiselle Morelli following him and prodding him at every step. By this time the guards had opened the cage and the intrepid woman was taken out, covered with blood and completely exhausted with the fearful struggle. Her left arm was helpless and her chest was fearfully lacerated. Fortunately, however, her injuries were not serious, and after a few days in the hospital she was able to resume her duties. Mademoiselle Morelli has had several hairbreadth escapes during her career as an animal-tamer, which began about eight years ago in Paris, her native city. Her first encounter was with a lion, who sprang upon her unawares and nearly killed her. But she conquered the brute afterward, and he became her best and most docile servant. Mademoiselle Morelli says she finds that, of all wild animals, leopards are the hardest to control and subdue. They are bloodthirsty, and become irritated at the slightest annoyance. The particular cause for the anger of the beast in the affair at Philadelphia was the fact that the rain had beaten in upon him the night before through a box in which he was temporarily detained. The exposure and the cramped quarters had put the animal in a bad temper, and when his trainer appeared he proceeded at once to wreak his rage upon her—Leslie's Weekly.

Mr. Sealove (at his seaside cottage). "My dear, please tell your daughter to sing something less doleful."

Mrs. Sealove: "That is not our daughter, my love. That is the foghorn."

Victim: "If you'll call about this time tomorrow—"

Canvasser (hopefully): "This time tomorrow?"

Victim: "Yes, I'll be out."

She: "When are you going to give me the money to buy that new dress?"

He: "Next week."

"That was what you said last week."

"Yes, and that's what I say now, and am going to say next week. I ain't the kind of a man who says one thing one week and another thing next week."

"Lady," said a Scotch servant to her mistress, "I maun tell ye I am to leave your service and be marritt." "Is not this very sudden, Mary?" inquired the lady; "who is the person you expect to marry?" "It is John Scott, mistress." "But you have known him but a short time; how can you trust a stranger?" persisted the woman, reluctant to part with a good servant. "Yes, 'tis true; but he's ken himsel' mony years, and he says he is all right, and I believe him, for I asked him, 'Did he ken the Ten Commandments?' and he gave them ivery one. I asked him could he say the shorter catechism, and he had it ivery word; then I told him to grip his hand quick and hard, and then, lady, I saw he was a strong man, and I'm goin' to gie him my hand."

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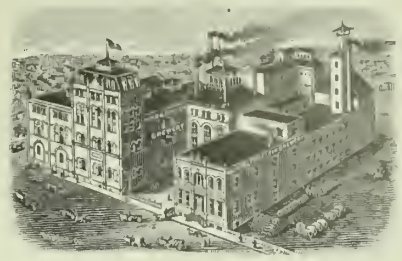

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A traveler through Southern swamps noticing that his guide tapped with his foot each hollow log and stump in a certain pathway, before stepping on or past it, inquired the reason. "Looking out for snakes," was the reply. "What kind of snakes?" asked the traveler, with an unpleasant sensation along his spine. "Mocasins," replied the guide. "What makes your walk on the logs, or so close to them, then?" demanded the uneasy traveler; "why don't we walk off there where the ground is solid?" "Well, you try it," said the guide, launching a vigorous kick at a stump and then mounting it; "you moughtn't sink below yer waist—and then ag'in you mought."

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In the Gay Life

AS I was promenading Broadway the other day with both hands full of small parcels—a piece of mince pie, a couple of yards of lawn, some nine-hour corn cure, a book and a pencil, a purse, a handkerchief, a pair of gloves and a few other things, of course I met a gentleman whom I wanted to shake hands with, as I hadn't seen him for two or three months, aud after I transferred my right hand bundles to my left and greeted him in proper old-fashioned fashion he said: "That was a great article of yours last week."

"Yes," I said, "I copied that wholesale from a Denver paper and everybody said it was the best thing I ever wrote. Complimentary, wasn't it?"

"But you did not copy the names?"

"Oh, no," I said, "that was a case of Families Supplied, wholesale sort of business, you know, I just left the blauks for uames and took a copy of the Evening Express, which always has everybody's name spelled wrong, and filled in the spaces from that. It made lots of fun, too. There was somebody made an awful guy of himself—thought we meant him—and he came in to have a sittin' up with the editor and incidentally smashed up about four dollars' worth of furniture to let us know who he was. Well, it was worth it to fiud out.

"I tell you it pays better than you would suppose to write for a paper. It isn't nearly as expensive as you might think. It doesn't cost you so very much, and at any rate you get your money's worth of fun."

"Fuu? Is that all the compeusation get?" asked my friend.

"Compensation?" I said. "Gee whiz, you don't think anybody gets paid for writing nowadays. Why, it all depends on how much you are willing to pay for the privilege. When it is dry weather and walking is good, it only costs me about three dollars a week to work; if I have many car fares, of course it costs more. But I don't complain. Most any other amusements would come higher and they would not be half so entertaining as society, for instance. Just now there is nothing of any account going on at the theaters, churches are getting almost as slow as horse shows and even if you did want to take in the Orpheum and Burbank once a week that would cost more than three dollars. There would be your tickets. Fifteen cents a night for two nights would be 30 cents, and two hack hires at a dollar and a half each—three dollars. Three dollars and thirty cents altogether aud what would you have, nothing like as much fun as doing up sassiety. Ghee!—I promised the editor I would swear off on those slang words this week. But how can a body swear off things all at once."

"Well," said my man, and by this time we had gotten round to Coulter's corner (I was walking him 'round blocks) "so that article of yours, that was not yours, was a go last week "

"Go? I should say. It just went ripping. I wauted to see what Los Angeles would look like after that Denver sort of business was sprung on them and I have seen. My work this week cost three dollars, plus four for office bric-a-brac, plus minus three or four subscriptions that have just come in—or not come in—that is to say, cancelled. And Mr. Garland is going to take out that add he was going to put in and Barkers are going to leave out their cut. They say they have had "cuts" enough. Oh, dear, I am afraid I can't afford to keep up this extravagant writing any longer."

Ghee! (Pardon me) I forgot there was a man in this case and I do not remember where I left him—in the story, I mean. Well, as long as it was only a story auyhow, let him go. Moral: Always let a man go. The more you don't want him to go the more he will go. And when you want him to go, he will stay. Odd, isn't it?

The other day, some of the wealthy young Jewesses in town had a matinee party at the Orpheum or Burbank, I have forgotten which. It was given by the members of some literary club for Miss Maud Hirsch of San Francisco, who has been writing here, and after the matinee there was a luncheon at Levy's. The party included such popular young ladies as the Misses Ray Cohn, Theresa Levy, Estelle Meyer, Rose Meyer, Frida Hellman, Hortense Hellmau, Camille Hellman. Mrs. Lemuel Goldwater chaperoned. No, she didn't either, because it was a maids' party. Anyway, she was there. And while they were at Levy's somebody laughed at the spoons—no one knew, you know that pewter was coming in again. Then somebody else remarked with a laugh: "Solomon (I don't know whether that is Mr. Levy's name or not, because I am making it all up) Solomon isn't getting out the family plate exactly, is he?"

"Family plate," said No. 1. Ghee—no I don't mean that—what is family plate, anyhow?"

"The family plate, stupid," said No. 2, "is the plate that used to hold the family mush and milk when Los Angeles society's paw and maw and the kids were grubbing in the mines, where paw made his little pile and maw took in family wash like that famous Mrs. Mackey, you know, and the kids later took to swelling it—not the wash, but society."

"Pshaw," said the other, "nobody has any kind of plate here."

Perhaps they haven't. I think there is a lot of "plate" the heads of new families have bought but outside of such old families as the Bannings, Van Nuys', the Slausons, the Towells and Severances and some others, I don't believe any of it amounts to a plated continental.

"Tell everything you know, don't you," said some one to me the other day.

"I guess not," I replied; "there was one thing I never told and it was the richest thing. It was when I lived out on Park Grove avenue. There was a family living opposite that isn't a family any longer. And they used to have the jolliest kind of picnics—open-air picnics—sort of al fresco, you know (I like to use French wherever I can), and I promised I would never tell a word about it and I haven't. Well, the whole block got giggling over the way the lady used to jump out of the front door and round to the back before the old man had a chance to lock the kitchen door. Finally there came the split—the final split. On that day a dry goods box drove up to the front door and I can see the old man's coat tails stick out now as they stand out straight in the back in his wrath and haste. He flew up stairs, then down and out and threw all his traps into that store box, shirts, suspenders, shaving mug, &c., &c. And he went off. Then the lady drew down the parlor blinds, locked the front door on the outside and went home to her mother. Whew! that old man had a temper. No coat-tails ever stick out straight like that unless a man had a temper. Donner und Blitzen! I wonder how I managed to keep that story so long.

I see the Stephens' up on the hill are doing some entertaining. Miss Stephens has been entertaining Miss Dowling, just from New York, and a young lady from San Francisco. Then Mr. and Mrs. Stephens had quite a large reception for Dr. Dowling. Dr. Dowling, you know, has just come out to take Rev. Clark's place in Christ church. Those Stephens' entertain very nicely, but I wonder why they don't ask me any more? Afraid I will tell something, I suppose. Just as if I told everything I knew. Some day I will; just you see if I don't. And it will take longer to tell all I know than you would think by looking at me.

The Country Club are going to give a great big ball—a golf ball—soon, about ten days or so. Then we will do them up fine in the papers. Of course, I suppose they will send me passes. In that case I won't say "I pass" like that other time I told you about when everybody kicked because their opening day wasn't wrote up. No, if they send the passes we won't pass them by this time. They do have the stupidest committees in that club. They are evidently all "green" committees, for one day I telephoned Mr. Sartori, Mr. Mossin, Mr. White, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Porter and I don't know how many others to find out the names of the ladies that poured tea, and nobody knew. One man told me to telephone to his wife and—she was out. Ghee!—you can say Ghee when it's golf—that was a committee and a half. My! everybody is wanting to join that club. They don't want much to join it, only about thirty dollars—regular swindle. They do say it, the club, is getting awfully nice and sporty. Some time, I am going out there. Somebody told me the other day that if I wanted the best kind of "stories," and I got tired of making up my own, I should just go and see Mrs. ————; she knew them all and I could get just the jolliest lot. I won't tell the lady's name this week. I have given away enough now for my three dollars. I really can't afford to pay for any more this week. It's too near Thanksgiving and I don't know yet how much my Thanksgiving story will cost.

Mrs. J. H. Norton gave a box party at the Orpheum one evening this week, and it is a long time since I saw the group of names together: Ezra Stimson, Al. Barker, E. J. Fleming, J. T. Jones, Victoria Harrell, J. H. Holliday. Dear me! I forget now whether it was a matinee or an evening. If it was a matinee, there were only mesdames, of course. But if it was in the evening, I must say Mr. and Mrs. Whichever it was, there was something to eat afterwards, I suppose.

Then Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Payne gave something, and I noticed a very "swell" list of names. And oh, yes, when the Stephens had that reception, Mesdames W. L. Graves, Wesley Clark, John Scott, Morrison, George Cochran, J. M. Elliott, Robert Dupuy, Alexander Mills, W. S. Livingood, George Wyman, Misses Inez Clark, Nellie Clark, Mary Belle Elliott, Myrtle Brotherton and Lillian Dowling assisted in receiving.

Is Miss Ivy Schoder's party to come off yet, or has she had it. Ghee whiz, how should I know. The Fixens are going to give something at Kra-

mer's and the Wigmores and two or three others are clubbing together to give a dance there. Is it going to be the fashion now to give everything at Kramer's Hall?

I hear Count and Countess Von Schmidt are coming back about the middle of next month. Nice sort of people they are. They have just the most sensible and most comfortable house I know in town. You don't have to do a sword dance to get around their rugs and things as soon as you get in the front door. Then the Count is a great cook, knows how to make the best things when he has guests. I wonder whether he is any relation to that "Mishter Schmitt what used to haf a bakerai down in Anaheim," and who one time heard of somebody in "Jermany" that left him ten thousand dollars. When he went over there to get it he picked up an old title that was lying around loose and thought he might as well use it. I wonder whether our count is any relation to this man "what used to bake such good braid" in Anaheim?

What is "A Lady of Quality"

CLEOPATRA on the banks of the Nile was not more fortunate than the "ladies of quality" in Los Angeles are in the way of opportunities for enjoying the presence in hall and boudoir, in parlor and dining-room, of palms and ferns, begonias and roses, the myriad of bulbous flowering plants and stately dracaenas, beside the hundreds of lesser plants that go to make home beautiful and a joy. Verily, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The art of indoor decoration and window gardening has never been exploited in Los Angeles. Nothing lends so artistic an atmosphere to home life; nothing so reneves the eye and soothes tired nature, as beautiful plants placed at random in the home. In England and the Continent, and also in New York and Boston, window gardening is an art—one of the chief charms of home or indoor life—and it is fitting and right that it should be so. It broadens and stimulates a love for nature and lends variety and charm to existence, which is sorely needed in our modern nervous business and social life. It should be more encouraged by our people.

Beautiful flowering and ornamental foliaged plants should be a feature of every well regulated home. Indeed, no lady of real quality can be said to be alive to her best efforts without an appreciation of animate and inanimate nature. A want of this appreciation is a confession of selfishness.

It is needless to add that by reason of soils and climate, ornamental plants and window gardening is of easy attainment with us, both as to time and labor entailed as well as money. To further its development the Germain Fruit Co. has put in a very complete assortment of palms, dracaenas, ferns, crotons, pandanuses, azaleas, camelias, begonias, roses ,cacti, all the beautiful bulbous plants, besides a handsome assortment of jardinieres, vases, hanging baskets, wall pockets, stands, etc. These they offer at exceptionally low prices.

To the ladies of Los Angeles a cordial invitation is extended to call and inspect this fine line of plants, also their handsome seed and florists' supply store. GERMAIN FRUIT CO., 326-330 S. Main St., Los Angeles, California.

The beautiful in this world is just what unconsciously appeals to one's sensibilities, and we find ourselves admiring some one who perhaps owes much of their attractiveness to a pretty complexion. The art of being well dressed is only a small part of the battle, but to have a beautiful complexion is the battle won hands down. A pretty woman must necessarily have a pretty complexion, or else be like a rose shorn of its pretty coloring. We have in our midst the celebrated Madame Burton, who has recently arrived from Mobile, Alabama, and who says, "Ladies, if you appreciate your youth, take care of your faces," and to those who are merging into that pitiful state that their faces are old while they themselves feel youthful, "Come to me and I will show you, through my treatments, the art of removing wrinkles and to be beautiful always."

Mining stocks are among the most alluring securities for investment and speculation, and much of the investor's success is in the hands of the broker, according to his reliability and enterprise. The leading firm in this line in Los Angeles is S. H. Ellis & Co., at whose offices in the Lankershim block, one can secure any information concerning the movements of stock, as they are in close telegraphic connection with the exchanges through which they operate.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THE election for field officers will probably be held some time next month although orders are not yet out, and candidates are beginning to make their appearance. It is stated upon good authority that Colonel John R. Berry is a candidate to succeed himself. Captain J. W. F. Diss has been suggested in various quarters as a candidate for Colonel. Captain R. V. Dodge of Company B, San Diego, is a candidate for Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieutenant Eason of Riverside has announced himself as a candidate for Major of the First Battalion, and Captain Finley of Company L, Santa Ana, is a candidate for Major of the Third Battalion. No candidates have as yet been announced for the Majorship of the Second Battalion. Two Captains of this city have been mentioned for the place, but both have good companies and are undecided whether to run for the position or not. Some surprises will doubtless be sprung at the election.

The committee of Native Sons having in charge the distribution of medals to the Volunteers on Thanksgiving Day, met last Wednesday evening. A number of communications were received, among them being one from Major-General Shafter accepting the invitation to be present and stating that the trophy cannon captured at Santiago de Cuba would be here by that time for presentation to the city. Mayor Phelan has accepted the committee's invitation to be present and deliver an address. Captain J. W. F. Diss has been invited to officiate as Grand Marshal. The parade will start at 12:30.

General Nelson A. Miles visited this city last week and spent a day meeting old friends and viewing the city. The General is well known in military circles here, as he commanded the Department of Arizona with headquarters in this city for several years.

The Second Battalion will parade next Thursday (Thanksgiving) afternoon, at which time the Native Sons will distribute medals to the Volunteers who served in the war with Spain. Outside companies will receive their medals in their respective localities. At this writing the program for the parade has not been announced.

Company D of Pomona held its State shoot last Sunday under the supervision of Captain Robert Wankowksi. Captain Thomas made 60—the highest score of the day. The company is in a prosperous condition and has just had its armory renovated and made comfortable.

The ball to be given by Company C next Wednesday evening at Armory Hall promises to be a grand success. Captain Cole reports that enough tickets have been sold already to leave a neat balance in the company treasury and to insure a full hall.

Company C held its State shoot for November last Sunday at the Mission road range. They had a good turnout and the scores showed an improvement over the previous shoots. Captain Truman Cole made 66, which was the highest score, and Private Riveria scored 48, which was next highest.

The Tennessee Regiment (we'uns' friends) arrived at San Francisco on the transport Indiana and was mustered out of the service last Wednesday. This is the last of the volunteer regiments to return from the Philippines.

Company I of Pasadena held the last State shoot of the series last Monday. Lieutenant Cole carried the honors with a score of 54; Private King made 53; Reftery followed with 51; Gilks, 48; and Burtt, 47. The general average was considerably higher than the previous shoots.

Company M of Riverside extended an invitation to Companies G and K to visit that city and be its guests on Thanksgiving Day, the program being for the three companies to jointly hold their State silhouette shoot. The invited companies have accepted the invitation and orders will be issued in a few days for the shoot.

Now that army families are widely separated by officers' services in far-off lands, there may be a timely warning for them in the accounts from England of gangs of London thieves who make it a specialty to prey on the wives and families of men in the service of the government or otherwise employed in India. They appear to have confederates in India, who collect the most minute biographical details for them of the men whose wives they wish to victimize. One of the home members of the firm then calls on various excuses on the ladies singled out, professing to have known their husbands well in India, and proving their professed intimacy by mentioning numerous facts which no one not in a position of friendly intimacy was likely to have known.

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Frou-Frou's Chat

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

AT THIS TIME of year, especially in this part of the country, when it is yet too warm to wear heavy wraps, the boa is extremely convenient. A boa of marabou with many tails, forming a broad piece that falls below the waist line, has been named in honor of the vivacious Yvette Guilbert. The contrast so much striven for this season in all branches of costuming is successfully achieved by the use of fur in natural and black colors. Zibeline and marabou is a very effective combination for a dainty boa. The new capes are very little changed from those worn last winter, except that all capes, long, short or three-quarter length, are very tight fitting in the shoulders and considerably fuller in the flounce. High collars are still in vogue, and these are often narrow at the throat and widen into revers for the side of the cape. The swell fur of the season is sable, but as sable is very expensive and beyond the means of many, a very superior imitation is to be had in the shape of marmot, which is much less expensive and looks perhaps a little more like mink than sable. The latest arrivals of wraps show a tendency toward Persian lamb, and we are all glad this very handsome and useful fur is not to be laid on the shelf this season.

Judging from the display of quantities of hip pads, bustles and many other accessories to the grotesque deformation of the human figure, it is evident that our merchants are aware of the verdict of Dame Fashion, namely: that such things are no more and that the chic figure must be hipless, and seems to have been especially invented for the present clingskirts. It calls for a full bust, however, but no hips. A very fetching figure is secured by using two sets of strings in the corset. One is of elastic, which begins at the waist line and extends to the top, where it is left extremely loose to give the full bust effect. The second is of linen or silk, and begins at the bottom and extends to the waist line. This is drawn tightly over the hips and waist. Another aid to the new Parisian poise is to attach the elastic hose supporters to the point of the corset in front instead of at the sides, or to a belt around the waist. This has a tendency to draw the corset down in front and brings the figure a little forward.

By the excessive length, not the meager circumference, of her waist line is the fashionable woman distinguished from those whose clothes are simply clothes to them, and nothing more. The straight busked corset, with heavy elastic hose supporters extending from the front of the stay to the knee, is the secret of the long waist when either a stout or slender woman shows one, and it is easier for a camel to accomplish the famous gymnastic trick mentioned in Scripture than it is for a woman to wear one of the gowns of the period without a corset showing the two all-important features above mentioned.

Even when swathed in one of the heel-reaching redingotes of the mode, a woman betrays to sharp feminine eyes whether her stays be of the proper shape or no. White or black sateen is what the ordinary daughter of Eve wears in the way of corset material, though from Paris are sent over wonderful temptations to extravagance in the way of antique velvet stays of black and white. Of course, this lies as close and fits as smoothly as a heavy satin, and it will actually wear a couple of years, or as long as the best whalebone resists, the pressure and distortion of long usage.

Lace has scored another triumph and stands pre-eminent at the head of all trimmings for the year. Whole robes of Renaissance guipure, Cluny, Russian and Arabian weave have no equal in their exclusiveness and elegance.

New millinery is ponderous, both in fact and appearance. The usual recipe for a smart hat calls for such ingredients as a velvet frame with fur binding, a large, many-winged bird, ample folds of panne, at least one fringed Orient satin scarf with a pair of glittering buckles and ornaments. All this is whipped up with a froth of chiffon, and the result is a revolutionary toque, a Charlotte Corday, or a Fair Inez that will tip the scale at three or five pounds.

A very stunning pearl gray felt hat is described in the San Francisco Chronicle as having the upper portion of the brim faced with ruby velvet. The tall, sugar-loaf crown is encircled by a broad white satin ribbon caught in front by a jeweled buckle. Three superb gray ostrich plumes curl in fine picturesque lines about the hat, while the glowing knot of ruby velvet set under the left side gives color near the face.

Our grandmothers thought themselves very smart in one-button gloves, and a few years ago six-button ones were very commonly worn, but the length of the sleeve of the moment has sent many-buttoned gloves out of fashion, and three and two buttons are just now the smartest thing to wear. Indeed, longer gloves than these are out of the question if we are to look at all in the fashion and to preserve our dainty cuffs in an immaculate condition.

When a glove is too small and splits it is worse than useless to sew up the rent; it must be patched. The patch must be of kid of the same color. Turn the part wrong side out, having trimmed the hole round so that the edges are even, and cut the patch of kid to the right size. Then, with fine needle and cotton, sew in the patch, taking care only to take in up the inside of the kid and to keep the seam flat. If this be done neatly, the glove will be nearly as good as new.

Colonel Atkinson's Will

One of the judges of the Wayn circuit court tells of an incident in the bar practice of the late Colonel John Atkinson that illustrates his quickness to hurl a parthian shaft, and the biting sarcasm of his irony.

He was opposed in the case on trial by all the power and resources of James H. Pound, and they were fighting like giants for every point of advantage. Pond had a majority of the jousts, the colonel was nettled, and was lying low for a chance to deliver a swinging blow.

"It came," says the judge, "when I decided a point against Pound. It had been fiercely argued by both attorneys, and in deciding it as I did I stated my reasons at length, giving authorities. I saw Pound shake his head at one of my conclusions, his lips moved, and I supposed he had made some comment, so when I concluded my decision I asked:

"'What did you say, Mr. Pound?'

"Quick as a shot, and in the most cutting tones of intense sarcasm the colonel replied:

"'Mr. Pound did not speak, your honor. He merely shook his head. There is nothing in it.'"
—Detroit Journal.

Stuart Robson recently arrived at Wechawken, and, tired and dusty, was awaiting the ferryboat to take him across to New York, when he was approached by a ragged individual who was troubled with "he twitters." "Please, mister, will you be so good as to give a poor tramp a nickel?" he asked. "I am broke, and I want to get across the river. Robson extracted the coin from his ticket-pocket, and, placing it in the outstretched hand, said: "There you are, my dear man; but I cannot for the life of me understand what difference it makes which side of the river you are on so long as you are broke."

The Judge (sternly)—"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court-room." The Prisoner—"Hooray!"—Puck.

About the House

BY a curious coincidence two Graphic readers ask for recipes for fruit and nut salads and dressing without oil the same week, so the editor of this department is pleased to append a few that have been tried and found splendid.

First, an apple salad, with a cooked dressing, which has been found to be one of the most digestible of fruit salads and which makes a delicious refreshment for an evening party: Select mellow, sour apples; pare, core and slice very thin. To two cups of sliced apples add one-half cup of chopped walnut meats. Cover well with cooked mayonnaise dressing. Season to taste with a little sugar and salt. Set on ice for one and a half hours before serving. Be sure all of the top apples are well covered or they will turn dark. Cooked mayonaise: Pour four tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar over the yolks of four eggs, which have been well beaten, stirring the mixture while adding the vinegar. Pour in a small saucepan. Put over the fire and cook slowly, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from the fire, add a tablespoon of butter and stir until perfectly mixed. Add salt, black pepper and a little paprika. When cold add equal quantity of whipped cream. Use wherever the oil mayonaise dressing would be suitable. This cooked dressing may be put in a glass jar and placed in a cool place for some time. The whipped cream should be added just before using.

Another nice salad which is purely of fruit and rather more of a dessert is made of three bananas, four peaches, eight figs, three Bartlett pears, half teacup each of raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, one-half of a pine-apple. Pare off skins of large fruit and hull the berries carefully; cut large fruit into sections (small) and mix all in a large bowl; pour over the whole a syrup made of a pint of boiling water and two teacups of white sugar; mix again and set away upon ice two hours. Serve with sponge cake.

A fine dressing without oil that has the merit of keeping for several weeks (in a cool place) is made as follows: One-half cup butter, one cup Highland cream, one cup water, three eggs, one tablespoonful flour, one cup lemon juice, one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful mustard; melt (without boiling) the butter; stir in the flour until smooth; mix Highland cream and water and pour into the flour and butter; beat until smooth. In a separate dish mix yolks of eggs, lemon juice, salt, paprika, sugar and mustard thoroughly together. Turn part of the milk mixture into the remainder of the milk mixture; boil three minutes; fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. This dressing can be used for any combination of salad ingredients and is handy to have on hand in case of a few friends dropping in unexpectedly. For instance, a few nuts chopped fine, mixed with dressing and spread between thin slices of bread with a leaf of lettuce is a refreshment that can be made in a twinkling. A little ingenuity (which any one can cultivate) will enable a hostess to improvise many delicacies in this line.

SOME LITERARY GOSSIP

IN TRUTH, although Ruskin admitted that "art was not meant to teach science," nature, the scientific phenomenon that involves the whole world, absorbed his faculties even when, if half-unconscious of it, he reared upon it his theories of morality, says Scribner's. His art is record rather than creation, and his aim, broadly speaking, scientific in its essence rather than artistic. He has declared in one of those moments of clear introspection which illumine his character with so bright and exquisite a light, "I am no poet—I have no imagination." A poet he was, and is, but imagination or invention of the higher pictorial he had not.

He did not realize the truth at first, but sought to restrain much play of imagination in others as harmful. To Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who loved to realize his invention and ideals, not only in the figures in his pictures, but in every sort of accessory, he would say: "Ned, Ned, go to nature;" and only in later days did he regretfully realize his limitation, as conveyed in the pathetic words spoken to me years ago: "I might have made such charming records of things!"

A late number of the London Telegraph says: John Chipperfield, the original of "'Lamps' of Mugby Junction," in All the Year Round, has just died in his eighty-fourth year. He was born at Dartford in 1861, and became a baker, but it was a calling in which he made bread for others, rather than himself, and in 1854 he became "lampman" at Tilbury terminus. He subsequently rose to the dignity of a "lamp inspectorship." During the forty-five years of his railroad career he lived in the same cottage at Tilbury and Southend railway, made the acquaintance of the deceased, and spent many an hour in the lamp room at Tilbury listening to the wit and wisdom, the anecdotes and arguments of Chipperfield. The result was the sketch of "'Lamps' of Mugby Junction." Another visitor was General Gordon, who was an admirer of his principles, devotion to duty and conversational gifts. The gallant General gave Chipperfield his portrait, which always occupied the place of honor on his parlor wall. The funeral of the old lampman was attended by many hundreds of friends and acquaintances.

Two new anecdotes of Dickens have recently come to light, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The first is as follows: He one day related how the title of "Oliver Twist" had suggested itself. The author had long puzzled his brains to know what name to bestow on the youthful parish foundling, when, one day getting into one of Shillibeer's omnibuses, then not long established, the conductor slammed the door and shouted out to the driver, "Go on, Oliver Twist." The singularity of the cognomen struck me," said Dickens, "and I said to myself, 'That's the name for my new hero.'" Upon another occasion Dickens asked a friend if he knew what "a 'convivial' glass of port wine" was, because, said he, "Samuel Carter Hall has just written asking if I will go and take one with him."

An English paper, referring to "men who have been in love with the queen," mentions very briefly that Charles Dickens was at one time "chaffed" by his friends for keeping a sketch of his young sovereign over his fire-place, and gazing upon it in a rapture of admiration. As a matter of fact, Dickens went a good deal farther than this. It is said that he conceived a most passionate attachment for her Majesty, whose girlish beauty and grace made a deep impression upon him; that he went everywhere where he was likely to be able to see her; and that he told a friend in one of his letters how he had spent days and weeks in the neighborhood of Windsor, hiding amongst the trees in the park, and lounging about her favorite drives, so that he might sometimes catch a glimpse of her.

The bright boy's mother is cultivating his bump of observation:

"Now, Johnny," holding up a picture card, "shut your eyes and tell me what you saw on this card."

"A cow, a barn, a horse," rattled off the bright boy, glibly.

"What else?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, yes! Think, now. What did you see behind the cow?" referring to the trees in the background.

A moment's reflection.

"Her tail!" shouted Johnny, ecstatically.

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N. B.—No roughs admitted.

At the Theaters

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT as a writer of novels, and the same lady as a playwright are somewhat in contrast in "A Lady of Quality." The story is interesting and the incidents do not wrench one's brain violently as to lapses, but in the play—which is not constructed with the deftness of a Pinero or a Jones or with much regard for the gaps and intervals of time, and the crowding and jamming together of episodes, so as to make as panoramic and melodramatic a story as possible—the dramatic fitness of things is often rudely challenged. It isn't in good taste, nor is it good judgment to over-exploit the heroine's tender years, when, the toy of rough men, her madcap proclivities were encouraged, and it is hard to understand what bearing the breeches have on the general trend of the story. It is a great plan—and one that is followed by the best dramatic artificers—to leave much to the imagination of the audience; in so well-known a book as this of Mrs. Burnett's, imagination would supply all the needs were the story to start on the eighteenth birthday and skirts. In fact, the appearance of Clorinda in the doorway, and the subjugation of the noisy roysterers, at her command, is the only effective incident of the first act. It paints very clearly the sad story of Clorinda's poor "raising," her selfish character and wilfulness and her intent and power to command. The pointed meeting with Oxon, which good taste would have avoided, is unnecessary, the profligate and his victim could have been brought together in a less pronounced and grating way. The whole story hinges on Clorinda's morality. After her betrayal, this girl refuses to hide her head in shame, she resolutely declines to follow the path in which she has taken the first downward step, she refuses to be disgraced by her mistake, but true to her confused and peculiar ideas of rectitude comes out of the trial almost a model of virtue. Herein lies the interest of the story and the development is not assisted by the overloading with incident, of which branch of judgment the author-dramatist stands charged. There is much that could be pruned out without hurt to the effectiveness of the stage-story, and the time of performance would thereby be shortened. The romance of the quaint period is heightened, of course, by the picturesque costumes and the beautiful stage scenes, but the illusions of the book are not carried to the footlights. A girl brought up as Clorinda was fits in with no ordinary conceptions of maidenhood. Raised in an atmosphere of smoke and loose talk, taught to drink strong liquor like a man, and in every way treated as a boy, and not as a girl, the problem how the woman could emerge pure from such conditions is one of intense interest. Her trials, her tragic experiences, and her masculine mode of extricating herself from a great dilemma are all presented, but in a disjointed, rather than in a smooth way. The play is arranged to center the attention on the heroine, and beside her only one character, Oxon, the lover, is given much more than a walking part. It would seem, therefore, to have been an easy matter to have told the story in a simple way, instead of in the tangled, complex and often obscure manner in which Mrs. Burnett has seen fit to present it. The public lorgnette remains fixed upon the player of the role of Clorinda, and the personator of the part is largely measured by the image that was formed in the reading of the play. The dashing, athletic and assertive woman who defied social customs, refused to wear the brand of shame which Society holds ready to place on the brow of every woman who oversteps the mark, and practically reversed the usual order of things and lived down all the precepts and maxims of which the thorny side had been pushed into her, was presented to us, according to her lights, on Thursday evening, by Eugenie Blair, an actress of experience and with marked physical charms. It must be said of her, at the very start, that she does not convey the Clorinda of the book, to the mind of the auditor. She is a gentle woman who forces herself to do things which, you instinctively feel, are contrary to her nature. The cool bravado, the wild daring, that you look for are mellowed so by temperament that they are not convincing, and the tense atmosphere that surrounds such situations as wherein the heroine, in the second act, tells the cur to seek his kennel, and in the killing in the fourth act, sends no vibrations into the auditorium. It is all very conscientiously done, I grant, and Miss Blair is an actress who always means to do her best, but that essense of genius which seuds a thrill of horror through an audience is not at her command. She is capable, she wears most beautiful clothes in a most beautiful way, she suggests a woman of refinement who dearly loves her ease rather than one with a masculine bringing up, and above all, that overbearing spirit which crushed down all opposition that splendor of form and manner, which, in the book, reconciles you to everything My Lady does and, in this sense, Miss Blair falls far short of the ideal. It is true that in the dial scene, in which the effective point is the placing of the rose wreath on her head and the withering defiance of her betrayer, Miss Blair is, in a way, effective, she could hardly help being, but her bad mannerism of rolling her eyes in fine frenzy, spoils not only this but some of the other situations. Distending the eyes, or squinting them, is an antiquated trick and sits poorly upon so charming a woman. The strongest scene in the play, that leading up to and including the killing and hiding of the rake who had taunted her and disclosed to her that he had made her his toy as the result of a tap-room bet, was well but not altogether convincingly done. Miss Blair was melodramatic, she overstepped the mark and ripped her passion into flaccid rags. A tigerish intensity, and hot ferocity of a tortured soul in a wild frenzy was called for, but Miss Blair took too phlegmatic a view of the demands of the situation. The rolling of the couch over the body, which to a Bernhardt would be a juicy opportunity, was performed in a most commonplace way. However, the various pictures, though painted in dull colors, were interesting, and Miss Blair earned the meed of meaning well Mr. Bramwell had a decidedly thankless task in the role of the bad man of the play, and that he did so well, with the comparatively small opportunities given him, is greatly to his credit. His part of the text is stripped of nearly everything but the proclaiming of his wickedness, and his successful gallantry, and is the only scene in which he can show what is in him he is made to blacken himself to the utmost. He is a capable actor who is unpleasantly subordinated to the leading lady.

Of the other people in the cast it is hardly necessary to speak. They all have a little to do, mainly to the glorification of Clorinda, and only a few words are put into their mouths. In the matter of stage setting and costuming "A Lady of Quality" is one of the best equipped plays that has been put on the local stage for some time, and an exquisite taste has dominated the arrangement of the scenic features.

The unpretentious entertainment, headed by "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh, which held the boards at the Los Angeles Theater during the earlier part of the week, deserved a better fate than that accorded it. Low prices of admission were charged and some of the features were highly entertaining. The first part was a sort of refined vaudeville, embracing vocal and instrumental turns, among them being a clever whistler. There were also a number of good cinomatograph pictures. The second part consisted of famous battle scenes, embracing the great war episodes of the nation from the earliest day to the present.

The Burbank stage hid its pretty scenery, and its society "ladies and gentlemen" and their furbelows, and turned loose upon itself a collection of dusky performers, who did indifferently well in "coon" minstrelsy. The olio was of the time-honored sort, and there were creditable variety acts. But as an exhibition of minstrelsy, as we know it, this "all coon" affair was decidedly below the average, and the mangement doubtless has reason to regret the innovation.

The Orpheum has been holding its crowd and the bill it presented during the week is up to the standard of the house. The new features did not detract from the popularity of Louise Dresser and her two little darkies, whose catching turn still holds the public's good will. Among the newcomers are Hamilton Hill, a new baritone, with a pleasing voice, from the Antipodes, who sings ballads with good taste and expression; and to whom the house took kindly; Coggin and Davis, acrobatic comedians and soft-shoe dancers, do a novel and taking turn; Baby Ruth Rowland, a cute little damsel who dances gracefully, Leo Carle, a lightning change man who does rapid work, and Jerome and Alexis, "frog and lizard" men, who have visited us before, but whose contortion work is clever. E. F. KUBEL.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—AT MOROSCO'S BURBANK

David Halifax as Rev. Anthony Godfrey D.D. Arthur Mills as Indian Carrol Marshal as Helma Willis Marks as Ebenezer Godfrey Harry Corson Clarke as Jones

Morosco's

A most noteworthy event at Morosco's Burbank Theater, commencing tomorrow evening, will be the appearance, as a star, in this city of Harry Corson Clarke, the well-known and talented comedian and character actor who has, by his own efforts risen to a high position on the stage, and who is universally admired for the quaint and natural characterization he always gives no matter how difficult the role. From all accounts Mr. Clarke is on the top wave of prosperity and he has played to crowded houses all last week in San Francisco. In the farcical comedy, "What Happened to Jones" he has made a wise selection, for it is one of the brightest and most laughable farces written in years. The brilliant lines and clever situations combined with some remarkable complications keep up the laughter and interest from the start to the finish. "What Happened to Jones" has proven itself a great hit in New York, London and San Francisco, and in fact wherever presented, and it will surely be the right play in the right place. Mr. Clarke has gathered about him a most clever company and it is said some of the ladies of the cast will wear several gowns that will be the envy of the feminine sex wherever seen.

Orpheum

Several weeks ago the Orpheum management made announcement of a "new bill that would positively crack all records of brilliancy." It was noted that the promise was, as usual, fulfilled, and

the bill received high praise as one of the best programs ever presented on the Orpheum stage.

A similar promise is made for the bill at the vaudeville theater next week. There will be nine acts, and of these, all are good and several great.

Marguerite Cornille, a Parisian beauty and denominated a "Lyric Venus," heads the list. She was brought to America from Paris by the Orpheum circuit, and is played at the biggest salary given an Orpheum star since Pauline Hall came along and garnered in $900 a week. Cornille is

LAURA CREWS—What Happened to Jones

conceded to be the beauty of Paris, and in addition to rare physical charms is said to have that subtle gift of magnetism, and a voice of power and sweetness.

A fine sketch, amusing and well played, will be contributed by Ryan Ritchfield, players of reputation. Their comedy, "A Headless Man," is reported to be excruciatingly funny, and is credited with a tremendous hit in San Francisco.

Burton's dogs constitute what is probably the most interesting animal act on earth. There have been some great animal performances at the Orpheum lately, but with these in remembrance, it is claimed that Burton's leaping greyhounds will discount their canine competitors.

Cheridah Simpson is a comedienne and singer, whose reputation in New York is "ace high," and who would, under ordinary circumstances, lead on the bill.

Hamilton Hill, the young baritone singer from Australia; Goggin and Davis, the funny acrobats; Jerome and Alexis, the frog and the crocodile, and Leo Carle, lightning change artist, will all be on the bill next week.

LOS ANGELES THEATER

C. M. WOOD and H. C. WYATT, Lessees.

Tonight and tomorrow night, "A Lady of Quality"

FRIDAY Afternoon, Dec. 1, at 3.15 p. m.
First Concert of the Season 1899—1900

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HARRY HAMILTON, Director

Holders of Season Tickets exchange coupons for reserved seats.
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Bargain Matinee Saturday

Geo. H. Broadhurst

WHY SMITH LEFT HOME

Gleeful Plentitude

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and a great Company, in

"What Happened to Jones"

Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinee Today.
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Orpheum

MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND
Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater

Week Commencing Monday, Nov. 27.

Ryan & Ritchfield, in original farcette, "A Headless Man."
Prof. Burton's Acrobatic and Comedy Dogs.
Cheridah Simpson, the far-famed comedienne and musical artiste.
Jerome and Alexis, the Frog and the Lizard.
Leo Carle, the Lightning Change Artist.
Goggin and Davis, the Far-famed Acrobatic Comedians.
Baby Ruth Roland, the Wonderful Child Artist.

PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

Los Angeles Theater

In Broadhurst's "gleeful plentitude," "Why Smith Left Home," the author has introduced to the stage a new character in the person of Smith's cook, Lavinia, who is head of a labor union of dometsic servants, and if her slightest wish is refused she threatens a general boycott. Butler and housemaid, iceman and butcher's boy, will all be ordered out, and when the family is made ill by Mrs. Smith's cooking, the druggist's clerk will be forbidden to administer the needful paregoric. The true tone of authority is exaggerated just enough to be infinitely appealing to any one who has struggled with the problem of the American domestic, and Lizzie May Ulmer's impersonation of the part is human in conception and skillful in execution.

"Why Smith Left Home" comes to the Los Angeles Theater for three nights and Saturday matinee, November 30, and December 1 and 2.

AT THE FAMILY HOTELS

People who wonder how scientific men conduct themselves when dining would have been disappointed in not seeing or hearing anything unusual had they sat at table at the Abbotsford Inn one day this week next the one at which Abbott Kinney was entertaining B. R. Baumgardt at luncheon. On Thursday Mr. Kinney was host at lunch to Walter T. Swingle, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. E. H. Adams of New York is another late arrival at the Inn.

Host Fryman of the Palms is planning an elaborate entertainment for his houseful of guests Thanksgiving evening. There will be cards and music and possibly a few dances for a wind-up.

Manager Holmes of the Hotel Green, Pasadena, reports the news golf links almost in readiness, in fact, the new club house was well nigh completed on Monday last, and when the hotel opens the last of this week doubtless everything will be in readiness. The golf links are situated out on San Pasqual street just fifteen minutes' ride around the South Loop car line from the hotel. Undoubtedly this improvement for their entertainment will prove a very popular one.

About twenty of the lady guests of the Hotel Rosslyn met on last Wednesday evening in the parlors of the hotel and organized a whist club to meet on each Friday evening, the proprietor, Mr. Ross, agreeing to supply refreshments at the close of each evening's session. On Thanksgiving eve a dancing party and reception is to be given in the hotel. Among the recent arrivals at the hotel from the East are Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. McEntee of Chicago, Mrs. J. H. Martindale, wife of a prominent Minneapolis physician who contemplates locating here, with her children, and Mrs. Eugene Rook, wife of the owner of the opera house at Youngstown, Ohio.

A Brilliant Opening

The Jersey Creamery and Restaurant under the Nadeau, at 214 and 216 W. First street, is an enterprise which is hailed with pleasure by everyone from the very fact that Mr. C. E. Amidon of New York, the owner and proprietor, is one of the finest restaurateurs on the coast, and demonstrated the fact that he knows how to fit up an elegant and up-to-date place. The last touches were given on Wednesday morning, and in the evening the grand opening took place, which partook very much of the nature of a social event. The grand transformation that delighted the eye and appealed to the artistic taste speaks volumes for every one who was interested in the work. The place is so remodeled, renovated and decorated that it bears no resemblance to its former self. Everything is spick and span, new, sweet and scrupulously clean.

Mr. Amidon takes a particular pride in the culinary department; all the cooking apparatus is of the newest and most improved design, and no Chinese cooks are employed. The main dining hall, with its new furniture, snowy napery and silver table ware, has a most enticing look. This is a boon to the tourists and families as well, and as the place is open until midnight, theater "petit soupers" will be "en regle." Orchestral music between 6 and 8 o'clock every evening will be one of the attractions

The lunch-counter dining hall is truly inviting, and business men who have never been able to find just the place they want for a fine commercial lunch, with quick, neat service at moderate prices, will be delighted. The very name of "The Jersey Creamery" is a synonym of everything delicious to eat and drink. Mr. Amidon has issued a proclamation full of whereases, announcing that he is going to serve in the time-honored way the most delicious and substantial Thanksgiving dinner ever given in our Angel City. The chef is a recognized master-hand. Those who were not present at the opening should avail themselves of a visit, and will not be disappointed. The new venture is an absolute necessity and is sure to be a great success.

LOTTIE WILLIAMS-SALTER
Why Smith Left Home—At the Los Angeles Theater

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale, No. 31984.

George W. Robinson, plaintiff, vs. May Agnes Jordan, H. M. Russell, William R. Smith, D. B. Fisk & Company, a corporation, and Lydia A. Shoemaker, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein George W. Robinson, the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against May Agnes Jordan et al., defendants, on the 6th day of November, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Three Thousand, Six Hundred Forty-One and 10-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 88 of said Court, at page 67, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The east one-half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Nine (9), in Township One (1) south, Range Nine (9) west, San Bernardino Meridian, in the Rancho Addition to San Jose, as per map of the Subdivision of the Rancho Addition to San Jose and a portion of the Rancho San Jose, recorded in Book 22, pages 21 and 22, Miscellaneous Records of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN, Deputy Sheriff.
A. W. HUTTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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MRS. MILDRED HAZEN-DEWEY.

The lady who will manage the new home of Admiral George Dewey and grace the board in the dining room which so pleases the new master of the Fitch mansion was Mrs. Mildred Hazen, of Washington. She is a daughter of Mrs. Washington McLean and a sister of John R. McLean, Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio at the recent election. Mrs. Dewey's first husband was the late Brigadier General William B. Hazen.

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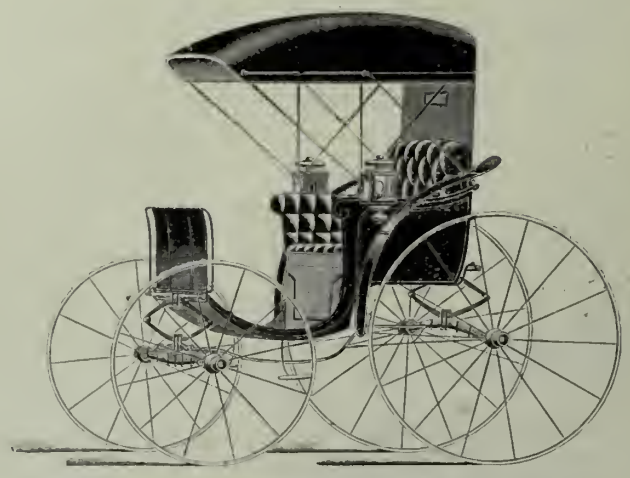

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Los Angeles The World

Volume VII.
Number 23.

Los Angeles, Saturday, December 2, 1899.

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NANCE O'NEIL
California's Tragedienne, as Magda

Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT

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"THE unkindest cut of all" was the lengthy notice of the Sunday World's consolidation with this journal in a local daily. The notice appears to an unbiased reader as "green-eyed." The critic evidently does not like the wonderful prosperity WESTERN GRAPHIC is enjoying. As the GRAPHIC is in a class all by itself, there is no need of a big daily becoming soreheaded about it. The elegant paper, typographical excellence and beautiful illustrations, together with the contents, written by the best writers in Southern California, make the GRAPHIC peculiarly a home paper, one for the whole family—absolutely free from any word, either in text or advertisements, that will jar the sensibilities of any one.

The business of the Harper Bros., New York, publishers of Harper's Weekly and other periodicals, has been turned over to the first mortgage holders and the State Trust Company of New York appointed trustee. It appears that their liabilities amount to $7,500,000, of which only $3,500,000 is secured. The commencement of the downfall of the Harpers dates with their treacherous actions when James G. Blaine was nominated for president. The Harpers succeeded in their mugwump tactics and defeated Blaine. The people have succeeded in denouncing the Harpers, by not patronizing their publications, and the results are a trustee and $4,000,000 of unsecured debts.

Nathan Cole, Jr., is one of a committee of seven appointed by the National Silver Republican Committee, now in session at Chicago, on the practical organization of the party. Mr. Cole was the founder of the Times of this city and its first editor, and he is known as a hustler and brilliant politician.

Newspaperdom says that Wannamaker has divided his advertising expense, and instead of spending it all with the dailies, he now patronizes the weeklies and is the publisher of a weekly for his own advertising.

Why not in a weekly? Most advertisers advertise only one day in the week, and, other things being equal, the weekly is the more valuable.

"I am somewhat disappointed in the beauty of your city," remarked a lately-arrived tourist, "but it is possible that I had gotten my ideas too high, from what I had heard and read of your city." It is true that our city is not so beautiful as it was years ago; it has not so much the semi-tropical aspect, and nature has given way to brick and mortar. We have many more palatial and beautiful homes, from an architectural standpoint, than formerly, but so has all progressive Eastern cities. It is the semi-tropic appearance, with a profusion of palms, pepper trees and other evergreens, with a wealth of vines and roses, such as no other section of the United States can have, that the tourist expects, and what will tend more to hold the tourist within our gates than even our boasted and health-giving climate. We can not depend entirely upon climate to make Los Angeles the tourist's mecca. The city of the angels must be made a veritable paradise, beautiful enough for the angels' dwelling place.

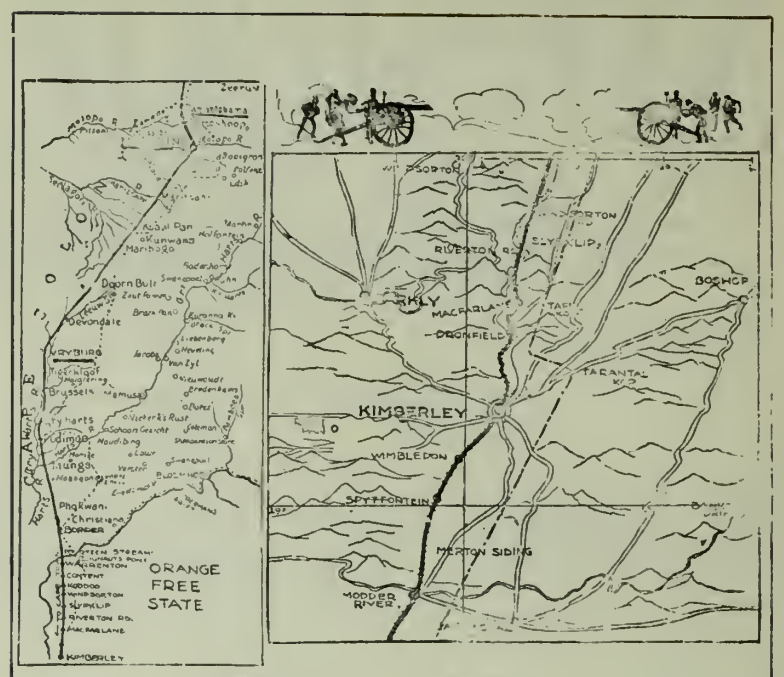
How is it to be accomplished? If it was the city's duty to beautify all our streets and suggest improvements for private grounds, and remove the unsightly from vacant lots, it would be an easy task. It would be a noble work for some of our clubs—the Ebell, Friday Morning, California, Jonathan—or the Chamber of Commerce or some other organization, to take the lead. The beautifying of Los Angeles is much more important, from a dollar-and-cents point of view, than even municipal ownership of water.

While we are waiting, suppose every property owner and tenant immediately do some beautifying on their own account. It might become an epidemic if enough people about the city were to commence planting trees, vines and flowers.

Next week the Congress of the United States will meet. The business that confronts it is the most important ever before claiming its attention. The great American republic has taken its place where it belongs, among the great nations of the world, and a wise and patriotic Congress meets to put in operation the machinery of colonial government and extend its strong arm in support of its humanitarianism. The whole world awaits the action of our country and manifest destiny points to grand, great and good things to be accomplished by this God-fearing and liberty-loving people. Congress will do its duty.

Locally, California will be well represented, though short a senator to fill the vacant seat so ably filled by our townsman, Stephen M. White. Congressman Waters will have to hold up the southern end of the State and much depends upon him, but we have confidence that he will not lose a trick or a harbor, but add new laurels to his name.

Even Homer nods and a Bierce is caught in the act of adapting to his use a platitude founded upon error. Who would ever have supposed that the Examiner's writer of caustic opinions, the critic of everybody and everything, the swift and sure avenger of wrongs perpetrated upon the King's English, would write of "a peripatetic metal worker's malediction," as though a "tinker's dam" were spelled with a finel n? Does not Mr. Bierce know that a tinker's dam is not a malediction at all, but merely a mechanical expedient which, when used to further the object of the mender of metals, is brushed away as useless? He surely does, but the triteness of his illustration may have given a grain of consolation to certain rural poetasters that have smarted under his bombastic lash.



KIMBERLEY AND MAFEKING.

Kimberley, the Diamond City, is well fortified and equipped for a siege. The Boers have the town surrounded and hold most of the adjacent towns. The English forces at Kimberley are under command of Lieutenant Colonel R. G. Kekewich. It is reported that General Sir Redvers Buller will send a sufficient number of the reinforcements arriving from England to relieve Kimberley. The other map shows Mafeking, another town besieged by the Boers, and its surroundings.

City Hall Echoes

POSSIBLY it may not be the correct caper to say "I told you so," but my readers will without doubt recall my prediction that not only would the water bonds fall afoul of some dangerous rocks, but that the school bonds also would be turned down as uncertain and not at all gilt-edged investments by the moneyed men of the East. This prediction has been verified, and while the consequences are not only unpleasant, but in a sense disastrous to the educational interests of the city, any thinking person could have foreseen the result of the attempts first to confiscate the water company's property, and then to put an arbitrary construction on the thirty-year contract, when common sense showed that the contention of the city was based upon altogether erroneous premises. The connection between the two classes of bonds is clear. Judge Dillon, who passed upon the school bonds and hesitates to advise his clients to take chances with them, states the case very clearly when he holds that there is more than a reasonable doubt whether the city has the power to incur this indebtedness, because the charter might be construed to limit the city's right to two million dollars of bonded indebtedness, waterworks, sewers and all, and that every item of municipal debt must be counted against this limit. The city now owes nearly $1,600,000 and as the contract with the water company is awaiting adjudication, which if settled on any basis, will far exceed the two-million-dollar limit, it would seem clear, under this construction, that the city has no authority to borrow any more money. Other technical quibbles are raised, but this is the main stumbling block, and until the State Supreme Court places its construction upon the validity of the school bond issue, the attorneys for the bidders will refuse to sanction the deal. The attorneys for the city sniff contemptuously at this decision and maintain that the bonds are perfectly good, holding that the Supreme Court will hold them so, but I have recollection of other sniffs on other occasions The opinion of Judge Dillon is respected so far however, that the City Attorney will now take steps to bring the matter before the Supreme Court, by means of a test case. The lamentable part of the matter is that our school rooms are now overcrowded, half day schools are enforced in places where all-day schools should be, and the educational advantages to taxpayers are crippled just that much.

While a state of consternation naturally prevails at the holding-up of these bonds, it isn't a marker to what will occur when the water bonds will be refused by the men with the sack in the East. All the objections raised against the school bonds will have the same force, and, in addition, will come the interpretation of the thirty-year contract which the bond-buyers' attorneys will construe to read and mean that all three arbitrators must be in agreement on the cash value of the water company's plant. This view I have held from the be-

ginning, even when the tom-tom beaters of the "municipal ownership" regiments of both parties were hammering away their loudest. Thousands upon thousands of dollars of good taxpayers' money have been dropped in a senseless litigation with the aim of coercing the water company to accept the City Council and City Attorney's construction of "the best two out of three." At present the idea of the city's legal advisers is to strengthen their position by a cash tender of the money which two of the arbitrators have decided upon as a proper equivalent, but if the bonds are refused and the city cannot make the tender, what then? More talk, big talk, doubtless, and in the meantime the water company is industriously sawing wood and patiently awaiting the outcome of its suits in the Federal courts, where city politicians don't cut much of a figure. The opening of the bids on these water bonds will take place on Monday next and some sort of a pointer may then be obtained as to the feeling of investors in the matter. The city has declared its purpose not to accept bids which provide that the legality of the bonds must first be passed upon by the bidder's attorneys, a favorable opinion being a pre-requisite to their acceptance, and under this condition the city will be in big luck to get even one responsible bid. In the meanwhile the dear people, thanks to Councilmanic action, are paying with their taxes, a sum of money that in the aggregate will amount to something like $150,000 this year alone. Cui bono? Just for the fun of having a sinking fund? Possibly the financial jugglers of the Council will see their way clear to "borrow" from this fund for other purposes, just as has been done in the past, and then when the interest and sinking fund money is needed, hustling and skirmishing is in order. It will be a poor consolation for the taxpayer, when the inability to float the water bonds —for the chaste and elegant engraving of which $1000 of city money has been set aside—is admitted, to be told that the tax levies hereafter will be at a lower rate because of the existence of this money. The bullheadedness of the city's legislators, who have been dropping city money in legal pursuits and practices, will yet come to an awakening that it would have been less costly to have compromised the matter in the first place, and it would have been better practical politics to have done so, for, in that case, ere this the poor politicians would have been getting stout on the loaves and fishes which will be so plentiful when the "municipal ownership" dragnet begins to get taut.

The City Board of Education is in the throes of deep thought over the question whether it is best to restrict each teacher from keeping the bad boys and girls in after school hours, or to let matters go on as they are now. Possibly the keeping in of a pupil is a better plan than lambasting them with straps or hitting them across the back with wooden clubs, but it hasn't been so long since the more vigorous and brutal plan had its applications. It seems to me that each teacher would prefer to give almost any plan a trial over the detention after school hours scheme, for to keep a pupil in the teacher has to share the captivity. There is a feeling that other means of inspiring good behavior in children could be found, and the Committee on Rules of the Board is now cogitating profoundly on some other method of punishment.

Police affairs remain quiescent, except that the Frapped Five have concluded to honor the recommendations of the de facto Police Board in regard to legitimate demands. As I pointed out last week, the whole question was purely one of courtesy and involving no legal points; but the bearish action of the Five put quite a number of innocent people to needless annoyance. Another change in the police situation lies in the fact that ex-Captain Roberts has agreed to face the music the de factos will play for him this morning at a special hearing. He makes his agreement to attend his own trial in the nature of a demand for a hearing of the charges against him, waiving, by so doing, the legal service of the Board's ukase, but maintaining all his jurisdictional rights in the premises. If the Board tries Captain Roberts on the alleged charges, he will make things merry, but the chances are that dereliction of official duty of some sort will be advanced and Roberts arranged decapitation will follow on this ground. As a man, Captain Roberts could not well do otherwise than fight the attempt to besmirch his reputation, and it seems to me that he can get even with those who entertained and advanced the story, after he has cleared himself. A day of reckoning must surely come, some day, for Roberts has a good record and has grown old in the service of the city. The charges are such that undisputable and corroborative evidence alone would justify their bringing.

The Health Officer should constitute himself a smelling committee of one and test his sensitive nose on the villainous odors that assail every passenger on the Pasadena cars who rides between Downey avenue and Alameda street. The insistent and pungent odor of the ether that floats to the east from the oil wells, gets in a crossfire with the boiled hog and gas mixture that meets one at the river, and the stench is not only unhealthful but a prejudicial object-lesson for the rich dweller in the San Gabriel valley when he ventures to town. The next step would be to suggest a means of suppressing the nuisance.

THE LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY.

Women's Clubs

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—Cowper.

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs has been officially recognized by the directors of the Paris Exposition through its committee which has secured floor and wall space for the exhibit planned and arranged for Federation Day, and women's clubs will undoubtedly be well represented at the French Exposition. It is expected that there will be several important meetings of club women aside from the Women's Club Day, which will be in September, under the auspices of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

An important congress of French women is to be held in Paris from June 18 to 23. This will be known as the Second International Congress Upon Women's Work and Institutions. This congress is to be held under the auspices of the French government. Mrs. Lowe reports finding comparatively little interest in clubs among French women, and it is expected that the work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as it will be set forth at the meeting in September, will be a revelation to the French women. While women's clubs as we know them on this side are almost nonexistent in France, there are now and again incidents which show that the conservatism in this respect is being invaded. One of these incidents is very recent, which is the reorganization of a prominent club of Frenchmen to admit ladies to its membership. After the Federation meeting of the Exposition it is likely that the woman's club as it exists in this country will be found over there.

The Review Class of the Woman's Club of Riverside had its usual meeting on Thursday, November 23, with Mrs. A. Rhoda Rouse in the chair. Miss Allen opened the meeting with a pleasing piano solo. Following this was a review of the Dreyfus trial by Mrs. Meharg. A spirited discussion followed. Mrs. Rouse gave a very interesting and comprehensive paper on Rudyard Kipling. A general sketch was given of his life, and an outline given of several of his stories, "Stalky & Co.," "The Man Who Would Be King," "Jungle Stories" and others being among those specially mentioned. In his poems the chief characteristic is the marked realism. They are word pictures as clear cut as photographs. Mrs. Filkins kindly read Kipling's latest poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Mrs. Filkins also read a criticism of Kipling from the Philistine. This is considered a very important article, as Kipling has begun a suit against the author. A discussion followed in which Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Way, Mrs. Darling and others took part. It was generally conceded that Kipling has not a reverence for woman. That there can be no half way ground in regard to Kipling. No one who has studied Kipling can understand his peculiarities. His great patritoism is very marked.

In a recent publication of the program laid out for the entertainment of the club women of this country to the Paris Exposition it is stated that plans have been perfected for a tour under the auspices of the federation which will take about seven weeks' time. The trip will be made by chartered steamer to Glasgow, Scotland, where the excursionists will leave the vessel to journey to London and the cathedral towns of England, across to Holland, thence to Berlin, Dresden, and other German cities, including possibly a visit to Oberammergau. There will be a short run through Switzerland and the party will return to Paris in time for Federation Day. The committee is working hard to secure all this pleasure and profit for club women at a minimum cost and hopes when the figures are announced the amount of expense will be a pleasurable surprise.

The monthly business meetings of the Pasadena Sharkespeare Club are becoming quite a pleasant feature. Music, business and parliamentary drill, followed by tea and wafers combine pleasure and instruction with the necessary routine of business, and the new combination is a success. It is the plan to take up at each business meeting either the characteristics of some national music, or of special musical phases or styles. At the meeting last Saturday, Jewish music was considered. Mrs. Della Gordon gave a full and careful description of musical forms, usages and instruments from the earliest Israelitish days. Illustrations were given of the most striking characteristics of the national melody and harmony. Miss Helen Carter sang the strong, stirring hymn of triumph which Miriam sang upon the overthrow of the Egyptians. Mrs. Rossiter and Miss Johnson sang selections from the oratorio of Elijah. Mrs. Jennie Coleman has charge of the parliamentary drills, and they are always bright and helpful.

The age of Augustus was the period in Roman art that was discussed by the Ruskin Art Club Wednesday morning. The lesson, which was in charge of Mrs. Hines and Mrs. Arnold was opened with a short address by Mrs. Hines, after which followed the usual discussions under the following subheads by appointed members of the club: "Practical and Social Conditions Under the Empire," "Taste and Influence of Augustus," "Use of Marble Rather Than Bronze," and "The Altar of Peace," "Sarcophagi," "Portraiture," "Statues of Augustus, Livia, Wonius Balbus, etc.," "Monuments of This Age in Other Countries," and "Sculpture in Succeeding Reigns."

The Shakespeare section of the Wednesday Club have commenced the study of the "Merchant of Venice." At the last meeting, Tuesday morning, the first three scenes of the first act were read and discussed. Discussion of the characteristics of some of the principal characters of the play was commenced to be concluded at the next lesson.

DOROTHY.

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER

SWELL society is going to have a "hoot mon" cotillon, and the details of this novel affair are under consideration. E. M. Greenway will lead the cotillon clad as a Highlander, and December 23d, from 3 to 7 in the afternoon, is the limit for the affair. It will be held at "Cotillon Hall," and 250 invitations have been issued. This is society's maiden venture in the line of freak affairs. New York has had its childrens' parties, where grown people acted as tots in short skirts, its animal parties and its paper balls, but a golf party is some thing new on the face of the earth.

I noticed in a theatrical journal this week that the advance agents of some companies were running into each other in the South. I wonder what the "dear public" thinks will be the condition when the companies themselves collide in the same town. We have it this week in San Francisco with a vengeance. "In Old Kentucky," resplendent with a uniformed band, two drum majors and four Kentucky-bred horses can be seen parading Market street daily. Following in their footsteps, almost, is the caravan of the "Sporting Duchess," also equipped with several race horses, and not a great way off can be seen "Shenandoah" coming down the street with a full battery of artillery with some six or eight chargers. Surely melodrama has displaced comedy in this town, at least for a while.

The "Sporting Duchess" opened at the California this week, and I must admit that it was not so much the play as it was the fact that it was the opening of the Frawley engagement that packed the house. Mr. Frawley has been good to San Francisco and California, as he has furnished many a season of enjoyment for its people, and we are always glad in this city to see him back.

"Shenandoah" is being produced in a very elaborate manner at the Columbia, and it was quite a novelty to notice the crowd of discharged and "left" soldiers which crowded the alley adjacent to the stage door of this theater in answer to Mr. Litt's advertisement for a hundred soldiers to take part in one of the scenes. This production was brought to this coast at great expense, and I am sorry to learn that it is not going to Southern California.

Gertrude Foster is making somewhat of a hit this week at the Alcazar as "Letty" in "Saints and Sinners." It is a somber story, and full of genuine touches of human nature. The light girlish vanity of "Letty" disappears in the sobered young woman, and naturally becomes Miss Foster's manner. Next week this theater will have a new feature in its orchestra. For its leader will appear a young millionaire, Prof. Bruguere. This will be one of two orchestras engaged, and "Mother Earth," a Mexican tragedy by Frances Powers, who will be remembered as the author of "The First Born," will be the attraction. L. R. Stockwell will leave this theater this week under the direction of Thall & Belasco for a tour of the state in "My Friend from India."

I notice by the Manila Times of October 27th that Miss Janet Waldorf, a satellite of California's theatrical world, together with her champion, Mrs. A. Dow Currier, and assisted by Norval McGregor, have undertaken to produce farce comedy in that lately acquired province of this fair land. The play was "Pygmalion and Galatea." It was given on Sunday evening, the 29th day of October, at 5:30 in the afternoon. It is said that they desired the services of a Miss Anderson, but she was unable to perform on account of the entertainment being given on Sunday night. This might do for Boston or Connecticut, but what shall we do with Manila?

RALPH A. GROVER.

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A Chinese Print Shop

One of the only Two Such Offices in the United States is in Los Angeles

MANY business men of Los Angeles, especially the bankers, have in the past six months become acquainted with a dapper young Chinaman, by name Mr. Ng Poon Chew, editor and proprietor of Wa Mi San Po, a Chinese weekly newspaper, and owner of an English-Chinese printing office. In all but the characteristic features of his race, Mr. Chew is an American from his closely cropped hair to his neatly polished shoes, and the spirit of the hustling American has taken hold of him entirely, with the result that his paper bristles with advertising and his job printing office is full of work, of which not a little comes from Americans who need the assistance of the translator and Chinese characters in reaching the Celestial portion of our population. So successful has Mr. Chew been in building up his newspaper property that he has outgrown his field and attracted the attention of some rich Chinese merchants in San Francisco, who have formed a stock company for the issuing of a daily paper, of which Mr. Chew will be the head.

In the office of Wa Mi San Po there are 75,000 pieces of type, divided among 11,000 separate characters. This comprises four fonts or sizes of type, and the number of pieces of each character varies from six to six hundred. An idea of the arrangement of the cases and boxes may be had from the illustration herewith presented, in which it will be noticed the cases extend from near the floor to the heighth of a man's head.

INTERIOR VIEW OF MR NG POON CHEW'S PRINTING OFFICE

The Chinese compositor must walk many miles a day in his work and it is necessary that he know absolutely the locations of 3000 boxes, the remainder of the 11,000 characters being easily found by relation.

By request Mr. Chew has kindly furnished the Graphic with the folowing illustrations of the Chinese language:

While 11,000 characters are adequate for everyday use, the Chinese written language comprises about 50,000 different characters, each of which represents one or more ideas, which if expressed in the English tongue may require several words or several phrases. This enormous number of expressions are based upon 214 roots or radicals.

The formation of the characters is usually very expressive, conveying a faithful picture of that which the character is intended to represent, for instance:

人

This means a man, or rather that which represents his most important part his legs; hence, his manly quality, self-reliance, strength.

囗

This is a square, or an enclosure, but when a man is placed inside, thus:

囚

it means confined, or in jail.

女

This represents two legs crossed and supported on a cross bar, which means a woman. It is characteristic of the Chinese idea of woman—weak, yielding, dependent, of no account.

宀

This is a roof, and when a woman is placed under a roof

安

the combined characters represent peace or tranquility. This would indicate a condition of mind in contradistinction to war or discord, the Chinese idea of home being thus expressed

家

illustrating a pig under a roof.

The character for woman is indispensable in the formation of every character representing an evil. How well it comes in line with the common expression, "a woman in the case."

To marry a wife is thus expressed

娶

literally pulling a woman by the ear. But to wed a husband is written thus:

嫁

which is a woman with a pig under a roof which implies that she must make herself as comfortable as she can under the circumstances.

口

A small square is a mouth and with a line (tongue) through the middle

曰

is to speak.

Two boards standing up, thus:

門

means a door, which with the addition of a mouth in it

問

is to ask; and with an ear in it

聞

is to listen.

上

This is a man above the horizon, which means up. When he is placed below the horizon it means

下

down. This is the sun:

日

and this is the moon:

月

If the sun and moon are placed side by side

明

it means bright, clear.

A tree is written thus:

木

representing branches and roots; if two are put together

林

it means a forest.

And so through the entire written language the characters are combinations of suggestive figures, which simplify what first looks most complicated.

Affairs . . . The Larger Interests of our Southwest Empire

The New Epoch

THERE is no fact in the history of California more patent than that it has been divided into distinct epochs, and today we are at the dawning of one which is destined to stand conspicuous in the history yet to be written. This is not prophecy, but deduction from established premises. The drought came, and many a district was caught with a short supply of water. Forthwith, Southern California went to work to make up the deficiency, so far as she was concerned, and wells were sunk in one year which yielded more than 30,000 inches of water, or enough to irrigate more than 100,000 acres of orchard and meadow. While the people met the misfortune of the drought with bravery no country ever before went through so serious a drought and came out so well, while the returns from the orchards were undimished from previous records, still it is true that to a great extent industry lay dormant awaiting the end of the spell. And the end came. The rains returned, falling in the good old-fashioned manner, and hope sprung anew where it had been crushed. Those who had been waiting buckled on their armor again, and the many industries are warming up to the pitch which they would have experienced by this time had it not been for the drought.

A Boom Averted

And, possibly, after all, it is well that the drought came, for Southern California two years ago was, according to every indication, approaching a speculative boom, and it is necessary for mankind to have a little adversity to teach the people to keep their heads. The drought averted this speculative boom, but it brought instead the developmental boom in water which has been alluded to, and by that boom it set the possibilities of our country a decade ahead of its previous standing and made possible that further stride in industry on a sound basis which otherwise would have been speculative. And that is why it is said that Southern California is now at the dawning of a new epoch. At once it finds itself in a position, in an ordinary year, to irrigate some 50,000 to 100,000 more acres than ever before. This is equivalent to saying that of a sudden the productive power of Southern California has sprung fully $2,000,000 per annum ahead of previous records, making room for several thousand more families to engage in horticulture, and consequently for other thousands in other industrial walks.

Already Felt

Conversation with persons engaged in many pursuits shows that all lines of trade already feel the effects of the new era, and business houses, which have been manufacturing more or less timidly the last two years, have taken a new hold on the situation and are ordering goods on an extensive scale from the East. There have been more enquiries for real estate during the past two weeks than during two months previously, according to several authorities, these enquiries relating to both city and country property, and people are not guying Mr. Garland so much about his "200,000 in 1905" as they were wont to do. Possibly, after all, Mr. Garland will prove to be the prophet of the city, and may cultivate a rotundity of intellectual stomach and a wise beard to demonstrate his worthiness to sit among the patriarchs.

What of Manufacturers

Californians have indulged in a great amount of cant regarding the possibilities of manufactures in this section of the country, but just now seems to be a good time to bring up the subject, in the hopes of being able to say something new. There are two glaring facts which ought to be emphasized just now. There are two elements in industry which must always be considered, cost of production and market value of the product. When the former falls or the latter rises is a good time for undertaking a new industry, for therein is proof that the demand exceeds the supply. But when the cost of production falls and the value of the product rises simultaneously there is presented the opportunity of a life time. Such is the condition at present. "Bradstreet's" publishes a series of reports on the combined values of a large number of commodities, this average price showing very clearly the rise and fall of industrial activity, and according to this paper on November 1 there was reached the highest point in values since January 1, 1892, prices having increased 14 per cent. in twelve months, or 31 per cent. since July 1, 1897, when the present advance begun, showing a steady rise during nearly two and a half years. But the remarkable fact exists that generally speaking, agricultural commodities have not advanced with the general rise, some of them even declining, leaving almost the entire gain to manufactures, while the cost of food for workingmen has not changed perceptibly. Under these circumstances, the great advance must represent large profits for the manufacturers. But now to speak locally of the opportunities presented, the oil industry, which has probably advanced 25 per cent. in the last sixty days and which gives promise, in fact almost a certainty, of a greater increase in the next sixty days, furnishes a variety of fuel which has no superior, either in cheapness or adaptability, anywhere in the country. It is a constant beckoning toward all manufacturers to invite them to this section, new it is true, but opening economies and opportunities not exceeded by any portion of the country. Possibly these facts are not as widely known as they should be. Is it not possible for each of us to do a little missionary work in spreading the story of our possibilities among our Eastern friends? E. F. HOWE.

THE GAMEWELL POLICE TELEGRAPH

THE GAMEWELL SYSTEM has been used successfully for some time by the Fire Department, not only in this, but other cities, the largest installation being in New York City. The police system was put in by the company several

months ago, and a practical test is being made of it. Those in charge of the central station on First street are a bit reticent regarding the real merit of the telegraph, which is also a telephone, but think that when proper adjustments of the delicate mechanism have been made that the system will be accepted by the city. The accompanying engraving is of one of the fifty street boxes now installed, this one being located at the corner of Main and First streets. Each box has a citizen's key, which turns in an alarm for a fast patrol wagon, which cannot be taken from the box until the patrol comes to release it. Every officer has a key, which opens the box, in which is an ordinary telephone, with which he can communicate with police headquarters, and also a dial, which rings in alarms for slow or fast wagon, ambulance or report for three different officers. Boxes are located all over the city, from University on the south to Avenue 53 on the north. City Electrician Francis is in charge of the plant, and on a recent visit to one of the outlying boxes discovered one of the local residents trying assiduously to poke a letter into the machine with poor success, and grumbling "that these confounded new blue mail boxes weren't worth a darn nohow."

There is always a nice way of doing things, and T. H. Broadhead, desk clerk at the central police station, has learned the knack. At noon yesterday a number of men were liberated and came to secure their valuables, which are always kept at the office. The first came up in an uncertain way, evidently not used to the modus operandi of police matters. Instead of blurting out the humiliating query "What was you jailed for?" as your reporter expected, Mr. Broadhead said in a kindly voice, "Oh, you've been up yonder, have you?" A tear glistened in the prisoner's eye at the unusual kindness, and the desk clerk had made another friend.

Gambling in Oil

The only real good argument I can think of against the proposed establishment of a branch oil exchange in Los Angeles is that there is enough gambling here already. San Francisco had an opening for another stock jobbing concern, so the oil exchange filled the need. So long as Los Angeles may be permitted to produce the oil we can let San Francisco do the gambling. Pumping the petroleum that is worth a dollar a barrel may not be as alluring as bulling and bearing a crowd of dealers that would not know crude oil from sorghum molasses, but it has its advantages as an all-the-year-'round proposition.

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Music and Art

MUSICAL UNDERTONES

THE singularly successful outcome of the determination of a number of progressive Los Angeles women not to permit the symphony concerts to die points anew to the part that women play in the fostering and development of art. In the domain of music, particularly, the busy man seems content to turn the work over to his wife, sister or daughter, and to calmly abide the working out and later to reap the benefits. For two years the orchestral concerts languished, the attendance, while large, somehow didn't seem to yield revenue sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses, and at the beginning of the present year, Mr. Hamilton was averse to taking the financial risk of another series of concerts, however urgent the requests might be. He insisted, very properly, that he could not think of such a thing unless he were relieved of the business end of the undertaking, and a guarantee given that would assure the payment of his men and of the usual expenses. Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. J. G. Mossin and a number of other energetic and wide-awake ladies, thereupon proposed to look over local conditions, feel the public's musical pulse, and, if the results warranted, to authorize Mr. Hamilton to arrange his programs, rehearse his orchestra, and announce the first concert. It is more than gratifying to know that the plans of the "Orchestral Association" are bearing excellent fruit. The number of season subscribers is much larger than last year, in fact, nearly the entire floor of the Los Angeles Theater is covered by reservations, so that probably by the second concert, only rear seats will be obtainable down stairs, while standing room will be in demand. The credit for all this success must be given to the three or four women who had faith and push when the men had given up the fight for education and art.

"The Creation" is a work of simple and unpretentious beauty, which, being largely of a descriptive character, does not achieve the dramatic effects of "The Messiah." Adam and Eve have no character other than narrators, and the solo parts are free from a personal nature, serving simply to narrate the events attending the creation of the earth, and to comment upon its wonders. The idea of emotion or passion is absent in this oratorio, there is no grief, no passionate exultation; all is a great pictorial presentation of a momentous event, and the pure, religious and devout contemplation of the work of the Creator, and the outpouring of human thankfulness therefor. The understanding of this is necessary to an adequate reading of the work. Haydn was largely influenced by hearing several of Handel's oratorios and followed, to some extent, the precepts and practices of that great composer. His nature was, however, less emotional, and in both "The Creation" and the "Seasons," he returns more to church counterpoint than Handel, who, as a writer of operas in the Italian style of his day, transplanted many of its forms to the religious atmosphere and field. Handel's familiarity with the stage gave him a spontaneity of expression which gives a remarkable dramatic trend to his oratorio music, both in the vocal parts and in the orchestration. The harmonic foundation of his religious works is simple yet strong, but the truthfulness of feeling and the rhetorical perfection of the means extended, have made these oratorios enduring. Haydn followed in Handel's footsteps, but in his own way; he extended his genius to the perfecting of the pictorial recitative. To properly understand, both from the standpoint of the singer and from that of the auditor, one must inform himself of the conditions that prevailed when these works were written, in other words, learn "the traditions." In the middle of the last century, the Italian opera dominated the musical affairs of Europe. It affected the work of the English composers perhaps more than those of Germany, which country, at that time, had no national opera, and those who were writing for the stage were disciples of the Italian school. This music had been polished and refined and models had been set from which no deviation was permitted. Recitatives, either dry or accompanied, led up to airs of various sorts, each scene had to terminate with an air, and each character was given only one air at a time, and the principal airs of the opera closed the first and second acts. In the second and third acts a scena was always introduced which consisted of an accompanied recitative, a brilliant air and a grand duo by the hero and heroine. Choruses were put where they best served to heighten the interest. Trios and other concerted pieces were only permitted in the opera buffa. Handel bodily transferred these ideas to his oratorios and the "Messiah" is a sample-case of every kind of air in use in Italian opera. The dry or unaccompanied recitative was without melody, and served for the spoken text, but the recitative when accompanied led to its corresponding air. The aria cantabile was the leading form, it gave the singer every opportunity for displaying all his powers, sentiments of tenderness being most proper to it, and ornamentation was permitted because the sentiments were such as to the mind are pleasurable. The instrumental support to these airs was always light. Sentiments of dignity, of calmness undisturbed by passion, fell to the aria di portamento; while the sentiments lying between these two classes, which, as can be seen, would constitute a great variety, were given to the aria di mezzo carattere. In this species of air, greater liberty of action, both for the voice and orchestra, is given, and while "The Creation" has examples of all three classes, the latter is more generally made use of. The livelier airs, where the text requires rapid syllabic utterance, and leaves no room for ornament, may be classed under the aria parlante, and under this and closely allied forms, the brighter expressions of joy and exultation may be placed. A singer of the modern day, well trained in the Italian method of singing, particularly in the cantabile, meets with no serious impediments in the proper singing of the vocal music in these forms, and while not every soprano can be a Mara, yet, with good vocal qualifications and a thorough appreciation of the text and its demands, most pleasurable results are attained. This leads me to the success achieved by Mrs. Bishop at the concert on Tuesday evening. She met every requirement in a competent, conscientious, dignified and most convincing manner. She followed the so-called traditions in a most intelligent way, her voice was ringing in tone and marked by a fine flexibility. Temperamentally she was convincing, and agreeably so, and the limited emotional schedule of her part was carried out in a thoroughly satisfying way. Her beautiful phrasing, her spontaneity and vocal buoyancy placed her work on a high plane. Mr. Miller has a beautiful natural voice, ringing and clear in the head tones, which in the beginning pure and pleasing, toward the close showed the effects of sustained effort. Mr. Williams' reading was conscientious and painstaking. The work of chorus and orchestra, viewed from the standpoint of enthusistic amateurs, was highly commendable. The voice parts were good and fairly well balanced, and the slight tremor in the second "Achieved" chorus, with its contrapuntal difficulties, was in large part due to the neglect of the basses to heed the baton at this critical time. The young players in the orchestra deserve praise for their firmness under fire. Mr. Bacon directed capably and intelligently, and while he laid too little stress on tone color, he secured excellent effects in the more massive portions of the work.

The phenomenally large attendance, and the actual turning away from the doors of over 500 persons because room could not be made for them in the auditorium, breaks the record of oratorio performance in this city. Those who heard the work were well pleased and the musician who notes these facts must believe that the musical enthusiasm which has so recently been aroused must be productive of lasting good to the community.

This enthusiasm was also in evidence at the first symphony concert on Friday afternoon. It took a somewhat different form in that the proportion of women in the audience was much greater than at the oratorio. The well-filled house, frequent punctuations of approval, and the discernment exhibited must have been bright sparks of encouragement to the ladies who have assumed the financial responsibility of the concerts. On the whole Mr. Hamilton's players presented their program in a satisfying way, and the two novelties, Raff's "Lenore" symphony, and the Humperdinck themes, were well given. For a first concert, with only a few weeks' practice by players who disbanded at the close of the last season, the affair passed off remarkably well. Even the banal "Lenore" march did not sound tiresome in its endless repetition and the quaint Humperdinck themes, with their pronounced Teutonic flavor, fell pleasingly upon the ear. Miss Frieda Koss, the contralto who was heard by so large an audience for the first time, made an excellent impression, both in the Bruch

aria, and in the little Schumann encore. She is a gifted singer, with an excellent method and particularly strong in the cantabile form of singing. Her clear enunciation and judicious phrasing are most commendable traits.

The program for the next concert, which takes place on December 22nd, is announced, and embraces Beethoven's C minor symphony, Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture, which has been given in its completness only by the Juch Opera Company some years ago; the Ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors," and the beautiful andante from the Tschaikowsky Quartet, arranged for strings. Miss Hattie Knickerbocker, soprano, will be vocal soloist.

Mr. Arnold Krauss and the members of his quartet, with Miss Koss, finished a most successful tour through Southern California on Saturday last. They were enthusiastically received everywhere, and requests for other tours were plentiful, substantial guarantees being proffered in each city. The Krauss Quartet will give the next chamber concert at Blanchard Hall on the evening of December 14th, and the program will be: Mendelsshon, Quartet No. 1, op. 44 (D major); andanta av variazone from the Kaiser Quartet, Haydn, and the Beethoven Quartet op. 18 No. 4, which the Kneisels played here. Miss J. Russell Brown will be the soloist, her numbers being Berceuse and Scherzo, B minor, Chopin; Fruelingsnacht, Schumann-Liszt; Barcarolle, Rubinstein and Concert-Etude, Moszkowsky. E. F. KUBEL.

"The Creation" will be Sung Again

Next Tuesday evening, at Simpson Auditorium, the chorus under the direction of Mr. F. A. Bacon will give a second performance of "The Creation." The crush was so great last Tuesday night, and so many people were turned away at the doors, that Mr. Fitzgerald, with the consent of the soloists and members of the chorus and orchestra, decided to announce a repetition of the most successful oratorio performance of recent years in this city. The same soloists, Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mr. A. Miller, and Mr. H. A. Williams, and the chorus and orchestra, Mr. F. A. Bacon as conductor, will, on next Tuesday evening, therefore, at the same place, again give "The Creation," and as there has been a lively demand for tickets since the box office opened on Thursday morning, those who intend going should lose no time in securing seats.

Jos. Dupuy is arranging two concerts, one by the Apollo Club, at Monrovia, early in January, and another later in the same month by the Symphony Club of Downey. Mr. Dupuy has had charge of these clubs for a number of years and they have done much to raise the musical standard in the country.

Miss Scanlon will assist at the Whittier school concert to be given by Edwin Clark. The full program will be announced next week.

Edwin Clark has written a rollicking song, "The Jolly Old Monk," for low voice which will be sung by H. H. Barnhart at the next composition recital by Messrs. Mason, Pemberton and Clark, which will be given in response to numerous requests for a repetition of their last recital, which elicited such favorable comment from our musical people and adverse criticism from the dyspeptic critics.

Miss May Moran, a former pupil of Edwin Clark, has successfully passed the high school examination at Brussels, and is a pupil of Cesar Thompson, under whom Arnold Krauss studied.

"La Fiesta," opera—"home grown," on a home subject, will be given by local artists December 15 and 16 at the Los Angeles Theater. Special scenery has been painted by Theo. Moses, Modjeska's scenic artist, for this performance. The cast, which follows, is announced here for the first time: "Celeste," Miss Eisenmeyer, soprano; "Chiquita," Miss Gilman, contralto; "Wood B. Everill," comedian, Henry Campbell; "Sylvestre," tenor, Hope Brown; "Father Anselmo," basso, Chas Edson; "Bishop," baritone, H. R. Skilling; "Josefa," Zora Gilly. "Bernardo," the tenor, and a leading part, will be taken by a Los Angeles girl, not out of her teens, who, until a few weeks ago, had never taken a private lesson and hardly knew she could sing. Through the courtesy of Prof. Morrison, who is assisting Mr. Foster in the selection of his cast, a Graphic reporter was invited to hear her sing. Prof. Morrison styles her voice a combination of Russo and Avedano, and, while her delivery is a bit faulty, it possesses a true tenor quality, with absolutely no trace of femininity about it, and we predict a great success for the young lady. As Hermann was the greatest magician, so this voice is the greatest of freak or abnormal voices. The tenor role will be the hit of the opera. There will be thirty-five in the chorus, and a full orchestra. A. M. Thornton will have the stage management. The play is laid at a mission, is distinctly western, with Indian and cowboy dances and songs and attractive ballet.

Miss June Reed, violinist, whose fine work has attracted the attention of some of the leading musicians of the United States, is booked for a number of engagements for the season, among them being the concert for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home, on the 21st inst., and at Pasadena and Bakersfield, and an extended tour with Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, which will include Honolulu.

December 18th Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, H. H. Barnhart and Miss June Reed will give a concert in Pasadena at the Auditorium under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. of that city, and on January 2d the same artists will appear in Bakersfield. Mr. Barnhart will be the Poo Bah of the combination, singing, doing the "advance" and managing. He is practicing the "glad-hand" with marked success.

Arrangements have been made for a lecture on the "Olympian Games of 1896," by President Benj. Ide Wheeler of the University of California, at Blanchard Hall, Tuesday, December 19th, under the auspices of the Ruskin Art Club. The proceeds are to go to the American School of Archeology at Athens.

The Memorial Baptist church will give a concert at Blanchard Hall December 4th, at which will be heard numbers of a high order by artists well known in Los Angeles.

Arthur Perry will give a violin recital at Blanchard Hall December 12th, assisted by a trio.

Mrs. Mary Burr, mother of Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord, arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday from her home in Minneapolis. Mrs. Burr is a recognized parliamentarian and expects to remain in Los Angeles for the winter.

Prof. Gabriel Durmerin will open a French class in the Blanchard Building December 6th. The professor has taught French in Marlborough school.

The large chorus of young ladies under the direction of Mrs. Parsons has resumed rehearsals, and a concert of more than usual interest is expected.

Active work has begun on the "Messiah" by the Oratorio Society. "A number of good singers and readers are desired for the chorus, but none others need apply," Prof. Bacon says. The splendid success attained in the rendition of "The Creation" has greatly stimulated the chorus.

Mrs. Hood will give a pupils' recital early in December.

Miss Williams took the contralto part in the only quartet in "Creation" Tuesday evening, which occurs in the last number. In commenting on the production the next day, a certain young lady said, "Madame Bishop did real well, but just at the last she played out and had to have another lady help her out." It is but fair to the young critic to say that the contralto part is seldom rendered.

One of the pleasant features of our musical world is the informal receptions or studio musicales. Mrs. Frances Lewis Hord entertained a number of her friends last week, with Aurthur Perry and Clarence Stevens assisting. The chafing dish added its gustatory charms to the occasion, which was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Granger, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and Mrs. E. H. Enderlein.

The Palmer-Meyer Concert company is composed of Scott Palmer, baritone, and Hymen Meyer, a pianist who makes a feature of improvisation.

Continued on Page 11

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PROBABLY the most remarkable manufacturing establishment in the world, from the point of view of its beautiful surroundings and sympathy between employers and employed, is the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio. From a correspondent in Dayton the Graphic has secured the following description of this institution and its methods, and the company has kindly loaned the illustrations:

The highest business system and thoughtfulness for employes are characteristics of the most remarkable organization now attracting attention throughout the country. That which makes this of special interest is the evident advantage of the peculiar features in a business way for the employer as well as employe. The idea that a factory ought to be the center of a happy, social, physical and intellectual life is a novel one, yet this is the key to the idea of the National Cash Register Com- of the beautiful city of Dayton.

The factory buildings and grounds would do credit to a California florist, shrubbery and green lawns everywhere, large windows giving abundant light and air and thorough ventilation in all the buildings, and absolute cleanliness even in the machine shops, afford the workmen every opportunity to do their best work and live the brightest lives. The buildings themselves are large, painted inside and out with soft colors that are easiest to the eye and attract the immediate attention of visitors. The neighborhood is in accordance with the factory, residents in South Park vying with one another in making it an attractive suburb of which the factory is the central vital force. Vine-clad cottages, beautiful yards, bright with flowers and plants, set out in accord with the best rules of the landscape artist, clean back yards and alleys all unite to make this a model community. An example has been set here which is being followed in many cities of the country. All this is accomplished by the direct assistance of the officers of the company who take natural pride in the increased beauty of their surroundings and the improved conditions of their employes.

The product of this company is seen in every city in the handsome cases on the counters of our merchants, recording the daily sales and transactions of business and saving many hours of labor to the owners. The systematic management made necessary by the register reacts upon the entire business and makes many a merchant successful who would otherwise be a failure.

A FACTORY IN A GARDEN

GIRLS' RESTING ROOM

An important feature is the daily evidence of thoughtfulness in the care for home and factory comfort, education for parents and children and the cheerful view of life consequent upon these things. The special features of this enterprise are free baths on company's time, bicycle storage racks for employes' wheels with automatic air pressure to inflate tires, a women's lunch room where the young women employes are supplied with a good warm lunch at noon at the company's expense, and are provided with chairs with comfortable backs and foot rests. Ten minutes recess is given them morning and afternoon and they leave ten minutes earlier than the men in the evening, thus avoiding the crowded cars. A rest room is provided for those of the young women who from any cause may be taken ill; suitable couches are at hand and medical attendance can be had at a moment's notice. Cooking, sewing and the household arts are taught all young women employes desiring it, free of any charge whatever. A competent instructor, a graduate of the Pratt Institute, New York, is provided for this purpose and paid by the

company. The young women work eight hours per day and receive ten hours' pay. The men receive ten hours' pay for nine and one-half hours' work. To encourage employes to think and make them realize that they are a part of the business enterprise just as the president or any of the officers are, prizes are offered for the best suggestions—$615 in gold is given away every six months in this way. The distribution of these prizes is made a

A GROUP OF EMPLOYES' HOMES

gala occasion for the entire factory and office force. A prize trip to some distant city is offered also to the department having the best record for the year.

This encouragement by the company leads the men and women to plan for their own improvement. Thirty or more clubs, societies and schools are therefore in operation in the factory and neighborhood. The Woman's Century Club has a membership of 250; the Men's Progress Club, 360; Janitors' Glee Club, 24; the Relief Association, 1100 paying members; the Band and Orchestra, 20 men.

For the further benefit of employes and residents of the neighborhood, "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" have been established, these latter partaking of the character of a Sunday-school, but given largely to general instruction and entertainment. The school meets each Sunday afternoon in Advance Club Hall in the N. C. R. factory. Each week a little paper is prepared called "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" and distributed among the pupils. It is made up of the Scripture lesson for the day, best quotations offered by the pupils the previous Sunday, local notes of interest to teacher and pupil and general reading matter of a helpful tendency.

For the neighborhood children, kindergartens and playgrounds are provided, capable teachers

THE GIRLS' DINING ROOM

being placed in charge and paid by the company. To encourage the younger boys in the neighborhood, the company has provided a few acres of ground and divided it up into sections and offered the boys $50 in prizes annually for the best results in vegetable gardening. The boys are instructed in this by the company's gardener, the company paying him for his services and providing the boys with seeds, tools, etc., the boys retaining the fruit of their toil. A Penny Bank to encourage habits of saving, Boys' Brigades to make the boys manly and reliable, Literary and Social Clubs to afford them mental stimulus and acquaint them with social ethics, beside many other organizations to meet their varying needs, all find their place in the N. C. R. House of Usefulness presided over by a Deaconess regularly employed and compensated by the company. Thus is the community and home life improved.

All these things likewise influence the employes whose lot is cast amid them. Environment, the company believes, has much to do with making better and more thoughtful men and women.

The results to the company are a better class of workmen, who remain permanently, better skill, more contentment—hence better machines and more of them at a lower cost. To the customers the results are better machines at a lower price than any one else furnishes because of the skill and contentment of the workmen and the constantly increasing cost of production resulting therefrom. To the people employed and the neighborhood, happiness and more contented

WHERE THE CHILDREN ARE ENTERTAINED

homes, better education for the children, opportunities for self-culture, encouragement to more beautiful surroundings, hence better citizens and higher ambitions.

What it Might Have Cost

"In a certain town in Vermont," said the Boston drummer as he chewed away at the pepsin tablet, "I picked up a wallet containing $500 in cash. There were papers bearing the owner's name, and he proved to be the mayor of the town. I at once hunted him up and handed over his lost cash, and as he received it he looked me over and scratched the back of his head and said:

"'I shall reward you, of course. How much do you think you ought to have.'

"'Nothing whatever, sir. I am glad to restore your property.'

"'But you expect something?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Didn't you look for me to give you a cent?'

"'Not a red.'

"'It doesn't seem possible,' he went on, as he looked me over again, 'but I'll have to take you at your word. Do you know what it might have cost me, sir, had any one else found this wallet?'

"'I can't say, of course.'

"'I'd have had to hand over at least 10 cents, sir, and they might have struck for 15 or 25.'"—Ohio State Journal.

Off After Dinner

A certain well-known clergyman has been placed in a false light by a local hotel clerk, who wrote upon the register, opposite the preacher's name, "off after dinner." As this minister does not get "off" after dinner, or before dinner, either, there is manifest unfairness in thus holding him up to the critics of the cloth.

Mrs. Jones—"Why don't you do something to support yourself?" The Tramp—"I wuz t'inkin', madam, of startin' one of dem endless chains of letters contributin' to me relief."—Puck.

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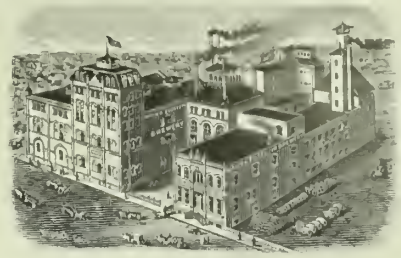

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After twelve years absence Mme. Nevada sings at the Metropolitan Hall before a great audience, and is most heartily received. The aria from the mad scene was followed by long continued applause, making a most successful re-entry into the United States. Mme. Nevada and a company of artists are to tour the country and San Francisco has already booked her for several concerts, and it is to be hoped that our enterprising managers here will endeavor to obtain this noted diva to come to Los Angeles. The New York Herald says of her: "In appearance she has changed but slightly, is much the Nevada of old, a little more mature, a little more womanly, but if not quite so girlish as she was she has a greater ease of manner, a savoir faire, that serves to impress her audience better than before. In short, Mme. Nevada's added years have added a graceful charm to her singing and her bearing, bettered her voice and her personality."

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In the Gay Life

THE Golf Ball came off to a tee. And no putting off, either. But wait till I tell you about that new golf house first. I went out there Thursday—Thanksgiving—to have a look 'round before anyone had a chance to see me. They say that house is the finest this side of Chicago. Maybe it is. I never saw anything this side of Chicago. Anyway, it's not half bad. It's red, and looks almost as fine as a Pennsylvania barn. Only not so big.

Later in the day of course there would be a long string of rigs. But I only saw one swell outfit. The horse was staked out right in front. And was the swellest thing I have ever seen. Especially about the legs. You might even say it was "nobby." I suppose it and the one horse staked out under a tree belonged to the house (not horse) committee come out to do the preliminaries.

I hadn't a telescope, or even a field glass with me, so I couldn't make out the figures over the hills and far away. I gazed and gazed. I couldn't tell whether that was Colonel Dwight Whiting and Mrs. Holliday peering 'round for a ball, or the honorable Mark Sibley Severance and Mrs. General Wilson Barret Porter hunting mushrooms.

Jiminy!

Then I went home so that nobody would find out I was there. And the ball last night was a dream. The decorations were red and green—smilax and evergreens and clay greens and things. There's something about smilax that always makes me want to ask what the dear departed's last words were, but this particular greenery was lit up with some jolly red jiggers and it took the bloom off the funeral pyre.

Exclusive? Well,rather. As exclusive as any thing can be that depends on the number of pennies you can jingle in your pockets—or the two-dollar-and-a-half subscription.

The 400 were there. That is not literally, for there were only about half that many passed through the doors. There were lots of people that weren't there who might have been there and whose absence made you wonder, and then again there were a few people who—well, needn't have been there at all, you know. But not many, for is was really awfully exclusive—even if you did not have to lay bare your family history to get there. In that case I am afraid there would only have been skeletons at the feast.

That reminds me.

They say the place is haunted. Once upon a time, not so long ago, there lived there a man and his three sons and a step-mother. And the old lady made way with the old man for the money. And ever since that the old gent goes masquerading 'round the place without his head. And do you know? when I was out here on Thanksgiving-day morning, for a moment, I had warm and cold chills go up and down my you-know column, for I thought I saw a figure out on one of the greens that must have been the old man himself, and that, after the vagaries of spookdom had this time gone out without his feet instead of without his head.

If I had had that telescope—but as I hadn't—after an anxious half hour or so of lamping with my naked eye I saw it was only Ed Silent (or Chas. Monroe) with a new pair of golf stockings on.

Jiminy!

How things can make one's blood creep.

The ball was a success. But the supper! Warm, and very day-at-home-ish-creamed oysters, chicken salad, coffee and ice cream and cake. And, say, did you know that Miss Stewart is out there with Mrs. Anderson making cakes and goodies? How those two women of Alhambra have side-tracked this town in home-made things. Newberry and Jevne and all that outfit will have to form a trust or they won't be in it.

And there wasn't that cold charity ball business when your sandwich is a "bird" and your weak chicory sparkling champagne. Not a bit. And you could take a breath. Not the hold-your-plate-while-you-fight-bleed-and-die-in-the-attempt to get an ice sort of thing for your best girl, while she famishes and roosts 'round with her tootsies on the chair rungs and her lap spread out to hold a little morsel of supper.

No.

This was all right. Way up in Ghee! Like a Y. M. C. A. banquet, everybody seated and a coon to "pahs the cheese."

I give you my word of honor that everybody got his money's worth, and that the house committee were all regular golf sticks, heads up, (and all hands down.)

Jiminy crickets.

Now,then, let me see.

There was "just one girl" and that was Genevieve Smith. I wonder if she's ever going to give any other girl in town a chance. She's been doing it all herself for a season or two, and, well, last night showed pretty plainly that she is still just about the whole thing in the smart set. Oh, she's in for another reign this winter, all right. There wasn't even a bud that could touch her. And I say, wasn't she looking just gorgeous, though? She had on really the most stunning gown. All brussels net over green. The most bewitching thing with little straps of mink fur over the shoulder. The real thing, too, and plenty of it, 'round the skirt and over the waist.

This reminds me.

Once when I was writing up gowns to a ball, one of "those present" asked me to be sure to say: "gown—etc., etc., etc.—handsomely trimmed in sable tails." I was dumb-founded. Was I blind, or where were the tails? I hadn't my field glasses with me, so I was obliged to ask her to furnish a diagram. She did.

And there were two starved tails "gracefully blended" with some lace and stuff up near the main line where earth and sky seemed to meet.

Jiminy!

But this was different. Genevieve's fur carried all before it. Then Genevieve had some white plumes in her hair that made her look like a duchess.

Every man that dared was trying to get a dance. Mr. So-and-So, I will be killed if I tell his name—had things pretty much his own way.

And Miss Katherine or Kate Landt—always looks stunning in low neck—was there all in fluffy black that trailed all 'round her feet and swished very correctly when she danced—except when Will Wolters stepped all over it to get a souvenir for his room. Speaking of rooms:

I said to the editor the other day, "Wouldn't it be a scheme to have pictures of men's rooms in the papers like that female journal used to have entitled 'insides of girls' rooms'?" Only this time it would have to be other "insides." And then I explained how much we could make out of it. But the editor was dubious. Afraid the dear chappies would be like those society women that "shun notoriety." Then we concluded it would be cheaper for us not to do it. For when those society girls have their pictures in the papers they want to have a hundred copies sent to them ,complimentary—free-gratis-for-nothing sort of business, you know. Then they want an extra "piece" put in the paper. and when it is all over, they want a dozen cabinet photographs thrown in, and then, if you please, they would like the "cut," and couldn't we have it made smaller in case they had "something" sometime and could use it on a menu card?

Jiminy!

Where was I? Let me see. There were some married women at the ball, Mrs. Miner that always has such "Worth" costumes, worth a gold mine, you know. And diamonds? Would make your head swim. And Mrs. MacGowan. Well, she doesn't go out so much, now, but she "knows how.' Bet your life. And the Wilshires, and Dunns and Stimsons.

Mrs. Tufts is beautiful, isn't she? And the Balch's, and Byrne's—wait, now. I don't want it to look as if I had gotten hold of the alphabetical list—and Griffiths and Holterhoffs—hold on till I skip some more—and Stephens and Stevens, Nortons and Offs and Vails. Dear me, I must hurry up and get it done. I have taken up too much with those young belles. Here, how will this do? "There were fair ladies and gallant men in black coats—that is, the gallant men wore the black coats, (oh, my)—and brilliant lights, and beautiful flowers, etc., etc., etc., and sparkling gems—enough to make a horse shie." How's that?

I will catch it this time. I am tired of balls. Does it make you tired too? There's one man in that club that it makes d—d tired to be written up, and that is Mr. Sweartori. Sometime I will do it. See if I don't.

Jiminy!

Where is Newhall? And what has become of Ainsworth, and Sheldon Bordon, and Stevenson, and Anderson and (I nearly said Chanslor) and Morlan and Fay and Jaytie Jones and Dr. MacCarthy, and Bumiller, and Mr. Alphabet Wood, and Carhart, and oh, where, oh where is Rust? Hath he gone where moth and the Country Club doth not corrupt. Jiminy.

You might suppose there hadn't been anything else doing but this ball. But there were the Fixens and Miss Lewis giving a big splurge in Kramer's Hall the other night.

Then Ivy Schoder's big affair came off last Friday night at Kramer's. There's nothing mean about Schoder (now, printer, don't put an r in this name were it doesn't belong) when he gives anything for his daughter. No expense was spared. That ball room was fairy land, all butterflies and things. Say, are there butterflies in fairyland? Of course. There must be. She had helping her receive: Mrs. Richard Mercer, Mrs. Joseph Call, Mrs. C. C. Parker and Mrs. Freeman G. Teed. And, mercy's sake, she had everybody in town there. Her whole visiting list. I believe it was all in honor of two of Miss Schoder's young friends, Miss Winifred McLaughlin of San Jose and Miss Shea of San Francisco.

Then Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter had a swell card party of some description one evening, and they had the Garlands, Earls, Newhalls, and dear me, that list is too long, but it smacked a long way down of "golf." There must have been forty or fifty people there.

Mrs. Bosbyshell and her daughters had a reception—last Friday, I think it was—and that was one of the most—you know. They were assisted by Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, Mrs. W. C. Furrey, Mrs. W. T. Bosbyshell, Miss Edith Furrey, Miss Grace Mathis, Miss Sue Mathis, Mis Sabina Burks, Miss Frances Barber, Miss Hattie Crippen and Miss Winona Huntley.

Those two young chaps, Warren and Robert Carhart, gave a final heart-"rendering" farewell dinner for Miss Crouch; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman had a theater party for Miss Blum of San Francisco; Miss Ruth Bosbyshell entertained the members of some jaw-breaking Greek sorority; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wedemeyer had a large whist party; Miss Inez Moore entertained another jaw-breaker sorority; there were one or two quiet weddings, but why people want to have those weddings on the q. t. I don't see; then the W. C. Pattersons gave something since they returned home and are entertaining Miss Katheryn Moore, Mrs. Patterson's sister, who came here with them; and the Misses Kurtz and Mrs. Norton had a big affair last Tuesday afternoon in honor of themselves—three sisters, Miss Katherine, Miss Christine and Miss Milly (that was.) That was a lovely party. They were assisted by Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mrs. Jauch, Mrs. Fred Hines and Mrs. Sheldon Borden.

I must start another paragraph.

I do not know really where I am at, the semicolons are getting too much mixed and too far apart. I am going to strike periods. Mrs. J. J. Byrne had the Monday Musicale Club at her house last week, and I believe one of the songs given by Miss Gilman was a composition of Mrs. Byrne's and it was greatly applauded.

Another of those "one of the most important" kind, you know, was a Thanksgiving party given by Miss Clara Howes and Miss Mary Newton. Why they called it a Thanksgiving party I can't tell, for it was given the day before, unless it was a matter of thanksgiving when it was over. It was a very large affair, and in two sections—afternoon and evening. It, or, rather, they were all right. You can tell by these people that helped to receive: Mmes. A. P. West, J. F. Conroy, H. Coburn, Turner, Frank Cattern, W. M. Wesley, Walter Cosby, A. P. Waters, the Misses Marie Crow, May Cobleigh, Bird Chanslor, Maude Newell, Hattie Kimble. This was in the afternoon. In the evening: Mmes. H. M. Sale, Conroy, Cattern, West and Miss H. L. Sanborn helped.

Dear me, there were a lot more things, and so many more to come. I wish I hadn't taken up so much room with that crazy ball.

There are the Belmont boys. But I will do them next week. I hear Nora Sterry and Lucy Clark are the two girls that are getting up that dance in their honor at Kramer's Hall tomorrow night, and I heard someone telling Jesse—the other day—she wished she could go, but the girls had to put up six bits each, and she didn't know whether she cared to give that much.

What's the matter?

Aren't those Belmont chappies worth that many bits? Jiminy crick—foot-ball!

Mrs. Edwin H. Clark entertained on Thursday evening at her home on Ingraham street, in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Will Harris of Spokane, Washington. Covers were laid for twelve, and Prof. Clark with his violin and Miss Heinzeman with her pleasing voice further entertained the guests with musical selections.

A new dancing club among the young people is called the Deux Temps, from which we are to expect that that favorite dance is to be en regle and ad libitum and such other creepy things. The club will give a series of five monthly hops at Kramer's, and the following chaperones will see that order is maintained: Mmes. J. B. Gwynne, Kate Kelly, H. J. Kramer, Thomas Walker, J. H. Davisson.

Miss May Streeter entertained on Tuesday night at a very novel function in honor of her sister, Miss Genevieve Streeter. The guests were all costumed to represent different characters from the Mother Goose Melodies, and the effect was both novel and amusing. The evening was spent in playing old childish games, and after refreshments were served a very pleasant musical entertainment was improvised.

In the dignified Catholic celebration at St. Vincent Church, Miss Josphine Schmidt and Mr. Edward Zobelein were married at high noon on Thursday.

According to a high authority, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many, if not all, people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. It has been known to raise the pulse from seventy-six to over a hundred.

Continued from page 7

Under the management of H. J. Halfhill they will tour the Southern country and then work eastward.

The Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a most successful concert at the Whittier State school on the 24th. Sada, the girl violinist from the Orpheum, was the soloist. Gen. H. G. Otis entertained the entire club on Thanksgiving at his residence, "The Bivouac."

Lovers of small stringed instruments have another treat in store for them on March 12th, when the world's greatest banjoist, Alfred A. Farland, will be the soloist at a big concert at Blanchard Hall. Rolla Gardner and C. S. DeLano are organizing a large club of mandolins, banjos and guitars which will play on the occasion, and it is assured that the entertainment will be a rare exposition of music on the instruments of Venice and Dixie.

Unitarian church, corner Third and Hill streets: Vesper service, 4 p.m. Sunday, December 3d, under the direction of Miss Blanche Rogers: Organ prelude, "Adoration," (Alfred Gaul) Miss Blanche Rogers; 'cello solo, Moderato, andante, (Golterman) (Concertstuck—D moll), Mr. Paul Jennison; reading; soprano solo, "Come Thou, O Father," (C. Henshaw-Dana) Mrs. Jane Grey Hawkes; prayer; andante, (Schubert,) trio, op. 100, Miss Blanche Rogers, Mr. J. Bond Francisco, Mr. Paul Jennison; address; soprano solo, aria, "These Are They," (Alfred Gaul) (Holy City) Mrs. Jane Grey Hawkes; violin solo, "Reverie," (Vieuxtemps) Mr. J. Bond Francisco; hymn; benediction; organ postlude, "Processional March," (Batiste) Miss Blanche Rogers.

The First Congregational orchestra, after the first vacation in its history, is now entering the fifth year of its existence. For some weeks past it has been busy rehearsing in preparation for this season's work. The organization now numbers some thirty members and the instrumentation is very complete, in fact, the most complete of any similar organization in this city, or perhaps on the coast. Although the orchestra renders two selections at the opening exercises of the Sunday-school each Sunday morning, its work is not confined to church music. All grades of standard music, from the dance to the symphony have been studied and publicly performed in the series of concerts given each year.

Hollenbeck Park

Program of concert by Southern California Band, Sunday, December 3: March, "Directorate," (Sousa); waltz, "Blue Danube," (Straus); selection, "Der Freischutze," (Weber); "Dance of the Brownies," (Bray); medley, "Southern Song," (Conterno); first movement from Beethoven, "The Moonlight Sonata;" overture, "Orpheus," (Offenbach); selection, "Il Trovatore," (Verdi); song, medley, "The Limit," (Mackie); potpourri, "National Airs," (Heinecke).

Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to Park.

Westlake Park

Program of concert at Westlake Park, Sunday, December 3, by Santa Catalina Band, E. C. Kammermeyer, director, C. H. Porter, manager: "Wedding March (by request), (Mendelssohn;) ' 'Blue Danube Waltzes," (Straus); overture "Semiramide," (Rossini); "Rainbow Dance," "Mr. Thomas Cat," march comique, (Hall); "Le Reviel du Lion (The Awakening of the Lion), (Kontski); intermission; grand selection, "Tannhauser," (Wagner); "Nigger in the Banyard," Descriptive Conglomeration, (Lovenberg), synops's—Sunrise in de mornin', imitation of roosters, mules, horses, etc., Dinah's dinner horn, stampede in barn, imitation of cows, cats, dogs, etc, etc.; paraphrase, "Loreley," (Nesvadba); "Whistling Rufus," (Mills); "America."

AT THE FAMILY HOTELS

The Abbotsford Inn regaled a lot of people with a fine Thanksgiving dinner, which the management says is to be duplicated on Christmas. Among the prominent new arrivals are Mrs. M. S. Eberts, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. W. Robinson and child, San Francisco; Mrs. B. M. McGoodwin and Miss McGoodwin, Washington, D. C.; T. D. Connolly and wife, San Francisco.

An index to the remarkable influx of people is in the prosperity of the hotels. The Palms' business has increased to an extent that Manager Fryman contemplates again enlarging his dining room. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Skinner have given up housekeeping for the comforts of a winter at The Palms, and among other late arrivals are Mrs. King and daughter of Seattle.

Not the least of the pleasures of life at the family hotels are the jolly house parties that are so easily arranged among the guests. Wednesday evening the Bellevue Terrace was the scene of a more elaborate entertainment, the occasion being the formal winter opening ball. All the details of preparation that Host Lynch knows so well were made, and the grande dames were forced to yawn many times before the merry-makers would give up the pleasures of the evening.

At the Rosslyn this week the Thanksgiving dinner was followed by a progressive whist party for which prizes were provided. After this there was music and dancing until eleven o'clock, when light refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Kerckhoff (nee Stephens) have returned from their wedding trip and are quartered at the Rosslyn for a month, pending the completion of their new home on Adams street. A party of tourists from Montreal, Canada, are among the newly registered guests.

Another Luxury

Now we are told that Los Angeles may secure from the federal government an arboretum for Griffith park. Not a pair of them. They don't come in pairs, like gondolas, depending upon the course of nature. An arboretum is a place devoted to raising things beside Cain—a kind of botanical garden. We are told that if the arboretum is to be secured the city must give a slice of Griffith park's acreage of ups and downs, which can well be spared, and expend about ten thousand dollars for a water pumping plant, which is quite another matter. Whatever investment the federal government could be induced to make in city park lands, even such distance from the city, should be cherished. Whatever may be expended for an arboretum will never go to Aguinaldo, and there is consolation in the fact that Griffith park is not quite so far away as Luzon.

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About the House

THIS IS the season of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, and, among those whose culinary acquirements allow it, waffles swimming in the reduced juice of the maple tree. The very word "waffle" has a warm delectable sound, and the article itself, when properly made, fully justifies the promise of its name. Waffles while very popular are seen on comparatively few tables, many housekeepers having the notion that they are difficult to prepare and require much skill in baking. Such, however, is not the case. The waffle-iron must be kept scrupulously clean and dry when not in use, as it will rust easily. Before baking waffles, set the iron at the side of the range to heat, and when hot, grease it very throroughly with a bit of salt pork upon a fork, or with melted lard by means of a brush. Be sure that the grease enters all the interstices of the iron, for if it does not, the batter will stick. When the iron is hot and greased, pour the batter upon it and when the lower sides of the waffles are browned turn the iron quickly and deftly and bake the upper sides, or, even easier, heat one side of the iron till the grease smokes, then after quickly pouring in the batter turn the cool side of the iron to the fire and the top will take care of itself. Butter the waffles as soon as they are removed from the iron, and pile them, one upon another, on a hot plate and set in the open oven to keep warm.

The old-fashioned waffle is that which must be made "the night before." Into a quart of sifted flour beat a quart of warm milk, and half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a gill of warm water. Cover and set aside to rise for eight hours. At the end of that time add three beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and bake in the waffle-iron.

Hasty waffles are made by beating into a pint of milk three eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and two cups of flour, sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. If the batter is too thin add a little more flour. Another quick waffle which has the advantage of providing an outlet for sour milk and cream. Into three well beaten eggs pour three cups of sour (clabbered) milk and cream a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda and enough flour to make a medium thick batter. Beat thoroughly and add a teaspoonful of melted butter. When baked these waffles are very light and should be eaten at once, sprinkled with maple sugar.

Rice waffles are a nice change and should be cooked a little slower than other kinds. Into a cup of boiled rice stir a pint of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted shortening. Add three beaten eggs a teaspoonful of salt and enough prepared flour to make a waffle-batter. Semi-sweet waffles are nice for supper. Cream a tablespoonful of butter with one of sugar. Beat two eggs light and stir them into three cups of rich milk then pour all upon the creamed butter and sugar, and beat in quickly three cups of flour that have been sifted twice with two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Pour at once into the greased waffle-iron, and bake. The most fancy waffles are made with farina. Rub a cup of cold boiled farina very smooth with a tablespoonful of melted butter, and two cups of warm milk and a teaspoonful of salt. Add two well-beaten fresh eggs. Last of all, stir in a small teacupful of white flour sifted twice a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat very light and smooth and bake immediately. Be sure that the convolutions of your waffle-iron are thoroughly greased before pouring in this batter, as the farina is likely to stick unless this precaution is taken. These waffles are delicious if they are buttered as soon as baked and sprinkled with powdered sugar to which a very little powdered cinnamon had been added.

SOME LITERARY GOSSIP

AT PRINCE ALBERT, a remote but busy village in the Canadian northwest, a weekly newspaper is, or recently was, regularly published, in the handwriting of its proprietor, editor, reporter, advertising agent and printer, the five being one man. He adorned his four-paged sheet with caricatures rudely copied from comic papers, and decorated his horse and stock "ads." with rough cuts. The paper appeared in purple ink from a gelatine copying press, or hektograph and its editorials and local news were usually so clearly presented that the little journal was influential in the territories, read with avidity in the newspaper offices of eastern Canada and constantly quoted as an authority.

A newspaper by the same process is the Mashonaland Herald and Zambesi Times, conducted by an Englishman in the wilds of Africa and supported by subscriptions and "ads." from miners and traders.

The most northerly of newspapers is said to be the Nord Kap published weekly in Hammerfest, Norway, by Peter Johannsen, who lives and works in a little tuft-roofed house. The Nord Kap is, however, regularly printed from news received by a ship, which touches at Hammerfest—but once in eight days. Sometimes the latest news arrives the day of publication for the former batch, and then "the latest" does not get into the Nord Kap till it has been known fourteen days or more to the great world to the southward.

But the most curious paper of all is that described by Mr. G. A. Sala as formerly published in the Deccan. This paper was lithographed every morning on a square of white cotton cloth. After having perused it the subscribers employed it as a pocket handkerchief. Then they sent it to the local washerwoman who returned it, a clean square of white cotton, to the publisher, who lithographed and issued the same sheets again and again—New Orleans Picayune.

Each holiday season brings us richer and more beautiful in the line of the bookmaker's art. To the bookworm this is interesting because it suggests the thought as to whether the author, the artist or the binder is the leading figure in the contest. Each has his place but in the selection for holiday gifts which has the first place? I don't know, do you? I simply know that we are a long way in advance of the long ago, and our strides are rapid.

Anthony Hope has attained the enviable position which many authors hope to attain on their own account—whence anything sent from a charmed pen is eagerly hailed by publisher and public. He is Sir Oracle of Adventure. His song

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of love and beauty and bravery, set to the music of clashing swords and jingling spurs, is still as sweet as when he first won the public ear. A writer of less virility and originality of style would soon find his sameness of themes a decided drawback. But a dash into the fairy land of romantic adventure has a charm for all, even if one have to pay by the hour for the hack that carries him; and who is so lacking in the love of adventure as not to gladly mount Anthony Hope's richly caparisoned steed that gallops through Fancy's realm, vaulting superbly at enormous obstacles and taking the high fences of human impossibilities?

"The King's Mirror" is in nowise inferior to Mr. Hope's earlier interesting tales. This last one deals with a prince of the present day, around whom revolves intrigues of an intricate nature and affairs of state as heavily pressing as in real life.

Love, of course, figures at that court, and adventure is in the air from the start. It would be an injustice to the readers of Anthony Hope to even hint at the plot, which compels interest and attention from cover to cover.

Among the evening papers of the United States the Bulletin of San Francisco is fast taking the front place. The Kansas City Sun is probably the only paper in the country that leads the Bulletin by comparison with the morning papers in their respective cities.

The city council had to draw the line somewhere, so the local legislators steeled their hearts against the wiles of a man who asked for an appropriation of $65 for compensation for printing upon the margin of a birds-eye view of Los Angeles a picture of the city hall. The city council has been spotted as a good thing by many persons of many schemes, but the gall of this birds-eye view man is sublime.

Vanities

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

AN ENGLISH writer says of women's dress, "Rational dress appeals but little to the cultured fashionable class, nor do the ultra-vagaries of fashion to the best bred woman of the highest rank. These follow the modes, and individualize them by the aid of the best dressmakers and the best material, without any restraining influence as to price. But those who depend on appearance for their success in society, and the maintenance of the pinnacle to which they have attained, fling prudence to the winds as far as cost is concerned, and adopt the most flagrant extravagances of style invented to fill the pockets of the modes purveyors."

A very timely plea and one that will be indorsed by everyone was recently published in the Buffalo Times. There has been a great deal said through the press as well as from the platform in regard to the use of birds and their plumage in hats, and much good has been accomplished, but there is still a great demand in this line of feminine adornment, and too much cannot be said in its denunciation:

"Not only the beautiful waving plumes, which are the male bird of paradise's nuptial dress, but the heads of the female birds have been in immense demand all through the past season,involving the destruction of this wonder of creation, which, as it is peculiar to Malay and New Guiana, threatens speedy extermination of the species. There is one feather which involves neither pain nor death, and that is the ostrich; let those who will keep to that, and the plumage of such birds as are killed for food, as the pheasant, the duck, etc., but the beauty of a face surmounted by other emblems of cruelty is not enhanced; rather it is robbed of its charm, for it reveals to a thoughtful mind an utter want of feeling and a narrow intelligence. To plead the excuse that the plumes are artificial is paltry; it is seldom true, and, if it were, why encourage a sinful fashion by endeavoring to imitate it? To plead the excuse that fashion ordains is worse; women have over and over again proved their power of altering the course of events if they will, and manufacturers would soon abandon the supply if the demand ceased."

A novel idea developed recently in the art of dressmaking is the gown made on a corset, or a stiffly boned waist, which resembles one and answers all the purposes of a corset, so that none is required underneath. The dress material is draped or fitted on this corset, to which it is sewn as if it were a lining, and the effect is sylphlike indeed, providing the wearer has a slender figure This is especially advisable for evening gowns, and in any case it gives the clinging model-to-the-figure sort of look which is still so much sought after.

Everyday chenille trimming seems to become more popular. It is seen on habits and bonnets and dresses. Many of the gowns are apaprently piped with chenille and laces, and are richly outlined with it. No velvet seems now to be in any great demand in the east save the beautiful soft "panne," which lends such delicacy to a beautiful face.

Boas are increasing in length. A few years ago nothing but short tippets were worn. Then the neckpieces began to stretch out, until before long we shall have them so long and expensive that few can afford them. Even now some of the boas reach to the waist line.

Some ultra-chic wraps are created out of Paisley and India shawls. They are trimmed with appiques of velvet outlined with gold thread or silk cordings. These are especially handsome for evening wear, and make most gorgeous opera cloaks when embroidered with lines of gold along the velvet figures.

Blouses show tight fitting sleeves and much trimmed bodices. The sleeves are so tight in fact from the elbow to the wrist that it is necessary to button them about the hand.

The new range of colors includes all the daintiest shades now the mode, and are more beautiful than any former productions. The water cress greens, the willow, the lily leaf and myrtle, together with the leaf green, are singularly beautiful, and among the lightest and tenderest shades are apple green and pistache. Moss green and light bronze accord well with the darker olive. It would be quite difficult to surpass the range of mauves, heliotropes and violets. Two lovely new shades are purple iris and purple plum. Then there are the blue greens, Japanese blue and tones of gobelin Rose du Barry is the very newest shade in the pinks, which verge on red. Slightly lighter is azalea pink and darker, dragonsblood, phlox and geraniums. So many of the pinks tone into red, such as begonia pink, tomato red and light old rose.

Capes have been somewhat dethroned this year by the popularity of surtouts and empire garments. They nevertheless have their attractions. They are more comfortable in the carriage and less useful when walking. Unfortunately for those who supplied themselves with a la mode wraps last winter, there is a change, an eternal change, in capes. Among the models I have seen in capes is one sable cape, rather long and quite close fitting over the shoulders. The fur is set in two ways. At the bottom in its width its forms a flounce. The lapels on the front were scalloped and extremely full, falling in the form of a frill. Another fetching cape was called "Camelia" and was made entirely of chinchilla. It almost reached the knees, and was cut in rounded indentations, giving an impression of petals of flowers,—hence its name. The Medicis collar was cut with the same scallop.

DOROTHY

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At the Theaters

AMONG the fitful flashes of French pruriency, and "sex problem" plays that illuminate the stage from time to time, it is pleasing to note safe, if homely, threads in the theatrical fabric, whose purpose and whose result is healthful. The age is one of cleanliness of speech and action and the demand is for pure things. That the "Fifis," the "Turtles" and the Conquerors" of today have a run in the larger cities of the East does not discount this view; there is, in a large population, always a filth-loving and curious element, which patronize such a venture, but taken from its stable

MRS. CLARENCE M. BRUNE
Leading Woman with Frederick Warde

and sent into the smaller cities, such a play speedily meets with failure. It is urged by defenders of this vicious tendency and by the "call a spade a spade" class that such plays are not half as bad as the comedies we hold up as standards, and that there is much obscenity in "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "The Belle's Stratagem," "The Poor Gentleman," "The Heir-at-Law" and a number of others that continue to hold the stage. In the matter of written words this is doubtless true, yet the objectionable matter is usually expunged in the modern presentation, but in the spirit of the play, the author meant nothing more than to mirror the period he portrayed. In the "School," Sheridan meant no harm, he, from his view-point, probably had no idea that he was making use of a single expression that was indelicate or indecorous. He takes us among a company of scandal-mongers, he shows to the dullest their pettiness and weakness, and then rebukes and defeats them and covers them with ridicule and contempt. He paints the affectation of virtue and he overwhelms them with scorn. In short, the play exerts no hurtful influence, on the contrary, it furnishes much food for reflection. There are more modern plays in which the excuse for their being, and their "realism," lies in the claim that they teach a moral lesson, but they, in reality, adroitly diffuse impurity and are harmful, showing pictures that should have been kept screened. Frivolity, both on the stage and in the pit, is, to a certain extent, within the scope of the existing public demand, and the play-makers find it to their pecuniary interest to yield to this pressure. Hence the long list of comedies, farces, "farce-comedies," burlesques and so down the list of laughter-making eccentricities, which serve purely to amuse, and have no ulterior or serious purpose. The redeeming trait in such plays as "Why Smith Left Home" or "What Happened to Jones," which fraternal concoctions have held the hoards of the two "legitimate" theaters here during the week, is that they do no harm. It is true that Mr. Jones dallies with the truth, but every one can see that he is lying and even find it amusing, and so the exposure clears the air, but there is not a touch of vulgarity, or even of suggestiveness in either play. "Why Smith Left Home," like its brother of the Burbank, has been here before, and with a different cast. Its extremely funny situations, its clever and sparkling dialogue, and the snappy movement that keeps the action up at top speed all the time, make it breezy and full of hilarious enjoyment. The principal interest centers in Mr. Smith, the head of the establishment who is weighted down and nearly crushed by his perplexities, and in the "cook-lady" who rules the roost not only downstairs, but above the kitchen landing.

In these leading roles Frank Tannehill was as effective as Maclyn Arbuckle as the muchly-worried Smith, while Miss Ulmer was a very close copy of Mrs. Yeamans as the culinary despot. Rose Hubbard, of a somewhat different type of beauty from that of Dorothy Usner, her handsome predecessor as the thrifty maid was equally attractive, and so on, the different characters were satisfactory replicae of the people surrounding Mr. Smith on his first visit to us. The audience was a cheering one both as to size and its hearty enjoyment of the mirth-producing farce.

Broadhurst's trick for turning a witty and entertaining text was equally in evidence in "What Happened to Jones." Carping care flies when the play gets hold of the looker-on in the pit, and while there is nothing to the farce, looked at in a serious way, it clearly has the faculty of making everybody laugh. Harry Corson Clark, as the truth-juggling Jones holds center of stage throughout. His dry humor is contagious, and, a wolf in sheep's clothing, he gathers all about him for the feast. He dominates his surroundings, and while he may fumble his card packs and his Bibles, there wouldn't be much to the play with Jones out of it. He has an attractive and adequate support, and Ida Banning, like May Robson, hides a pleasing personality under a disfiguring make-up, in the interest of the art. She shows considerable cleverness in the role of an antique. Willis Marks as the investigating professor and Carrol Marshall as Helma, the Swedish slavey, portray types that are irresistibly comical, while Daniel Halifax, Laura Crews, Marie Bishop and other members of the company strengthen the situations.

The Orpheum has been showing off a rival to Anna Held this week, with what individual success the preson who has seen both of these importations, can judge for himself. Mlle. Cornille, a Parisian chanteuse, does some really clever things and to her coon songs she imparts a Gallic flavor that is piquant to a degree. The French vivacity and sparkle add a wonderful brilliancy to the ragtime homeliness and the turn proved one of the best the vaudeville house has had for some time. Cheridah Simpson, who does some musical tricks on the piano which possess at least the claim of newness, is better at these than in her singing, although she was rewarded by the public for her efforts in the latter direction. Ryan and Ritchfield do a very funny turn which hinges on an extreme case of absence of mind. The dog act, in which the phenomenal leaping greyhound is the star, proved again a highly entertaining feature. Baby Ruth Roland changed her bill, while the other hold-overs repeated their earlier performances.

E. F. KUBEL.

Los Angeles Theater

Few of our play-goers of the West have forgotten Minnie Tittell Brune, though many have missed her during the past four years. Fewer still will fail to welcome her return to the stage and none but will see the same charming little actress of so seemingly long ago, although her talents have culminated into the genius which her girlhood days promised. This season she is billed as Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, the original owner of which name was responsible for her absence, when four years ago he carried her off in wedlock. Her appearance as leading lady of Frederick Warde's company was the signal for wonderment and praise in the East, where the critics never having seen her ascent were naturally surprised that so young an actress should be so finished in her work. She was without question established the first Juliet of the day when she made her debut in this difficult role in Baltimore, Maryland, September 14. As Linora in "The Lion's Mouth," and Nina di Borgio in "Fortune's Fool," the recent success of Mr. Warde, Mrs. Brune has elicited fully as much commendation as in the role of the love-sick maiden and indeed if reports are true she is now the leading legitimate actress of America. Interest in Mrs. Brune's return to the stage has been augmented through her association with Mr. Warde and the magnificent organization of leading actors with which Mr. Brune has surrounded him. It seldom falls to the lot of an aspirant for honors in the dramatic field to be set forth as has been Mrs. Brune with so perfect an environment. The company this season at which Mr. Warde together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune are at the head is composed of six actors who last season or within recent years have been leading men for their respective stars. Charles D. Herman, last season leading man for Madam Modjeska, Frank Hennig, who supported Keene during his most successful regime, John Sturgeon and Alexander McKenzie, who were the chief support of Whiteside and Downing respectively, Harry C. Barton of Booth and Barrett fame and Charles H. Clarke, who for the past fifteen years has been under the tutorship of Warde himself.

This all-star company opens a week's engagement at the Los Angeles Monday, December 4, with two matinees. The following attractive program has been arranged for the week: Monday and Thursday evening, the beautiful love-story, "The Lion's Mouth;" Tuesday and Friday, "Fortune's Fool," a new comedy written especially for Mr. Warde; Wednesday matinee, "Merchant of Venice;" Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Saturday night, "Richard III."

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One week, commencing Monday, Dec. 4, Matinee Wednesday and Saturday,
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Clay Clement, Barton Hill, McKee Rankin and a Great Company

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights and Saturday Matinee . . . **Magda**
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Lucie Verdier, Premier Musical Artiste.
Mignon, the Greatest Child Artist on Earth.
Hamilton Hill, the Australian Vocalists.
Cheridah Simpson, the Sweet Singer.
Ryan & Ritchfield, in original farcette, "A Headless Man."
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Hazard's Pavilion

"The Hottest Coon in Dixie," the season's big novelty in the field of colored amusement, comes to Hazard's Pavilion next Sunday night for four evenings. From the far East up to this city this organization has left behind it the highest praises from newspapers and managers. It's excellent reputation has preceded it, and rather than let it go by, and being unable to open time for it at the Los Angeles Theater as intended, Managers Wood and Wyatt have leased Hazard's Pavilion for this engagement, and the attraction will thus be seen there for four nights at a popular scale of prices, running from 15c to 50c.

"The Hottest Coon in Dixie" is a lively farce-comedy, from the big success "Clorindy," and was seen for four months at the New York Casino roof garden, and later at nearly all the leading cities. It is presented by a company of nearly 30 colored singers, comedians and specialty artists, including many of the foremost entertainers of their race in America.

Orpheum

Cora Stuart, the English comedienne, with Alexander Kearney and company, will provide the chief feature of the Orpheum's bill next week. Miss Stuart will produce one of Rosina Vokes' best-known pieces under a new title, "A Fair Equestrienne." It is said that Miss Stuart originated the role and was really imitated by Rosina Vokes in England. However that may be, it is quite certain that an artist of Miss Stuart's reputation will hardly fail of doing justice to what is conceded to be a most exacting part. For many years Miss Stuart has enjoyed a commanding position in English comedy productions, and her importation to America by the vaudeville magnates is looked upon as a piece of managerial finesse. Doubtless a rare dramatic treat is in store for Orpheum patrons in the acting of Miss Stuart and Mr. Kearney.

Lucie Verdier, a musician whose playing of the cornet is said to be exceptionally notable and whose other accomplishments in the mastery of musical instruments have won for her rare praise in the East, is given a prominent place on the new bill.

The inevitable vaudeville comedy with an acrobatic flavor, or acrobatic feats with a comedy flavor, is to be provided by Rice and Elmer, who have a skit called "A Rube's Visit to Chinatown," the same being funny no end. The pair have been on the Orpheum stage before and are remembered as exceptionally droll knockabout comedians.

Another child artist, La Petite Mignon, is on the new bill. And according to the management, this latest child phenomenon is easily the greatest of them all. Mignon made a sensation at Lederer's big "New York" theater last summer and New York is about as blase as they get to be. So Mignon can doubtless be depended upon to keep the red fire going briskly at her end of the vaudeville procession.

Hamilton Hill will return to the bill, changing his songs completely. His fine baritone voice will be heard in several new and one or two familiar ballads.

Burton's leaping dogs, Cheridah Simpson and the Irish duo, Ryan and Richfield in a new sketch complete the bill.

Morosco's

"Magda" is considered by many as Miss Nance O'Neil's strongest role. The play represents the conflict between a strong, liberty-loving personality, for years accustomed to no will but its own, and the narrow conventionalities of a staid community. A clash immediately ensues with Magda representing the individual and her father embodying the time-shackled ideas of conventionalism. How the battle is fought, and the lesson it teaches is masterfully unfolded, until the climax is reached, a climax that has few parallels on the stage today. The conflicting sentiments of the high-spirited opera-singer, who wishes to be received into her old home according to her manner of life, and who is repeatedly meeting the obstacles of a narrow-minded circle, is superbly represented by Miss O'Neil. The strong will of Magda is of the class that must either bend or break, and it refuses to bend. The play gives an opportunity for Miss O'Neil to show her great dramatic skill, and she depicts the title role with intense realism.

Theater-goers are looking forward to the Nance O'Neil engagement, which opens at the Burbank Theater, next Sunday evening, with eager expectancy. Miss O'Neil is a strong favorite and a pardonable pride is taken in the fortunes of her professional career.

Manager Morosco has been in the deep waters of perplexity by reason of the many demands made upon him for the opening bill of Miss O'Neil's engagement. While many want to see her in her great London success, others are clamoring for "Magda." Both bills cannot very well be presented the first night, consequently he has arranged to give "Magda" on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Saturday matinee, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights Peg Woffington will be presented.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THE program for the parade and presentation of medals to the California Volunteers by the N. S. G. W. on Thanksgiving day was a grand success. The parade formed on Eighth street and marched up Main to Temple and down Spring to the new bicycle track. A great feature of the parade was the trophy cannon placed in a big truck. The cannon is a seige gun captured at Santiago de Cuba by General Shafter's army during the late war with Spain, and bears the date of 1751. General Shafter had an inscription placed on the piece giving its history in brief. The gun will be mounted and placed in Central Park. The program at the bicycle track consisted of speeches by Frank Sabichi, General Shafter, Mayor Fred Eaton, E. A. Meserve and Colonel John R. Berry, interspersed with excellent music by the Seventh Regiment band; after which the medals and certificates were presented to the soldiers. One of the pretty features of the occasion was the singing rendered by Miss Parson's chorus of school children. Thanksgiving, 1899, in Los Angeles will long be remembered by the volunteers of this section.

On Thanksgiving evening the Maccabees entertained at Armory Hall with an exhibition drill, followed by a dance. A company of the Knights of Maccabees drilled against Company F, N. G. C., under command of Captain Reynolds. The latter company won the prize. The hall was well filled and the music by Blanchard and Schoneman orchestra was excellent.

Co. C's ball at Armory Hall on the 29th was a howling success. Great credit is due the committee having the affair in charge for the excellent manner in which the program was carried out. The decorations were extensive and tasteful.

Second Lieutenant Wing of Company F was examined by the Regimental Board last Sunday for first lieutenant. Sergeant Wescott, who was recently elected second lieutenant of that company, failed to report for examination. No excuse has reached regimental headquarters as yet for his failure to appear.

Lieut. E. A. Reynolds of Company D, Pomona, was examined by the examining board last Thursday evening and will be recommended for appointment as battalion adjutant of the Second Battalion, vice Lieut. J. D. Fredericks, promoted, by Colonel Berry.

Captain P. A. Collins, recently elected captain of Company I, Pasadena, was examined yesterday (Friday).

Word received from Captain R. V. Dodge of Company B, San Diego, states that the volunteers there will receive their medals some time during December.

Captain Finley and Lieutenant Greenleaf of Company L, Santa Ana, were in the city to spend Thanksgiving.

Captain Thomas of Company D, Pomona, spent Thanksgiving with friends in this city. Company D will hold its regular State Silhouette shoot on Sunday, the 10th, under the supervision of Captain Robert Wankowski.

Efforts are being made to organize a new company at Ventura, to take the place of Company H, which failed to report on its return from the volunteer service.

Regimental orders No. 7 were issued on November 27th. Section 1 relates to the Thanksgiving parade. Section 2 orders Companies G, K and M to parade for silhouette target practice at Riverside on November 30th; and there are a number of promotions and discharges announced for Companies B, D, G, and L.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE VOLUNTEERS

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale, No. 31984.

George W. Robinson, plaintiff, vs. May Agnes Jordan, H. M. Russell, William R. Smith, D. B. Fisk & Company, a corporation, and Lydia A. Shoemaker, defendants.

Order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein George W. Robinson, the above named plaintiffs, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against May Agnes Jordan et al., defendants, on the 6th day of November, A.D. 1899, for the sum of Three Thousand, Six Hundred Forty-One and 10-100 Dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 88 of said Court, at page 67, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The east one-half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Nine (9), in Township One (1) south, Range Nine (9) west, San Bernardino Meridian, in the Rancho Addition to San Jose, as per map of the Subdivision of the Rancho Addition to San Jose and a portion of the Rancho San Jose, recorded in Book 22, pages 21 and 22, Miscellaneous Records of said County.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the county of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the U. S.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

W. A. HAMMEL,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County
By STEPHEN ALDEN, Deputy Sheriff.
A. W. HUTTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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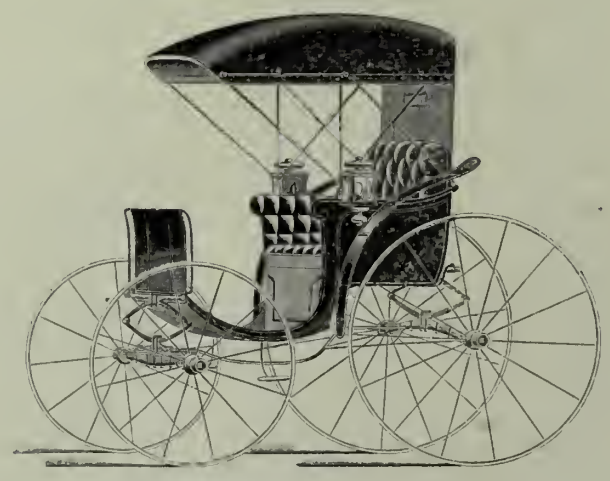

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Volume VII.
Number 24.

Los Angeles, Saturday, December 9, 1899.

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

GEO. RICE & SONS, (Inc.)

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City Hall Echoes

JUST as I expected, the city's water-bond scheme is hanging by a bit of rag from a nail high off the ground. Not a bid that the city could entertain came in response to the advertising, at last Monday's session, when the proffers of capitalists were opened. The mighty "if" got in its telling work, and the wise financiers of the Council will have to formulate another scheme and do some more advertising. All the gentlemen who really would like to float the city's bonds agree in thinking discretion the better part of valor; in other words, they did not propose to buy any bonds from the city until the city has squared matters with the Water Company. The dolts who had promised the voters "municipal ownership" and could only keep them chasing that will-o'-the-wisp by loud bugling, have kept on in their planned, destructive course and now they are brought up short by a dead wall on which the word "compromise" stands out in big letters. It will have to come to that, it should have and could have been done long ago, and the city would have had money in its treasury today wherewith to pay for street sweeping. It is easy enough to talk of the standing together of the capitalists to defeat the city, but by what course of reasoning can any one expect the money-lender to assume the risk of taking these bonds when the possibility exists that the Supreme Court may hold them invalid and that the city had no authority to issue them. How will the lender get his money back, or how can the city, with the best intentions in the matter, give it back to him? The lender is dead right in his stand. "Stop your litigation," he says, "and I will take your bonds. Your credit is good but we are not buying lawsuits."

The authorization by Attorney General Ford for quo warranto proceedings, leaves the courts to determine the fate of both Police Commissions. This favors the new board decidedly, for the Frapped Five need another vote to overcome the Mayor's veto in the Council, but a judicial mandate will place the new board in office and Chief Glass will walk the plank. Much interest will be taken in the hearing of this case, which may take some time for settlement as doubtless appeals to the Supreme Court will be taken, whatever the decision may be.

The action of the Council in hiring, as another "special counsel," the firm of Dillon & Hubbard of New York at a cost of $500, and possibly twice that sum, in order to clear the "blot on the 'scutcheon" of the school bonds, shows first that money is easy with the Council, despite the howling about a shortage of funds when street sweeping is talked about, and also that the city's regular legal department has to admit its weakness to combat the eminent counsel of the opposition. This is certainly a woeful admission that we are short on brains, for, of course, there is no hidden motive in getting on the right side of the bond-lawyers who will also have to pass on the water bonds before investors will touch them. The $5000 which Seymour & Co. put up for the school bonds will be returned to that firm and a contract substituted, and for quite a while now it is likely bond matters will be allowed to rest and the $150,000 collected from the taxpayers wherewith to pay interest and create a sinking fund for bonds not yet issued will be permitted to repose in the City Treasurer's vault.

I think the Council should go to the expense of enclosing the Spanish cannon in Central park with a light iron rail fence. A group of idlers hangs about the war trophy all day long and ere long the great American jack-knife will be scratching and carving this valuable memento of the Spanish-American war.

Another blunder has been rectified. The able City Attorney prepares an ordinance against the encroachment of oil-diggers on Sunset Park, and prosecutes the daring men who don't care a continental for ordinances, only to find out that the city has no real authority to hinder oil development at this particular place, because the land had never been dedicated as a park.

The services of another good man are lost to the city by the resignation of Fire Commissioner R. H. Herron, who, unofficially, is said to have been prompted to this action by the fact that the commission was altogether too much under the thumb of the Council. The squabble between the Council and the Police Commission carried much unpleasantness with it for the members of the latter, and no business man of Mr. Herron's standing cares to be in a mix of that sort.

The wish of the government to convert Griffith Park into an elaborate botanical garden, which it is to be hoped may transpire by the city executing a lease to that effect, will be one of the "biggest things" Los Angeles has ever had. The extensive acreage, the varied conformation of the land its striking climatic peculiarities will permit of the growing of the flora of mountain and vale and of semi-tropic and temperate climes. The variety of botanical specimens that can be cultivated here, and the beautiful garden that the Agricultural Department can in time make of the slopes and mountains of this park, will make it talked about the world over, and it will in a few years become one of the show places of the coast.

THE LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY.

MISS LENA PURDY, QUEEN OF THE PHOENIX, ARIZONA, CARNIVAL Courtesy Arizona Graphic

AT THE FAMILY HOTELS

Tonight the guests of the Abbotsford Inn and their friends will enjoy a hop, and it goes without saying that the invitations are much sought after. Among the new arrivals are Chas. E. Rhone, Pantano, Ariz.; Miss M. Kipper, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. J. W. Bowers and son, T. D. Connelly, Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Miss Shepard and Miss Margery Shepard, San Francisco; Judge A. Sample, Bloomington, Ill.; Miss Ellen Burke, Rochester, Ill.; Dr. F. R. Cunningham, Los Angeles.

The Rosslyn Charity Whist Club held its fortnightly meeting Thursday evening. Each member and guest pays ten cents to the charity fund, and, besides a pleasant evening of cards, they have the consciousness of having done some good. Among the late arrivals are T. Kettenring, a big manufacturer from Ohio, and his wife, who are already so pleased with the city that they contemplate building a home here.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening last at the Hotel Baltimore, this city, at which Rev. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian church, officiated. The bride, Miss Nellie Newel, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Newell of Des Moines, Iowa, who came to Los Angeles a few months since and have decided to make California their home, Mr. Newell having large business interests here. The groom, Mr. Chas. A. Ballreich, also of Des Moines, arrived in Los Angeles but a few days since. He is one of the most prominent young practicing attorneys of his city

Hollenbeck Park

Program of concert by Southern California band, H. W. Coomber, director, Sunday afte noon, December 11th: March, "Gilmore's Triumphal," (Brooks); waltz, "Marien," (Eilenberg); selection, "Fortune Teller," (Herbert); medley, "I'll shake up dis mean old town," "Sweet, sweet love," "You'se honey to your mammy," etc., (Mackie); selection, "Les Huguenots, (Meyerbeer); overture, "Poet and Peasant," (Suppe); "A Musical Tour Thro' Europe," (Conradi); selection, "Attila" (Verdi); medley, "Just as the daylight is breaking," "Always," "My little 'lasses candy Coon," etc., (Mackie); "A Virginia Frolic," (Wheeler); "Southern Hospality," (Pryor); "America." In addition to the concert Mme. Schell will enter the cage with her lions at 3:30. These enormous beasts are an interesting sight.

Take green and yellow Traction cars direct to the Park.

Westlake Park

Concert program of the Santa Catalina Island Marine band, E. C. Kammermeyer, director; H. C. Porter, manager: "Swedish wedding march," (Sodermann); "Danube waves waltzes," (Ivansoice); overture, "Raymond," (Thomas); "Mexican Serenade," (Kammermeyer); "Mr. Thomas Cat," march, humorous), (Hall); paraphrase "Lofeley," (Nesvadba); intermission; overture, "Light Cavalry," (Suppe); grand fantasia, "My Old Kentucky Home" (by request) (Dalbey); medley overture of late songs, (Boettger); sextette from "Lucia," (Donizetti); American Patrol, (Meacham).

THE FEATURE OF THE PARADE—General Shafter and Mayor Eaton in their carriage followed by General Otis and staff

naturalization laws. Mrs. Huzzy of Los Angeles sang two solos most effectively and was heartily applauded.

Mrs. Frank Parker followed with a thoughtful paper upon the recent Peace Congress, its aims and purposes contrasted with its results, and its influence upon the world. She believed with Browning that "God's still in his leaven, and all's well with the world."

Mrs. J. H. Woodworth discussed the old age pension system, giving the reasons for and against, as well as the results of the law as enforced in New Zealand.

Miss Stearns spoke of International Visiting, recalling famous international political visits to and from our own country.

International Criticism was the subject of Mrs. Frances Burt's paper, which followed. She felt that by international criticism, especially of the press, more than by standing armies, the balance of power is preserved.

Miss Myra Handy closed the program with a carefully drawn comparison between monarchical and republican governments, as typified by England and the United States.

At the meeting of the Friday Morning Club, held December 1st, Mrs. L. A. Phillips read a paper on Catherine of Russia, giving a sketch of her life, dwelling upon the wonderful power and force of her character. She was merciless in her treatment of those who stood in her way, and even murder can be laid at her door. But throughout her life she carried herself with a calm, haughty, unmoved

One of the swell functions of the past week was the dinner given by Mrs. H. N. Haviland on Monday evening to her nephew, Mr. H. E. Huntington, at the Van Nuys. The banquet room on the second floor, always a pretty room, was more than usually beautiful with its decorations of smilax,

HAPPENINGS OF THANKSGIVING DAY

THE INSPIRATION OF THE FOOT BALL TEAMS—The girls in their tallyhos

Women's Clubs

I PRESUME the outcome of the crusade against the use of birds in millinery is the study of bird life in certain women's clubs. Bird life may be very interesting and beneficial in one way, the same as the bringing of one's favorite recipes for goodies to be read and discussed at our clubs, but sometimes that much valuable time is spent in consideration of this sort that was intended in the beginning and at the organization of these same clubs to be spent along literary lines. This is particularly noticeable in the clubs of smaller towns, where the committee in charge of the program endeavors to please every individual member, and the result is a hodge-podge program, all very good but out of its sphere. A very effectual remedy for this would be to obtain from some intellectual source in some college or university an outline for a systematic course of study for the year

The regular meeting of the Current Events section of the Wednesday Morning Club was held Monday with Miss E. Neuman in charge of the lesson.

The subjects were "The Wars in the Philippines," "The Transvaal During the Past Week" and a "Review of Lord Chamberlain's Speech." Reports from Secretaries Root, Hitchcock and Wilson were read and the present relation of Hawaii, date of annexation, etc., and the redwood industry of California were all discussed.

Frederick Warde addressed the club on a Shakespearean topic this morning.

An exceptionally interesting lesson was before the Ruskin Art Club Wednesday morning. The subject was the Emperors Trajan, Hadrian and the Antonines. Mrs. W. S. Taylor, Mrs. F. P. Flint and Mrs. L. A. Phillips were in charge. After a description of the Arch of Titus and the arch of Claudius, which was omitted from the last lesson, the character, tastes and influence of Trajan were discussed. A brief review of his character shows him to have been very plain, even coarse in his tastes, and this being true he was naturally found wanting as a supporter of the finer arts. His reign covered the years 96 to 117 A. D. Appolodorus was the architect to Trajan and a beautiful statue of him was placed in the forum. Appolodorus was also architect to Hadrian, Trajan's successor, who according to some history, became angered at him for a slight criticism of a certain Hadrian monument and had him put to death. There is a question about this as it is so contrary to the nature of Hadrian, who showed by his every public act a love of peace and justice. He did not care for conquest but sought to revive military discipline and, to accomplish all that he desired in this line, even shared the common fare with the soldiers and took part in their most arduous exercises. Hadrian was a lover of the Greek and during his reign founded a city which he called Hadrian, and decorated it most beautifully with Greek statues. A description of the centaurs at the capitol at Athens was given. They are of highly polished marble and it is in sad contrast to the other material used for that purpose. Signs of decline in artistic power at this period is manifested in the idealism of the realistic for instance, the protrusions of the eyeballs and the extraordinary head-dress of the women, also the draping of the nude. The pedestal of the column of Antoninus, the frieze of the temple of Faustinia, equestrian statues, the arch of M. Aurelius and the sarcophagi were all interesting topics in the lesson. It was once said of Antoninus, the successor to Hadrian, that "for once perfection of human nature occupies first place in the world." The temple erected to his Empress Faustina was a tribute to her worth.

Having considered the conditions of their own city, state and country the ladies of the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena last Saturday took up international affairs. City Attorney W. S. Wright gave a comprehensive talk upon immigration and

La France roses and maiden hair ferns. The electrical effects (the lights embowered in smilax and covered with pink crep) were fine. Covers were laid for eleven—Mrs. Haviland, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Emmons, Mrs. L. Miller, Miss Emmons, Miss Bessie Emmons, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. M. M. Potter

Rightfully proud is N. R. Martin, the genial advertising and passenger agent in the Southern Pacific offices, over the arrival of Russell Hayden Martin, whose bouncing presence is the cause of many congratulations to his father and mother.

It is with pleasure that the Graphic mentions the receipt of a note reading, "To the wife of Callaghan Byrne, a son."

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is what every one pronounces the Jersey Creamery and Restaurant. It certainly has caught the people's fancy from the number of business men who make it their rendezvous for a good commercial lunch or dinner. The season's very best is kept, and the service simply perfect. The ladies who are doing their Xmas shopping are beginning to find out what a nice quiet place it is for a delicious luncheon and their after theater suppers are getting to be quite the fad.

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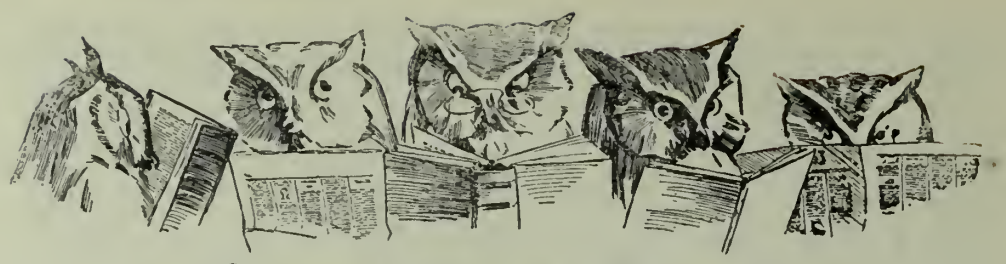

Some Literary Gossip

I HAVE READ a number of Richard Realf's (pronounced Relf) poetical effusions. Realf had the poetic instinct and imagination—I may say that fancy which Coleridge defined as "a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space and blended with and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will which we express by the word choice." Coleridge was careful to point out that "equally with the ordinary memory the fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association." With Coleridge the imagination was the creative faculty and the fancy that power of assimilation which gave the possessor of both the ability to execute. It is a mistake of the moderns to take fancy antipodal to fact. Milton did not so consider it, and thus he speaks of Shakespeare as "fancy's child," giving to fancy that quality of the imagination which is its highest or its creative power.

Poe looked upon poetry as he did upon music as a pure art. And so he declared that a poem which could not be read through at a single sitting was an anomaly. He thus excluded Homer's "Iliad" and other great epics from the category of poetry. Poe's error is that he left out of account the fact that poetry is addressed to the intellect as well as to the feeling—primarily to the intellect—while music is addressed primarily to the emotions and passions. Even that penetrative power of the imaginations in which Shakespeare was so phenomenally proficient has more or less of the intellectual faculty in it, while it is this which equips the great dramatist with those touches which reveal a whole world of passion at a flash; such touches as those cited by Mr. Ruskin, the "He has no children" of Macduff; the "My gracious silence hail!" of Coriolanus.

As I have said, Realf had a powerful imagination. If he was deficient in anything it was in that triviality and absence of creative power which is the curse of American poets. It is as if our poets and our novelists are so enamored of those labor-saving automata which have supplanted in our every-day existence the finer things of life. Even the lower manifestations of the poetic faculty with us—the humorous—is deficient in depth and pathos, wanting in broad comicality, heartiness and geniality.

War is an evil, though not always or altogether evil. All wars are brutal, but not all are base. As a rule war is demoralizing, because as a rule it is waged on one side or on both sides in an ignoble cause. The last Franco-German war was wholly base on both sides, born of hatred and jealousy, without principle and without one redeeming feature. What were nine-tenths of all the wars of history but displays of bloody fanaticism, and the lust of gain and glory. Wars for national independence, for national integrity, for the cause of humanity are not, in the outcome, however they may be in the action, demoralizing, but ennobling to a people, and that throughout all time. There is not an American, who can truly be called a man, who is not morally better and stronger by reason of our war with Spain. For he is one of a nation that has uplifted all the nations in setting higher than ever before the standards of international morality. The only unjust war our country ever waged, the only war for territory, so wrought upon the national conscience and the popular mind as to create a strong aversion to fighting or looting our neighbors; and that too after paying Mexico $15,000,000 hush money. The two were wholly different in the inception, the war with Mexico and the war with Spain. The former grew out of the desire of Polk and his politicians for more slave territory; the sole purpose of the latter was to right a great wrong, and deliver our borders from the curse of Spanish mediaevalism.—Bancroft, the New Pacific.

A Note From Dublin.—"Dear Tim,—I'm sending you my old coat by parcel post, so I've cut the buttons off to make it lighter. But you will find them in the inside pocket.—Yours truly, Pat."

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Affairs . . . The Larger Interests of our Southwest Empire

Bank Clearings

LOS ANGELES continues to show a healthy growth in business, as manifest by the commercial thermometer, bank clearings. Taking a characteristic weekly report, that ended November 18, Bradstreet's shows that the increase in clearings in this city over the corresponding week of 1898 was 63.3 per cent., while the increase in the country at large was 41.1 per cent. The amount of the clearings in Los Angeles was $2,-147,984. Of course, allowance must be made for the fact that a general era of prosperity is on throughout the whole country. But the relative gain, over the gain in the country at large, remains 22.2 per cent., showing that this city is more than holding its own in ratio. There are but twelve cities out of eighty-four reported which exceed the gain of Los Angeles, and most of the other cities are on the increase following a local depression, while Los Angeles has advanced steadily for many years.

Railroad Stocks

The transformation which is steadily taking place in the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads must be noted with interest by every one in this State, for increased prosperity with these roads is an invitation to other roads to enter the State. During 1898 the lowest point touched by the Southern Pacific stock was 12 cents on $1 of face value, and the highest was 35. During 1899 the lowest point touched was 27 and the highest 44¼, the value being but a trifle below the latter figure at present. Santa Fe stock is of two classes, new and preferred. With the former, the lowest point touched in 1898 was 10¼ and the highest 19½. In 1899 the lowest has been 17 and the highest 24⅞, present market price being two or three points below the latter figure. With the preferred stock, the lowest figure in 1898 was 22⅞ and the highest 52⅜. In 1899 the lowest has been 50⅞ and the highest 68⅛, present vlue being about two points below the latter figure. With an increase in value of these securities in less than two years of more than 100 per cent. for some stock and more than 200 per cent. for others, it looks as though prosperity was sweeping toward the roads.

The Combination

There have been times when the people of California have hoped for competition between these two great corporations, but that time has not been very recent, and the hope is being put further and further away. In fact, the press dispatches bring the news that the two railroads have been brought into a closer agreement than ever before, and that the transportation of merchandise and passengers to and from California will be parcelled out by the corporations between themselves with equality. In view of this harmony, one can almost see visions of the Southern Pacific Company paying dividends, and thereby breaking its record.

Scientific Credit Business

Business men everywhere will be interested in watching the efforts of the new Mutual Mercantile Agency, founded by Erastus Wiman, who will be the managing director, and capitalized on a basis of $2,000,000. In Southern California and Arizona the agency will be under the management of J. W. F. Diss, well known as Major in the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C., as Clerk, Auditor and Recorder of San Bernardino county, and later as the successor of Captain Steere in command of Battery D, Third Artillery. His office will be in this city. The main idea of this new agency, as distinguished from the old agencies, is to have its investigations of the standing of business houses made by skilled salaried men, instead of by unpaid local correspondents. The company expects in this way to reduce credit business in the wholesale trade to the accuracy of a science. It would have been difficult for the company to find a more capable, reliable or popular manager for this district than Major Diss.

Fuel Oil for the Navy

The report comes now from a seemingly reliable source that the Navy Department has conducted a series of successful experiments with petroleum as fuel for men-of-war. About the most harrowing tales of the sea are those which are told of the sufferings of stokers on men-of-war. It will go far to relieve the horrors of war if crude petroleum can be used for fuel satisfactorily, and there appears to be no reason why it cannot be done. But to California, and particularly to Los Angeles, this news is welcome, as an indication of a demand for the product of the wells of this city, now increasing rapidly, and giving promise of greater increases for the future. The oil industry of Los Angeles is now at a point where no one can foretell its future, beyond a certainty of continuance at at least its present proportions for several years. Should it increase to ten-fold its present output within a year no one could be surprised.

What Shall be the Policy

What is to be the policy of the municipality regarding the oil industry? The wells in this city are now turning out oil at the rate of nearly $3,-000,000 pear year. They are very liable to yield double that amount next year, when they will equal in value of output all the orange and lemon orchards in the State. Moreover, they will make possible manufactures which will multiply the value of the oil by using it for fuel in the production of many commodities. When the protection of the residences about Westlake Park was the issue, sympathy went out to the people whose homes were liable to be depreciated. But now the issue is beyond Westlake, and applies to Sunset park—a hole in the ground, unattractive, unadorned, unpeopled. Shall the rigid laws which were applied to Westlake be now applied to Sunset park? The American people love justice and fair play, and while the citizens of Los Angeles generally sympathized with the owners of homes about the fancy residence section where these people were fighting for the protection of their property, is not the same rigid application of the ordinance for the protection of an unsightly hole in the ground certain to turn to the oil men the same sympathy which has worked against them? Is it not time that a new survey of the situation were taken to adapt the ordinance to later developments in the oil territory. E. F. HOWE.

The Carnival of Phoenix

BEGINNING last Monday morning Phoenix, Arizona, plunged into a five days' carnival, the features of which included a big street parade, a carnival night frolic, when, as the Arizona Graphic says, "everybody inclined for a 'sozzle' masked and did things they otherwise would not do;" competitive drills of military companies, miners' rock-drilling contests, football and baseball games, a night of fireworks, a cowboys' galloping parade, a day of horse racing, a musical festival, and a cowboy day, when the sports of the plains were brought within the inclosure of a racetrack.

Like all well-regulated carnivals there was a queen of the festivities, Miss Lena Purdy, whose picture Western Graphic presents through the courtesy of the Arizona Graphic, which thus describes Queen Lena's robes and court: Upon her shapely head a richly jeweled crown sparkles in the blaze of the desert sun. From her fair shoulders depends a court train of royal purple velvet, lined with gold satin and embroidered in gold. She is gowned in heavy cream-colored Duchesse satin, lined with white taffeta silk. The sleeves are long, trimmed with point Venice lace, and the collar is of the de Medeci style of architecture. Attending her in her carriages are two pages, Hazel Goldberg and Ruth Jessop, attired in white knickerbockers and black doublets. The Queen's twelve maids of honor, representng each county in the Territory, follow in carriages. Four of them are dressed in pink organdie, four in green organdie and four in yellow organdie. All wear white hats, trimmed in flowers. Phoenix knights, on prancing steeds, attended the Queen and court in the parade and in all their public appearances during the week.

The five hundred or more Indians which took part in the parade were camped in the city all week. Besides their games and contests, the Navajo blanket-makers, the Apache basket-weavers and the Pima pottery-makers were at work every day. The Indian features entire were the Apache, Pima, Navajo, and Zuni dancers, Tuesday night at the Lightburne plaza. Thursday night, at the same place, the attack on the "Sutter" cabin, the fight between the Indians and Mrs. Sutter, and the scalping of Sutter and burning him at the stake. Friday during a fight between the Pimas and Apaches; foot-race and ball-race between the Pimas and Maricopas; the archery contest; an Apache tug-of-war, on horseback, ten men on a side, and the Indian attack on the stage.

It was a great week and thousands of people from all parts of the Territory locked their houses and flocked to Phoenix for a few days of untrammeled pleasure.

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Music and Art

MUSICAL UNDERTONES

IT WAS really a pleasure, at both the "Creation" concerts, to listen to the less interesting—to the public—portion of Mme. Bishop's work, the musical declamation. The utterance of a true and artistic recitative, from the mere singing or lackadaisacal following of notes is as different as gold from tinsel. There is a great deal of recitative in operas, notably in those of Wagner in which the dramatic element is supplied by the surroundings and action of the play, but in oratorio all depend upon the taste and knowledge of the singer. Oratorio, at the beginning, was a poetical composition with a commixture of the dramatic and narrative styles, which since the sixteenth century has undergone various changes, but Carissimi was the first to impart to the spoken words a character and real musical expressiveness. The proper rhetorical delivery of words when set to musical phrases is a most difficult art, for a rhythmical turn is positively detrimental to a sustained effect. The best policy for recitative is blank verse, and so it comes that in oratorio the same intervals, the same progressions and the same cadences have been used over and over again by composers, whose musical characteristics differed in every other way. Thus while Bach's recitatives are beautiful in their harmonies, Handel yet succeeded in securing a rhetorical perfection of which the greatest orator might be proud. The spirit of the words, their context, their meaning are conveyed by this form of music by the artist in such a manner that the perfect union of word and theme contribute to the forming of a vivid picture to the mind, and thereby heightens the effect of the slower and more deliberately uttered aria.

December is a momentous month to the musician who is concerned in the memory of Ludwig von Beethoven. Locally, it is pleasant to note, the Symphony Orchestra remembers the great master by a presentation of the C Minor symphony, and the Krauss String Quartet will play, at its concert next week, No. 4 of the Op. 18 series of quartets. Beethoven was born on December 16th, 1770, and the imperishable Fifth Symphony had its first public hearing on December 22d, 1808, so that the Symphony Orchestra will give it on its ninety-first anniversary. At that period in his career Beethoven had already been shut off from the realm of audible sound, when the divine spirit within him nerved him to the production of the great works, of which when played, he could not hear a tone. It was at this time that he said to Madame de Beuning: "I despise the world which does not understand that music is a more sublime recitation than all wisdom and all philosophy.

* * * As for me, I am the Bacchus which crushes out the delicious nectar for mankind; it is I to whom they owe the frenzy of the mind, and when it is over, behold! they have fished up a number of things which they bring back with them to the shore. * * * I have no friends, I am alone with myself, but I know that God is nearer me in my art than He is to others. * * * Recommend virtue to your children; virtue alone renders happy. Besides my talent I am indebted to virtue for the fact that I did not end my days by suicide." The outgrowth of this condition was the Fifth Symphony, that great work which is supposed to typify the struggle of Man with Fate and has been interpreted as exemplifying Beethoven's own life at this period; an embittered combat, violent irritability, indescribable and savage suffering and a passionate desire for domination joined to invincible power and resolution. The last movement of the symphony ends triumphantly, Beethoven's virtue had saved him from suicide.

The quartet which Mr. Krauss and his colleagues will play is in Beethoven's earlier style and is far more cheerful, although even then—when he was not yet thirty years old—his hearing began to trouble him. "At the theater," he writes, "I am obliged to lean against the orchestra to hear the actors. I hear only the high notes of instruments and voices—I have often cursed my existence—I am determined to brave my destiny, though there are moments when I am the most wretched of God's creatures." And from this great and stricken spirit came those great tone paintings which we, at the close of the century, delight to honor as incomparable and unsurpassed.

Little is known here of Edouard Victor Antoine Lalo, whose "Spanish Symphony" the talented little Ysaye pupil Sada will play at her concert next Friday night. Yet the man was born in 1823 and died in 1892 and has a number of very beautiful works to his credit. He has written several operas and suites and many compositions for the violin, his own favorite instrument, for he was a player of some parts. He has written two concertos, and other pieces for orchestra, among them the "Symphonie Espagnole" which Sada will play, and which had its first interpretation at the hands of Pablo de Sarasate at the Pasdeloup's Concert Populaire in Paris on February 7th, 1875, and later, in this country, by Mr. C. M. Loeffler, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on November 12th, 1887.

E. F. KUBEL.

Prof. Bacon's friends are insisting on his taking the tenor solos at the second production of "The Messiah," booked for New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Florence Scarborough will sing the contralto solos in "TheMessiah" New Year's eve. Miss Frieda Koss is expected to take the contralto role in the first production of the oratorio, H. H. Barnhart, basso, and Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, soprano.

The Athletic Association of Sierra Madre scored a success with their operetta, "A Dress Rehearsal," last Friday evening, all the cast composed of young men. A large party from Pasadena attended.

SAN DIEGO NEWS—Lovers of music in San Diego will be treated to a production of "The Messiah," December 14th. T. E. Rowan is preparing a series of vesper musical services, the first of which will be given at Unity Hall, Sunday afternoon, December 17th. The leading musicians of San Diego are assisting Mr. Rowan in making these services of a high order of excellence. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Rowan will give a class recital at Unity Hall on the evening of December 15th. Miss Guelma Baker is meeting with flattering success with the Modjeska company, especially in her singing, the Chicago papers speaking of her work in glowing phrases. Prof. Troyer, a composer and pianist of extended reputation delivered a lecture last week that was of great interest. The first of the series of matinee musicales was given last Thursday before a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was participated in by Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Rowan and Miss Schinkel.

Miss Botsford gave a reading yesterday afternoon, with the Cumnock School of Oratory, assisted by Mrs. Francis Lewis Hord, who sang "Orpheus With His Lute," from Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Arthur Marshall Perry, assisted by Elizabeth M. Jordan and Clarence Stevens announces a recital at Blanchard Hall, December 12th. The program: Sonata—Op. 12 No. 2, Violin and Piano (Beethoven); "Reverie"—Op. 22, (Vieuxtemps); "1st Concerto"—Op. 16, (De Beriot); Trio—Op. 72, Violin, Piano and 'Cello, (Godard); (a) Sicillano—(Violin alone), (Bach); (b) Caprice No. 17 (violin alone), (Paganini); "Polonaise de Concert"—Op. 5, (Kuchenmeister).

The concert for the Newsboys' Home, under the management of Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, has been postponed till January 15th. H. H. Barnhart will sing Edwin Clark's new song, "A Jolly Old Monk," on that occasion.

The choir of St. Paul's will give a musicale at the home of Rev. Charles E. Spaulding on West Seventh street next Tuesday evening, it being the first anniversary of the choir under Joseph Dupuy. Besides choruses by the choir, the Euterpean Quartet, Owen Foster, Miss Grace Adams and Miss Atkins will render various numbers.

Mme. Johnstone-Bishop has postponed her Honolulu tour and with Miss June Reed, violinist, will sail February 1st, on the steamer "Doric."

Mrs. J. Bond Francisco, and mother, Mrs. Louis Gottschalk, have returned from St. Louis. Mrs. Francisco is much improved in health.

Miss Alice Beach McComas has opened a studio in the Blanchard building.

Wm. H. Mead, Mr. Mason and Clarence Stevens have joined forces and will open a studio in Blanchard building.

George Pike has requested F. W. Blanchard to prepare plans to refit Hazard's Pavilion and a rough outline of the work has shown the possibility of making the old barn over into a beautiful and comfortable auditorium. May the good work go on.

Provided the subscription lists, which are now out, are properly filled, Emma Nevada, the "sage brush nightingale," will be heard the 17th and 18th of January. F. W. Blanchard has carried negotiations with her management to this point, and will certainly be successful in bringing this wonderful singer to Los Angeles. The New York press gave her a welcome home after an extended European tour second only to Dewey's.

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The December opening of Blanchard's Art Gallery, Wednesday, the 13th, will find a number of new paintings hung. Among them are canvasses by J. Bond Francisco, J. W. Nichol, W. L. Judson, Helen E. Coan, A. N. Farnham, Laura M. King, Miss Roe, Mrs. C. B. Turton and Phil A. Butler. A rare old painting probably two hundred years old, has been loaned by Mrs. L. M. Gregory, and a collection by Mrs. A. M. Kimball by foreign masters.

Mrs. Mary Burr Lewis, mother of Mrs. Hord, is going to lecture during her stay in this city on Parliamentary Law and Practice. Mrs. Lewis has been foremost in Minneapolis as an organizer of public charities, church and hospital work and recently refused a chair in the State University. She comes recommended by such men as Dr. Albert Shaw, of the "Review of Reviews," Dr. James Hosmer, Cleveland, W. W. Fowell, President Minnesota University, and many others.

The Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a concert Friday evening, December 8th, at Sierra Madre.

Edward S. Warren gave a box party for the Throop Institute Mandolin and Guitar Club at the Orpheum last Wednesday evening. The club occupied the four lower boxes.

A Beethoven evening, "in commemoration of the master," will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, 2711 Wilshire Boulevard Sunday evening, December 17th, the program to be furnished by the California Ladies' Quartet, Mme. Crawford, Misses Lemon, Knox and Simmons.

Mrs. Mae Priene Russell scored a great success at Memorial Hall, Santa Monica, in concert December 1st, singing Arditi's "Melba Waltz," and a laughing song which took the house by storm. Mrs. Russell's voice is a pure soprano, very brilliant in the upper register, and her teacher, Mme. Bishop, predicts a future for her in opera. She leaves for Europe with Mme. Bishop and her party June 1st. Miss Gerta Hatch sang "O That I Were a Star," and "Comin' Thro' the Rye" at the same concert. Her flute-like voice was appreciated and her high tones were wonderfully pure and birdlike.

Among the great artists who have visited us Sada, the violinist, ranks very high. Much had been promised of her for her recent engagement at the Orpheum, and nobly did the girl fulfill expectations. Her work, particularly in bowing, has created a furor in musical circles, and it is with pleasure that we announce a concert recital by this gifted young lady, assisted by Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, at Simpson Auditorium, Friday, December 15th. The Symphonie Espagnole which Sada will play is a beautiful work which taxes an artist to play it and show its beauties. The full program is as follows:

"Zigeunerweisen," (Sarasate); "Pa ce mio," aria from "La Forza del Destino," (Verdi), Mme. Bishop; "Symphonie Espagnole," allegro—andante—rondo, (Lalo); (a) "Evermore Lost to Me" (1578) (Bach), by request, (b) "Good-bye" (Lord Henry Somerset), Mme. Bishop; "Introduction et Rondo Capricciosa," (Saint Saens).

The Elks of San Diego were the sponsors for the romantic opera of "La Fiesta de San Xavier," which opens an engagement of two nights and a matinee at the Los Angeles theater next Friday evening. The opera was composed by Owen Foster, and the libretto by Miss Grace Bowers. Quite the most remarkable fact connected with the performance will be the appearance of Kate Abbott, a young Los Angeles girl, whose phenomenal tenor voice has been heard by some of the leading singers of the city and pronounced a really wonderful "freak" of nature, who will take the leading male part. Miss Abbott's voice is a man's voice, the timber and quality is purely masculine. With more training she will go into the world and make a name for herself, for such voices are very rarely heard.

Next Thursday evening the Krauss String Quartet will give its second chamber concert of the present season. In commemoration of the anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, that composer's bright quartet, No. 4, Op. 18, will be played. It was written during his younger years and is of a temper altogether different from those he wrote when his style was more formed, and is cheerful in tone. Mndelssohn's genial quartet, Op. 44, No. 1, will also be given, while the andante from Haydn's "Kaiser Quartet," which consists of the theme of "God Save the Emperor," and variations will be an attractive number. Miss J. Russell Brown, the pianist, who has a large circle of admirers, will be the soloist and will play Chopin's Berceuse and Scherzo in B minor, Rubenstein Barcarolle, the Schumann-Liszt Fruehlingsnacht and the Mozkowsky concert etude.

Scherzo means joke, and the Scherzo was originally a light genial composition not to be taken seriously. Haydn in writing his minuets took the stateliness out of their movement and imbued them with humor. Beethoven, preserving the form and rythm of the minuet, so changed its tempo and its melodic style that it became a new kind

Continued on Page 10

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The Barkers' Huskin'-Bee

Som'ers in the early forties—guess 'twas 'long in forty-two—
Anyways 'twas in that autumn, when old Adoniram True
Built the five foot brick addition onto mother's buttery,
That the Barkers at the cross-roads giv' a monstrous huskin'-bee:
I recall it jest as well as if it happened t'other day,
Mos' can hear the cattle lowin', an' a-munchin on the hay
Stuffed into the slatted mangers, an' can hear the stompin' feet,
In that big red barn of Barkers, down by where the cross-roads meet.

Seems like I can see the hosses hitched below the line of cows,
An' a reachin' to the cob webbed loft, the clean sweet-smellin' mows;
With the stack of corn for shuckin' layin in a heapin' pile,
An' the blushin' gals a-titt'rin at us fellers all a-smile;
There was jolly Ruth 'n Susan—they's the two Jones gals that twinned,
Them that never could be told apart excep' when Susan grinned—
An' Bill Remley from the village, with cologne, slicked hair'n clo'es
He had borrered for the huskin' so's to spark Elmiry Rose.

I can reckerlek' Ann Washburn with her rig an frills'n lace,
An' young Hezekiah Watkins, who was took with Annie's face;
Likewise Josh Llewellyn, him as was the lawyer of Milltown,
'N the squire's darter with him in a yaller muslin gown.
Yep:—I see the jack-o-lanterns flick'rin' from the hemlock posts,
Makin' many wigglin' shadders skip around like spooky ghosts;
I can hear the cider gurglin' as it trickled from the jugs,
Runnin' like a babblin' brooklet into Barkers' pewter mugs.

An' I sorter feel a rye beard stickin' like a pesky lance,
Through my party clo'es, a prickin' me each time I riz to dance;
While the thought of Cy Boggs' fiddle, an the jews-harp of Jim Beal,
Almos' makes my stiff jints limber to the old Varginny reel.
Now since colored ears was lackin' I remember Barkers' "Matt,"
Said we'd count 'em all as red 'uns—ha! of course the gals liked that,
An' the jolly time we had a-rompin' round that old red barn,
Would nigh stock me up with topiks for a good three hour yarn.

'Cause 'twas there I popped the question, an' Priscilla said she'd be
My mos' ever lovin' helpmeet into all eternity;
—Wal we've allers helped each other from the start, plum through our prime,
An' our union has been happy as a huskin' all the time—
So I luv to tell this by-gone in the sunset of this life,
That right soon we'll be a-leavin,'—me 'n Prissy the good wife—
For 'twas jes' the greates' blessin' that could ever fell to me,
When I won Priscilla Holbrook at the Barkers' huskin'-bee.

—ARTHUR MACDONALD DOLE.

A Chinese Witness' Answer at a Murder Trial

Recently, on one of those occasions that I shall call a chance meeting of gentlemen in their pursuit of business, the refreshments under discussion so developed the loquacity of the bon vivants that they one and all entered into the spirit—or the spirits entered into them to tell a story. Now there are certain conditions under which men can best enjoy and thoroughly appreciate a good story and the Man-with-the-white-apron had furnished the exact combination of mellowing influence that produced the proper conditions. Therefore I kept at proper distance, enjoying their enjoyment far more than the memories their stories brought up of the dim past. Johnny Wray came in just as the fourth man had reached the climax of his bon mot, and noting the humor of the party, he plunged into the gaiety of the minute with the announcement that he had a new, original story. Johnny was hailed as a most acceptable member of the group and straightway he "spieled:"

"This story is a scene from a Chinese murder trial which I happened to attend one day just at a time when the prosecuting attorney was trying to fix the time when the alleged murderer was last seen in company with the deceased. After much worrying with a stupid Chinese witness the prosecutor finally addressed this question to the witness through the interpreter:

"'What was the hour when you last saw Wong Kip and Die Soon together?'

"The interpreter seemed to understand the import of the question, for he turned to the witness and said, 'Som gow hip ne soung chl go Wong Kip see chew som goi far Die Soon kow sol fow cheun kem sow yit shlem, son wing cum sloi chow foo yem.'

"The witness became extremely animated in his reply, which was, 'Sow go Wong Kip cum foo chow loi sum get lung chung sing loo, hop Die Soon fun so lui sam chew fow goi leun chop gow; tom sang fun song, gow chop tom lung cum soi cheun sop goo low sing shop ching chan sow, foo long sam bing lo sen som chop chop sowl too ling.'

"Without a tremor in his voice the interpreter turned to the court and said:

"'He shay 'bout two 'clock.'"

The felicitations over the story had just begun to wane when Dana Burks of prospective Postoffice fame wandered within the circle. I have an escial pride in Dana, as in him I claim to have discovered a genuine wit, and when from my corner I heard him remark that he had a new, original story, I refrained from making my presence known to him lest the knowledge that his discoverer was

A DAINTY GROUP OF MRS. MORIN'S CHINA Photo by Pierce

there might disconcert him, and it was my wish to see him add laurels to his fame as a raconteur. Imagine my horror when he began:

"The story is a scene from a Chinese murder trial which I happened to attend one day just at a time when the prosecuting attorney (Johnny Wray here commenced to look uncomfortable, and the rest of the party hurriedly emptied their glasses) was trying to fix the time when the alleged murderer—"

At this point it did not take a sledge hammer to show Mr. Burks that his story was falling upon heedless ears, and Johnny Wray's soto voce inquiry "Where did you hear me tell it" was drowned in the laughter that should have ornamented the finale of the yarn instead of the introduction.

The Man-with-the-white-apron attended to their wants just in time to include Charlie Bell, our bonhommie County Clerk—who can tell a story and sing a song with the best of them.

Charlie reads human nature as easily as he can a communication to the Board of Supervisors, and it was but a sweeping glance at the faces about him that decided him to remark that he had just thought of an old story of his that might interest the crowd for a few minutes.

Of course there was no dissenting to a proposition like that and Charlie began:

"In my Court House experience I have seen some funny things, and strange as it may seem, one of the most amusing things I ever heard was a scene from a Chinese murder trial which I happened to attend one day just as the prosecuting attorney——"

"Oh, Charlie!" "Third time and out!" "Three men with but a single story!" and similar raillery was mingled with the explosion of laughter—and the Man-with-the-white-apron was so long busy he forgot to make change. S.

A Picturesque Studio

THE interest of a pretty studio lies not so much in the quantity of bric-a-brac, fish nets and draperies it contains, but in the vital human quality suggested in its arrangement and the selection of its decorations. When every object in it has a meaning or a story, some direct reference to the work or the personality of the artist, then we feel it to be a part of the artist's life and his aesthetic make-up. Some studios are mere workshops, others mere curio bazaars, but when every decorative object in it represents the picture for which it posed it takes on a sentimental or romantic interest which gives it a real value.

The studio illustrated in this page is one of the most interesting in the Blanchard building, interesting not so much on account of its pretty arrangement as for the talent and courtesy of its occupants, Miss King and Mrs. Morin.

Among local China decorators Mrs. Morin stands well in the front rank. Besides having a thorough knowledge of materials and processes she has that most valued of all artistic gifts, originality. Evidently of the Bischoff school of China painting, bold in handling, strong in opposition of masses, yet exceedingly delicate in manipulation of detail, she has developed her own individual manner and excels in some specialties. Her brown and yellow compositions, for instance. It is needless to particularize. Everybody will visit her and find something entirely satisfying among the numerous tankards, chocolate pots, coffee sets and what not. Between her large class of pupils and her numerous orders she is one of the busiest women in town. As she has been but two years in Los Angeles her success is the amplest praise.

Miss King is a popular water-color painter. A product of California, having been born and educated in this city, she owes none of her success to the artificial glamour of "having studied abroad." She loves flowers evidently and understands them, consequently she interprets them with an intimate sympathy. A well-known teacher was asked by one of his pupils the other day: "Professor, what shall we think most of when we are painting roses?" And the teacher answered simply, "The odor."

So Miss King paints roses; it is not the complexion and shape which most occupy her attention, but the subtler qualities of grace and sentiment, the daintiness, the delicacy, the transparent fragility. Her color work is always possessed of a fine sense of harmony and fitness.

Miss King has also done some very acceptable work in portraiture. Her study heads are full of character. She is young and her best years and best work are still before her. If she can redeem her present promise, and no doubt she will, her future holds much success.

A CORNER IN MISS KING'S STUDIO, BLANCHARD HALL Photo by Pierce

It has been said that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. That must be the reason a brass band is placed around a dog's neck.

The Chicago Record puts it right when it says prosperity is not when some people are making all the money, but when all people are making some money.

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Continued from page 7

of writing which he called a scherzo. But from a merely jocular movement this grew in his hands to be one of grim humor and, in the C minor Symphony, of mystery and awe. This great work, in its completeness, perfection and noble beauty is the principal number to be played by the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra at its second concert on December 22d. Other works to be presented are Rubinstein's "Feramores" ballet music, Wagner's "Thannhauser" overture, and the Andante Cantabile from Tschaikowsky's Quartet, Opus 11, for strings alone. Miss Hattie Knickerbocker will be the soloist.

The second of Mr. W. F. Skeele's organ concerts at the First Congregational Church occurs Friday evening, December 15th. Mr. H. S. Williams, baritone, and Miss Edna McKnight, accompanist, will assist. The following is the program: Organ, "Prelude and Fugue in C Minor," (Bach); organ, "Concert Variations in G," (Guilmaux); baritone, "Angus Macdonald" (Roeckel); organ, "Abendlied" (Schumann), Fanfare, (Lemmens); organ, "Andante From Fifth Symphony," (Beethoven); baritone, "The Altar and the Throne," (Tours); organ, "First Lux," (Dubois), Gavotte, (Flagler); organ, Fantasie on Themes From Gounod's Faust, (Eddy).

Miss Marguerite Rombough, whose earnest, graceful reading has pleased so many of our best critics during her short residence here, is organizing a class for the study of Shakespeare.

It may seem unkind to say so, but church concerts are mostly prosy. The talent is amateur and their performance worse, consequently the entertainment at Blanchard Hall, Monday evening for the organ fund Memorial Baptist church was a pleasant surprise. The program was good, and was not too long drawn out. The singing was above the average and the readings by Miss Rombough and Mr. Perry's violin solo were exceptionally fine. Miss Rombough, who is a fine Shakespearean scholar read "Queen Katherine's Defense," from Henry VIII, in which was shown a depth of feeling and expression that betokens histrionic ability of no small degree. The quartet consisting of Mr. Stivers, Miss Timmons, Mr. Hale and Mr. Foshay, was well balanced and in good voice. Miss Gilman's solos were well rendered, and received very hearty encores. Mr. Morrison's songs also met with hearty appreciation. The lady ushers were an innovation, but a very charming one.

The pupils composing the orchestra of St. Paul's Sunday School, under Prof. C. E. Angeloty, tendered a complimentary concent last night to Miss Nina Jones in the parlors of the Hotel Van Nuys.

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In the Gay Life

THE Reverend Dowling owns the town. The Mr. Dowling, you know, that has just come out from New York and has taken the place of Mr. Clark in Christ church.

It was in this way that the town became his. He was asked to respond to a toast at the banquet tendered Dr. Brainerd at the Hollenbeck the other night. The toast was something about a bright world of opportunities for the young men of today, and the speech was the wittiest ever heard in this town. I wish I could think of it. At any rate, his first words gave him possession instanter. He said something about the seeming incongruity of a clergyman being found in an assemblage of so purely a medical character. And apropos of this he related a funny incident anent Charles Lamb, who, on the occasion of being present at a great spread of some kind, and in lieu of the absence of any ministerial body soever, was requested to ask a blessing. "Blessing?" he inquired in that meek, wondering way of his. "Yes," was the reply, "there is no clergyman here." "No clergyman here?" he interrogated again, with a mild and lamblike questioning and looking vaguely over the assemblage. Being answered in the negative, he softly clasped his hands and, reverently bowing his head, murmured "Thank God."

And so Mr. Dowling went on with anecdote and incident, wit and sparkle, until he held his audience completely. He told one thing that was so funny. Apropos of his subject, which was on possibilities, or, rather, opportunities for the young men of today, he went on to say that it was wonderful what progress the world was making in all lines of learning, and—waving his hand expansively over the board—particularly in the foot prints of Esculapius. What a great heritage had been left to the great cause of humanity in the researches of master minds, etc., etc., etc. The world of investigation had been opened to such an extent that even animal or brute life was revealed to possess elements of a higher existence—the nobility of the genus homo, etc., etc., etc. "Why, even animals now know how to read," he said. "And I will prove it. Not long ago—before I came out to this coast—(Mr. Dowling is from New York, you know)—my friend Anderson was taking a walk out about Harlem, and a puff of wind and a clothes-line conspired to deprive him of his high hat. He gave chase over fences and through back yards, out into the open, and behold when he next saw light and his head-piece a

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THE GATES

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goat was serenely swallowing the brim and proceeding to masticate the crown. But that goat was not punishable," said Mr. Dowling, "for all the time he was eating that hat he kept one eye fixed on a sign over the way on a rock—you know what a way they have of advertising along roadways in the east—and the sign read, 'Chew Anderson's plug!' "

The banquet in question was given Dr. Brainerd, the dean of the medical college of the University of Southern California, by the students of the college and the members of the medical profession of Los Angeles in honor of his return from Europe. Dr. Brainerd made the trip to visit the noted hospitals abroad, and to devote himself to the study of his speciality, the diseases of the mind and nervous system, and after an absence of six months his friends—colleagues and admirers—naturally wanted to do him proud.

And they did.

There were about a hundred and seventy-five guests at the banquet—mostly doctors. Dear me, who would have supposed there were so many doctors in Los Angeles? But there were some lawyers (not to speak of a clergyman) as the list would show, if the managing editor had not made it a rule not to print lists of more that two people.

The menu was fine. They say it was quite temperance. But woe be it me to throw cold-water remarks on such a spirited gathering.

What a queer world society is! The other day I saw nearly the entire 99 arranged in line on Broadway. I wondered whether it was a Thanksgiving dinner at Warner's or the admirers of Frederick filed out to shake hands with him, or—what. Well, it was only the non-scribers of the Graphic waiting a turn to read the last issue of the paper at the public library. (Printer, kindly insert the latest bargain ad. of the Graphic. I think about a hundred and seventy-five doctors might send in a subscription)—not to mention the rest.

Speaking of Frederick—He is even in at the death. I hear he was doing funeral services at the Elks' the other night, and I suppose that affair at the Wednesday Club that takes place on Saturday will be something of the same finish. I wonder what makes Frederick Warde so popular—if he will pardon me. I have not the pleasure of knowing him. But somebody that knows says he is such a gentleman. That explains it. At any rate, he is invited out all the time. The "fust" ladies of society ask him to suppers at their homes after the plays, and there is not a day of his stay here that he is not marshaled off to the California or some other swell club for lunch or dinner by some of the boys. Dr. Ainsworth and some others have thus taken him off unceremoniously, and I believe one day at the California he was the center of admiration among our young set, such as J. S. Slauson, W. C. Patterson, Henry O'Melveny, Dr. Lindley, and others. The Moshers I think "breakfasted" him on Thursday, and I have not now the names of the others that have laid themselves out to do this popular actor the honors. Mr. Warde has been stopping at the Van Nuys and is accompanied by his daughter, a very lovely young woman. Did any one know that Mr. Warde is a grandfather to a lusty little man of five?

Mrs. Hughes and her daughters, Mrs. Shoemaker and Mrs. Butler, entertained very handsomely ahout a week ago at their home in St. James park, for Mrs. Levy of Chicago, formerly of this city.

Mrs. Doran, the bride of a year ago, gave a very swell card party on Saturday last in honor of Miss Fairchild; Mrs. Cameron Thom entertained the Daughters of the Revolution—the Eschcholtzia chapter—on Saturday. On Thursday Mrs. A. H. Busch gave a card party at her home on Severance street which was a charming affair, as all Mrs. Busch's affairs are, as she is a charming hostess, if one may be pardoned a sincere use of this much abused society reporters' adjective.

Of course the Wigmore coming out party on Thursday evening was the function par excellence of the week, but we must leave it for the next letter.

The forthcoming bazaar of St. John's parish is properly to exceed any of its predecessors. It will be the society event in church circles and the names of the following ladies who will have charge of the booths is but an index to the beauty and brilliance that will assist them: Midwinter, Mrs. O. P. Posey; Altar Guild, Mrs. B. W. R. Tayler; Circulating Library, Mrs. Sheldon Borden; St. Faith's, Mrs. Gilbert Crutcher; Children's, Mrs. J. H. Hageny; The Dames, Mrs. William M. Jack; The Choir Boys', Mrs. T. A. Eisen; The Violet, Mrs. J. H. Attig; The Poster, Mrs. Frank A. McAlister. There will be pretty things, and useful things, and good things to eat, and the salesladies will be the prettiest butterflies of society. It will be worth any one's while to go to St. John's Hall, corner Adams and Figueroa streets, on December 12, 13, or 14, and it costs nothing to get in; but any man that forgets his change will reproach himself for forty days.

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About the House

A Model Dining Room

YES, MY DEAR, I noticed that it sounded very nice, indeed,—the description of the beautiful dining-room with its delicate china and fine linen, its cutglass and solid silver—a dream of loveliness, I grant, and I was not at all surprised to see the corners of your usually smiling mouth drawn downwards, and to hear that half smothered sigh of envy and discontent.

But, my dear, in my rambles through this dear old, queer old world, I have seen many things, and one of these things is that gilded cages often hold the most wretched birds.

Not always, of course, but very, very often, and in some of the most exquisite dining-rooms, I have seen evidences of keenest heart-aches, and bitter discontent.

Blame you, litle woman?

Not a bit; it does seem hard that one is born with a soul that hungers and thirsts for beauty, only to be always denied, while he of the fat purse can buy all the beautiful things you crave, and yet see no beauty in them. To him, they represent only the outlay of so much money, which he has in abundance, and if he can buy the product of brains and taste, why, he does so—that is all. A very simple matter, you see, my dear.

Do you know, a room is the expression of the personality of its owner? It is true, and I who have been in so many homes, or, perhaps, I should say houses, have learned to read very accurately the people with whom I have come in contact, by means of their homes.

As you read, I looked around this cozy dining-room, with its prettily-tinted paper, its soft, white curtains drooping over the healthy plants in the window, its few choice pictures on the wall, and I said to myself: "Here is the expression of bright, healthful, happy home life—here is where true happiness is found." I noticed while at the breakfast table, the contented, happy look on the face of your husband, a look that said plainly—"Is this not a little bit of Heaven?" And I, the lonely wanderer for so long, choked back something that would come in my throat, as I drank in your beautiful home life, as pure and sweet as a June morning.

To be sure, your table linen is not of the most expensive quality, but it is most beautifully laundered. And why should you desire a center-piece of stiff, formal hot-house exotics, when your own garden furnishes you with such beautiful blossoms, wet with last nights dew? The dainty, soft-cheeked darlings—how lovely they are in the low glass dish, arranged according to the dictates of taste and not fashion.

Dear heart, be content. Your little dining-room is the expression of your own personality—dainty, sweet and homelike. And best of all, is the spirit of love that glorifies it, adding to the plainest food the nectar of the gods, a new beauty to the simple surroundings.

The lovelight that shines in the eyes smiling at husband and children over a plain glass goblet, lends to that common glass a radiance that outshines any cut-glass ever manufactured. And the little hand that is caught and imprisoned and kissed, times without number during the meal—what does it care whether the cup it carries to smiling lips be real china or only common delft?—Florence A. Jones in What to Eat.

Some Egg Possibilities

Eggs a la Hindoo: Boil hard, cut in half lengthwise, remove yelks and mash them fine with grated ham, butter, pepper, salt, and mustard, to taste. Refill each half, brown in the oven, and serve hot on toast.

Stuffed Eggs: Boil hard, cut in half crosswise, place the yelks in a bowl and mash fine with salt, pepper, butter and a little milk. If onion is liked, add a very little, minced fine. Roll into balls and fill the eggs, binding the halves together with the white of a raw egg. Roll in cracker dust, then in raw egg, and in crackers again, and fry brown in boiling lard, like a cruller. Drain on a napkin or brown paper, and serve, either on a bed of toast or garnished with parsley.

Creamed Eggs: Line the bottom of a hot dish or platter with slices of fresh toast, over which slice the whites of hard boiled eggs in rings. Over this rub the yelks of the eggs through a sieve, and pour over all a cream sauce, made as follows: Boil one pint of milk or cream, stir in one heaping tablespoonful of butter, add salt and pepper to taste, and let it boil up once. Garnish the dish with parsley and serve hot.

Deviled Eggs: Boil hard, cut in half lengthwise and remove yelks. Rub yelks fine, and add salt, pepper, mustard, celery dust, butter, and if liked, vinegar and minced onion. Fill each half smoothly, place on a bed of lettuce and serve cold for luncheon or tea.

Egg Salad: Boil hard, slice on a bed of lettuce (if in season), and pour over them a dressing made as follows: One-fourth teaspoonful each black pepper and dry mustard, one teaspoonful each salt and sugar, and three-fourths of a cupful each sweet cream and cider vinegar. Rub the seasoning dry into the cream and add the vinegar, a few drops at a time, stirring one way only. This dressing is sufficient for twelve eggs.

A Tom Edison Story

MR. W. S. LOGUE, the electrician who has been in Southern California for some time, installing the Edison Phonoplex between Los Angeles and Redlands, over the Western Union wires, relates some very good anecdotes about Mr. Edison. Yesterday while entertaining a group of Western Union people consisting of Manager E. A. Beardsley, Chief Operators A. A. Hatch and S. C. Stevenson and Superintendent Andrew Smith, Mr. Logue told the following:

In 1874 Tom Edison was the night chief at Buffalo, N. Y. First-class operators were scarce at that time and it behooved the company to retain any and all comers who could work the heavy wires satisfactorily. Among the strictly "A. 1" operators was a fellow named Billy Lewis. Lewis was a star operator, but he would get drunk occasionally, and make a mess of things.

Upon one of these joyous occasions Edison, perceiving that Lewis was not in a condition to work a heavy wire as it ought to be worked, thought to help matters by putting Lewis on a wire where he would have little to do, and putting another man on the heavy wire. But Lewis was evidently sensitive about the matter. He became obstreperous at once, and started in upon a general havoc. He kicked over all the tables and chairs, and then, securing a big club, proceeded to knock off all the binding posts from the switchboard, and break all the lamp globes in the office. Then he made a final round of the office and wrecked everything wreckable, until he came to the door, where he paused with a drunken leer upon his face, bade everybody a cheery "good night," and retired from the scene.

After the departure of Lewis, Edison proceeded, with the help of the others, to repair the damage. But the wires were all crossed, broken and mixed up generally, and it was an all-night job to get the office in anything like working order again.

When the day manager came on in the morning lapidation that had taken place. He asked Edison what kind of a cyclone had struck the place.

"Well," said Edison, "Billy Lewis was drunk again last night." The day manager took another he found a great many evidences of the general dilook at the general destruction, scratched his head, looked wise, and finally remarked: "Say, you tell Lewis that if he ever does a thing like this again, I'll fire him." H.

Vanities

Of the fads and ashions of Both Sexes

A Revolution in Superstitions

FOR a long time it was supposed that thirteen was an unlucky number, and that the opal would bring all kinds of bad luck to the possessor, etc. But all this has changed now, like the peacock feather and the Boston beau, and thirteen is considered the luckiest of all numbers. In fact, an ambitious and wideawake young lady recently issued invitations to a "hoodoo" lunch party on the thirteenth of the month to thirteen young lady friends including herself. All the old signs of ill-luck, such as passing under a ladder, opening umbrellas in the house, spilling salt, etc., were proven to be sure signs of good luck.

Until recently it was considered almost reckless to wear an opal unless it happened to be one's birth stone, when they were looked upon as talismen of good luck, bringing happiness and good fortune to the possessor; otherwise they were avoided the same as an inverted horeshoe. The opal is now cut in the shape of a heart and given to a friend or sweetheart as a token of enduring affection.

Any sharp blade is an appropriate gift for a friend nowadays, and to be strickly lucky during the month you must see the new moon over your left shoulder instead of the right and make your wish.

Every woman is interested in the question of furs, and naturally so, when nothing is more becoming to a young face or a face that is growing old than the various kinds of furs. It is useless to spend money on cheap furs, and as the genuine high grade furs are very dear, it is needless to say that the woman with a good and beautiful supply of furs is indeed to be envied. There are a number of kinds of furs which are used for wraps and probably the most expensive and elegant of all is the ermine, which was formally monopolized by the royalty and nobility of Europe. The ermine is a very small animal, the length of its body being only from eight to ten inches. It is found at its greatest beauty only in the coldest parts of Russia and Siberia, and the finest skins come from the Province of Yokutsk. For boas and victorins this winter silver fox, Russian sable and Hudson Bay sable are used. The sable is valuable in proportion as it is dark in color. If it is dark it is termed imperial Russian sable, and was formerly retained for the exclusive use of the imperial family of Russia. There are many grades of sable, some of them being comparatively low in price, although always beautiful. The Hudson Bay sable is indigenous to North America, but only in the northern latitudes. Its color is light brown like its Russian prototype, but of a rather reddish hue. Another favorite fur is chinchilla. The chinchilla is also a little animal from eight to ten inches in length and belongs to the genus Jerboidae. It produces the most delicate silken fur of all the fur-bearing animals. The skins obtained from Chili are the best.

The Persian lamb is another fur used a great deal and the Persian sheep is one of the most ancient of all breeds. Its color is black, brown and sometimes white and the skin of the lamb is very beautiful and curly. As used these skins are all dyed a brilliant black and this can only be done in Germany. The skins called broad-tail or moire are taken before birth, the parent animal's life being sacrificed for this purpose. Seal and mink are also very desirable as well as very expensive.

The fur seal has a coat of gray hair, with a downy undergrowth of wool, yellowish in color. The outer gray hairs are plucked out in treatment, leaving only the yellowish down, which is then colored, and this constitutes the skins from which seal skin jackets, etc., are made. This process is properly understood and worked in England, and by experienced persons. It is therefor obvious that purchases of seal garments should not be indiscriminately made. The Alaska seal is most highly valued, the so-called Northwest coast seals being about identical as to quality. Those from Copper Island are next in importance, while the Lobos Island and Japanese seals are inferior in quality. The Shetland seal, now almost unknown, is a skin of great beauty, but not so durable as the Alaskan.

In fox furs the rarest and costliest is that of the silver fox and although it is found on two continents, on an average of only about two thousand skins are annually secured. The fur is soft and silky, and the darkest skins are most valuable. The cross fox ranks next in the commercial scale and the darkest skins can hardly be distinguished from those of the lighter silver fox. The blue fox is found in the Alaskan islands, Labrador and Greenland. The gray fox is more common and is found in Virginia and many Southern States.

A pretty idea for a black silk or heavy satin waist was shown me recently and it was so elegant in effect that I think some of my readers may like to know about it. The goods was all tucked and trimmed before the waist was cut out. There was a cluster of seven pin-head tucks set right together and then one row of black velvet baby ribbon was sitched down on both edges and then came another cluster of tucks and so on all down the goods. The effect was that of heavy chenille and was strictly elegant.

We have not heard very much about the kissing bug in the far West until just lately and now they are coming, but this time as a friend and not an enemy to the faddish girl. They are beautiful, sparkling little things, their bodies all studded with real and imitation jewels and my lady is pleased to have them all about her, in her corsage, on her chatelaine, and even in her hair. They have little patent clasps sometimes and are convenient devices for holding in place the stray locks of hair.

This clasp reminds me of the Prince of Wales weakness for the frivolous. He has adopted what he calls the Prince Albert clasp. It is a very elegantly jeweled affair about the size of a half dollar worn about half way down the coat front to hold the coat together when he does not want it buttoned up snugly.

The shirred ribbon is no longer the correct hair adornment, but little gauzy butterflies have taken its place. Sometimes just one large butterfly is worn and sometimes there will be several tiny butterflies scattered all through the coiffure. These ornaments are hand painted and others sometimes studded with rhinestones and irridescent stones.

Massive combs are for the present out of fashion and for evening wear when the hair is done high the knot is encircled with a band of gold with a feathery white aigrette attached to the front or one side.

The newest thing in a bicycle or golf legging for both men and women is in the form of a ribbon bandage wound about the leg in the same manner as a bandage in the case of an injury. It is made of very thin but tough material about two inches wide and four yards long. At the top there is a narrow leather strap with buckle to be fastened snugly about the leg just below the knee. It is said of these bandage leggings that they fit more closely and look neater than any other kind while they yield to every motion of the muscles.

Instead of the stiff "made-up" bouquets formerly carried by brides, sweet girl graduates or debutantes, the new and prettier custom calls for long-stemmed, loosely-tied bunches of one variety of flowers only. Another idea that comes from abroad is a big bow of broad satin ribbon to which flowers and foliage are attached, drooping loosely on each side.

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At the Theaters

FREDERICK WARDE has been here so often that it seems almost out of order to subject him to the scrutiny of a critical view. We know his merits and his failings; we admire his many strong points and we are loth to think or speak deprecatingly of him when his weaknesses are forced upon us. His Paul di Novarro, and his Shylock are the most living characterizations, and while the former is cause for a serious contemplation of the wonderful juvenility which this actor preserves, the latter gives us pleasure in the opportunity it affords him for an admirable delivery of weighty lines fraught with shifting and strong emotions. While not of the highest rank of actors within the recollection of the theater-goer, Frederick Warde today occupies a position that few, unless it be Richard Mansfield, are in the field to dispute. The performance of the classic drama is somewhat neglected, and its personators of talent particularly of the masculine gender, are few. We have in this country no Irving, and we are now in a leaden period, the shadow of that golden age of acting which began with Burbage, and of which Henry Irving is the last representative. There are, I fear, too many nowadays who voice Lord Byron's snarling opinion that Shakespeare was "a damned humbug." Irving in one of his lectures said that "the fortunate actor is the actor who works" and in that regard Frederick Warde is fortunate. He is energetic, vitalizing and assiduous, and while he lacks that power to thrill which belongs to genius, he yet satisfies us by the pictures he and those about him present. His Shylock is a carefully drawn, consistent and convincing creature, in whom his good as well as his bad traits are carefully laid bare; his Richard we have seen repeatedly, and while it is not strikingly different from the traditional drawing, yet has a certain character of its own; his Romeo is unfortunate, and his Virginius a reflection; his Paul di Navarro is perhaps the best liked in that the picturesque and the romantic is most thrust forward. In his new play, "Fortune's Fool," Mr. Warde develops new traits, which do not, however, present the interest that lies in the older and more familiar roles. It is a long call from "She" at Hazard's Pavilion a decade or so ago to Shakespearean roles, but Minnie Tittell has made this course in a satisfactory way. She is a conscientious actress, with a good vocal delivery and a refined sensibility that commends her work strongly. Her emotional expositions are not stormy or explosive, but they appeal strongly by virtue of their sincerity. She is conscientious to a fault, she has mastered the purport of her lines, and, to her best ability, she endows them with life. Her Portia was a most satisfying personality, more so than the none too youthful Juliet, and in this she showed best what her capabilities are. On the whole she made an excellent impression on those who remember her best as the slip of a girl who stepped into the fire when her sister Charlotte ended her career of "She," and who have watched with more than passing interest the histrionic development of the three California girls. Mr. Herman is a sterling actor whose work is always to be praised. His long association with Mr. Warde enables him to make an excellent foil to that actor and between them they arrest and hold the public interest. Mr. Herman is reliable, unusually painstaking and as conscientious a man as ever donned buskin. May Warde, even in the minor roles, showed by her cleverness her descent and she is a valuable member of the company, which is adequate for what it is called upon to do.

There is the same immaturity in Nance O'Neil's limning of "Peg Woffington" that there is in nearly all of her characters, yet there is the same force and fire. She is no gelid creature, the blood is warm in her veins. She is frankly vital, tremulous with a sensibility that could be more delicately expressed, who yet in her very passion presents a definite dramatic picture, although her art could be polished into a better symmetry.

In portraying the capricious Peg, Miss O'Neil struck sharply and firmly, but without that delicacy which, in her last act, is so effective in showing the sweet womanliness which draws people to her. In turbulency she is strong, in the finer traits she lacks that high art which comes with time and training. As a matter of fact the Triplet of Mr. Barton stood out as a gem so serene that it dimmed the lustre of the star. It was the actor of the "golden age," who with his craft, his ease and his keen perception of the requirements, to the tiniest detail, gives you the feeling that modern "acting" is a sham and a pretense. Mr. Hill commanded the stage by his beautiful work, and warmed the hearts of those who cherish with a tender affection the memory of the great artists of a past age among whom Mr. Hill had his schooling. Mr. Clement, while clever in the curtain raiser, was not at his best as the fop. What little they had to do, the two children, little Margot and Gladys, pupils of Mr. Dobinson's school, did with good discernment and effect.

Nance O'Neil's "Magda" is a characterization which differs radically from that which the more experienced and more delicate-strung Mme. Modjeska has made us familiar with. The reverence and implicit obedience accorded the hausvater in Germany serves this Magda but as a spur to rebellion; she feels out of place, out of sorts, and out of patience in the unchanged and stifling atmosphere of her earlier home. She is the same rebel who threw off the shackles of parental constraint; the world has not tamed her or taught her tact. Miss O'Neil needs action and plenty of it to show her best qualities, the quiet home cabins and throttles her. Even in her intensity she shows that her artificial life——as compared with the terribly prosaic one she has left—has not taught Magda wisdom; the parental power has not lost its force, and habit, so long thrust aside, resumes its control but in a distorted way. Modjeska preserves a quiet evenness of demeanor, and her passionate protests are shown in a fitting, subdued light. You do not expect this of Nance O'Neil and you are not disappointed. Like a healthy newsboy, her Magda seems constantly to be "looking for a scrap" and she tells you too plainly that she is holding her feelings in leash, that they are ever ready to break through the thin covering. The stormy scenes are thereby made to be unpleasantly emphatic, and this American Magda makes but a weak appeal to those who are familiar with the domestic customs and laws of the vaterland, in which a powerful humanity dominates every domiciliary situation.

As the pastor Mr. Clay Clement at times divided the honors with the star, and he presented the part with the dignity and impressiveness that was to be expected from so competent an actor.

In both plays the stage settgings were admirable.

At the Orpheum there were a number of turns, which, far from startling, were enjoyable. Cora Stuart, who has revived Rosina Vokes' "A Fair Equestrienne," lacks the talent and verve of that greatly missed comedienne, although she makes the skit interesting; Little Mignon, quite the tiniest of the "child-wonders" that have been appearing on this stage for some time past, was taken to in a most appreciative spirit; Rice and Elmer are clever gymnasts; Cheridah Simpson, whose voice clearly shows earlier and greater possibilities, repeated last week's turn; Burton's dogs arouse as much interest and enthusiasm as ever, while other hold-overs serve to fill out the program.

E. F. KUBEL.

NANCE O'NEIL IN THE JEWESS—AT MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

THE PRINCIPALS IN THE OPERA "LA FIESTA DE SAN XAUIER" Photo by Marceau

Trained Animal Show

Norris Bros.' big trained animal show will begin a week's engagement in Los Angeles Monday afternoon, Dec. 11th, under their large waterproof tents, which will be located on Eleventh street, between Flower and Figueroa streets. The entertainment consists of trained dogs, elephants, zebras, monkeys, goats, ponies and sacred cows, and the collection numbers over 200 animal actors.

MURRAY AND MACK AT THE LOS ANGELES THEATER

The show has visited this city on several occasions and each visit it has been enlarged and improved. The management claims that the show is now twice larger than ever before and that every act is new. The Norris Bros. present an entertainment that is amusing, clean, moral and instructive, and as a result of their endeavors to give the public a good, clean moral show, they are getting rich fast. Their entertainment is patronized by society and church-goers in general. The have a field all to themselves. Two performances will be given daily at 3 and 8 p. m. A grand free street parade will be given Monday morning at 11 o'clock, at which time the entire company of over 200 animal actors will be seen.

Los Angeles Theater

A season on the coast circuit, without a visit from those happy comedians, Murray & Mack, would be like dinner without dessert. Something would be missing. It will, therefore, be agreeable news doubtless to announce their forthcoming engagement in this city at the Los Angeles Theater for four nights and Wednesday matinee, commencing Sunday evening, December 10th, when they will give us that side-splitting absurdity "Finnigan's Ball," which has served as a good vehicle for these comedians for several seasons. That the public does not seem to weary of its broad humor, its funny lines and ridiculous situations is proved by its continued success. This season is said to be the most prosperous it has ever enjoyed, remarkable in a way, because farce comedies as a rule lose their drawing qualities after a season or two, but "Finnigan's Ball" today after several seasons touring by two different companies, is making more money for its proprietors than at any time in its history. This is in a measure due to the resources and productive qualities of Murray & Mack, who are conceded to be two of the most clever producers of farce in America. They are constantly at work adding new features and never an opportunity to extract a laugh from their audience escapes them.

Orpheum

In the eloquent language of the street, next week's bill is to be "all right!" A lot of new acts are promised and there is plenty of variety noted in the offerings. Pete Baker, the f remost German dialect comedian in the country, heads the bill. Baker is he of the "Chris and Lena fame. His songs and stories will doubtless be one of the most enjoyable features of the bill. Albini, the king of conjurers, is coming next week. It has been a long time since an act of this character was given a place on the Orpheum's program, so Albini's work will be novel and fresh. A. D. Robbins, the best trick cyclist in the land, will provide an interesting novelty.. Ruth Nelta, a singing comedienne, with her real Filipino boy, is the last of the newcomers. Those who will be held over are: Cora Stuart and Alex. Kearney in "The Fair Equestrienne;" Lucie Verdier, cornetist; Rice and Elmer, funny acrobats; and Mignon, the child artist.

Morosco's

The bill to be presented at Morosco's Burbank theater next week is a very strong one, Miss O'Neil appearing in two of her strongest characters. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee "The Jewess" will be presented, with Nance O'Neil as "Leah, the Jewess," a part in which she stands without a rival. This play has stood the test of time, and is as powerful an emotional drama as any ever presented upon the stage, and in the interpretation of the leading role Miss O'Neil has been pronounced by the press as being absolutely perfect, giving her ample opportunity to show her great powers. In the curse scene of the third act she rises into such impressiveness that she wins hearty spontaneous recalls. The play will be presented with new scenery, painted by Manager Morosco's corps of scenic artists especially for this production, and the full strength of the company will be in the cast. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," in which Miss O'Neil impersonates "Lady Teasle," will be the bill. Miss O'Neil's powers as a comedienne, as well as a tragedienne, are well known, and a delightful performance of this fine comedy can be expected. Mr. Clay Clement will appear as the leading support in both plays.

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C. M. Wood and H. C. Wyatt, Lessees.

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Miss Zoe Gilly, sop. Mr Ben Davis
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Cora Stuart and Alex Kearney in "A Fair Equestrienne."
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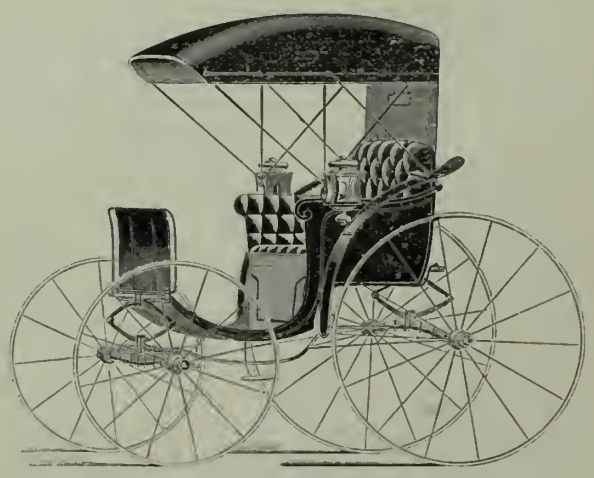

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WESTERN GRAPHIC

Volume VII. Number 25. | Los Angeles, Saturday, December 16, 1899. | 10 Cents a Copy

Christmas Time

BY WINFIELD HOGABOOM

I AM to write something about Christmas. It is a grand subject. All pens have touched it. The golden-pointed pens of poets, dipped in radient sunbeams, the sharp-pointed pens of cynics, dipped in midnight, have touched it. Glorious tales of this happiest day of all the year have been told many times, and many times more. But there is something left to tell, I know, though the memories of so many happy Christmas times come trooping into my mind that it is well-nigh impossible for me to write at all, because they crowd everything else out. I may venture to say, I think, that there never was, and there never will be, another day in the calender—calendars past, calendars present and calendars future—that can compare in joyousness for all mankind to Christmas day; the day, we are told, when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

My earliest recollection is of a Christmas day. And, strangely enough, the incidents of that festive occasion are as vivid to me now as are the occurrences of yesterday.

I remember that we all awoke at the same instant. The pale light of approaching day was streaming through the windows, thick coated with a delicate lacework of frost. What cared we for the cold? We were out of bed in a jiffy, and down stairs in less than it takes me to tell it. Our childish fears that Santa Claus would not be able to come, because it was so awfully cold, were dispelled before we got to the bottom of the stairway; for the dining room door stood open, and we could see the row of bulging stockings hanging down from the mantel, over the fireplace. Santa Clause couldn't possibly have come down the chimney without seeing those stockings. We looked out for that.

But how was it that the old fellow knew just exactly what every one of us wanted? That was what we couldn't tell. Even papa didn't know that, and he knew ever so many things.

Then we had to go back to bed again, lest we shiver ourselves to pieces. But O! what a happy day that was, and how tired, and how sleepy we were when bedtime came at last. I close my eyes now and each joyous incident passes in review before me, like it was the day before yesterday.

A young man with curly hair, and so many freckles on his little round face that they all seem just like one big freckle, from a short way off, comes to me today and says: "Papa, ain't they really a Santa Claus; else they wouldn't be any use of having any Christmas, would they?"

Somebody—some busybody, who had no right to do it—has been putting useless ideas into my little man's curly head. So I reply: "Why, of course there is a really Santa Claus. Don't you suppose I know? Didn't he bring me a drum and a horn, and a top, and ever so many nice things when I was a boy about as big as you? Goodness! You might about as well try to make me believe there never was any Jack the Giant Killer, or Little Red Ridinghood, or Cinderella, or even old Bluebeard, himself!"

"An' Santa Claus can get all over this whole world, an' East, where Aunt Bessie an' Cousin Maggie lives, an' everywheres, in only one minute, can't he, if he wants to; cause he's got reindeers?" says my little man, stoutly.

"Of course; easy enough. But you are too little to understand just how he manages it all, if I should try to tell you."

"He's the bestest old feller 'at ever lived, ain't he?"

"Well, perhaps. He's a pretty fine old fellow; he loves little boys and little girls, and I never saw a man that did that that wasn't a good man, somehow, when you got to know him."

And my little man is satisfied, and longs for Christmas to come.

Sometimes I hear somebody say—thoughlessly, I know—that Christmas is only intended for the children; that grown folks don't really enjoy it; that it is a great nuisance, and they wouldn't care if there never was another Christmas, if it were not for the children.

Ah! Then is there no such thing as reflected happiness? Is there no happiness in seeing others happy, especially when the others are little children? Do not smiling faces all around us bring the smiles to our face, and joy to our heart? Now, I wonder what Santa Claus would say of such an idea as that?

ENGRAVED FOR WESTERN GRAPHIC FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY FRANK KUCHBACK

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

Once there was a little boy who used to romp and play all day long. He was a stout-hearted, manly little fellow, and good-natured, so you may be sure that his papa and mama were very fond of him—especially when I tell you he was their only child. Just a short time before one Christmas he became very sick. Somehow or other Santa Claus found out about it, and because the little boy couldn't go out to play, and have a good time, he decided to give him an extra nice lot of presents for Christmas. Santa Claus is very thoughtful.

But when Christmas morning came there were no little bare feet pattering down the stairs, no bright eyes glistening with delight at the sight of a bulging stocking, no childish voice shouting "Merry Christmases" and filling the house with joyous laughter. The little feet were white and cold, the bright eyes were closed, and the childish voice was still. He was gone—gone where he wouldn't need any presents to make him happy.

The stocking was hanging there under the mantle. It was bulging out with presents. Nobody came to see them all of that Christmas day, but when it was dark again in the room a beautiful, fair-haired lady, with tears streaming from her eyes, came and took them away, tenderly.

That was many years ago, but every Christmas since then a little stocking hangs down from the mantle. In the morning it is bulging out with toys. It hangs there all day, and at night, when shadows fill the room, and all is very still, a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady comes and takes it away.

It is only a memory, but ah, how sweet; how bitter-sweet, to her.

There was a little boy once who never was sick in his life. He couldn't get sick if he tried, seemed like. He said he didn't care much for Christmas, anyhow; this boy did. He didn't believe there was any Santa Claus. Even if there was, he wasn't much of a Santa Claus.

All to once this boy got to acting very strangely. He wanted to go to Sunday School every Sunday. His parents had never seemed to worry very much about him before, but you better believe they were worried now. They thought his mind must be affected. What else could it be; him wanting to go to Sunday School? The doctors couldn't tell what ailed him. They never had a case like it before.

Well, he kept getting worse all the time. He finally got so bad that he would stay in the house and Study Sunday School lessons while all the other boys were out on a vacant lot right back of where he lived playing baseball. By the time Christmas came around he was in a terrible condition. But he managed to attend the Christmas Eve gathering at the Sunday School, and when Santa Claus, who happened to be present also, took down a fine present off the tree, and then called out this boy's name, the boy yelled, "Here I be!" so loud that it nearly shook down the evergreen and popcorn string decorations from the ceiling.

Next day the boy was better, and he improved so rapidly that within a week you couldn't tell that anything was ever the matter with him. He didn't mention Sunday School again for nearly a year, and then he had a relapse. But his parents think they know what the trouble is this time.

There are a great many things we can find to do that are pretty apt to bring some measure of happiness to us—so many that I couldn't begin to tell them all—but I know one way to be happy along about Christmas time that has this one advantage over all others; it never fails. It works every time. I'll just write you out the recipe, and then you can try it for yourself. Here it is: Try to see how many other people you can make happy—especially little people.

Now, I don't think there can be any mistake about this. It you should try it, though, and fail to make yourself happy—drop me a line, and I will see you get your money back. That's the best I can do for you.

Heap on more wood! the wind is dull,
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep one Christmas merry still.
—Sir Walter Scott.

San Jones knows the difference between a merino ram and a hydraulic ram, if he does come from Georgia. In a recent interview he said: "The biggest fool in the world is the one who stands up and argues against facts. I was talking to one of those old free-silver loons a few days ago, and called attention to the great prosperity which has come upon our country—mills, mines and shops running on full time, and I said, 'Truly, prosperity has come to our land again.' He said, 'It ain't struck our land yet,' and I said, 'It's mighty hard to hit nothing.'"

Somebody gives the following antithetical advice: Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more.

ENGRAVED FOR WESTERN GRAPHIC FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY G. PAPPERITZ

CHRISTMAS COMPANY—THE CAT

A Christmas View of Past and Future

THE writer has had occasion during the past six months to visit the most important centers of Southern California and has noted, to some extent, the business conditions in town, city and country. A marked deficiency in the rainfall has been the feature of the past two years. The natural supposition would be that at the end of this second year of small seasonal precipitation, the plight of the country would not be pleasant to contemplate. Strange to say a careful inspection of the area under cultivation south of Tehachapi discovers a remarkable degree of prosperity among the farmers and fruit-growers. Few years in the past quarter of a century have shown better general results.

One farmer on the mesa between this city and Compton said to me: "I have been surprised at what we have been able to do this year. Myself and neighbors have raised a fair crop of hay, and every pound of fruit and vegetables produced has been in demand at high figures. We have no water to irrigate with, except what the rainfall and windmills supply, yet in the irrigated districts they have scarcely done better. We have had the pleasant experience this year of having the buyers seek us in place of having to appeal to them to take our products at their own prices. All we have been able to raise has been wanted and sought after. One day the live stock buyer comes and solicits available beef cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., to be found in the neighborhood; next a hay buyer makes a flattering offer, and the past season wholesale fruit men and canners have nearly fought among themselves to secure the desirable crops of our orchards."

From a few acres of choice table grapes, not irrigated, the farmer received $800 in cash. One fig tree of the common black variety, produced fruit which sold for $7.50.

And the experience of this man agrees with that of many others all over Southern California. The crops would have been better with a larger rainfall, but, even now, the packing houses are crowded with the products of this section, and find it hard to stow away their consignments until the railroads can secure cars to ship them where they will do the most good.

The water development of the past two years has been remarkable. Scientists, a quarter of a century ago, told of vast subterranean lakes and rivers in Southern California entirely independent of the annual rainfall. Prof. Davidson was especially emphatic on this point and often said that the underground supply of this county could be tapped any time and would always yield abundantly. The past two years has indeed demonstrated that there is much water running to waste under the surface. The great Bouton well near Long Beach throws up pure soft water enough daily, its owner estimates, to supply this city. Hundreds of pumping engines all over the country have developed fine streams of the life-giving fluid.

The Southern California navel orange has now a world-wide reputation. It is a favorite everywhere. Twelve hundred carloads had been shipped, at last accounts, this season to supply the holiday trade. Nearly 15,000 carloads of oranges went East last season, bringing millions of dollars into the country—a sum in cash equalling from this source alone the total revenue from all agricultural products of some of the smaller States of the Union.

Walnut growers have for years found a profitable market for their product. A walnut grove is indeed one of the best investments in Southern California. It may be added that, with few exceptions fruit growing has paid fairly well the present year. The canners and drying factories have been able to furnish a market for perishable fruits. The output of the canneries runs up into many million cans, and the owners have the cheerful situation of a rising market.

The celery industry, developed only within the past four years, has surprised everyone. Go to Westminster, that unpretentious settlement in Orange county, and look over the peat lands district. Not long ago you could buy that land for $15 an acre. Now offer the celery farmer $200 an acre and see what he will say. Note on the railroad sidings the cars waiting to carry the product to the snowbound East.

We old-timers used to hear that cotton was king of the South, corn of the North and gold of California. But the yellow metal has now a dangerous rival in oil, which is developing a boom like that which swept over Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana many years ago. Most well-informed oil men think only a beginning has been made in the development. Certainly hardly a day passes that some new district is not opened in Southern California. The product found within the limited area of the city of Los Angeles has already been large enough to surprise the oil-producing world. There seems every reason to think oil deposits extend over most of Southern California from Fresno to the Mexican line.

Mining is assuming an importance never before known in this section. New discoveries are daily reported. The "Yellow Aster" of Randsburg is already one of the world's remarkable gold mines. Hundreds of other mines are good producers, and San Diego is coming to the front with such valuable minerals a platinum, kaolin and zinc. Some day the vast iron deposits northeast of us will create another Pittsburg.

Down at San Pedro government work is going on which will give Los Angeles a free harbor equal to the requirements for a long time to come. The completion of San Pedro harbor will be the greatest event in the history of this county. The commerce of the world will then be open to us. The port of Los Angeles will be a most convenient shipping point to reach the countries south of us and the continents and islands of the great Pacific.

Certainly the outlook for Southern California is promising. Our city has grown beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine. Yet it is certain its growth has hardly commenced. The climate has already attracted large numbers of wealthy and cultured people who find this an ideal place for a home. The churches, schools, theaters and public improvements are above the average of a city of our population in the United States. Real estate is absurdly low, and is, in spite of other tempting investments, probably the safest and surest place to put money. When the advance takes place, as it is certain to in the near future, values will steadily double. Except in a few parts of the city real estate can now be bought for about half its value, judging from other standards.

It would be easy to fill many columns with a review of what has been accomplished here within a short period.

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A Christmas Festivity of the Long Ago

Liquid Air and Wind

Some of Prof. Hogaboom's Scientific Investigations

A WELL-KNOWN SCIENTIST of this city who has been making some experiments with liquid air recently read a little story about Mr. Tripler, the New York man who has experimented with the new compound so extensively. The story stated that Mr. Tripler had once invited a friend to dine with him at an hotel, and that he took a small bottle of liquid air along in his pocket, intending to have some fun with it, and amuse his friend thereby.

Mr. Tripler ordered a porterhouse steak, so the story went, and when the waiter had placed it, tender and juicy and savory, before him he cautiously sprinkled it with liquid air, while the waiter was looking the other way. The steak instantly became as rigid as a section of Harveyized armor plate.

Mr. Tripler then called the waiter, and while he tapped the steak gently with his knife, drew the waiter's attention to the metallic sound given out, and the apparent indigestibleness of the thing.

"Confound that new chef!" exclaimed the waiter, "he's always giving them steaks too hard a turn; I've told him not to do that, several times, but he thinks he knows it all." He then apologized for bringing in a petrified steak, and bore away the platter, returning soon with another steak, more tender and juicy than the first had originally been.

Thinking that the joke had gone far enough, Mr. Tripler ate the steak and tipped the waiter, and the incident ended there.

Our local scientist thought that was about the best joke that he had ever heard of. So he prepared a small bottle of liquid air himself, determined to work the joke at a restaurant where he dines occasionally. He ordered a large family steak, and when the waiter had brought it, and was looking the other way, he sprinkled it copiously with liquid air.

A convulsive shudder passed over the steak, and it curled up a little at the edges, just for an instant. But suddenly, with an almost superhuman effort, it seemed to shake off the spell, and was itself again.

The scientist could scarcely believe his own eyes. He slowly drew the bottle from his pocket, and this time he thoroughly saturated the steak. But the steak remained as calm and unmoved and placid as a salted mackerel. The puzzled scientist thumped it with his knife, to see if it would give out the metallic sound, and the knife bounded back as thought it had struck against a chunk of solid rubber, narrowly missing his face. He called the waiter and in a voice choking with emotion said: "What's the matter with that steak, my man?"

"I dunno," replied the waiter, endeavoring at the same time to run a fork through it, to see if there really was anything the matter with it. "Isn't it done enough for you?"

"Mebbe 'tis," said the scientist, "mebbe 'tis." And he looked at it for a long time, while the waiter was thoughtfully brushing his lap full of crumbs with a napkin.

"But I know one thing," he added presently, with a tinge of sadness in his tone. "Science don't count for much out here in the West. Science hasn't got anywhere near the natural advantages out here that it has in the East. It's a discouraging, up-hill business. Waiter, take that steak away and bring me an omelette."

As the waiter disappeared with the unfortunate steak the scientist was heard to murmur: "By Gosh! that may be a good joke in New York, but I might have known it wouldn't work out here."

I have repeatedly been asked to allow some authentic statements regarding my own experiments with liquid air to be published, but up to the present time I have steadfastly refused all such requests, believing that it would be better, in the interests of science, to keep the matter from the public until I had investigated it thoroughly enough to at least write something about it that would be impossible for anybody to understand. The time has now, I believe, arrived.

Liquid air, as is generally known, is produced by combining air and liquid in such a way as to produce liquid air. The exact proportion of liquid used with a given amount of air depends, necessarily, upon the degree of liquidity desired, if I may be permitted to use such an expression. Hence it follows that if extremely liquid air is to be produced a larger proportion of liquid should be used, but, upon the other hand, if the air is not to be very liquid, it will not require such a large amount of moisture. Very little moisture will do. Simply wet the air over a little, and shake it up occasionally to prevent the liquid from settling to the bottom.

I shall endeavor to use as few technical and purely scientific terms as is possible in this article, so that those who desire to may safely undertake to tell their friends all about liquid air, after once reading the article through.

Liquid air becomes extremely cold and distant if left standing in a shady place for any length of time. Scientists have known for a good many years that if anything is exposed to the air it gradually cools off. The colder the air is the quicker it cools things off. Any person who has ever tried to sleep with his feet sticking out of a sleeping car window knows this to be so. It is especially noticeable in the winter time. Any person who has tried it knows that it is very likely to induce cold feet. Experiments have demonstrated, also, that certain things may be cooled by dampening them. Ardor is of this nature. So is air.

Hence it has been discovered that by simply placing the two together the liquid has a tendency to cool off the air, and the air, as it becomes cooler, gradually cools off the liquid. Pretty soon such a coolness springs up between them, owing no doubt, to their efforts to see which can cool the other off the quickest, that it would make a Boston girl shiver. This is what science has termed liquid air.

Imagine water so cold that it could be used on railway trains without the necessity for placing the words "ice water" on the outside of the cooler; and the public be none the wiser. Imagine it, if possible, so intensely cold that if it were to be used on trains a small boy would be perfectly satisfied with eight or ten drinks of it while riding between this city and Long Beach, for instance. This will give you some idea of the coldness of liquid air.

One of my earliest experiments with liquid air was in the manufacture of diamonds. I selected a piece of common ice, of the desired size and perfectly clear, and immersed it in liquid air. It soon began to freeze, and after a while became harder than any actual diamond ever found. One trouble I had with these artificial diamonds, however, was that it seems to be almost impossible to cut them; they were so extremely hard. Another disadvantage is that on very warm days, if the wearer happens

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to stand out where the sun's rays strike them direct, they are apt to "run" a little. I had one fine thirty-four karat stone reduced to twenty-seven karats in this way before I discovered what was the matter.

In warfare liquid air is destined to play an important part. I have about perfected a plan for dropping bombs filled with liquid air into the camp of an enemy from balloons stationed high overhead. The bombs burst upon striking the earth, and scatter liquid air all about the camp. The intense atmospheric coldness which results induces the commander to believe that he has got mixed up in his dates, and he immediately issues orders for the troops to go into winter quarters. The opposing commander thereupon takes advantage of the situation and wins a signal victory, whatever that is.

I had first intended to arrange it so as to explode enough of the liquid air bombs in the camps to freeze each soldier up as solid as a fence post, thus enabling the opposing force to take their own time about shooting them. They could be shot one at a time, at close range, and with very small expense, comparatively, and also with slight risk. But I have modified the plan, as stated, in order to meet the growing demand for a more picturesque and less sanguinary mode of warfare.

The time is not far distant when all ships going to sea will carry a quantity of liquid air stowed away in the hold, to be used in cases of emergency. A ship driven by storms upon some stern and rock-bound coast, for instance, would speedily be dashed to pieces, and the unfortunate wretches aboard of her would find a somewhat watery, not to mention sandy, grave. This can easily be avoided with liquid air. By pouring a sufficient quantity of liquid air upon the surface of the ocean between the stranded ship and the shore the water could be instantly frozen to any depth desired; the angry waves would instantly be stilled, and the passengers and crew could go ashore on the ice, and send an express wagon for their baggage.

Lately I have been experimenting some with liquid air as a preservative of ice. My theory is that by taking a chunk of ice of a given size, or larger if desired, and by the use of liquid air maintaining its temperature just below the freezing point, it may be preserved indefinitely. Thus far I have not demonstrated that any great saving will result from this process, but I claim particular advantages for it as a reliable means of getting even with the ice man, anyhow.

I have also thought that liquid air might be used successfully in the removal from earthly places of criminals condemned to death, but such a popular prejudice now exists in favor of the old and well-tried methods of dying that I have thus far been unable to make any practical experiments in this direction.

These are only a few of the uses to which the new compound may be put. It is a wonderful discovery, and science has scarcely begun to unfold its possibilities as yet. I shall continue my experiments, and the results will be told to the public from time to time, even if I have to secure the services of a reliable press agent, after a while, like my fellow scientist, Nicola Tesla, does.

WINFIELD HOGABOOM, P. D. Q., X. Y. Z.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

—Tennyson.

AT THE FAMILY HOTELS

Mrs. Hayden McLellen and daughter, Miss May McLellan, have recently taken up their residence at Hotel Palms for the winter. Among the late prominent arrivals from a distance are Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Teft and daughter, Miss Lillian Teft, from Topeka, Kansas, and Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Flint of Boston. Owing to the increasing demands upon the accommodations of the house Manager Fryman is doubling the capacity of his dining room by tearing out the partition between the present one and the room of equal size adjoining.

Christmas week at the Abbotford Inn is to be celebrated with an old-fashioned Christmas party, and of course a fine dinner on the day of days. Among the late arrivals are Dr. John Woodbridge, South Pasadena; Mrs. Wilson C. Brown and daughter, Winona, Wis.; J. S. Salkey and family, L. A.; T. Horace Dudley and family, Miss Freeland, Santa Monica.

The ladies of the Rosslyn are making arrangements for a large Christmas tree to place the guests' presents upon Christmas morning. In the evening a dance with musical attractions will complete the pleasures of the day. Among the late arrivals at the Rosslyn are H. H. Kirby, wife and daughter, Oakland; Douglas McEntee, Chicago; Mr. William Lambert and bride, Honolulu; J. S. Beach and family, Mr. Beach having just returned from Alaska.

Women's Clubs

"They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven;
There's not a task to mankind given;
There's not a blessing or a woe;
There's not a whisper 'yea' or 'no';
There's not a life, a death or birth,
There's not a feather's weight of worth without a woman in it."

IN THE Christmas number of the Club Woman this item appears: "Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, the wife of the noted lecturer, is one of the most prominent club women of California. She is an eloquent speaker and in her travels, accompanying her husband on his lecture tours, she appears before many women's clubs, where she is invariably a great success."

The matter of whether federation is a step in the right direction seems to be troubling the club women of New York State very little. In six years the delegation to the State Federation has increased from a handful of women who met quietly in a New York parlor to over a thousand women representing 30,000 federated women at the Rochester meeting, which occupied four days last month. Clubs representing four thousand members have been admitted to the Federation during the last year.

Mrs. C. U. Flint has been elected delegate to represent the Civic League at the federation in January in this city.

The Ruskin Art Club is by some years the Senior Woman's Club of Los Angeles. Having been organized in 1888, it is now completing its twelfth year of existence and many original members are still leading spirits in the management of its affairs. The club has maintained from the start a high order of studiousness and in the course of its life has accomplished much patient investigation, resulting in a deep interest in history as well as in modern progress of thought in all lines.

A period of five years was absorbed in the study of the ancient civilizations, considerable of it by the light of modern discoveries. In later years work has been arranged to bring some branch of art down through its history to the present time, during the year, a method which has been found to secure uninterrupted interest throughout the year; also through a new subject each year, a fresh zest is added. At the same time the knowledge of history is continually growing with each journey into the centuries. The year begins in October and ends in May. The last year from January includes a part of the rich and varied subject of architecture, and a part of the beautiful study of sculpture now absorbing the interest of the club.

The construction of the Music and Art building led the club to decide to ally itself with the art interest which is seeking development by centering in this building as much attraction as possible in these lines. The proximity of the art gallery and the studios of many artists of merit is a stimulus both to study and to the artists, which it is hoped will lead to greater interest among the people at large.

The enthusiasm of study increases week by week and it is the spirit of the club to sink personality into the advancement of art appreciation as a whole. Each member contributes her share of investigation from time to time as she is able, it having been found long ago that it is the investigator that is interested. And to spread this interest as largely as possible among the members is the work of the leaders of each week.

Photographs and objects of art are bought in abundance. The nearness to the Public Library which grows rapidly in helpful books is of invaluable assistance. Lectures have been given both fall and spring for several seasons which are quite liberally attended by the public. The coming lecture by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the great authority on Greek history in this country, is an event of importance. His subject, the Olympic Games of '96, amply illustrated, will be enjoyed by the modern lovers of the athletic as well as the student of sculpture who has found that the Olympic games of antiquity made sculpture a living art. The proceeds will go to the American School of Archaeology at Athens in which the club with the University is much interested.

The Ruskin Art Club is heartily interested in the Civic League and many of its members are active workers in its advancement.

An important feature of the program of the San Diego club during the present year has been a series of studies of Switzerland, which have included its archaeological and legendary themes, its

religious and political history. At the regular meeting of the cluo last week. Mrs. Z. May Waite presented an interesting paper on "Three Battlefields," in which she gave a graphic account of the three epoch-making conflicts between Austria and Switzerland which resulted in the independence of the Swiss, and the firm establishment of this, the smallest republic in the world.

In her introduction the essayist pictured the horrors of the "blood-red blossom of war with its heart of fire," contrasting it with the idyllic peace of lovely Lucerne, on whose banks and adjacent steeps lay the cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, "where Liberty took her stand, the league of her perpetual alliance was formed, and the Swiss Confederation founded," and where, in defense of that liberty, its battles were fought.

At Morgarten, where the Austrian army first met defeat, the patriotic Swiss exercised a wily strategy in the mountain passes, where stones and missiles were hurled from the heights upon the enemy defiling below, and exhibited a prowess in open combat that gave proof of remarkable military ability.

The story of Sempach was told, with a thrilling recital of the heroic sacrifice of Arnold von Winkelried, the Unterwalden knight, who made a breach in the steel-clad lines of the foe by grasping as many pikes as he could reach, and bearing them to the earth in his breast, thus making a road to victory over his prostrate body.

Nafels was described as "a worthy pendant to Sempach." In the midst of the tragedy of battle the side-lights of comedy were thrown upon the scene by the dandyfied dress of the Austrians. The long-pointed toes of the shoes of the gay knights, which in many instances were so long that they were fastened to their knees, so impeded their progress that they were obliged to cut them off with their swords, and, it is said, "enough were left on the field to fill a wain."

But the battle of Nafels was the final struggle of the Austrians for supremacy, and the Swiss still commemorate the glorious victory won on its historic field.

The Art Department of the Woman's Club of Riverside met in the club rooms on Thursday of last week with Mrs. Rice in the chair. The first paper was a historical sketch of France in the time of Louis XIV, written by Miss Clara Dunbar, and read by Miss Annie Cary McLeod. This was very comprehensive, giving an extensive outline of the wars, treaties, and of the many important events of that time. Following this was a paper on Versailles by Mrs. Darling. A number of pictures were shown of the most beautiful palace of the times. The exquisite furnishings, the splendid statuary, the paintings by the old masters, the grounds and the fountains were specially mentioned. Mrs. Kishlar gave interesting sketches of Moliere, Racine and Madame de Singue. Moliere was a poet and actor. He spent the greater part of his life on the stage. Racine was a poet of great ability. He fell under the displeasure of his monarch, Louis XIV, and could not bear up under the disgrace. He died shortly after. Madame de Sevigne was noted for her letter writing. She was considered to have been the greatest letter writer in the world.

Miss McNab gave a delightful vocal solo, Miss Maud Gage accompanying her. So pleasing was the selection that another was called for.

Mrs. Jennie Way gave a very interesting description of the famous Gobelin tapestries.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

THROUGH the courtesy of Lieut. G. C. Thaxter, I. R. P., Seventh Infantry, we present below some facts and figures regarding the series of State Target Practices held in the months of September, October and November of this year. The fact should be especially noted that the November parade resulted in a better average than ever made before by the Seventh Regiment, and also that the gain from September to November is almost seven points to the man. The ratio of improvement has been greater at 500 yards than at either of the other distances and 85 per cent. of the men who qualified for State Decorations at 200 and 300 yards made the necessary 45 points at 500 yards, thereby accounting for the large number of "Riflemen" and small number of "Marksmen." Had the standing of the companies been based on the average of those participating Company M would still lead followed by A, F, G, B, L, K, D, I and C. Folowing is a table showing the standing of the companies based on the total number of points for three months divided by the total number of men present at the three parades:

M	45.90	36.19	46.45	37.52	48.58	42.04
	Average for Participants	Roll	Part.	Roll	art.	Roll
	September.		October.		November.	
F	42.98	38.29	43.89	36.05	47.80	40.72
B	33.79	32.56	38.20	36.07	41.08	40.27
A	42.39	30.57	45.35	31.97	47.25	32.25
D	28.98	23.18	38.62	28.58	38.06	25.85
G	40.47	23.60	41.57	26.07	43.95	30.93
L	33.40	26.10	34.33	21.45	41.10	28.30
K	29.90	16.55	25.88	21.20	39.70	23.82
I	22.50	14.40	25.41	15.94	35.25	22.56
C	23.14	15.58	25.75	15.26	27.17	14.82

The average for November is the highest in the history of the regiment—41.47, January, 1898, having been the highest average.

Following is the highest score in each company:

September—Lieutenant Samuel Crawford, Co. A, 63; Private E. C. Ayers, Co. B, 61; Sergeant H. LaV. Twining, Co. C, 50; Corporal R. B. Medgley, Co. D, 57; Captain F. L. Reynolds, Co. F, 70; Sergeant Lewis Brown, Co. G, 64; Lieutenant C. H. Cole, Co. I, 55; Private N. W. Faris, Co. K, 60; Private J. H. Ellis, Co. L, 62; Corporal S. M. Bloom, Co. M, 63.

October—Lieutenant Samuel Crawford, Co. A, 63; Sergeant A. D. Woodruff, Co. B, 62; Captain Truman Cole, Co. C, 52; Captain T. B. Thomas, Co. D, 64; Captain F. L. Reynolds, Co. F, 62; Sergeant C. F. Ford, Co. G, 66; Private J. L. Nichol, Co. I, 55; Private A. D. Frantz, Co. K, 62; Private W. S. Thompson, Co. L, 55; Corporal S. M. Bloom, Co. M, 64.

November—Private Watt Clark, Co. A, 64; Corporal H. F. Griffith, Co. B, 63; Captain Truman Cole, Co. C, 56; Captain T. B. Thomas, Co. D, 60; Corporal Ben O. Robinson, Co. F, 63; Corporal A. W. Hunt, Co. G, 61; Lieutenant C. H. Cole, Co. I, 54; Private A. D. Frantz, Co. K, 66; Captain S. H. Finley, Co. L, 61; Private W. S. Huddleson, Co. M, 64.

The following are the winners of State decorations.

Distinguished Marksmen's Class—192 points out of 225 necessary to qualify—

	200 yds.	300 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
Capt. F. L. Reynolds, Co. F.	62	61	70	193

Sharpshooters' Class—180 points necessary to qualify—

	200 yds.	300 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
Lieut. S. Crawford, Co. A...	62	57	66	185
Sergt. J. H. Simpson, Co. B.	61	62	57	180
Sergt. Lewis Brown, Co. G..	66	49	69	184
Corp. S. M. Bloom, Co. M....	65	64	55	184
Corp. A. Irvine, Co. M.....	58	61	64	183
Pvt. W. S. Huddleson, Co. M	62	62	58	182

In the Riflemen's Class Company A has 15 men; Company B, 9; Company D, 8; Company F, 19; Company G, 8; Company K, 2; Company L, 6; Company M, 13.

In the Marksmen's Class Company A has 2 men; Company G, 1; Company K, 1; Company L, 4; Company M, 4.

On New Years the members of Company A will receive their friends from 2 to 5 at their parlors in the Armory. Plenty of good music and light refreshments will be served. At 6 p. m. the members of the Company will be the guests of Captain "Bob" at dinner.

Company F will give a dance at Armory Hall New Years evening. All their friends are invited.

The law provides that the National Guard may rest from its labors during the month of December. Consequently no drills are being held this month.

Company D of Pomona held its regular Silhouette Shoot last Sunday and paraded 33 men under command of Captain T. B. Thomas. At the standing figure they made 66 hits with a score of 198 points; kneeling figure, 50 hits, 200 points; lying figure, 29 hits, 145 points; making a total of 145 hits and 543 points.

Lieut. Arthur Bradbury of Company A and Miss Amy Wnedon were married Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents in this city. Miss Maude Whedon, sister of the bride, and Captain Robert Wankowski attended the couple. They will be at home after January 15th at No. 303 South Hill street.

The Signal Corps held an election on the 7th instant for Captain and First Lieutenant. The former officers, Captain George Lawrence and Lieutenant H. E. Sabine, were re-elected. The Corps is in a most prosperous condition and great improvement is noticeable in its work during the past year. Much interest is being manifested in target practice. At the last Corps shoot some excellent scores were made. Sergeant Reynolds scored 47 out of a possible 50; Corporal Waterman, 46; Private Thompson, 43; Corporal Doss, 43; Private McCoy, 41; and Private Heller, 41. On the 24th the Corps holds the fourth and last of its series of State shoots for this year. A smoker will be held on the 21st.

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One of the most delightfully situated and commodious hotels in Los Angeles is the Hotel Baltimore at Olive and Seventh streets, conducted by Mrs. C. H. McGonegle. This popular house is run entirely on the European plan, there being no dining-room in connection so that guests are not compelled to take their meals in the house at which they are residing, but can dine where they happen to find it convenient, there being other hotels where meals are served within less than a block.

There are sixty rooms or more in the Baltimore, among them being suites with private baths, and the house is provided throughout with steam heating apparatus and in many of the suites and the parlors are large fire places which may be used when occasion demands.

The proprietor, Mrs. McGonegle, is a pleasant, genial lady, with a temperament just suited to the business in which she is engaged, having had considerable previous experience in the East before coming to California and Los Angeles, one of her last business ventures being in a hotel at Oneonta, New York.

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Good for the Doctor. Invalid—"I would rather be dead than as I am." Attending physician—"Ah madam, you should live and—er—let live."—Detroit Journal.

A Year in the Gay Life

HERE'S
That you may be game;
That I may be game;
But not that you should be game
for my game.

This is not a penitential season, but one of "Peace, good will toward men," and who would not lay aside for the nonce a hundred-dollars-a-week pen and become a poor scribe as well as a pharisee whose "best wishes to all" may be embodied in this up-country toast: Here's "hoping these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessi g."

And who would not think of happiness and blessings and peace when the yule log crackles merrily on the hearth; all brightness and warmth within, suggestive of joyous Christmas tide; all sunshine and flowers without, typical of this gentle city of the west. Who would not be chastened in the music of sweet Christmas bells?—until a new leaf is turned.

I am asked to write a retrospective letter of the doings of society the past year—that feels something like Mrs. Malaprop's young man whose future was behind him

Looking back over the past twelve-month, a truthful retrospective minus any persiflage induces one to sum up the year as teeming with important social events; many changes have taken place and of a nature to add materially to the "polite" status of the community.

Leaving aside, for the present, the happenings though important, of society such as weddings, fetes, etc., the event which has given the greatest social prestige to Los Angeles, and which has strengthened its position as a thoroughly up-to-date city is the institution of the new country club; its beautiful site of grounds, and its handsome new club house, which has just recently been completed and which its promoters are justified in placing in excellent comparison with any structure of its kind in the States. The club has from the beginning been fortunate in having for its active membership the first men of the city in business and in society, giving it an enviable financial position and making it the center of social gaiety.

The year of 98-99 in society generally was but ordinarily gay. 99-00 will exceed it greatly in brilliancy, giving evidence of the increased prosperity of the city, for society is the exponent of financial activity. Looking backward over '99 chronologically, the first event of note was the New Year's ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coshy in their spacious home on Figueroa street. A great contingent of Los Angeles society women assisted in receiving and the affair was worthy the opening of a great social year.

Next came a wedding of Miss Katherine Johnson to Mr. Frederick W. Flint, and one of the leading events of this year's history, Miss Johnson being an only daughter, the daughter of a very prominent man, and withal a very charming per-

MRS. OLIVER P. POSEY

A brilliant and highly-esteemed woman of Los Angeles society, whose charm of features it is Western Graphic's privilege to present.

son quite in her own right. Mr. and Mrs. Flint have since wielded the social scepter to a great extent.

Following were two very swell receptions, Mrs. Ira O. Smith the hostess of the first, and Mrs. James C. Drake and Mrs. Randolph Miner holding the second at the home of Mrs. Drake.

I must not forget the Midwinter Cotillion nights. These happened at regular intervals, and were the forerunners of the brilliant affairs these dances have come to be the present season.

A large whist party next held sway, given by Mrs. Berthold Barnch and in honor of Mrs. Weiler and Miss Pauline Weiler of New York.

Mrs. Ira O. Smith is at this juncture again a hostess of a large affair, this time a hearts' party of immense dimensions.

Mrs. Clinton Norman Sterry, whose name appears and reappears on the social pages, now gives an "at home;" all feel at home at her receptions for she is a most hospitable hostess. The evening was devoted to the young people of the house; Miss Nora and Norman, Jr., tendering a dance.

Chronologically the reception of Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Miner should appear here. The affair was of elegant proportions, as all of the Wilcox family entertainments are, and some two hundred invitations had been issued. The music still comes back to me for it was very delightful—and the scent of violets. It is Mrs. Drake, I think, who is devoted to the modest little flower.

Mrs. Max Meyberg comes next in order with a very large card party at her home on West Twenty-eighth street.

Under large head lines I now come to the Horse Show. I was not here at the time, but I see from the famous descriptions of the costumes that it must all have been very stunning. There are the names of no end of San Francisco high-rollers, and from nearer home in brilliant array are Mrs. Severance, Mrs. H. W. Hellman, the Misses Hamburger, the Cameron Thoms, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Newmark and Miss Roce, Mrs. de Baker and the Winstons, the Roy Joneses and Mrs. Cole, the Erkenbrechers, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Posey, the Eatons, Mr. and Mrs. Garland, the Hinmans of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Hook, the Carpenters, Cosmo Morgans, General Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark, the Modini-Woods, General and Mrs. Churchill, the Van Nuys family, Judge and Mrs. Hubbell, the Wilcoxes, Gaylord Wilshire, the Percy Hoyles, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, the Rices, the Captain Bannings, General and Mrs. Forman, Mayor and Mrs. and Miss Klokke, Count and Countess Von Schmidt, Major and Mrs. J. H. Norton, the Wilbur Parkers, Major and Mrs. Lee, the Rules, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Solano, and hosts of

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others, an assemblage of names well worth rehearsing, combining to form one of the most important events in the gay life of Los Angeles for years.

MISS PATTI WOODARD
Whose brain is as steady and heart as true as she is pretty

Mr. and Mrs. Davis hold a large reception at the Van Nuys for Miss Reese famed with Sousa's band. The "cushion tea" given by Mrs. H. M. Sale was one of the largest affairs of the year and stands out among its most elegant and elaborate affairs. Everybody was there and society and Mrs. Sale combined to make the event with its object the benefit of the News and Working Boys' Home, a delightfully successful entertainment.

Now come a series of over-topping events. Mrs. Rule and Mrs. Wm. E. Dunn's dancing party at Kramer's hall with all the world in attendance; a very large and very swell reception given by Mrs. C. C. Carpenter for her charming young debutante daughter, and Miss Benton; and a series of entertainments tendered by Mrs. O. P. Posey for Governor and Mrs. Alva Adams of Colorado. Governor Adams has held the gubernatorial chair over and over in Colorado, and at his home in Pueblo was one of the bosom friends of Mr. and Mrs. Posey.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman at this time also gave a notable entertainment for Miss Benton of Kentucky. Mrs. Rodman is likewise a Southern woman and possesses all the charm of manner and hospitable instincts "born" with the South, and her entertainments are correspondingly delightful and sought after.

and the most poular members of society. And here is another pair of pretty brides: Miss Marie Burnett wedding Mr. Harry Turner, and Miss Chancie Ferris, the bride of Mr. Willis Boothe.

Thus we come to the summer season, but before it fairly sets in we have one of the most delightful entertainmentts of the season, given by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, the honoree being Miss Carpenter, the most feted bud of the early season of '99.

Of the last half of the year there are a number of occurrences that stand out pre-eminently, perhaps the first being the marriage of Miss Margaret Winston and Mr. Woodard. These young people have made a most popular marriage and I hear will soon abide in the Mark Lawrence home on Adams street. Then—weddings always seem the most important things—there was that very large affair, the Mullins-Ainsworth alliance, which, as well as the Winston-Woodard, interested a great many people outside of Los Angeles. Then Mr. Heinzeman's two daughters are important brides, both now residing in their own pretty homes on Ingraham street.

The next envent in proper sequence and one that touched a deeper chord than is usually expected in society's heart was the departure to a new home in the south of Mrs. Mark Lewis. Any re-

ENGRAVED FOR WESTERN GRAPHIC FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY G. PAPPENITZ

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Mrs. W. D. Babcock is next in the line of hostesses, holding an afternoon of handsome appointments.

An interspersion of an important wedding, though privately celebrated, now opens another interesting page. Miss Jessie Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Solano, was married to Mr. Victor M. Tyler. A bereavement in one of the families caused this otherwise high social event to exclude any great social attendance.

St. Valentine's found parties at Judge Hubbell's and Mrs. James Scarborough's. Then there are the weddings of Miss Maud Seek to Mr. F. Stanley Clegg, and Miss Bessie Channell to Mr. Edwin James Vawter.

Mrs. G. F. Bovard and Mrs. E. R. Bradley next came to the fore as the hostesses of a very large "at home," at which some two or three hundred of the four are found in attendance at Mrs. Bovard's home on Bixley street.

Mrs. Adolphus Fixen then has a card party to entertain a number of prominent visitors from Racine, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis of Figueroa street next have a very large and swell card party, the guests numbering a hundred and thirty-five; Mrs. John F. Jenkins and Mrs. H. B. Strange of South Alvarado street give a similar party; and Dr. and Mrs. Trueworthy entertain a fashionable club.

Here is another intersting wedding, that of Miss Estelle Hynes and Mr. Franklin H. Warner of New York, which has its social place. Next Mrs. Helen Ross and Miss Ross entertained for Mr. McFarland of San Francisco; Mrs. Percy Hoyle gave a very smart reception at her home on West Twenty-eighth street, and Mrs. A. J. Salisbury was again the charming hostess she is, of a whist party; and Mrs. Wm. S. Hook added to the annals in a large whist party. Mrs. Albert Crutcher follows as the hostess of a large card party.

Here are two more brides, both with their immense circle of friends: Miss Cowan wedded to Mr. Guy Cochran in San Francisco, and Miss Florence Miller united in marriage to Mr. A. J. Waters. Miss Miller's wedding was brilliant in its bridal attendants, numbering the most beautiful

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hearsal of Mrs. Lewis life here would be superfluous and a review of that public "career" when she queened it would be but a repetition of a widespread event. It is only necessary to reiterate the genuine regret her loss here has occasioned among her many friends—numbering everybody.

Swell receptions of recent days numbered the Blackstones and Fixens as hostesses, and then we come to the buds—but wait—Miss Jessica Kimball must not be forgotten as one of this season's brides.

The "buds" are Miss Hunsaker, Miss Darling, the Misses Wigmore, the Misses Clark and Miss Adelaide Brown, a bunch of the fairest blossoms imaginable, sweet and pretty, with the world at their feet. With the buds comes the "bud" bride, Miss Emma Graves, now Mrs. Strong.

Marshalling ourselves "up to date," there is that very fashionable affair, the wedding of Miss Crouch and Mr. Chase. The bride has been praised in type, and type is but cold, and photographed up and down the land, for she is one of the most popular as well as one of the most beautiful of the coast.

Miss Fairchild's marriage on the 28th will probably close the year with proper eclat. Of other weddings to come there is that of the lovely Jewess, Miss Edelman, and that of Miss Myra Lindley, daughter of Dr. Lindley, whose engagement to Mr. Bothwell, a rising young business man of this city, has just been announced.

The larger affairs have thus been noticed, but it is in reality the dinners and luncheons that ramify within the inner circles of society that make—society really. The most noted of these entertainers are Mmes. Holliday, Barker, Bishop, Kellam, Stimson, Victoria Harrell, John Plater, MacGowan, Dan McFarland, Margaret Hughes and daughters, Albert Busch, Grant Goucher, Milner, George Montgomery, Newhall, French, Rufus Herron, John Foster, John T. Jones, W. G. Nevin, Mathuss, Hahn, Fred Griffith, Davisson, Mossin, E. M. Moore, Botsford, B. F. Coulter, Kelsey, Fairchild, Morris Hellman, Dwight Whiting, Preuss, Overton, Lindley. Mrs. Modini Wood is conceded to give the most elegant small affairs in town. She entertains beautifully and, I believe, always prefers a few.

The Wellborn reception of the day was of course very smart, and the two young daughters of Judge Wellborn may well be numbered among the loveliest girls of society.

Of departures during the year, the Overtons made a long Mexican tour, as did Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfskill; Mrs. Wilbur Parker is in the east, but I believe expects to return here for a brief season; the Ross Clarkes are in Europe, and the Kerckhoffs. Among changes in residences, the most notable are the Wilcox removal to their handsome new home on Hoover street, Mrs. Wilcox, it is whispered, contemplating giving a large ball as soon as the house is in readiness; the Botsfords have bought that lovely place of the Shattos on Orange street; and the Garlands are in possession of Edgemont. I must not forget the party recently given by Mrs. and Miss Furrey; Miss Furrey being numbered among the most popular of the young set of society.

Last but not least come Mr. and Mrs. Francis. Who could fail to find geniality, the warmth of hospitality and I do not know how many other 'alities in their presence. Leading society, yet of recent months Mr. and Mrs. Francis have been living very quietly in the sad bereavement of the death of a niece of Mrs. Francis. Mr. Francis has been the recipient within the past week of letters from two persons in Europe, who are severally of note here; of Father Adam, who is at Barcelona, and who is at this time laboring under a return of the throat affection he had here, and who perhaps has more thought bestowed upon him at this Yule time season than any absent member of Los Angeles; and of Major Truman, who is heard from from Gibraltar. This was the telegram sent the genial Major at New York by Mr. Francis: "Champagne and truffles, flowers, fruits and blessings, and no mal de mer."

BOOTHS AT ST. JOHN'S PARISH BAZAAR

St. John's Church Annual Bazaar

FOR the ninth time the fashionable church of the city has successfully conducted its annual bazaar to a satisfactory conclusion, socially and financially. Dominie Tayler, the vestry, the Guilds, the entire membership of the church have worked earnestly for the gratifying outcome, and to say that the three days and evenings were brilliant from all points of view is but to emphasize an axiom.

Brilliant lights, sparkling among the foliage and flowers from the finest gardens and conservatories, dainty objects of ornament and utility by dainty womens hands, toothsome delicacies and substantials prepared under the direction of the same fair workers, unpurchasable smiles and laughter from the lips of the brightest and prettiest of Los Angeles' young womanhood, and soft music that was but the wand that stole away the senses of the visitors and made them slaves to the wills of the maids and matrons, whose primary interest was for the good that their labors would result in to the unfortunate ones in whose paths there are but few roses.

We speak of a merry Christmas
And many a happy New Year,
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.
—Longfellow.

Rialto, long held in abeyance by misfortunes, has sprung at once into importance as a citrus fruit section.

Los Angeles Hospitals

The Leading Institutions of Southern California for the Care of the Sick

IN a country where the very name of it is a synonym for health and ruggedness it would at first blush seem incongruous that its hospitals and sanitariums should be pointed out with pride and satisfaction, yet the situation is easy of explanation. It is obvious that all sick people who can will flock to the clime which promises them new life or at least a respite from the clutches of the grim reaper, and of these there are many whose grasp of life is so weak that they must quickly resort to the scientific care of medical men for one last rally. Then in the most healthy locality there is naturally more or less sickness, and with the increasing recognition of the value of proper surroundings and the constant care of physician and nurse there is a constantly growing demand for such institutions. The natural conditions being so perfect and the accommodations so thoroughly up to date the managements of the several hospitals of Los Angeles note with satisfaction a growing patronage from the better classes, and number among their patients many invalids from the East.

HOSPITAL OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Publicly, the people of the county have shown wonderful good nature in providing at the County Hospital most excellent accommodations for the financially as well as physically helpless ones who are dumped into California's lap to live on the climate or die from neglect. And while there is ground for complaint on this score, it is at Christmas time that the taxpayers who foot the bill should be happy in that they have given comfort to at least a few of the earth's afflicted, and wish that their assistance might be further combined with the health-giving air of Southern California, which it is their good fortune to be able to enjoy to the uttermost. Under the able management of Dr. Bryant our county hospital has become recognized as one of the best.

Private Hospital for Women

MANY hours of worry and uncomfortable feelings are averted in the advantages of an exclusive woman's hospital, for it is in hours of sickness that the gentler sex needs absolute protection against possible intrusion or the proximity of men. This seclusion, combined with all the thorough appointments of a first-class institution for the care of women patients is to be found in the Women's Hospital at the corner of Grand avenue and Pico streets, which is the only one of its kind in Southern California.

In the surgical department the most modern, scientific appliances are provided and the corps of surgeons and trained nurses is from the front rank of the profession. The operating room is furnished with the latest improved apparatus, which renders it as finely equipped an institution as there is in the country.

Every comfort and perfect quiet is here offered and from its location the purest atmosphere pervades the place. The best of service and treatment at most reasonable rates makes the Women's Hospital a boon to the afflicted.

CALIFORNIA HOSPITAL

Hospital of the Good Samaritan

IF THE most severe architecture, presenting a most cold exterior, the Good Samaritan Hospital is as decidedly cheerful and comfortable on the inside as it is possible to make a place which is given over in the name of the Good Samaritan as the abode of suffering. Well up on the western mesa of the city (924-936 West Seventh street) its location is a peculiarly happy one in being above the line of the low fogs that are the commonest of old ocean's moist breath, the position also insuring most positive sanitary conditions.

At its erection a commodious building, the addition of a wing has lately nearly doubled the capacity, and the same care in fitting and furnishing was exercised as in the original structure.

Much new furniture has been bought and to the operating room has lately been added a complete outfit of the latest improved apparatus, making the equipment second to none. Excellent service is given, the trained nurses are the most skillful to be employed, and the attending physicians are from the front ranks of the profession.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson is president of the hospital, and in the directorate are many well-known names, Rev. Charles E. Spalding, Mrs. M. S. Severance, Mrs. J. M. Elliott, Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, Mrs. B. M. Wotkyns, Mrs. C. J. Fox, Miss S. G. Patton, Miss E. C. McCullough, Count Jaro Von Schmidt and Gregory Perkins, Jr.

Under the direction of the above board and the superintendency of Miss Catherine Caldwell the hospital has done much good work and it is worthy of greater patronage at the hands of the people that more in the line of charitable work could be done. The officers of the institution are to be praised for their untiring energies and it is to their credit that the prospects of the hospital were never brighter.

The Sisters' Hospital

AMONG the local institutions for the treatment and care of invalids the Los Angeles Infirmary, better known as the Sisters' Hospital,

Continued on Page 19

About

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from the Mediterranean

GIBRALTAR, Nov. 20, 1899.

WHEN Augustus Caesar banished Ovid to Tomi it took the forlorn poet nearly a year to reach the mouth of the Danube from Rome. Now the Alps are drilled in three or four places, Suez has been pierced, the Sierra and the Rockies are scaled, and great seas are treated as mere ponds or ferries, and the globe may actually be encircled in less days than Verne dared in fiction or Shakespeare in verse.

"Travel maketh a full man," Lord Bacon says; and fresh ideas and larger sympathies come to those who, like the many-counseled Ulysses, have seen the "cities of men and their manners." And although foreign tours are said by some to have lost much of their adventure and romance by the universal habit of rapid sight-seeing, surely, on the other hand, locomotion is so comfortable and easy, and the routes by sea and land so admirably delineated, that one may go everywhere and see everything—provided the circular letter is without extent.

After a brief consultation with transatlantic steamer advertisements I determined to make this trip by the so-called "Southern route," where no winter fierceness, no northern seas, and no nothing that should be inexpressively uncomfortable, should counteract the luxury, the music and the incomparable table of the "greyhounds" of the North German Lloyd. The next day, the 11th of November, was the sailing time of the Kaiser Wilhelm II, and 10 o'clock found me and mine on board. The band played American airs as we glided down into the bay. All the lovely panorama of the New York and New Jersey shores, the Statue of Liberty, aristocratic Staten Island and Coney, its cosmopolitan brother, opposite, had disappeared before the summons to dinner, which was set to music and served by cotton-gloved waiters in recherche style. The night was ideal—everyone on deck, a silvery moon and an ocean unvexed by wind or wave. The eye is gratified by unusual personages and the ear is interested by sounds of unfamiliar speech.

This delightful state of things lasted four days and we were seemingly out on a great mirror of water—no motion whatever and consequently no mal de mer; a magnificent vault of sapphire by day and a celestial sky at night—sunshine and moonlight, splendor and joy.

But on the 15th there was a tumbling about of black clouds and a turbulent foam of wave that brought out the canvas and ropes along the deck and made locomotion unsteady and dangerous. The smoking room became uninhabitable. All the racks were laid on the tables for lunch time, but only 16 out of a hundred deigned to grace the midday board. The dinner had to be postponed, as the culinary part could not be performed; and, in case it could have been, no contrivances could have kept the dishes on the tables.

That night was the most dreadful one I have ever passed at sea. The good ship rolled and pitched and groaned, the sea dashed all over her, and many ladies who had never been on mid-ocean before wept bitter and frightened tears and numbers were thrown from their berths, and two ladies and half a dozen men were thrown from their berths and out of their staterooms through the curtained doors. No bones were broken, however, and even the bruises were of an indifferent kind.

NANCE O'NEIL AS "PEG WOFFINGTON"

This circumstance was occasioned by the ship encountering a counter current of sea and wind in emerging from where the gulf stream parts for the north and the south.

Thursday, the 16th, was cloudy and the sea was choppy, but most every one not too sensitive to nausea was on deck because the Azores had been sighted. The run through the Portuguese islands was joyous and reassuring, and occupied the day. There was a lively ten-hours tilt between raincloud and sunshine and desultory showers drove the passengers hither and thither. The course was through the channel leaving Fayal to the north, Pico to the south; and, again, St. George's to the north and St. Michael's to the south. There were pretty farms on these islands and large and small towns scattered all along. Fayal and St. Michaels produce the largest and most delicious pineapples in the world, although they are carried to perfection under glass.

From the Azores to Gibraltar, day and night, the sea was again like a lake. Every one was up betimes this morning, as Cadiz was to be been early Tangier a few hours afterwards, and the gigantic fortress between one and two. It was an ideal California winter morning—barometer away on one side and thermometer at 72. We are at last between the continents. Trafalgar on one side and Tangier on the other. When a youngman there were three objects that appealed to my imagination. These were Niagara Falls, that even the early pen of the exasperating Dickens became ecstatic over; Pompeii, made famous by Bulwer; and Gibraltar, beside which there is no other "Rock of Ages" of so frowning a character. Pictures of these ornamented the pages of all the geographies and histories of the days of my youth, and became so salient a combination that I early hoped to some day make them mural appointments of my travel and experience. There were no thoughts of Yosem'te or Yellowstone by "Peter Parley" or Mitche'l, and I never sighed for St. Peter's or St. Paul's. And in justice to these three great creations, none is disappointing. Niagara was more majestic than I had dreamed; Pompeii fulfilled all expectation; and now I gaze on Gibraltar, more formidable, more ferocious, more wonderful, more picturesque, more enchanting, than I had ever hoped; so sublime a feature, indeed, that neither brush nor pen can adequately counterfeit its tremendous likeness. And as I write it has been transformed into an object alike fairy and spectacular. It is 6 in the evening and thousands of lights illuminate this Titian of all inhabited upheavals, and these star out upon the dancing waters where there are 14 British battleships brilliantly embellished from stems to sterns.

Every cabin passenger left the steamer for a three hours' inspection of Her Majesty's fortress and its terraced municipality. The trip was made in a tender, as no big vessels are allowed to land. The deposit of an American dollar in the hand of an English guide and the promise of a duplicate gave four of us all the tramp and inspection we wanted and got us admission everywhere except into the tunneled galleries. We saw Moors and Turks, Algerians and Spaniards, and were reminded of the Midways of Chicago and San Francicso. There are nearly two thousand inhabitants, mostly Spaniards, all of whom are odorous of garlic. Transport No. 57 left an hour ago with 800 troops for South Africa amidst acclamation and music from fourteen warships and a hundred other craft—our own band of the Kaiser Wilhelm playing "God Save the Queen," with the British colors from our foremast.

Gibraltar is not quite half so high as El Capitan; but if El Capitan could be tumbled over and placed alongside this mighty paw of the British lion our own majestic landmark would be conspicuously dwarfed. The Spring street of Gibraltar is the "Alameda," a commanding thoroughfare with bazaar and cafes on either side. Here are promenaders from many lands and carriages with well-dressed ladies; and Spanish, Italian and English guides, more numerous than the muzzles of the big cannon and more formidable than the warships in the bay. For these elite of highwaymen neither the Cross of Saint George nor the emphatic "No!" of the besieged wayfarer has the terror of a smile. One tormentor, in accents of anger, exclaimed:

"Well, we are not afraid of Mr. Dewey here!"

To which our guide responded (with that other dollar in sight):

"I guess your Mr. Dewey wouldn't make a bad mess of it even here—ha! ha!"

But we did not join the fellow in his affected hilarity. It had a base ring and was a preliminary "size-up" for an additional "pourboire."

Steamers leave her for Tangier three times a week and take one over to the principal seaport of Morocco and the home of the dignified and bearded Moor. Here may be seen some of the quaintest specimens of Moorich architecture, a number of excellent hotels and where there is a rare equability of temperature. Here are scores of narrow streets lined with little one-story houses and shops, the latter in all the colors of an Axminster—and the men and women are in the same bewilderment of shades and designs—again reminders of the Midways of Chicago and the Golden Gate.

For a short distance the steamer skirts the coast of Spain, near the historic town of Tarifa, with the African pillars of Hercules in sight; then, turning southward, and making straight for the little bay, on the farther side of which lies the objective point, a mass of glistening white roofs, on the long slope of a low hill, fronting toward Mecca and the East.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

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Music and Art

THE MUSIC OF THE YEAR

THE year just closing has not been startlingly fecund in a local musical way. Last Christmas a feeling of despondency had possession of the progressive musical people of this city, because of the discouragement attending all endeavors to live up to the custom of giving the "Messiah," which is in vogue all over the world, and with the exception of the N. E. A. meeting in July, nothing was done until Mr. Bacon called a chorus together for "The Creation." While the year has been dull, its close is marked by a phenomenal revival of public interest in musical affairs. The oratorio season, which "The Creation" opened with a record-breaking attendance, not only at the first concert, but at the repetition—an unprecedented occurrence—is full of promise for the "Messiah." In connection with this branch of music, it must however be borne in mind that never before was the public so effectively and so thoroughly appealed to for the support of oratorio as it was for "The Creation," through Mr. Fitzgerald's able and systematic handling, which shows plainly that the business end of an affair of this kind is of equal importance with the artistic, for to printers' ink is the wonderful attendance largely due. The enthusiasm of the singers and orchestra, and Mr. Bacon's close and loving interest in the larger choral work, held the public for the second performance. The N. E. A. chorus, under Mr. Hamilton, was the great feature of the summer, and while the aim of the program was, purposely, not of the highest, the results were of a character to elicit complimentary tributes from the thousands of visiting teachers who went away with pleasant recollections of musical Los Angeles. The disastrous season of last year's Symphony Concerts constituted a serious damper until their successful revival and their placing on a better financial basis, by the well-directed and able work of Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. J. G. Mossin and other public-spirited women, the large attendance at the first concert being fresh in the memory of all. The Krauss String Quartet has reached the second of this year's series of chamber concerts, which are drawing to them all the lovers of absolute music in the city.

In a more detailed way the year's record of musical doings is as follows: In January the Symphony Orchestra gave two concerts, at which the leading numbers were the Peer Gynt Suite of Grieg and the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, and varied programs, with Miss Miriam E. Barnes and Mr. S. W. Jennison as soloists in a Liszt Concerto and Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie-Caprice." Moritz Rosenthal gave two concerts, at the first of which he played the Brentano Sonata (op. 109), and displayed at both his virtuosity to the full; while Gerome Helmont, an Ysaye "prodigy," failed to satisfy the musicians. Miss Elizabeth Carrick gave a song recital, and the University of California Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a well-attended performance. Camillo Urso played at the Orpheum, whose former well-known leader, Dion Romandy, died during this month. During February the Symphony Orchestra gave Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, with Miss Anna Virginia Metcalf on the program as soloist; the Jennison Trio gave its first chamber concert, with Mrs. A. C. Jones as vocalist. Prof. J. C. Dunster, for years a strong musical factor in the city, died at Fitchburg, Mass., on the 24th.

In March the Symphony Orchestra gave Bizet's "Arlesienne" Suite and the Grieg Concerto, with Miss J. Russell Brown as soloist; the Grau Grand Opera Company, with Melba, Gadski and De Lussan, appeared in "Faust" and "Carmen;" Sousa's Band gave two concerts, with Miss Maud Reese

LITTLE PALOMA SCHRAMM, the Child with an Artist's Soul

Davis as vocalist; the Jennison Trio had Miss Jennie Winston as soloist at its chamber concert; the Liederkranz had a musical evening, and Mr. W. F. Skeele gave an organ recital.

In April the Symphony Orchestra presented the C Minor Symphony, Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball-Wuerker appearing as soloist; Emil Sauer at his concerts played the "Waldstein" Sonata and that of Chopin in B Minor; Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop and Miss Marie Cobb had a recital, the Jennison Trio, with Miss Elizabeth Carrick, gave a chamber concert, and Miss Alice Beach McComas gave a piano recital at Ebell Hall.

May was the busiest month of the year. Moritz Rosenthal opened it with two concerts at which the leading numbers were Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata and Chopin's in B Minor; the Symphony Orchestra gave two concerts, Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony with Miss Julia Phelps as soloist at the first, and Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Max Bruch's Scotch Fantasie for violin, with Mr. Arnold Krauss as soloist, and Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop as vocalist; the Stamm Quartet, wih Mrs. Kimball-Forest, vocalist, gave a chamber concert, as did the Jennison Trio. The Lombardi Opera Company opened its long season; the Liederkranz and Miss June Reed gave concerts; Nat Brigham had a ballad recital; a chorus under Mr. F. L. Huebner presented Sterndale Bennett's cantata "The May Queen," and Mme. Martinez gave the "In a Persian Garden" cycle. A sad loss to music was the death of Mr. S. W. Jennison, a young violinist of great promise.

June was marked by two concerts by the Kneisel Quartet; by a complimentary concert to Director Hamilton by the Symphony Orchestra, a concert by Mrs. Mowry of San Francisco, and a recital by Miss Ethel Graham.

The mass chorus which presented Macfarren's "May Day" and other numbers at Hazard's Pavilion had the only important affair of July, unless a return engagement of the Lombardis is noted.

August and September, and October, in which the Liederkranz gave a concert, were the dull months.

November opened up with a chamber concert by the Krauss String Quartet, with Miss Frieda Koss as vocalist, another by the California Ladies' Quartet, a coucert by Valentine Abt, assisted by the Throop Guitar and Mandolin Club, and a recital by Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas, Miss June Reed and Mrs. Tolles.

During the present month the Symphony Orchestra began a new season, with Raff's "Leonore" Symphany and a Humperdinck Fantasia, with Miss Frieda Koss as soloist; "The Creation" was repeated; the Krauss Quartet, on Thursday evening, gave its second concert, with Miss J. Russell Brown as soloist. The year will be rounded out with another Symphony concent, with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as the principal number, and Miss Knickerbocker as soloist; by an appearance of Paloma Schramm, who has been on tour, and by Sada, the promising pupil of Ysaye.

The Krauss String Quartet, on Thursday evening, gave its second chamber concert of the present season, the players showing their usual conscientious and satisfying work. The Mendelssohn number was perhaps the best received, but the Beethoven quartet, notably in the slow movement, showed the quartet's improvement in smoothness and a greater delicacy in the application of color. Miss J. Russell Brown, pianist, was the soloist of the evening, and her playing was scholarly and clean.

E. F. KUBEL.

The chorus uuder Prof. Bacon, which has been greatly augmented since the "Creation," is rehearsing "The Messiah," which is to be sung on January 5th. There will be positively only one performance, and no proposals for a repetition will be entertained.

De Pachmann is a pianist unlike any other. He is perhaps the most perfect representative of finished, refined piano playing that has been heard in this country. De Pachmann will appear here under the management of Mr. Blanchard on the evening of Janaury 1st and matinee January 3d at Blanchard Hall.

They who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

A Man of Big Enterprises

That a country is best known and judged by its representative and enterprising men goes without saying. Conspicuous among our Southern California men, and always in the very front rank, is the subject of this sketch, Mr. S. P. Creasinger, the widely known real estate man. Pluck, energy and financial talent has made him easily a recognized leader in financial circles.

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The artistic appointments of his private office is a show place to Easterners and should not be gone over without a word, as they are a gem of art, luxuriously furnished and decorated with many rare art treasures.

In the real estate department can always be found the very choicest lists of business oportunities, hotels, lodging houses, business properties, partnerships, country property, ranches, and all kinds of exchanges.

Mr. S. P. Creasinger, with a barrel of money to loan, can always be found at 218 South Broadway, in the Gardner & Zellner Building, where he cordially welcomes all his friends and patrons.

A Christmas Tip

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The Year's Vanities

Of the fads and fashions of Both Sexes

I HAVE been asked to make a short review of the fads and fashions of the past year, and although it is very painful to recall memories of such things as two by three Trilby hearts, little silver mounted rabbits' feet and real and bogus four-leaf clovers that used to bob and sway at the end of a variety of Cyrano chains, I suppose I must lend myself as a martyr to the cause and go into these details. When I think of the remarkable strides Dame Fashion has made, I am obliged to think she must have been pretty busy and traveled pretty fast to keep ahead of herself during the past twelve months.

How fickle, and yet it is rather nice to be constantly confronted with all the new things that are always being held out to tempt us, even though it takes a small fortune to keep them moving along nicely.

I look back to the first overskirt I saw in Los Angeles and—yes, I remember it was a copy of that elegant white satin gown worn by Black Patti when she apeared at the Los Angeles Theater in the Black Troubadours last winter. I thought at the time how cleverly it was conceived. It was made of green cloth, something like henrietta, only they call it by a new name now, I believe, and it almost covered an old green and white plaid skirt that I had grown so tired of seeing every time I went down town; and really it looked quite swell and new.

And then there were those abominable double deck golf hats, that were just about as common as the hay they were made of, that were all the go in Chicago about a year before they got out here last summer. You know we are sure to be just one year in the rear—but then what do we care, so long as we have climate. They can't get ahead of us on that anyway. The milliners had the courage to produce a few of these in felt for early fall wear, but we are spared the agony of looking at many of them any more. The approach to these hats was made easy by the introduction of the Shepherdess, which was similar in the shape of the brim but not in the crown. They were not so bad but they won't do now.

A little fad that at the time struck me as particularly neat and useful was the beauty pin. They were all right when they first mande their appearance in real gold or gold plate, but like almost everything else nowadays they were cheapened and were soon seen made out of some sort of twisted wire that looked a little like gold perhaps, but sold three for a dime, and when they lost their value they lost their popularity, and now they are no more. In their place on the shirt waist front, we see nothing but a very plain pleat and underneath and out of sight are the ball and socket fasteners sewed on a separate pleat.

I wonder if the time will ever come when we will see the fashionables promenading in the sensible length skirt again. I heard a gentleman relating his experience of trying to board a car the other day. Gentleman-like he stepped to one side to allow a lady to enter the car, and while he was waiting for the aforesaid lady to drag her two or three yards of train in behind her, the car started on and he had to wait for the next one. Do you wonder that the men swear at the long skirts? But that wasn't as funny as a circumstance I saw at Third and Spring a few days ago. A young woman was crossing the street dragging her gown along as usual, and just as she stepped upon the opposite curb a heavy wagon came lumbering along just in time to catch the edge of her train under a front wheel. Great was the rip thereof, and some old man who saw her embarassing predicament looked very wise, and thought probably just what every one else thought—"foolish woman!"

Speaking of glasses a little while ago, reminds me that to be strictly swell every woman will have to have her lorgnette now, and I suppose after Christmas they will be seen everywhere. The new

DOROTHY EGELHOFF
The sunshine of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Egelhoff

things are of gun metal, although we see beautiful ones in tortoise shell, gold and silver.

Then there were the French girdles which commenced with the shortening of hips and bust until finally they were a ribbon belt or French girdle—and such beauties, made of broad ,heavy satin ribbon that ranged in price all the way from six to twelve dollars, and often into the twenties when elaborately finished with real lace edging, etc.

Now the corsets are assuming more substantial proportions and one of the beauties in great demand is the Worth Beaute, which name is fittingly placed. The best of it is that it is made in our city, too, notwithstanding the fact that I have said we are inclined to be behind the times—we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are up to date in the matter of corsets.

The matter of gloves is a great item to the well-dressed woman, and I believe the swellest shades are the violet and a certain shade of light green, pale yellow or lemon and calves head, which is very similar to lemon.

A fad that is more recent but out of line is the dog collar belt, also dog chain belts. What queer fancies fashion takes. The elastic beaded belts were also very popular and they have taken a back step; likewise the huge be't buck'es and neck ribbon clasps.

The woman who can finish the waist line in the simplest way is the most chic of all. Golf capes and shirts are considered quite stylish here at present, but they are passe in the east already.

EDWIN E. CRANDALL

IN THE tremendous business enterprises of these last of the century days the tendency is for the business to swallow up the man's identity, until with many nothing but the name remains, often serving almost in the same capacity as a street number over a door. But there are pleasant exceptions, where the man is on a par with his business, wholesouled and a friend to every one deserving of his friendship. Mr. Edwin E. Crandall, senior of the big department store of Crandall, Aylesworth & Co., is one of these men, and in a twenty-years experience in mercantile lines in Los Angeles he has not forgotten his duties to the public. In consequence he is a popular member of the Chamber of Commerce, of which he was a charter member, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and the Board of Trade, his name also being among the charter signers of this organization.

Mr. Crandall is a Georgian by birth and was brought up in the South, and his bonhommie disposition fully bears out the popular impression of the true Southerner's whole-hearted nature. In business he has been most successful and is always most interested in matters for the public welfare, willing to give both time and money for the furtherance of his city's best interests.

E. E. CRANDALL

Be merry all, be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare with song, the feast, the ball
To welcome merry Christmas.
—W. R. Spencer.

Almost any day you can see a throng of sightseers about the handsome show windows of McGrath's, the well-known wall-paper man's store at 414 South Broadway. Last week there was placed in the window a dainty sign with the inscription "Blue Day.' Now don't for a minute think any one had the "blues," for no one had, but were highly felicitated at the beautiful display of wa'l paper which was a picture in a harmonious blending of all the blue shades. And so are the color schemes carried out each day. Then there are the Oriental, Japanese, Arabesque, Venetian, Moorish, Roman and many other effects. It is astonishing how wall paper will work wonders in a room and how stiff and uninviting a room is without a pretty wall decoration. You will think you know much about wall paper effects until you see Mr. McGrath, and what he does not know about the artistic in this line is not worth bothering about. But then the McGraths have been artistic decorative geniuses for upwards of 50 years, making Mr. T. F. McGrath an artist by heritage.

This is the time when the very old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes wear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh, then is the time when the soul exults
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hand we press,
When the Christmas log is burning!
—Cook.

As wonderful as the alleged making of liquid air without power is the invention that enables one to have hot water without a fire. This is a device called the Climax Solar Water Heater, which is placed upon the roof or the side of a house, and in California will, by the sun's rays, provide hot water nearly 350 days in the year, without one cent's expense. It is incomprehensible to see how the sun's heat can be absorbed until the water is hot enough to scald a chicken, yet it is demonstrated that it can be done, and in a day that wraps are not amiss to the investigator. In another column is the announcement of the company handling this device and an inquiry will bring any information concerning it.

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R. J. STAHMANN, Manager.

At the Theaters

THE YEAR WITH THE MUMMERS

THE LIST of visiting theatrical companies of the highest rank during the past year is a decidedly lean character. That this is due to the wretched support given to the majority of those who did venture here is not to be doubted. The managers of the Los Angeles Theater, Messrs. Wyatt and Wood, have done everything in their power to bring the "attractions" here, but the standard price of admission in the East and along the road seems to act as a deterrent when applied here. The people do not seem to understand that this price is regulated by the visiting companies, and the local managers have, at best, only a limited say, which, however, at times has secured prices below those charged elsewhere. "Popular" prices is what the people seem to want, and as long as this demand exists, so long will we have to do without the companies, who cut short their tours at San Francisco. The Melba engagement, a most disastrous one for the local management, is a case in point where enterprise and pluck were crushed by public indifference, and this and other combinations which came here and played to uncomplimentary and unprofitable business, passed the word along that Los Angeles was a good place to avoid until its people were more alive to their own interests and were ready to patronize attractions with whom transportation is an important item of expense. A few first-class companies, like the Bostonians, Frank Daniels, James-Kidder-Warde, Melbourne MacDowell, Kelcey and Shannon, and Frederick Warde did venture here, but these are but a small proportion to those who cancelled because they did not dare to take the risk. A comparison of the local performances, with those San Francisco enjoyed, will readily show our loss.

The Burbank, under the Morosco management, with attractions under long engagements, and at popular prices, has enjoyed a steady and profitable patronage. The Orpheum, maintaining its reputation as a caterer to the people who aim at having an entertainment made up of a variety of good things, rather than by a set play, has also been doing a good business during the year.

At the Los Angeles Theater the year has shown us Willie Collier in the "Man from Mexico," Daniel Sully, Edwin Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Yon Yonson, James-Kidder-Warde, Henry's Minstrels, Frank Daniels in the "Idol's Eye" and "The Wizard of the Nile," "Why Smith Left Home," The Botonians, "The Sign of the Cross", Black Patti, Blanche Walsh and Melbourne Macdowell, Melba, the Rays, the Lambardi Italian Opera Company, "Midnight Bell," Kelsey-Shannon Company, Warde and Sackett, Modjeska, Ben Hendricks, "Milk-White Flag," "Mlle. Fifi," "Hotel Topsy Turvy," "In Old Kentucky," Matthews and Bulger, Eugenia Blair, Frederick Warde, and Murray and Mack.

The Burbank, which opened under the Morosco management on September 3d, has not yet had the opportunity for many changes of bill and people, but it has been giving a series of excellent performances at very reasonable prices. It is a family theatre, comfortable and satisfying and the liberal policy of Mr. Oliver Morosco, the manager, is bearing golden fruit. The house opened with the Frawley Company in "Madame Sans Gene" and during the ten weeks' engagement of the capable organization "The Sporting Duchess" and other novelties were well put on. Since then "Brown's in Town," Richard and Pringle's Minstrels, "What Happened to Jones," and Nance O'Neil, who is now filling her engagement, have held the boards.

To tabulate the "turns" at the Orpheum would take up more space than I have at my command here, so that the principal features of the year only can be spoken of. George Fuller Golden, Julius Witmark, Geo. C. Evans, Rose Eyting, Pilar-Morin, Clement Bainbridge, Barton Hill, Teresa Berger, Papinta, Dolly and Milton Nobles, Ola Hayden, Macart's dogs, J. K. Murray and Clara Lane, Cora Tanner and Louis Massen, Clara Lardino's, Pantzer Trio, Hopkins' Specialty Company, Lillian Burkhart, the Andersons, the Pasqualis, Hawthorne Sisters, Johnstone Bennett, Minnie Palmer, Geo. Wilson, Laura Joyce Bell, Dagmar, Felix Morris, Knaben Kapelle, Hallen and Fuller, Howard's Pony circus, Burton's Dogs, Cheridah Simpson, Cora Stuart, Mignon, and so on down the stretch of entertainers who have made their bow to the big audiences and passed on down the circuit.

The different houses have excellent bookings for the coming year, the Los Angeles with an assortment of good things like the Bostonians, James-Kidder-Hanlon, and others of equal grade up its sleeve; the Burbank with an eye and ear to a season of light opera by the best company that plays at popular prices, and the Orpheum with a bushel of contracts with the vaudevillians who are now gaining laurels in the eastern houses.

The Los Angeles Theater has been having a spell of wholesome hilarity in "Finnegan's Ball," which Murray and Mack made the medium of their mirth-provoking qualifications. The popularity of these comedians was well shown by the big business that was done, and that their fun-making powers have not waned was equally well demonstrated by the storm of laughter that greeted every sally. The aim is not high with these amusers, but their purpose to create a hearty and deep laugh is successful. The farce is like the rest of such things, plenty of fooling with musical "gems" studding the frolicsome garment. The honors go to the two comedians who head it, although they have with them several people of distinct merit in their lines.

Since its first production at the Drury Lane Theater in 1777 the glorious old comedy of manners, "The School for Scandal," has had many appearances. Charles Lamb is of record that "it was something to have seen the 'School for Scandal' in its glory." It is as live and breathing a picture of the weaknesses and foibles of mankind today as it was when Sheridan aimed his witty shafts at the scandal mongers of England. We have had only a few Lady Teazles in this city beginning with Rhea some sixteen years ago and Katherine Kidder was the latest exponent of this charming feminine role until Thursday evening, when Nance O'Neil, with a daring confidence in her own powers, personated the part at the Burbank theater, which, while departing at times utterly from the traditions, was yet most interesting.

It was a Nance O'Neil that we have never seen that donned the furbelows of Lady Teazle. It was an actress whose repute was gained in the embodying of types of strong passion; one did not look for restraint in such a part as that of the transplanted country violet which, ordinarily quickly sheds its perfume in the noxious, debilitating atmosphere of the social hot-house of the city. But our young actress in the part of Lady Teazle did some really clever work, and some of it was again of the sort which has made people wonder at the resources of this child of genius. She painted the country Lady in quieter tints, even, than Katherine Kidder, who in the quarrel scenes makes a much greater display of temper; in fact, Nance O'Neil made Lady Teazle so sweet and lovable that one cannot understand how the daily marital spats were brought about. Only in the screen scene did she raise the tones which she had attured to an unusually low pitch, and then only was the rasp heard in that glorious speaking voice. It was clear and resonant and tuneful and the fluent lines had a pleasing and impressive reading. The Sir Peter Teazle of Mr. George Becks was a personation for which this capable actor deserves much credit. It was an admirable companion-piece and foil for the star and her role. Mr. Barton Hill as Sir Oliver, was again the actor who shows in his work that ease and polish which is ripe fruit only of long and weary years of experience. Mr. Clay Clement, as Charles Surface, was not convincing, mainly perhaps, because he did not put into his character the ring of manliness which shows the scapegrace off to advantage against the sycophant —hardly up to the plane of a Sheridan comedy.

The bill at the Orpheum this week is entertaining and is well received. Robbins, the trick bicycle rider does some really wonderful things with his wheel; Ruth Nelta and her Filipino Kid do an amusing song act; Albini is a clever conjurer who exploits some new tricks; Pete Baker made a hit with his singing and recitations, while the holdovers repeated much of their work of last week. "La Fiesta de San Xavier" will be reviewed at length next week. E. F. KUBEL

Next week, commencing Sunday night, Miss O'Neil will appear in the "New Camille," which is up for Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and at the Saturday matinee, "Ingomar" Thursday and Friday, and Saturday night in "Oliver Twist."

Manager Morosco has his small army of stage mechanics working over time preparing for the mammoth production of "Macbeth," which will be given on a scale of magnificence and splendor. The famous Kelly music will be made a special feature of the production.

The management of the Los Angeles Theater wishes to call the attention of its patrons to the next attraction at that house, "My Friend From India." The coast tour of this attraction is under the direction of Messrs. Belasco & Thall, the popular amusement caterers of San Francisco. The company comprises America's only natural-born comedian, L. R. Stockwell, supported by an excellent corps of versatile players.

"A precious jewel in a splendid setting of vaudeville acts," is the way Camille D'Arville's coming is being advertised by the Orpheum management.

Besides D'Arville, there are to be a lot of new vaudeville acts next week. The Tennis Trio, who juggle Indian clubs in a startling fashion. Emmonds, Emerson and Emmonds in a comedy, "Only a Joke;" Jessie Millar, the Los Angeles girl who won fame as a cornetist in the East; Pete Baker, the singer and Dutch comedian; Sig. Albini, easily the finest conjurer ever brought to the coast; A. D. Robbins, the champion trick cyclist; and Ruth Nelta, the singing comedienne, will all be on the bill.

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

—D. M. Mulock.

The girls are actually making the turkey feather in their hats look beautiful. It is the girl beneath that gives it charm. If you don't believe it, stick that feather in a man's hat.

LOS ANGELES THEATER
C. M. Wood and H. C. Wyatt, Lessees.
50 CENTS FOR THE BEST SEAT
3 NIGHTS and SATURDAY MATINEE, beginning..... Thursday, Dec. 21
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L. R. STOCKWELL
and a Superb Company, in the Greatest Farce Comedy Success of the Century,
"MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"
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"It will drive away the blues"—*Call.*
"A roaring success"—*Chronicle.*
PRICES—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c Telephone Main 70

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Performance at 3 p.m. sharp. Doors closed during numbers.
Seats on sale Monday. Prices—25c, 50c and 75c.
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Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager
Matinee To-day, "The Jewels." To-night, Last Performance of the Delightful Comedy, "The School For Scandal."
Commencing Sunday (To-morrow) Night, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and Saturday Matinee
"THE NEW CAMILLE."
Thursday and Friday Nights
"INGOMAR."
Saturday Night, Magnificent Revival of
"OLIVER TWIST."
Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Tel. Main 1270.

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MAIN STREET BET. FIRST AND SECOND
Los Angeles' Family Vaudeville Theater
Week Commencing Monday, Dec. 18.
Camille d'Arville, the great Singer.
The Tennis Trio, Indian Club Jugglers.
Emmonds, Emerson and Emmonds, in the Comedy "Only a Joke."
Jessie Millar, the Los Angeles Cornetist.
Pete Baker, the Singer and Dutch Comedian.
Sig. Albini, Conjurer.
A. D. Robbins, Champion Trick Cyclist.
Ruth Nelta, the Singing Comedienne.
PRICES never changing—25c and 50c: Gallery 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; 25c to any part of the house; Gallery 10c; Children 10c any seat.

Fixing Up
The Palace Restaurant is closed for a time, while extensive improvements are being made. It will be the event of the year when we give our
Grand Opening
December 24th
The finest to eat and drink, the best music in the city and the elegant new furnishings will make it even more popular than ever.
The Palace Cor. First and Spring St.

Continued from page 11

stands second to none. This institution is conducted by the Sisters of Charity whose skill and devotedness in nursing the sick and unfortunate are too well known to require comment.

The building, which is a magnificent brick structure erected according to the most improved plans, and fitted up with all modern requirements and conveniences for the successful and scientific treatment of all diseases, affords accommodations for nearly one hundred patients. The rooms are all cheerful, well lighted and perfectly ventilated. The operating rooms are provided with electric lights and all latest and most improved appliances required for surgical treatment.

Recently a training school for nurses has been established. Several of the most eminent physicians of the city deliver weekly lectures to the class. The pupils assist in the care of the patients, thus acquiring practical experience as well as professional knowledge.

SISTERS' HOSPITAL

The hospital grounds are large and beautiful, affording to those who are not confined to their beds, ample opportunity for enjoying the pure, invigorating air and sunshine of this salubrious climate.

Located on an eminence of several hundred feet overlooking the city of Los Angeles it commands a delightful and extensive view of the city and surrounding landscape which with its picturesque mountain peaks and fertile vine-clad valleys forms a scene of unexcelled beauty. These many advantages combine to make this institution—which being non-sectarian makes no distinction as to creed—an ideal home in an ideal climate for those in need of medical attendance.

The California Hospital

The California Hospital, located at the corner of Fifteenth and Hope streets, in this city, is simply an elegant hotel for the sick. It contains over one hundred bright, sunny rooms, and while this beautiful building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity and gas and otherwise supplied with all the appliances of an up-to-date private hospital.

The building is surrounded by ample grounds, which are reached by a veranda incline so that patients, where it is desirable, may be taken out in roller chairs. The most delightful place is the roof-garden, forty feet wide and eighty feet long. This is one of the most charming spots in the city of Los Angeles. There are three operating rooms, the floors of which are tiled and the walls and ceiling enameled so as to insure thorough asepsis.

There is a resident physician and a corps of forty nurses. This hospital is reached by all of the street-car lines, either directly or by transfer. Prices range from $15.00 upwards per week in separate rooms, from $10.00 upwards per week in wards.

The management of this hospital believe that to the great majority of patients suitable nourishment is more important than drugs and that the necessity of a healthful diet is paramount. To carry out this idea those cardinal foods—milk, butter, bread, meats, cereals are all of the choicest quality, and are all selected with great care and purchased at rates considerably above market prices.

For those who so desire there are numerous rooms with private baths. It is a terrible misfortune to be sick, but everything is done here to facilitate recovery and to make sickness comfortable and convalescence a pleasure.

A new importation of Christmas goods for the holidays. The elegant windows of the Beeman & Hendee art rooms are simply dazzling with beautiful things, but they are only a small index to the beauties contained inside. There is nothing prettier than a handsomely embroidered sofa pillow, and here you will find them in richest profusion, just the very kind your gentleman friend would like for the cosy corner of his "den." It is the very place for tourists to stray into to get California decorative art specialties and the market's pick and choice of Mexican drawn work of the most intricate patterns. The Mesdames Beeman & Hendee personally selected these gems of art during a recent trip to old Mexico. Handsomely embroidered center-pieces, table-cloths, doilies, couch-covers, woolen skirts, slippers, point-lace and other lace handkerchiefs, besides every imaginable thing for the baby. A perfect carnival of dolls and their trousseaux, and such a bewildering array of useful things that a lady's or gentleman's boudoir is not complete without. It is one of the show places of the town, so be sure to see it at 310 S. Broadway, in the Bradbury building.

Of all the sight-seeing trips in Southern California there are none that compare with the fascination of a ride to the sands of the Pacific. There is no more comfortable way to make the ride than over the electric line of the Los Angeles-Pacific railroad, which runs its pleasant coaches to the very edge of old ocean's dancing waves. The road has shown a wonderful prosperity the past year, which is a monument to the ability of E. P. Clark, the president and general manager, and to the loyalty and energy of the employes.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.

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The Century Number of the Delineator for Jan., 1900. BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE January number Glass of Fashion

THOMAS PASCOE.

SINCE the year 1884 Los Angeles has numbered among its citizens the gentleman whose portrait it is a pleasure to herewith reproduce as a mark of his worth in this city of many worthy men. It is perhaps as the genial host of Hotel Lincoln that he is most publicly known, though no man can boast of a larger following in politics than can Mr. Pascoe. A solid Republican of straightforward principles, he takes a great interest in public affairs, and on account of his integrity, service to the party and fitness for the position he was appointed a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of the city.

Since his early youth Mr. Pascoe has had a wide and varied experience. When eighteen years old he entered the navy of her Britannic Majesty, and served seven years as chief steward on some of the largest men-of-war of the period. During the great Fenian excitement of 1865 to 1867 he was on the Irish coast, of which he has many thrilling tales to tell. Subsequently he was in the Mediterranean, and, in 1870, when Victor Immanuel entered Rome, his vessel was at Naples waiting in case the offer of the protection of the British government should be accepted by the Pope, Pius IX, to convey the latter to the island of Malta, where the castle of St. John had been placed at his disposal. Mr. Pascoe then went to Athens, Greece, and was there when twelve notorious brigands were caught and executed, and he was at the opening of the Suez canal by Napoleon III of France, in 1871. In these years Mr. Pascoe was called upon in the course of his duties to cater to many distinguished Ambassadors, Ministers, and oftentimes royalty itself, so that he had exceptional opportunities to make himself master of the details of good stewardship, and thus was laid the foundation of his hotel success. Returning at the end of seven years to England, he resigned from the service, and, with his brother, came to America. He first spent a short time in New York, and from there went to Montana, where he was appointed a Deputy United States Marshal and assigned to duty in the Territorial penitentiary for the United States government. Sometime afterward he resigned to enter the hotel business, and was also interested in a financial way in sheep-raising. From Montana he went to Colorado in 1875, and opened at Colorado Springs Pascoe's hotel and restaurant, which he conducted for several years. In the spring of 1881 he came to California and became proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Ukiah.

His royal good-fellowship and executive ability have also won for him a second term as president of the Southern California Hotel Association, and he is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce.

THOMAS PASCOE

A REMINISCENCE OF McKEE RANKIN

I wonder if McKee Rankin ever thinks of those early days of "The Danites," when barn-storming on the coast was in order, and sleeping cars were not. Charlie Walton, then barely out of his teens, had made his debut in the theatrical business in San Francisco, and wishing a little change from the monotony (?) of a business manager's life, consented to go ahead with "The Danites" for a brief tour. Well, things started nicely; Charlie billed San Jose, Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville; and then getting stuck for his next date, conceived it to be a pious plan to give Rankin a stage ride and a little fresh air, and accordingly betook himself to Grass Valley and Nevada City and hence to Colfax, Reno, Carson and Virginia City. At the latter town Charlie was petrified by receiving a message from Grass Valley: "Come back and settle up. Rankin has gone East." And so it was. McKee struggled through as far as Marysville, but when the route from there was laid before him, his strength failed and he fled East. The towns were all billed, and Walton with sorry heart retraced his steps and squared himself as best he could along the back track. From that time until last Wednesday night he has never set eyes on Rankin, and as Nance O'Neil, Clay Clement and Rankin passed us on the street, he said, "I recognize Clement and Miss O'Neil, but who is the stout gentleman with curved legs?"

"That," said I, "is McKee Rankin, good, genial old soul."

"Good, genial old humbug," said Charlie, and we adjourned to Levy's, where he regaled me with this story of how McKee Rankin shirked a stage ride. E.

Possessing all the advantages of the higher-priced hotels in accommodations and service Hotel Catalina is the most centrally located hotel in Los Angeles, for there is no question but that the center of the city has moved to Broadway. Mr. R. V. Hough, the genial proprietor, is of one of those happy dispositions that enter most largely into the success of a hotel man, and aside from the elegant furnishings and service and moderate rates that are such forceful influences nowadays, there are many who are drawn to the Catalina through the cheerful and solicitous atmosphere imparted by Mr. Hough. Mr. Hough's hotel experience in the East in handling servants, conducting cafes and in the general management of a first-class hostlery have thoroughly equipped him for the direction of the Catalina, and located as it is between Fourth and Fifth streets on Broadway, on the principal car lines convenient to Postoffice, theaters, etc., this hotel is already in the position of one of the best-known houses in the city.

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Affairs of the Year

The Larger Interests of our Southwest Empire

A Year of Industry

TO REVIEW the industrial life of the Southwest Empire for the past year would require great research and vastly more space than can here be allotted. And after the work would have been completed there would be but further details in general truths which are now patent to everybody. Without undertaking a general review it may be profitable to pause long enough to note something of the drift of events during the year which is commonly recognized as the closing one of the century.

The Residence Section

The year has witnessed a growth in the residence portion of the city equal to any year in its history. The character of the hundreds of new residences has been fully up to the high standard which Los Angeles set for itself years ago. There have been few residences of great cost built, there being little tendency to palatial architecture on the part of the very wealthy. But, on the other hand, there has been no neglect of provisions for comfortable and happy home life on the part of the people. The many modest cottages have each been surrounded with tokens of comfort, happiness and prosperity. Something of a contest has been on between the westerly and southern portions of the city as specially inviting residence territory. The extension of the oil district north of Westlake park and the west has had a tendency to force home-making to the south, while the exhaustion of the wells in the eastern end of the district has tended to open the way for cleaning a passage through to the northwest, where property owners are not slow to take advantage of the renewed opportunity to create a desirable residence district.

The Tunnels

The digging of the Third-street tunnel, now well under way, and of the Broadway tunnel, on which headway has been begun, will still further advance the prospects of the northwest and of the east side, and property has in some districts appreciated greatly during the past year through the realization of the fact that it is on the face of the earth. Probably the greatest advances of the new year will be as a result of the breaking down of the Chinese wall of hills which has hedged in the business quarter from a wide area of attractive country.

The Business Quarter

There have been no sudden movements in the business section of the city during the past year. A tendency in this way was manifested early in the year, when a proposal was made to create a new wholesale district by building a series of fine blocks to replace the overgrown and inadequate buildings now occupied. But this project failed to reach fruition, and is believed to have been abandoned. In the retail district the tendency has remained toward the southward, and especially toward lower Broadway and Spring streets. The dry goods houses were the first to obey the behests of the new demands for removal and other lines have followed. One of the significant movements is the removal of a large clothing house from upper Spring street to Broadway. A new building has been constructed and the change will be made soon. This breaks the clothing district, the houses having been compactly arranged on two blocks of upper Spring street. The effect of this change on other houses will be watched with interest. The principal current of humanity at the present time is up Main, Spring and Broadway to Second, thence to Spring and and up Spring to First, with a return of business on Spring to Temple. The retail district embraces Main and Spring from Second to Fourth, Broadway from Second to Fifth.

Growth of Trade

The closing year has witnessed a considerable extension of trade, both in a wholesale and retail way. There has been nothing sensational in this.

RIDING SCHOOL ARENA OF THE CENTRAL PARK CYCLERY

There is no exercise more exhilarating and no sport more fascinating than that of bicycle riding. If you do not own a wheel and if you do not know how to ride, notice as you are passing 518 South Hill street the bicycle riding school at that location known as the Central Park Cyclery (so named because it is just opposite Central Park), owned and operated by Mr. W. G. Williams, a gentleman who always has a glad smile ready to greet any caller who wishes to take bicycle riding lessons or wishes to purchase or rent a wheel. He possesses a fine assortment of wheels and from the above cut may be observed his track in the rear of his store, where he is constantly engaged in giving lessons to all comers. The other engraving is a very excellent representation of the Hill-street frontage of his store and from the lettering on the fence one may rightfully judge that he is an adept in the art of advertising as well as one of the most successful promoters of wheel riding in Southern California.

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TO.....
THE LADIES

Just a hint to the wife, the mother, the sister, somebody's sister—that painted china, crocheted slippers, and handkerchief holders, have long since lost their flavor—that the cigars she usually buys him never had any flavor. What shall she buy? Something he can wear. A Christmas present is none the less welcome because it's useful. We suggest umbrellas, canes, handkerchiefs, suspenders, dress shirts, fancy shirts, fancy hose, gloves, scarfs, cravats, bath gowns, pajamas, cuff links, hats, night robes, mufflers, etc. See our assortment.

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SOUTH SPRING STREET

There has been an increase in population in city and country, and this had led to greater demands for goods, though in general there has been an increased number business houses to compensate for the greater number of people, and the general prosperity of the people has been tempered by the two years of light rainfall and the consequent shrinkage in values of products in the few lines not dependent on irrigation.

Other Cities and Towns

Los Angeles has not stood alone in growth during the past year. Throughout Southern California there have been many steps taken in advance. In a number of localities a close approach to a "building boom" has been on.

Santa Barbara has advanced through an expectancy of the completion of the railroad which will put it on the main line from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

Ventura has advanced from the same cause.

Santa Paula received a temporary set-back by frost last spring, but meets the future with confidence.

The San Gabriel valley towns have all prospered through improved quality, and consequent prices, for citrus fruits.

Pasadena has continued in its field of a favored residence city.

Azusa and Covina have found benefit in larger orange yields at better prices.

Pomona has gone steadily ahead in its healthy growth.

Ontario's large acreage has made it necessary to build a new town at North Ontario, and each of the twins is prospering under greatly increased revenue from maturing orchards.

Cucamonga and its group of hamlets have benefited from larger crops of oranges and lemons.

Colton threw off its lethargy several years ago and began an era of planting of citrus fruits which are giving it greater prestige and importance than it ever before had.

San Bernardino has shown an increased tendency to surmount the misfortunes of premature growth and subsequent palsy.

Highlands shares the prosperity of all communities with increasing acreage of citrus fruits.

Redlands has taken on something of metropolitan appearance with several beautiful business blocks and many fine residences built in the last year.

Riverside has nearly, if not quite, won anew for itself the distinction of having the largest revenue per capita of any city in the country. A series of unfortunate years interrupted this condition, but extensive planting of oranges on the best of lands and the eradication of orchards on undesirable land have made vast improvements and secured to the town for many years to come its regency in the orange industry.

The Perris valley has ceased to be a problem and has become a conquest through water development on an immense scale.

Hemet has had the misfortune of a destructive fire, and the fortune of reaching the productive stage with a large acreage of deciduous fruits.

San Jacinto has made no sensational developments, but has met with continued prosperity through its diversified pursuits.

Corona, which threw off its awkward name of South Riverside when it reached a productive era, has demonstrated conclusively that it will stand with the leading half dozen citrus fruit localities.

Orange maintains its position as a prosperous fruit producing section. Santa Ana and Anaheim share with it the honors of maintaining a successful triple alliance in the pursuit of wealth on many lines of agriculture and horticulture.

Fullerton, Whittier and Placentia are winning increasing honors in the production of walnuts and oranges, while on the hills back of these towns there have been found one of the best petroleum districts in the State.

Rivera, Norwalk, Downey and other towns in Los Angeles county are making good records in fruit production, dairy industry and other lines.

The peat lands near the ocean in Orange county have shown great possibilities for celery, and the annual shipment of hundreds of carloads has brought in large revenue.

San Pedro, the hope of Los Angeles, as the site of the "peoples harbor," has been particularly prosperous, though delays from several causes have prevented the accomplishment of as much work on the harbor as was hoped for.

Redondo and Santa Monica have continued popular resorts for the people of Southern California.

San Diego has reached the point in its lemon industry where considerable revenue is coming in and great increase is anticipated. A dozen towns in the county are doing more than ever before to develop the back country. The line of steamships between this city and the Orient has greatly stimulated all lines of business, and a mot creditable showing has been made in the past year.

E. F. HOWE.

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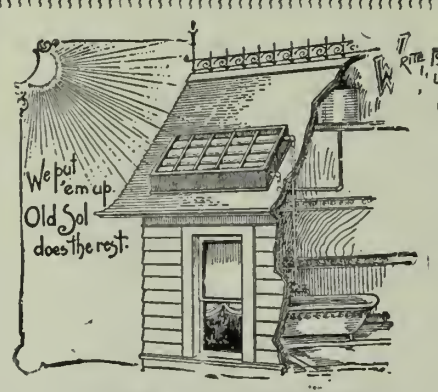

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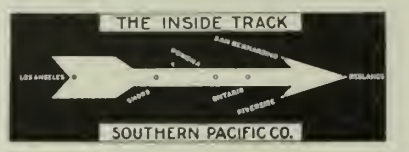

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Western Graphic

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Western Graphic

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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It matters not how long you live, but how well.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has every reason to be merry and happy these beautiful sunshiny days. Nature was never more lovely with her green clad hills and valleys, with her orchards of golden fruit, with homes covered with fragrant bloom of honeysuckle, heliotrope, and roses. This is truly a favored country.

The brave and loyal Lawton is dead—long live the General! At a banquet in this city not many years ago General Miles, as toastmaster introducing Captain Lawton said, "He is one of the truest of men, the bravest and best soldier in the American army." Lawton's memory will always remain green with those who knew him as we do here in Los Angeles.

It is as astonishing as ridiculous that one of our local, self-constituted administration papers in its venemous desire to strike at Huntington of the Espee should stigmatize the new Speaker of the House as being unduly influenced in not appointing Congressman Waters on the committee of rivers and harbors. Nobody believes that Speaker Henderson has been bribed or unduly influenced in this, if in any appointment. The reason Waters was not appointed, was undoubtedly because he is a new and untried member and therein the fault lies with the Sixth Congressional District of California. We never send the same man twice to represent us. It is the old member, honest and brainy, that has standing in Congress and on committees. Mr. Waters is a practical business man and a hustler and as a committeeman on the right committees he could and would render valuable service to his district. But will we return him next term? Of course he must make a good record, but even then the politicians may demand a rotation in the office and send a new man again and so the endless chain of inexperienced men are sent to Congress and the great Sixth Congressional District is virtually without representation. Blame it on Huntington and the Espee is the easiest way out of it.

If prosperity is measured by the amount of money the people spend and there certainly is no better method, Los Angeles is on the top wave. Our streets during the past three weeks have been crowded and our business houses thronged with purchasers of Christmas goods. Purchases have been generous, a better quality than usual being selected, and the amount of money spent much larger than during any former Christmas time in the history of our city. Prosperity abides with us and will continue to do so as long as our people continue to push their business in a legitimate way. No boom is wanted—just good plain prosperous times, and they are here.

City Hall Echoes

THE ordinary, every-day, uninformed and wondering taxpaying Philistine is really at a loss to understand the drift of the people in the Council who are playing the game of freeze-out with the Water Company. Why should the managers of the city, who found it necessary to kick the reporters out of the Council chamber while the latest move in the game was being discussed, hire Judge Dillon of New York, at an expense of $2500, on top of the big fee already awarded his firm? Is it a sop to that legal gentleman to put rose-tinted glasses over his eyes when the time comes for him to pass upon the validity of the water bonds, in the floating of which apparently insurmountable barriers are looming up? Is it to make sure of his kindly consideration in view of the stipulation in the Adams-Phillips offer to purchase the bonds from the city, that his approval must be first secured? These questions seem to be justified by the practical throwing over by the city of the "special" counsel, Lee & Scott, who have done their best with a weak and unpromising case from the start, in favor of a NewYork attorney, who, singularly enough, is to be the city's counsel and the arbiter in its bond transaction at the same ers of the East, when they learn of the city's action in retaining Judge Dillon, will consent to let him or his firm pass upon the question of the validity of the bonds he has been hired to endeavor to prove negotiable and safe. A pretty incident in the game now on will be the possible wasting of the nicely engraved bonds which the city is having made at an expense of $1600, even before the question is decided as to whether they have any value above waste paper, or possibly as curios of municipal philandering with the credit entrusted to its servants by a patient public. No one can tell how this thing is to end, but one thing is certain and that is that the city money is being dumped in a rather lavish way, and that there is something behind it all is shown by the exclusion of the reporters when the latest dump was under discussion. The city has already paid out a fortune in this water litigation, which suggests the thought that it would pay the municipality to so increase its compensation for the city attorney that lawyers of the highest standing would be willing to take the place. The combined salaries and retainers of the City Attorney and his assistants, Lee & Scott, Judge Dillon and Hubbard & Dillon would hire a mighty big legal light, and the responsibility would then center on one person instead of being spread all over the country. Is it because the City Council is quaking in its inmost heart over the weakness of its case, that it is going into this thing so deeply and so expensively? Tom Reed, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and a few other lawyers of high standing still have their shingles out, why not hire them and thus make the city's legal need more national in character? We have so few lawyers now that this advertising may have the tendency of bringing a few more here.

I am afraid that Chief Glass's recommendation to the Council for an increase in the force of patrolmen will again fall on deaf ears. The festive burglar is at present having a merry time of it, mainly, as Chief Glass has shown for years, and as I have repeatedly pointed out, because his present force is ridiculously inadequate to properly patrol the city. Instead of wasting so much of the city's substance in the water fight, the Council should give weight to the claim of the city's residents and tax-payers for protection against thieves and marauders. This protection is what they pay their good money to the Tax Collector for, and the City Council has no right to so persistently turn the plea for better police service aside on the specious excuse that there is no money. There seems to be no difficulty whatever in raising money for New York lawyers, and it should not be such a hard job to find some with which to strengthen the police department, which needs it so sorely.

This public "economy" has its echo in the library department of the city, where the librarian pathetically remarks that "no library in the country is called upon to do the same amount of work upon a similar amount of money." The report of library conditions is therefore highly flattering to both Mrs. Wadleigh and the Library Board. The Board in its annual statement complains that the appropriation of $26,850 is entirely inadequate for the needs of the library; that 385,398 books were circulated during the year; that each book circulates oftener here than in any city in the United States, and that the per capita circulation of Los Angeles is larger than the per capita circulation of any important city in the country.

THE LOUNGER IN THE LOBBY.

Affairs . . . The Larger Interests of our Southwest Empire

Effect of War

ASIDE from sympathies which must be awakened, and which must be in conflict in every man, the war between Englishmen and the Boers must awaken much speculation as to its ultimate influence on industry throughout the world. It seems evident now that the conflict will be a long one and will tax severely the productive power of the two peoples, and it is a case in which, in an industrial aspect, Great Britain must be the greater loser on both sides. The Boers are an agricultural people, with few wants, and their losses will simply imply domestic privations, which will undoubtedly be borne with fortitude. But England has vast mining property in South Africa, and not only has the revenue from this been cut off, but there is little doubt that there will be an immense destruction of property, which the Boers may or may not be compelled to pay for in the final settlement. England needs the flow of gold to which it has been accustomed, and the temporary collapse of mining in Africa is certain to stimulate gold mining in California, British Columbia and other portions of the world.

This is one side of Great Britain's loss. The other is the disturbance of industry and of industrial securities. The withdrawal of 100,000 men from productive effort and making their support a burden on other producers comes at an inopportune time, for the fact has just been forcing itself on the attention of England that the United States is acquiring the leadership in industry, of which Great Britain has long boasted. So conspicuous has this fact become that the London Times sent one of the ablest experts of Europe here to learn the cause of the new condition. This was G. R. Dunell, M. I. C. E., of London. He spent three months inspecting factories, declaring that there was no industrial organism in Europe to compare with many in America. "I am fairly at a loss to find an adjective that will designate the stupendous progress that this country has made since my last visit [in 1890]. Activity and prosperity reign everywhere, and, as far as I could gauge, there is every sign of a continuance of the present conditions." That was his verdict, as given to a reporter of the New York Commercial.

R. F. Crawford recently read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society of England on "The Food Supply of the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Germany," in which he stated that the countries enumerated were consuming in food the products of 23,000,000 acres of foreign land. This immense body of land represents the difference between the present consumption of the people and the present production of their soil. It is evident that this importation of food stuff must be paid for by manufactures, and with loss of supremacy in manufactures one of two contingencies must result. The people must adopt a more economical scale of living or they must emigrate, and economy must involve a reduced consumption of meat and grain and an increased consumption of vegetables and fruit, the latter being produced in greater bulk on a given area of land.

The Civil War destroyed the maritime commerce of the United States. As Transvaal has no navy to prey on the British vessels, there is no prospect of the present war restoring American prestige in ocean commerce. But natural trade relations are doing something toward this end on the Pacific. John D. Spreckels has just been East to secure new vessels to ply between San Francisco and Australia. While there he said: "In all my life I have never seen such remarkable growth of trade as is now developing on the Pacific coast. Steamships are at a premium. What the future will bring forth is beyond prophecy."

Fruit Trusts

At the State Fruit Growers' Convention in San Jose, President M. Theo. Kearney of the Raisin Growers' Association openly advocated the creation of trusts by fruit growers. He wants to see a trust for the dried fruit men, another for the green fruit men, another for citrus fruit men, still another for the prune growers, one for the raisin growers, etc., and then he hints at their concentration in one giant trust. He does not mince words by calling them associations. He wants trusts, and calls them by that name. Whether the fruit growers of the State will concur, and if they do, whether the courts will annul the organizations as combines for the control of interstate trade, are matters which may be settled later. For the present it is interesting to note the fact that the organization of orange growers called the Exchange, which at one time controlled nearly 50 per cent. of the oranges of Southern California,

Courtesy Jerome Reporter

THE MINES AND SMELTERS OF THE UNITED VERDE COPPER COMPANY, JEROME, ARIZONA

This mine is estimated to pay a profit of $1,000,000.00 a month. The richness of the ore body may be seen in the fact that there are men who make a living extracting copper from the streams in the vicinity by means of scrap iron, which receives a deposit of copper after being left in the water a few days. The appearance of brush fires around the mountains is caused by the "roasters," where the ore is first treated to remove the greater part of the sulphur. Twelve hundred names are on the pay roll of the company, no wage being under $2.75 per day.

now controls about 25 per cent. indicating that it is difficult to get the growers to one line of thought. It could hardly be maintained that the Exchange controls trade, and yet its influence in several respects has undoubtedly been beneficial to the trade in general as well as to the growers. With the Raisin Growers' Association the condition is different. In 1897 the growers could not sell their raisins for 1 cent per pound, and many of them were fed to horses. The association was organized, comprising about 90 per cent. of the growers, and this year the average price for different varieties was placed at nearly 5 cents per pound, and the entire crop was sold, bringing to the growers about $3,000,000. The prune men are now organizing on about the same basis. The experience of the raisin men is encouraging, but it remains to be seen how far organization will go.

Tendency of Trade

Centralization of trade in department stores, for several years notable in Eastern cities, has been more conspicuous in Los Angeles during the past year than ever before. First came the extension of one department store to occupy four floors of one of the largest buildings in the city, making a display in variety and bulk of commodities which no city in the country could have equaled a dozen years ago. Then came the incorporation of another firm for the establishment of a new department store, the plans for which have not yet been fully materialized. Another department store which a year ago seemed to be chiefly notable for the cheapness of its line of goods, appears to have raised its standard of commodities during the year, appealing to a higher class of trade. This in its entirety, the tendency toward department store methods during the year has been quite marked, and almost any business man will confess that it's effect is felt in his line of trade. Nothing is being done to resist this tendency, the dealers in single lines of commodities standing helpless against the aggression, while even their employes strengthen the great rivals by giving their patronage in lines outside that of their employers.

Under the Derricks

Memorandums of Interest on the Oil Industry

IT SEEMS strange that there are those who speak in slighting terms of what is in reality the greatest industry in the city, and which gives promise of developing within the coming year into the greatest industry in Southern California, judged by the value of the product and by the wide distribution of profits. It is now estimated that the oil yield of Los Angeles alone reaches 125,000 barrels per month, worth, delivered to the consumers, $1.30 per barrel. At this rate the oil has a value of about $2,050,000 per year. One of the leading oil operators of the city estimates that this income is distributed at the present time on about the present basis:

Labor, per year	$ 840,000
Rent for oil land	200 000
Lumber	120,000
Machinery	120,000
Profits	770,000
	$2,050,000

Of course this does not show the total profit in the industry, for much of the labor is employed in creating new values in sinking wells. But so profitable is the industry at present that it is certain to stimulate "wild catting," or exploitation of prospective oil territory, and this in turn is certain to lead to some disappointments.

It is estimated that the industry gives employment to 800 men at wages ranging from $2 to $7 per day, while the expenditure of the money received from oil makes employment for many other persons in stores, shops, foundries, etc.

Thus far the figures given relate only to the wells within the city limits of Los Angeles. When we come to speak of the other fields tributary to this city, no one has the data on which to estimate the benefit of the industry. In the Fullerton district a few days since a well was struck which flows about 1000 barrels per day. About every day wells are found in the city and in other districts adding to the total yield, and no one can see the full possibilities.

The importance of the oil industry can be well contrasted with the citrus fruit industry, which brings to the growers $5,000,000 per year. To equal it in income there must be produced 10,500 barrels of oil per day, and it is evident that in Southern California this output is nearly or fully reached, while the output promises to reach far beyond this point.

The organization of an oil exchange in this city, which expects to get down to active work in the course of a few days, will do very much to stimulate general interest in oil matters, and it may lead to a wide distribution of oil stock among the people, who have as yet, in Los Angeles, manifested little desire to engage in speculation. Should this city be so fortunate as to continue to conduct the oil industry as an oil industry and not make it a gambling enterprise, it will be fortunate for all concerned, and it does not seem improbable that this may follow, even through the Exchange. There should be sufficient companies of ascertained security listed to make possible legitimate investments by the people.

An army officer, just returned from the Philippines, says that the young felows who smelt powder at Manila for the first time were at times a trifle unsteady—which is not surprising. "However," said the old Indian fighter, "I only remember one case of actual flight, and when I think of it I can scarcely refrain from laughing. In the very thick of a hotly contested engagement one of my own men threw down his rifle and bolted. 'Here, you coward, I roared after him, 'what are you running for?' Without so much as a glance over his shoulder, the fellow replied: Because I'm in a desprit hurry an' I can't fly.'"

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The Country 'Round

What the Scissors and Pencil find in Graphic's Exchanges

THE recent rainfall is the most assuring token of prosperity Southern California could possibly have. All indications are for abundant crops with the additional cheerful prospect of a good market for everything produced. The farmer is likely, to use that expressive Western phrase, to "make his stake" this year. In other words, it is quite probable small fortunes will be cleared off of many farming tracts the coming year. The signs point to a rising market, and a demand for all the food products it is possible to raise. Outside of the requirements, the new gold mining and oil regions create, the governments of this country and Great Britain are still trying the fortunes of war and are likely to be heavy buyers of farming products for a considerable period. The prosperous condition of the East is also a favorable feature for the California grower. The States on the other side are good customers of California when they have the means to buy with.

J. F. Otterson returned last Saturday from a trip through the oil districts of Kern county. "Oil," he said, "is going to revolutionize Southern California. Some of the best wells I have seen are located in Kern county. The country is going wild over the discoveries, and a big boom is on. Not long ago it would have been hard to borrow $5 an acre on the property located in sections 33 and 38. Oil was discovered, a company formed and the wells thoroughly tested. Results were so satisfactory and assuring that the company known as the 33 Oil Company was capitalized at $500,000. Boring went on and several gushers developed. Last Thursday the representatives of the company sold 40,000 of the 100,000 shares for $200,000 cash. This is the largest bona fide transaction yet in Kern county, and every one in that section is excited. Bakersfield is alive again and is likely to grow to be a very considerable city. It is probably to be the center of the Kern oil business and San Francisco merchants are trying hard to catch the big trade now developing. Bakersfield is 170 miles from Los Angeles and 314 from San Francisco. This distance sounds more in favor of Los Angeles than it really is on account of the Tehachapi mountains, but a little enterprise here would bring big results and help our merchants. Oil men are heavy buyers and have the cash to pay for supplies. Last year Los Angeles was a buyer of Kern county products, for the valley of the Kern river might almost be compared to the valley of the Nile in productiveness. A failure of crops is impossible. I predict the population of Kern will double before the end of 1900, and such a rapidly growing community should be looked after by a commercial city like Los Angeles. Bakersfield is reached by the Southern Pacific in six hours and forty-three minutes after leaving Los Angeles. I suggest that our merchants follow the San Francisco plan and establish branch houses and agencies there."

When the special excursion trains of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific come in these days at their respective depots it is pleasant to be on hand and note the large number of new-comers arriving to try their fortunes with us this winter. The crowd is unusually enthusiastic and delighted with the reception our climate and resident friends give its members. One cannot observe the long outgoing and incoming overland trains without being reminded of the lines of T. Buchanan Reid while aboard ship in the Bay of Naples. Italy it should be remembered is the Southern California of Europe.

"Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun
To lands of snows.
This happier one
Its course has run
From lands of snows
To lands of sun."

The California spring has a good start this season and will soon be in its glory.

The early snows in the mountains have furnished irrigators this season more water than was needed. Trees and vines are everywhere looking well.

California has at last reached its era of prosperity, an era likely to be long lasting.

HERBERT.

The California Hospital

The California Hospital, located at the corner of Fifteenth and Hope streets, in this city, is simply an elegant hotel for the sick. It contains over one hundred bright, sunny rooms, and while this beautiful building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity and gas and otherwise supplied with all the comforts of a modern hotel, it is also equipped with every appliance belonging to an up-to-date private hospital.

The building is surrounded by ample grounds, which are reached by a veranda incline so that patients, where it is desirable, may be taken out in roller chairs. The most delightful place is the roof-garden, forty feet wide and eighty feet long. This is one of the most charming spots in the city of Los Angeles. There are three operating rooms, the floors of which are tiled and the walls and ceiling enameled so as to insure thorough asepsis.

There is a resident physician and a corps of forty nurses. This hospital is reached by all of the street-car lines, either directly or by transfer. Prices range from $15.00 upwards per week in separate rooms, from $10.00 upwards per week in wards.

The management of this hospital believe that to the great majority of patients suitable nourishment is more important than drugs and that the necessity of a healthful diet is paramount. To carry out this idea those cardinal foods—milk, butter, bread, meats, cereals are all of the choicest quality, and are all selected with great care and purchased at rates considerably above market prices.

For those who so desire there are numerous rooms with private baths. It is a terrible misfortune to be sick, but everything is done here to facilitate recovery and to make sickness comfortable and convalescence a pleasure.

Music and Art

MUSICAL UNDERTONES

I HAVE been at some loss how to class and in what category to place Mr. Owen Foster's indigenous song-play, "La Fiesta de San Xavier." It is not a "romantic opera," despite the claim on the play-bill, for "Der Freyschuetz" is the parent of that class; it is not comic opera, in the strict sense, although the drift of the plot and music lies in that direction; it had best, therefore, be put in that extensive class which is covered by the elastic title "operetta." The liking for operetta in this country may be traced to the putting on of "Pinafore" in 1878 by the McDuff company in Boston. This pretty nautical satire swept over the country like a tidal wave, and created such a demand for "light" opera, that hundreds of successors entered the field for public favor and while some succeeded, many failed. It came to such a point that operettas were built about the stars who appeared in them, and this marked a decadence of the real thing, for the star system had a pernicious effect. Mr. Foster's judgment was good when he accorded to the people in his cast an equal importance, just as was done in "Pinafore," the model on which so many have been built. The public likes good operetta and it is a noteworthy fact that it likes best the work of Americans ... De Koven and acclimated foreigners like Herbert. It is another curious fact that American themes have never taken well with the American public, and "Rip Van Winkle," "The Knickerbockers" and "The Ogallalas" are instances of misdirected enterprise, for the people would have none of them, although they were expensively mounted and well sung. The country is too young to have the halo of romance about any of the subjects which would make good operetta material; neither the Pilgrim Fathers nor Pocahontas would be taken kindly to. In this respect, perhaps, Miss Grace Bowers, who wrote the "book" of the operetta under consideration, was fortunate in appropriating a few more or less familiar incidents and weaving about them the dialogue and lyrics necessary for the "libretto." It is clear from a perusal of the "book" that Miss Bowers has never made a serious study of the art of libretto-construction, for in operetta as in grand opera, the play is really the more important part. It often happens that a really good libretto will carry very poor music to success with the public, but the best music ever written will never carry along a weak book. The history of music is full of such instances and every great composer has suffered through the inadequacy of his collaborateur. The principal objection to be urged against the book of "La Fiesta" is that it is too diaphonous, the purpose is not sufficiently serious, and more vitality would have been given the play by the avoidance of trite incidents and a more sustained fluency in the rhymes. There are numerous indications in the libretto of the author's cleverness and fitness for better things, and as there is a wild demand for good operatic books, the writings of Sullivan's librettist, Gilbert, are easily procurable, and as they are the best model of bright and witty book-writing we have today, I would respectfully suggest to her that therein she can find the solution of the troubles of inexperience. The importance of the book was recorded by Richard Wagner when he wrote that "the text—what in old-fashioned dialect was called the libretto—once written by the poet, all other persons who have to do with the work—composer, stage architect, scene painter, costumer, stage manager, conductor and singing actors—should aim at one thing only; the most exact, perfect and lifelike embodiment of the poet's thought." This law applies to operetta as well as the higher forms of lyric music. In the present case, however, the librettist neither suffered nor profited by her "book" for it was only at rare intervals that the text could be distinguished. Mr. Foster's musical setting of the book was, while far from commonplace, not marked by startling originality. It was of the average grade which always draws upon itself the charge of reminiscence. Mr. Foster is at his best in the polyphonic forms that suggest ecclesiastical experience, the part-writing in the Monks' chant and in the Finale of the first act, in the Indian chorus, in the "How blest" quintet, in the "Love sings" quartet, and in the finale of the last act being worthy of commendation. Bernardo's solo, "My soul is thrilling," is the best of the more melodious numbers, but the idea of the unison of voice and accompaniment is an old one. On the whole Mr. Foster's work is promising in this that he has at his command good ideas, but they require pruning and a thorough cultivation. I see no reason why, after some judicious trimming and filling "La Fiesta" should not succeed well; it has greater merits than many of the operettas that keep their place upon the stage, season after season, but it will, in order to please professionals, require its comic side to be further developed, and, possibly, be strengthened in lyrics for the soloists. It was put on wonderfully well for non-professionals, and made a most pleasing impression. The soloists entered into the spirit of the play very acceptably, notably in the case of Chiquita. It is difficult to point out or lay stress on shortcomings in an affair of this kind, for no appeal to professional standards is made. It was the performance of a musical play by "local talent" and nothing more. Miss Abbott, with a vocal training of barely a month, yet acquitted herself well in a male part, her peculiarly masculine voice lending itself admirably; yet, because of her inability to properly place it, failing to make the impression that was expected. Miss Gilman must be awarded the honors of the performance for her spirited soubrette work and good singing. Miss Eisenmeyer is better fitted for more dignified work than that of a simpering miss, and despite this drawback, her strong voice shone to marked advantage in the "In this dark hour" air and its brilliant middle movement. Mr. Edson, to whom the strong part of Father Anselmo was given failed to take advantage of his opportunity. He has a good voice, but because of nervousness or some other cause his voice was muffled, the words of his songs were indistinguishable, and his sun-worshipping attitude was inconsistent with the character he was portraying. Mr. Brown in the part of Sylvestre did excellent work, and was entitled to the recall he received. The blot on the performance was the burlesquing of a Bishop of the Roman church, who would have looked as well in an ordinary square cap as in the mitre. It is as well not to offend in such matters, even if the point of an Episcopal procession had to be made. The chorus work was unusually good, the only exception being in the "O Salutaris," which was unevenly and weakly given, the higher voices not carrying to the audience. The full voice of the mixed chorus was as good as has ever been heard here in an operatic performance of the same numerical strength, which is to the credit of whoever had charge of the training. The stage settings were excellent, and it is to be regretted that the weather interfered with the financial success of the undertaking.

I have so often had my say in regard to prodigies that I would be only covering the old ground by a recapitulation, in speaking of Paloma Schramm? She has been away from us for a year and in that time she has matured materially as to age and fallen down from that point where the ignorance of the public looks upon a piano-playing child as it would at one that could perform uncommon muscular feats for its age. The temperament of Paloma is still as pronounced as it was before she started on her tour, but the almost total lack of good technic is more in evidence, and its absence must have been patent even to those who gushed over her precocity a year ago. She still plays prettily, but no more so than hundreds of other children of her age, and, as between her and her little sister Karla, I give the latter credit for a greater promise as a musician if properly instructed. I trust Paloma will be allowed to drop her "concertizing" now and settle down to a thorough grounding, so as to develop what is in her, and I would like to see Karla given the same opportunity, for I have greater faith in the little one, if her development is not hampered. She has a better touch than Paloma, and while no doubt her individuality has been repressed because of her sister, I believe there is a greater solidity and a greater future for her than in the case of Paloma. The program which Paloma presented on Monday evening was variously interpreted. The Bach "Gigue" was given in the manner of a year ago, but in nearly all the other numbers her work was slovenly and showed her deterioration; besides this she has acquired several affectations that sit disagreeably on her. The child, in her present status, is no longer even good as a money-making proposition and as I understand she was brought back here mainly to be put under Herr Becker's instruction again, I trust her parents will now turn her over to the teacher who taught her what she knows, and who, if he is given his way, will put the girl through a heroic treatment, for nothing else will save her, if she is to mature an artist.

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Little Clarence (who reads and ponders)—Pa, is it true, as Shakespeare says, that 'all the world's a stage'? Mr. Callipers—It may have been so in Shakespeare's time, but as far back as I can remember it has been more like a courthouse—it has been so full of trials.—Puck.

It takes three to make a pair, counting in the clergyman.

An earnest, serious little student is Sada; a young girl with the soul of an artist; a sensitive plant whose life-elixir lies in the tones she draws from her violin. An extremely accurate ear; a perception of rhythm that is inspiring and a calm judgment that is unusual in one so young. She is no mean technician, but her greatest charm lies in the musicianly results she achieves by the knowledge she has gained so soon. It is rare that one finds combined in one of her years that delicate perception of the content of a score, and the power to give it that sympathetic expression, which, for want of a better term, is called interpretation; and it is safe to say that had either Lalo or Saint Saens been a listener to the Symphonie Espagnole or the Rondo Capriccioso, these men would have said that what she might have lacked in technical finish she had more than made up in her reverent treatment of their works. Her temperament was well shown in the Adagio of the Sympohnie and her beautiful appreciation of accent and time—the two essentials of rhythm—was shown in the sparkling Rondo, which lacking the symmetry given it by the young violinist, would have been a spiritless affair. Sada is full of tender sensibility, and one could hardly fancy a more delicious and dreamy slumbersong than the Berceuse of Reber, played con sordino. It is a pity, truly, that the audience was so small, but the holiday season is on, and even art has to bide its time. Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop sang the "curse" aria from "Forza del Destino," one of Verdi's earliest operas, and several smaller numbers. Miss Blanche Rogers accompanied sympathetically, and in good taste, notably in the Lalo number.

The second concert of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was as well attended as the first and as well received. The leading number was Beethoven's C minor Symphony, portions of which received adequate interpretation. The first Bajaderen-tanz of the "Feramors" suite, would have been more effective if given greater delicacy, in fact, this may be said of other portions of the program where daintier coloring was called for. In the massive effects, as with the brasses in the "Tannhauser" overture, the results were excellent and impressive. Miss Knickerbocker sang the "Samson and Delilah" aria, which it will be recalled Miss Beresford oy sang at a Symphony concert last year. E. F. KUBEL.

Mrs. Hord has cancelled her engagement at the Baptist Memorial church. Owing to studio work and solo engagements Mrs. Hord has decided to do no choir singing and has rejected several offers this week.

Blanchard Art Gallery is open for the mid-winter season. Some of the paintings are of unusually high order, and the public is taking advantage of this rare opportunity to inspect the work of our best artists. By the way, it seems that artists rank with newspapers as "boomers" for California. Their work is typical and a great part of it goes East, where it mutely represents to thousands the beauties of our favored commonwealth.

A large and fashionable audience listened to Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler last Tuesday on the Olympian games. The lecture was most masterly, and the vivid word picture of the games was well received. A fact was developed, not generally known, that in the contests, American athletes won over half of the prizes.

It has been decided to give but one rendition of "The Messiah," January 5th. The chorus has been considerably augmented and the orchestra will have a better instrumentation. The work thus far by the chorus has been most satisfactory and a splendid production of Handel's glorious work is assured.

A Pasadena writer has this to say of the concert Monday evening. Violets and roses were heaped upon the soloists at the concert at the Auditorium this evening, to say nothing of the most cordial plaudits. The audience made up in appreciation what it lacked in numbers. It was one of the best concerts ever heard in Pasadena. Mme. Johnstone-Bishop was in her best voice and her artistic singing delighted the critics while captivating the unschooled. Miss June Reed's violin was as pleasing as ever. Her virility impressed her audience. Mr. Barnhart, baritone, made the hit of his life. He was encored to the echo. The accompanist was Miss Mary L. O'Donnoughue.

Mrs. Orr Haralson, the well-known soprano of Los Angeles, has been permanently engaged at the Church of the Unity, Third and Hill streets, commencing immediately. This choice is quite creditable to Mrs. Haralson's musical ability, as there were a number of names considered.

Unitarian church, corner Third and Hill streets. Vesper service, 4 p. m., Sunday, December 24th, under the direction of Mrs. J. G. Scarborough. Program—Organ, "Pilgrims' Chorus" "Tannhauser" (Wagner), Miss Mary L. O'Donoughue; contralto solo, "Nazareth" (Gounod), Mrs. Scarborough; reading; duet, selected, Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood; violin solo, Andante, Second Concerto (Wieniawski), Harley Hamilton; prayer; response, aria from Donizetti; address; offertory, "O Night of Nights" (Van de Water), Mrs. Orr Haralson; cello solo, Andante (Lindner), Mr. Russell Ballard; hymn; benediction; postlude, organ, "Tannhauser March" (Wagner).

Mrs. Edward L. Davis of this city, a pupil of Miss Frances Davis, one of our prominent vocal instructors, will give an invitation recital some time during the first week in January. She will be assisted by Miss Elizabeth Jordan and others.

De Pachmann, and His Ways

They are talking about Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist, in the world of music and the world of society both just now—yea, and so are those who make up the world of "would bes" both of music and society and the society sense.

That the world of music should talk about him is inevitable whenever he comes here, for he is an extraordinary creature both as a musician and as a man. That the world of society should make him the subject of discussion is due to the shrewdness of his manager, who saw to it that the initial De Pachmann recital in New York last month should be graced by the presence of two social magnates; Colonel John Jacob Astor, tall, lank and awkward, and his wife, beautiful, self possessed and, in virtue of her husband's wealth and her own surpassing loveliness, a very queen in the smallest inner circle of the smart set.

Some of the newspapers have spoken of De Pachmann as if he were a Frenchman as, "M. de Pachmann" others allude to him as "Herr de Pachmann" as if he were a German, but, in fact, his parenomen Vladimir indicates Russian birth, though his mother was Turkish. De Pachmann as a pianist, is well known in America, having visited here several times, and always leaving an impression that is not to be forgotten.

De Pachmann is considered the greatest living interpreter of Chopin, and one of the greatest pianists of the world. When at the age of 18, Vladimir became a pupil in the Vienna Conservatory of Music where he studied two years under Professor Dachs. He obtained the gold medal and returned to Russia. Here he appeared in public with popular success, but not to his own satisfaction. He continued to study for eight years, then reappeared and retired for two years. At last he thought himself ready, and the rest of his career is known to the musical world of two continents. Of late he has been very much talked about. His former wife, he having been divorced, is now married to M. Labori, who defended Capt. Dreyfus, and whose life was so nearly taken a short time ago, after one of the sittings of the court. There exists today a very strong friendship between Mme. Labori and De Pachmann, which is no doubt due to the frequent meetings between them at the school where De Pachmann's two children are being educated.

His tour under the management of Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, which began at the famed Worcester Festival, September 27th, is proving a continuous ovation to the popular pianist, his appearance there has been followed by recitals in New York, Boston and Chicago, and all the large cities in the United States, and is to include Los Angeles, F. W. Blanchard having secured him for two recitals to be given here January 1st and 3d—a matinee at Blanchard Hall.

Naples will shortly celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Cimarosa, the immortal author of "Il Matrimonio Secreto," Mozart's favorite opera.

Perosi, after accepting the place of musical director of the Sistine Chapel, is turning things upside down by replacing the adult sopranos with boys.

Tonizzi, an Italian composer, has recently written a three-act opera on Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth."

Felix Mottl, the Carlsruhe conductor, has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, for producing in Germany works by French composers.

Gounod's "Redemption," a stupendous religious trilogy when given in its entirety, is to be sung at the Jesuits' College in New Orleans, for the benefit of its organ fund.

Paloma Schramm has a rival in Hattie Scholder, of New York, just eight years old, who has already an extensive repertory, which she has gathered as the result of five years of careful training.

The Chopin admirers will have the Polish composer's best living exponent before them on January 1st, when Vladimir de Pachmann appears in Blanchard Hall.

Arrangements have just been closed whereby David Bispham will join Mme. Gadski and Walter Damrosch on their concert tour, which includes Los Angeles.

The Boston Musical Record says: "A very interesting song recital was given in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. I. Hallett Gilberte, by Mrs. Minnie Hance Owens, contralto, of New York. Several of Gilberte's compositions were sung, one of which is dedicated to Mrs. Owens."

In the gorgeous Oriental pictures that Thomas Moore presents in his Eastern romance, "Lalla Rookh," there is none more entrancing than the lovely dances which are introduced by Falladeen to beguile the time of the Princess while the Prince, disguised as Feramors, the poet, the sings love songs to her; and in writing his opera on this subject, Rubinstein lavished some of his best and most exquisite music on these dances. These dances have been arranged in a suite which the Los Angeles Symphouy Orchestra will present at its concert next Friday afternoon at the Los Angeles Theater. The leading number on the program will the be the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, the masterpiece which most musicians consider his greatest work. The Tannhauser Overture and the entrancing Andante Cantabile, for strings alone, arranged for the String Quartet, will also be played. Miss Knickerbocker is the soloist.

The hypnotic power of music in quelling the fierce tumults seething in the rugged breast of a savage, when applied in allopathic doses, is a psychological truism familiar to children of the tenderest age, but that music, even in its crudest and most repellant form, is capable of filling the soul with dread and terror is a proposition to excite the liveliest incredulity. A story is told of Peter Cartwright, a famous old Methodist dominie, who rode the great Western circuit when railroads were scarce and towns and cities much farther apart than now, that would seem to verify such an assertion. The veuerable, but eccentric old preacher drew immense crowds to his camp meetings wherever held. Everlasting fire, with tons of brimstone, big burning lakes, no ice-water, with the cloven-footed, spear-tailed individual in constant attendance, were among his most powerful and effective weapons. On one occasion while holding a camp-meeting in the southern part of Ohio, the old minister was a good deal worried over the limited number of converts gathered within the fold. After much wrestling with the spirit, he prepared and delivered a sermon bristling with lost souls and red-hot furnaces His hearers were spellbound at the awful pictures he drew of the eterual punishment of all unrepentant sinners. Just as the grand climax was reached, when in stentorian tones he thundered "and when Gabriel sounds his trumpet, time shall come to an end," the sound of a trumpet suddenly smote upon the ears of the wrought-up throng. In a moment the greatest consternation prevailed. Men aud women fell upon their knees in terror shouting and praying for forgiveness. Screams of the weak and groans of the strong filled the air, until it seemed as though a veritable pandemonium had broken loose. When the first transports of terror had subsided, the old preacher called out to a man whom he had posted in a tree near by to come down. In a moment the trumpeter was seen descending from his lofty perch with a large tin horn in his hand. Turning again to his repentant hearers the aged minister in tones that reverberated through the leafy arches of the woods, appealed to them to consider "what their condition would be when the final trumpet was sounded, and the great end of all things reached, if a little tin horn could throw them into such abject terror!" It is only necessary to add that the harvest of repentant sinners garnered on that occasion was wholly satisfactory to the old preacher.

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AT THE FAMILY HOTELS

The spirit of the holiday season is on at the Abbotsford Inn, and besides the usual festivities there is to be a grand fancy dress ball on the evening of Janaury 5th, for which several hundred invitations have been issued. Prizes will be awarded the best sustained and most comical characters for both ladies and gentlemen. Among the late arrivals at this popular hotel are: J. F. Salkey and family, Miss Margaret Y. Richey, Pittsburg; Mrs. Fred E. Day and Miss Virginia Day, Washington; D. F. Summerland, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Toronto, Can.; Miss L. S. Barker, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Miss Helen Burke, Rochester, N. Y.

Doubtless the end of the week will witness the opening of the new dining room at Hotel Palms. The increased capacity secured by doubling the size of the room will make it possible for the hotel to accommodate its guests in a much more satisfactory manner. The most appropriate tints in wall paper and decorations have been selected in finishing the dining room.

The Humble Organ Blower

The generally conceived notion that the lowly "organ blower" is a creature of blunted susceptibilities, with a soul so calloused as to be impervious against all those assaults of yearning ambition and manly independence, that sway and control the actions of common humanity, is a sadly mistaken and, so far as the poor blower is concerned, pernicious one. This unjust aspersion upon the intellectuality and force of character of the men who pump wind into the great lungs of our church organs, does not always escape well-merited rebuke.

In one of the English churches recently, the regular organist, who had made it a custom to furnish the blower with a copy of the music to be performed at each service, was called away and a substitute occupied his place. The pumper of wind on this occasion did not receive copies of the music as usual. During the whole of the performance of the "Te Deum" and "Benedictus" the air came in broken, spasmodic currents, sometimes with a rush that made things shake and tremble, and at others dying away altogether, accompanied with short jerks and moaning gasps. As may be imagined, the organist was in a state of spontaneous combustion during the entire service. When the last note had been played the poor victim sprang from the organ-bench and rushed for the unconscious blower, who was complacently preparing to leave the sacred edifice in the full conviction of having performed his duty in a thoroughly proper and satisfactory manner. If a Kansas cyclone had struck him he could not have been more astounded and paralyzed as he listened to the awful denunciations heaped upon his innocent head by the infuriated player. When he had partially recovered from the shock, he hesitatingly asked, "Well, sir, what—what was the service you was a singing of?"

"Calkin in D," was the indignant and angry answer.

"There you air, sir," responded the blower, in eager, triumphant tones, "I hadn't no music giveu me, and here was Hi, you see, a-blowin' Clarke Whitfield in E flat."

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, when practicing at the bar, had occasion to defend a Scotsman for murder. A long and eloquent fight was in vain; seutence of death was passed. Then began the condemned Scotsman to abuse his counsel. "I ha' nae got justice the day," he declared. "Possibly not; but you'll get it in a fortnight," was the crushing reply.

National Guardsmen

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

SERGEANT ALBERT L. CLARK, of Company A left for Kingman, Ariz., last Sunday to take a position with the Santa Fe Pacific railroad. Sergeant Clark was one of Company A's most popular members, aud by his departure we have lost one of our best, hard-working Guardsmen. He left on such short notice that he did not have time to bid adieu to his many friends.

Capt. W. W. Roblee, Assistaut Surgeon of the Seventh Regiment, has been commissioned Major and Surgeon of the regiment.

In the recent competitive team shoot between Companies M and F, Company M won by forty-six points. Twenty men from each company participated in the contest. Company M's total score was 1148, an average of 57.4 per man. Company F's score was 1102, an average of 55.2. The average score by ranges was: Company M, 500 yards, 17¾ per man; 300 yards, 17¾ per man; 200 yards, 20; Company F, 500 yards, 20 per man; 300 yards, 17¾; 200 yards, 17 1-5. Meacham of Company M made the highest score, 69 out of a possible 75. Huddleson scored 66, and five other members of the company scored 60 or over.

Company A's entertainment committee is hard at work arranging a reception to be held from 2 to 5 on New Year's Day at the Company's parlors in Armory hall. All of the Company's friends are cordially invited.

Invitations are out for the Inaugural ball to be given by Company F on New Year's evening. Extensive preparations are going on, and it promises to be one of the finest affairs of the kind of the season.

Captain Robert Wankowski has presented Company A with two handsome gold medals. The workmanship is most artistic and emblematic, and they are both beautifully engraved. One is to be the first shooting medal and the other first drill medal. The boys will work hard for the privilege of wearing these medals on their breasts.

Regimental orders No. 9 were issued on the 8th instant. Silhouette target practice is provided for as follows: Company D of Pomona on the 10th under the supervision of Captain Wankowski, Company B of San Diego will shoot on the 17th instant under the supervision of Captain Meredith; and Company L will hold their shoot on the 30th instant, under the supervision of Lieutenant Thatcher, I. R. P. The date is not fixed for the shoot of the Second Battalion, which will be supervised by Major Last, Brigade I. R. P. Colonel Berry has discovered a new point in the law which provides that when an enlisted man received a commission he shall be discharged from the service. This has not been customary in this regiment, but will be done hereafter. This order discharged the following enlisted men: Captain H. LaV. Twining, Lieutenant J. E. Sullivan, Lieutenant A. W. Bradbury, Lieutenant R. I. Follmer, Lieutenant Samuel Crawford, Lieutenant George T. Lemon, Lieutenant J. B. Smith, Lieutenant Alba M. Hurtt, Lieutenant W. A. Wing and Lieutenant L. D. Collins.

Dynamite guns are being employed by the army in the campaign in the Philippines. While the use of these guns is yet regarded as in its experimental stage, sufficient progress in their development has been made to warrant the army officials in including them as part of the equipment in the field. Recently Lieut. M. C. Buckley, Third artillery, was ordered to New York to aid in unloading the twelve 2½-inch Simms-Dudley dynamite guns, accessories and ammunition, on board a merchant ship, which transported them to Manila by the Suez canal. From New York Lieutenant Buckley proceeded to the Woolwich arsenal, England; Paris, France, and Amsterdam, for the purpose of examining the organization and material of mountain guns and howitzer batteries used in India and Africa and other countries where service is similar to that in the Philippines. After performing this duty Lieutenant Buckley will proceed to Manila for duty.

A Sierra Christmas Tree

BY J. W. WOOD

JACK MAXFIELD'S gaze was speculative and introspective as he sat before the big, cheerful fireplace, wherein three immense logs blazed and crackled and cheered with their flickering radiance the sombre background of a miner's cabin. Once in a while a seething spark shot forth and fell so perilously near the nose of Mose, the great shaggy collie, as to cause him to raise his head and eye with solemn protest. But the rudeness of the cabin's interior detracted not from its snugness and cheery comfort, and if Jack Maxfield's mood was more than usually serious it was doubtless due to one of his varying tempers, which, Mose had lately observed, found surcease only in rambling monologue.

And so it was now, for catching Mose's eye gazing upon him with its usual affectionate confidence and interrogation, Jack removed his pipe and addressed the worshipful dog thus:

"Well, Mose, day after tomorrow's Christmas, and if we—you and I, Mose—were in some other blessed country where people are Christians and we'd have a jolly time somehow. Heigh-ho, Mose! here I am, the scapegrace, as they surely call me away back yonder, that is if they haven't forgotten me for good." Here Mose gave a grunt and wagged his tail in protest.

"Well, you see how it was, Mose, the old farm was too slow for me and I wanted to get rich, quick—yes, real quick, Mose. Oh, Lord, Mose! that's a joke, isn't it? I expected to go back in a year or so, and make them all happy, and buy old man Johnson's farm and marry Nellie. "You see, Mose, there's where I made a blasted fool of myself for sure; I ought to have told Nellie about my purpose, but somehow I didn't; just went away and expected her to wait. Then Nellie got married to Tom Smith the very next year; served me right, too, for not explaining things, and I hope she's happy and all that. I've got you though, Mose, and what more need a fellow like me want? Only, I somehow would like to see another one of the old Christmas times, my boy; snow and sleighing and skating. Christmas trees with gaudy candles lighted up, their loads of presents and the happy youngsters gathered about them. My, Mose, but I'd love to see that again! And it only seems last year since I went to Old Bethel church—that's where I first met Nellie, and took her home in my new sleigh, the moon shining like silver upon the crisp frozen snow; the sparkling bays just let themselves out that night, as if they knew the happy, precious load I had stowed away so snugly beside me. Heigh-ho, Mose, that's ten years ago now, ten years," and Jack sighed so lugubriously that Mose got up and laid his warm nose against Jack's knee and looked into his face so sympathetically that he laughed outright. "Never mind, old fellow, that's all over now and we mustn't think of sad and happy things together. But say, doggy, I've an idea! What do you think it is, my boy? Well, of course you wag your tail knowingly, but you can't guess, so I'll tell you. I'm going to have a Christmas tree! Nobody to see it you say? Well, we'll just imagine guests, and pretend they are here. We must think this out, old man."

Jack refilled his pipe, and Mose took his former place by the fire, soon dreaming, doubtless, good dog dreams. But Jack smoked late into the night, weaving fancies in the embers of the fireplace, and constructing fairy castles out of the past.

Down in the valley, nearly two miles away, lay Blue Dog, Jack's nearest neighbor. Blue Dog was but the type of other mining camps, chiefly saloons, stores and boarding houses; but tonight Blue Dog was etherealized in the starlit gloom, and the beneficence of distance was upon it, and upon the occasional bits of music that escaped from its "Halls," and were wafted in purified cadence upon the crisp mountain air. But about the cabin tall pines stood guardianship, while through their tops twanged aeolian strains, the pipes of Pan, which nightly sung Jack Maxfield into slumbers, as they did that night.

But Jack hadn't forgotten his resolve when he woke next morning. The snow had come in the night and brought at least that much of the old-fashioned reality with it. In his wakeful minutes of the night Jack pondered deeply upon his new idea, and from his pondering grew a plan which he hastened to carry into execution just as soon as he had cleared away the utensils that constituted the paraphernalia of his bachelor meal. With axe in hand he struck into timbered depths of the primeval forest, and ere long returned with a sturdy young pine, which he forthwith,—having erected it within an empty nail keg,—placed in the middle of his cabin, its top just touching the rude rafters overhead. "A fine Christmas tree," thought he, "and ready for its cheerful fruitage." The easy part was over; but how to decorate it?

"We'll go down to Blue Dog, Mose, and investigate the marts of trade; for perhaps even the uncivilized and unchristian merchants there may have inadvertently laid in some stock, in hopeful anticipation. So Mose and he trudged off to Blue Dog to see what they could find. The snow lay deep and threatened a renewal, but neither dog nor man contemplated this prospect with apprehension; the fever of old recollections was upon at least one of them, and lent zest to his purpose. The difficulty lay in the embarrassment which overtook him at the very first "emporium of trade." The lack of sympathy with which the freckled clerk regarded him as he made hesitating inquiry for "two dolls with yellow curls," and which was rendered none the less embarrassing by the presence of several of Blue Dog's enterprising citizens, who showed inquisitive interest in his purchase and exchanged rude comments thereon.

But this store had neither flaxen-hair dolls nor candy toys. Giant cartridges, picks and other auxiliaries of the toiling miner were their chief stock, as Jack might have known; so he wandered out and examined with cautious curiosity for signs of civilization in shape of Noah's Arks and hobbledehoy horses. If to his queries one storekeeper asked him if he expected an orphan asylum to arrive at Blue Dog, or to another, "When was the nursery coming?" he returned no resentful answer, it was because the blessed Christmas influence with the memories of gentler fancies surging in his heart, and giving, therefore, no place for quarrelsome expression.

This was to be his own secret and no one of Blue Dog's inquisitive citizens was to be let in on his little affair—not one—that is, excepting Mose. Yet by dint of persistent inquiry he did finally succeed in securing certain of the requisites that contribute to the glory of a real Christmas tree,—mostly from a Jewish gentleman with a monstrous pack, en route to Marysville, and snowbound. Here Jack's desires bore some fruition, albeit at extravagant amounts of "dust." From all corners of the magical pack were produced glittering and fetching things, till Jack had a surfeit, and with gladdened heart started to his cabin in the mountain fastness. Hardly could be wait the frugal supper, yet Mose must be fed, and the embers in the great fireplace renewed. With light heart and an old tune upon his lips, he began the happy task. Certain little tin candlesticks were hung on the spreading branches. To be sure the candles were but plain ordinary "dips," but what matter! They burned as bright as electric lights to him. Some festoons of gay colored ribbon set them off, and were garlands of glory in red, white and blue. Seventeen candy animals of uncertain lineage and classification, next found themselves suspended in conspicuous branches. Two porcelain fishes and one, ditto, rooster with hand-painted comb and tail of same color, were duly installed, as were three ginger bread horses, and three jumping jacks, one striped zebra, one monkey, with moveable eyes, as were also those of a very fluffy rabbit, with a blue ribbon and bell about its neck. Yet all these were insignificant when compared with the chief d'oeuvre, to wit, two genuine flaxen-haired dolls which closed their blue eyes when laid abed, and a wonderfully natural voice in their diaphragms when subjected to proper pressure about the waist. These two had almost depleted Jack of his dust, and were therefore hung upon the topmost branches, with enthusiastic appreciation. It was finished at last; the dips lighted, and Jack gazed upon it with much self-commendation.

"What do you think of that?" he exclaimed delightedly to Mose, as he walked around it, gazing upon its points of beauty. "Ain't it just splendid though? Why, I'll bet she'd take a prize at a Frisco church fair." Mose gazed from tree to master, and nodded his tail in mute but generous assent. "All we want is children, old man, to make it old-fashioned. Well, this makes me feel good, Mose! Just like old times in Bethel Church."

He sat down and filled his pipe with a sense of satisfaction not lately his own. And there crept in upon him the memories of other scenes, and the ghosts of other faces silhouetted themselves in the embers as he gazed. After all, there was an unfinished something in this Christmas that troubled him.

"This will drive me to the blues, old man, and I can't afford to get the blues on Christmas eve. What is it, Mose, what you growling at?" for Mose had raised his head and emitted a growl of warning. "Lay still, old dog, 'tis only the coyotes in the chapparal," but Mose growled again, and going to the door sniffed earnestly at the jamb. Jack opened the door and gazed into the darkness without. The snow was falling in great flakes, the wind blowing in fitful sighs through the rasping pines, the shrouded chapparal looked like white umbrellas in the darkness. But as Jack listened, above the wind there came a childish cry, faint and seemingly distant, yet so distinct that Mose, upon its repetition, bounced out of the cabin and down the trail, Jack following excitedly after him. Again came the cry, a sob indeed, and with keen instinct Mose traced the sound to the lee side of a chapparal bunch towering with its snow heap, right by the trail, and but a hundred yards from the cabin. In response to Mose's investigations came a tiny voice, human but weak enough. Jack plunged toward it and brought forth a bundle, which, having been extricated from its winding sheet of snow, resolved itself into a child! But his surprise grew into astonishment, when Mose appeared, making frantic efforts to drag another bundle of humanity from its retreat. It was but a moment ere he had them both within his cabin, and was removing the extraneous traces of the storm. Then was revealed the plain fact that a boy and a girl were lost, and he had found them! When they had been re-animated into life and voice by the most gentle ministrations Jack could offer—for they were neither of them seriously indisposed, they proved to be two delightfully pretty, blue-eyed children whom the most gracious of fates had bestowed upon him as a Christmas present. At least this was his notion of it. Not much could he get from the poor cold things, with the frozen tears on their blue cheeks. But finally, it was revealed that they were "Mama's," and "were going to Uncle Bob's" for Chrismas, and "Mama was coming tomorrow." Bessie and Joe appeared to be their names, and what mattered it anyhow? "Let us have a good time," he thought, "and their parents will find them sure enough," he concluded in an amused way. Bessie's and Joey's eyes looked into Jack's with a grave and happy confidence, after they had told him of how they were journeying to Uncle Bob's in a "big stage" and got lost in the snow, and found therein reciprocal feeling. "Muzzer'll find us to-morrow," said Bessie the four year old, with confidential sentiment. "Whose Christmas tree's that?" she asked of Jack, as her eyes roved round the cabin and discovered this tribute to self. "You got 'ittle boys and girls, too?" But he sadly shook his head and told them this particular tree was prepared for them alone. Whereat they wondered, especially Joey, aged five and a half, and consequently of accrued wisdom.

It was not long ere the children, after having been treated to some of Jack's best culinary efforts, played about the Christmas tree, very much at home and forgetful of their Uncle Bob and all other past and distant relations. Jack thought it just splendid, and told them stories of the mountains and his pioneer life therein. There were some happy hours. "And," thought Jack, "if these are but borrowed children they will be as mine own for a little while at all events."

Sleep claimed them at last, and they were stowed away in snug warm bearskins, with a playful admonition from their new foster father not to dream of grizzlies nor such, but of a truly Kriss Kringle as of yore.

Christmas dawned and Jack was awakened by the voices of Joey and Bessie discussing their new found friend.

"He's just splendid," said Joey.

"He's good as Unk Bob," chimed Bessie. "Let's call him Unk Jack." They agreed to this with due formality, much to Jack's delight, and then he bade them a cheery "good morning."

All that day they were undisturbed in their Christmas festivities. They had candy of their own making, manufactured out of brown sugar from the cabin's stores. They roated a "cotton tail" which, Jack imparted to them, was better'n turkey; and they had plenty of pinyon nuts, as well as California walnuts. Also other delicacies that grew in the valley below. Altogether, it was a day of joyousness and pleased them all mightily. But late in the afternoon, Jack suffered a rude shock. Long before the storm cleared, leaving whitened slopes even down into the valley, and extinguishing the architectural crudities of Blue Dog. At four o'clock a man was observed coming up the trail, and Jack instinctively foresaw the end of his happy Christmas, for he recognized in it the gaunt form of the deputy sheriff; and he therefore reasoned he could but want the lost Bes-

sie and Joey. And this apprehension was well founded, the first salutation of the official being, "Seen any lost kids this-a-way?"

Jack's first impulse was to deny any knowledge of them, but this was only the instinct of a new grown affection, and it met with instant rejection. The deputy was led into the cabin where the children were revelling in the midst of the beautiful things that had lately graced the Christmas tree.

And then the facts regarding the wandering little ones were duly recited. It seems that "Uncle Bob" was a bona fide, if recent, resident of Blue Dog; lured there by its pure and bracing air, balm for weakened lungs. His home was in the far East, and so beneficent had been the results of the climatic and kindred circumstances that he had decided to send for his mother and widowed sister to assume a civilized form of housekeeping. These relatives, with the widow's two children, had in obedience to this desire, journeyed as far as Sacramento, where a sudden but not serious illness, interrupted the completion of their journey for a day or two. Uncle Bob would be sadly disappointed they felt certain, and it grieved them to think of spoiling his Christmas by their absence. In their dilemma Bill Thompson, the Blue Dog stage driver, came to the rescue. It was simple enough to Bill

"Why," said he, "I goes up to Blue Dog to-morrow, and I takes the kids to their uncle who'll be real pleased to meet them. I looks after them as their own father, ma'am, for my experience's been i-m-mense, i-m-mense, ma'am, in this line"—indicating the "kids" aforesaid. "At least as gar-deen and uncle, I would say"—apologetically. "Trust me, ladies, and I'll see them through to Blue Dog, make their uncle happy, and the kids, too."

As this point of view seemed to satisfy the "kids" themselves, and presented a novel and no means unpleasing proposition in furtherance of Uncle Bob's happiness, it was at last acquiesced in, and they duly left Sacramento in the Blue Dog stage. It was a twelve hour trip ordinarily, easy and safe; but fate overtakes us all some time, and even Bill Thompson, celebrated Jehu as he was, was overtaken by it this trip. Blue Dog was in sight,—or at least would have been had it not been snowing,—and the stage was descending the last long, easy sweep that found its ending in Blue Dog. Bill "let 'em go," and the old stage swayed and wobbled fiercely at every rut. Suddenly, the forewheels dropped into an unseen rut, deeper than the rest, and hidden in its false security of snow, the stage gave a plunge forward, the axle broke, and the four startled horses galloped down the grade at a merry pace, stopping not until they clattered into their corral at Blue Dog. It required only an hour for Bill to discover that he couldn't run quite as fast as his horses, and when he returned to the stage the children had disappeared, despite his admonitions to "keep right there" when he had taken after the horses. For them to recall Bill's frequent assurances of their propinquity to Uncle Bob's, and determine to make the balance of the journey afoot, was an easy escape from their dilemma, they thought, and so they bravely set out. It did not require a long time to lose their bearings in the snow, hence it was that when Bill Thompson returned, he was unable to find them anywhere in the vicinity. Therefore, he concluded to proceed to Blue Dog and secure assistance. What happened to the little passengers we already know.

All these details were learned as Jack and the deputy descended the trail, each carrying a little burden of humanity, little Bessie's arms clinging about Jack's neck while she laid her sleepy head upon his shoulder.

* * * * * * * * * *

In one of the neatest cottages of Blue Dog sat two tearful women; and wretched indeed was the mother of the lost ones, reproaching herself because she had intrusted her children to a stage driver alone. It was unbearable, and from time to time she burst forth in lamentations and tears. Uncle Bob had been gone, with a dozen sturdy miners, all day in search of the lost, and now it was almost dark and no sign. But, hark! was that not a shout? Another, and still another! The distressed mother rushed to the door and threw it open, just as the deputy sheriff loomed into light, with little Joey safely in his arms; while behind came Jack, with his precious childish burden. The glad mother's cry caused Jack to look upon her face, and he stood gasping and bewildered in the very act of unloosing the slumbering Bessie's arms from his neck. "Jack! Jack Maxfield!" were the words that startled him.

It was Nellie, his old sweetheart, who stood before him and smiled and cried, as she gazed in wonder upon him; even the new-found children were almost forgotten in the mutual bewilderment, much to the surprise of the neighbors. At last, seizing the situation and deferring the explanation, Jack stepped quickly into the house and closed the door. The children had been duly kissed, cried over and scolded; when all had retired and none but Nellie and Jack remained, then came mutual explanations. It took the whole evening to tell each other's story,—and the trials of the years that had separated them; but it was done at last, and the tears that she shed seemed to Jack no less sweet than were her smiles, as she called him "her blessed Jack" when he said good-by that eventful Christmas night.

Even now Jack recalls with tenderness his Christmas tree in that old cabin of the Sierras. But Bessie and Joey call him Papa Jack instead Uncle.

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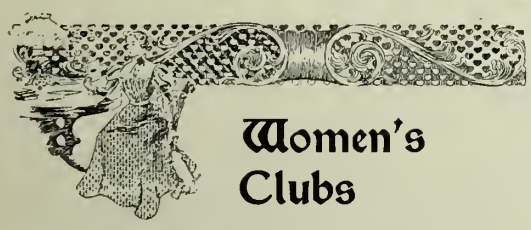

Women's Clubs

"A good intention clothes itself in sudden power"
—Emerson

PHILADELPHIA lays claim to the oldest woman's club in the country. It was founded 104 years ago by twenty-three young women of prominent Quaker families, and is still a flourishing organization. It is called "The Female Society for the Relief and Employment of the Poor." At the office of the organization, which has been for fifty years at No. 112 North Seventh street, employment is given during the winter months in knitting, mending and sewing to more than a hundred women. The product of their labor is disposed of at a store attached to the home of the club. Private sewing is also done.

Membership in the organization is inherited through the eldest daughter passing in direct line from the founders. The business is conducted by a committee of thirteen and the officers, who are two clerks and a treasurer.

To the Club Women of the State of California: For the purpose of organization of a State Federation of the Women's Clubs, a called meeting will be held in Los Angeles, January 16th, 17th and 18th, 1900. It is desirable that clubs inform themselves on the mutual benefits and advantages of federation, and each and every club throughout the State is urged and requested to send two delegates to the meeting, one of whom should be the president of the club or her alternate.

It will greatly facilitate the work of preparation if the clubs will promptly report progress to the Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

Programs and necessary information will be sent later.

By order of
MRS. FRANCIS A. EASTMAN,
G. F. W. C. Director from California.
MRS. ELLA M. SEXTON,
State Chairman of Correspondence.
MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE, Pasadena,
Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

The following is the program of the Woman's Congress to be held in Paris from June 18 to 23. It will be seen that the program will be devoted to practical questions, rather than concern itself with theoretical problems as to the position of women. It has been divided into five sections: First—Philanthropy and Social Economy—includes woman's part in charities and provident work for fifty years; help of woman in the struggle against alcohol; woman's action in the bringing together of classes, etc. Second—Legislation and Morals—Under this head is administration of the wife's property in marriage; equal rights of father and mother in regard to children; also guardianship and pecuniary responsibility of father in regard to mother and child outside of marriage; legal repression of incitements to disorder in morals. Third—Individual education, social education and pedagogy. Fourth—Labor—Woman's right to work; economic reasons of the lower salaries of women; means for favoring the work of women at home; co-operative production societies; utility of developing agricultural instruction for women. Agricultural and horticultural schools and school farms. Fifth—Arts, letters, sciences.

A novelty in women's clubs will be recognized in the Indian Woman's Club of the State of Maine. The club is an organization of the Indian women of that State under the name of "Wabanaki" and will be represented at the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Paris.

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Along the line of civic and municipal reforms being carried out by club women in some of the large cities, also being started in our own city and neighborhood, are amazing results and a resume of the various reforms would include the campaign against the atrocious bill boards that are constantly threatening to beset our cities. Also the not altogether ineffectual effort to purify politics and to secure better sanitation all over the country, the very effectual results of the crusade against the expectorator, also such important improvements as have been accomplished in street cleaning, disposition of garbage and the establishment of milk and bakery inspectors, and inspector of schools and public buildings for the purpose of sanitation and ventilation. Many other innovations might be mentioned in the category of excellent results of the combined efforts of bright, intellectual and spirited women who represent our women's clubs.

"The mooted question as to whether men should offer their seats to women in over-crowded street cars or not should be finally and firmly settled," says Harper's Bazar, "and if the negative side of the question rules the car companies should at once turn their eminent abilities in the direction of several improvements in the present system, which is undeniably defective." The fact that women vary in height from four and a half to six feet and that the straps dangle in space out of reach of the short woman, and afford little support to the tall one, whose arm is doubled up like a jack knife in an attempt to hold herself together, makes it very inconvenient and embarrassing at times to those passengers who get jolted around like a lot of dice in a box. It is a burning problem whether a woman shall be allowed to gratefully accept a proffered seat from a gentleman, or in the absence of such courtesy, he unhappily and ignominiously precipitated into the gentleman's lap. At a late meeting of the New York State Federation of Women one woman in speaking of her sex in business, said: "She must show her good sense by failing to demand courtesies as a tribute to her sex. Even though it gives her real pleasure to see hats come off when she enters an elevator and though she is ready to thank in her most charming manner the man who rises and gives her his seat in a street car, nevertheless she must fret no more over a lack of these attentions, as she works shoulder to shoulder with men in business."

The Shakespeare Club of Pasadena last Saturday considered something of what this century had achieved. Mrs. Sweesy, who has charge of the music in the city public schools, first showed what was taught to the fin de siecle children in the way of music. The tone and time development by the twenty young children was quite remarkable. The ladies of the club would like to start their own musical education again if only they could by so doing receive such a good foundation as their children are having.

Prof. Claypole, our eminent scientist, then addressed the club upon the two great intellectual achievements of the nineteenth century, the establishment of the theory of the conservation of energy in the earlier half of the century, and the acceptation of Darwin's theory of evolution in the latter part.

Miss Scott then gave a most excellent paper upon the development of educational ideals during the century, showing the advance made not only in our own nation, but in the chief European countries. Although the day was rainy and the attendance smaller than usual, those who did attend, felt amply repaid for their efforts by the excellent addresses and subsequent discussions.

The Current Events section of the Wednesday Morning Club held a very interesting session at the usual time and place. Among the many items discussed were: The Aborteum; the Legislation of Alaska and Porto Rico, Hawaiian Government, United States imports and exports, and China's open door, under the President's message; and Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy; Professor Reginald Fesseden and Kitner experiments. A carefully prepared article on the Lyddite explosive was read by one of the ladies. The latest news from Africa and the Philippines was given. The discussion of Ben Hur as a stage production.

Among the items mentioned in the blackboard lesson was the irrigation difficulties in the Rio Grande valley, the Gibraltar tunnels, the exploration in Central Asia by Captain Deavy, the latest substitute for gutta percha and rubber veloril. The class adjourned to meet January 8th.

On Wednesday the Shakespeare class took up the study of the fourth and fifth acts of the "Merchant of Venice." The most important parts were discussed and analyzed by the class. The papers which were to have been read at this meeting were postponed until the first Wednesday in January, when all papers will be read and a quotation contest held.

On December 15th Chas. H. Toll of the City Council addressed the ladies of the Friday Morninging Club on "Civic Development and the Obligations of the Citizen." He advocated municipal ownership, self-government of cities, and more participation in politics by the better element. Strong, earnest men, more than laws, are needed. Mrs. R. N. Bulla opened the discussion, speaking particularly on the "Concentration of Power in Municipal Government," followed by Mr. Willard on "Municipal Control of Public Utilities."

When the late Professor Henry Drummond was giving a course of lectures on "Evolution" in the Lowell Institute, he overheard two women, evidently much opposed to his views, discussing them. Finally one of them said: "Mary, if what he says is not true we can stand it. But if it is true, we must hush it up."

St. James' Church

St. John's Church was founded in 1891. Its first rector was the Rev. Harvey Orrin Judd, who resigned in 1892 to accept a rectorship in Georgia. The Rev. B. W. R. Tayler, who was then rector of All Saints' Church, Riverside, was called to the parish and accepted. At that time the church was very small, numbering about 40 communicants. It was also heavily in debt. The progress of the parish under the present rector has been most marked. The church has been twice enlarged from a seating capacity of 150 to a capacity of 600. The membership has increased from 40 to 450. The valuation of the property is now considerably over $30,000. A beautiful rectory has just been completed at a cost of $4000. The church has many beautiful and costly memorials. The services are very attractive and the choir one of the best in the city. The Sunday-school (D. C. Narver, Superintendent) is a large and successful one. The members of the vestry are: Rev. B. W. R. Tayler, Dr. J. E. Cowles, Hon. T. L. Winder, and Messrs. W. M. Jack, D. C. Narver, W. Houghton and Frank McAllister. The Guilds are all in good working order and are very energetic. The officers of the Woman's Guild are: Mrs. J. E. Cowles, president; Mrs. J. Knewing, vice-pres.; Miss L. Fitzhugh, sec.; Miss Francis J. Pollard, treas. The officers of the Altar Guild are: Mrs. B. W. R. Tayler, pres.; Miss Nellie Houghton, treas.; Miss Ada Bailey, sec. The officers of the Woman's Auxiliary are: Mrs. T. A. Eisen, pres.; Mrs. Merryweather, sec.; Mrs. H. L. Hyatt, treas. There is a Guild for young girls under the direction of Mrs. Albert Crutcher, a chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a chapter of the Daughters of the King and other parish activities.

The late king of the Netherlands lost no opportunity of impressing on his daughter Wilhelmina an idea of her great importance. On one occasion the Baroness Van R—— was taking the prescribed promenade with the young princess when a man on horesback appeared. It was the baroness's brother, who had just returned from Java. Leaping from his horse, he clasped his sister in his arms, covering her face with kisses. Wilhelmina, who was seven at the time, was thoroughly scandalized, and the baroness hastened to send off her brother. Not another word was spoken, and the walk being ended, they returned to the palace. The little girl recounted the story, which the queen listened to attentively, thinking of the irate king and his thick cane. "Finish your luncheon," she said to her daughter; "I will speak to the king." "It is for me to speak. Papa made me promise never to hide anything from him." "Your father was in good health then; now he is very ill, and I forbid you to trouble him." Without replying, the little girl rose and went toward the door. "Princess, the Queen of Holland orders you to stay here and keep silent," said Queen Emma. Wilhelmina stopped, drew back, then, making a profound courtesy, said: "Since it is the queen who gives orders, I obey, but"—turning toward the trembling governess—"I hope such a thing will never occur again.

During his recent visit to Chicago, Mr. Zangwill, critic and novelist, was entertained by a literary club. One woman, who probably had never heard of the distinguished guest before, plied him with all manner of questions, to the exclusion of other people who were trying to get in a word. "What is your Christian name, Mr. Zangwill?" the inquisitive member finally asked. "I have no Christian name," was the cool reply. "My given name is Israel." And during the laugh which followed Zangwill escaped here.

At forty a man wishes he knew what he thought he knew at twenty.

Today the Palace Restaurant will reopen in a blaze of glory, the new furnishings and decorations making it altogether the most delightful place imaginable. It is nearly doubled in capacity and with the new Spring street entrance Messrs. Bernard & Schneider may be sure that it will be better patronized than ever.

In the Gay Life

THERE is no use talking, society must be written "up." Keep in the clouds, but do not touch the earth. Society does not like its mundane extremities touched upon. There was that young couple that were married not long ago. Everybody knew they were going to New York on their wedding tour to buy a cork l-g. But, of course, everybody said it wouldn't do to put that in the paper—so we didn't. Wouldn't think of it.

But society is careful of its mundane attainment, nevertheless, for there is another young married man out in the West End and his little wife is so solicitous about him, and when he sits out too long after night-fall she calls to him to "do come in off the lawn, dear; you will get your feet wet." They are both cork. But of course that is why she is so solicitous. I dare say cork feet are more expensive than real ones.

Still that kind of light walking is all right, for sometimes society hasn't "a leg to stand on," or even one to sit down on, especially when the people next door have a party. There is a certain "Grove," a most charming quarter of the city, where the street is so nice and narrow you can hear what the people are talking about on the opposite side door step. And when the lady in the middle of the block entertains, the people on the right and left haven't a chair or table to their name until the lady's guests have all departed. More than that, it is awfully queer, they don't have any dishes or spoons while the party is on—so poverty stricken in fact that the lady who gives the party is so disgusted with her neighbors that she won't look at them until the next time she is "at home." Poor neighborhood. They can't even supply the wherewithals for those parties, but Nancy, the maid, has to chase all 'round four blocks for butter and eggs. Then at night when she stands up against a tree the neighbors call it a j-g, and I know she is only tired and needs support.

MRS. JOHN E. PLATER

This "Grove" is where new people and young married folks go when they "move" in society. The newest married folks up-to-date don't get on at all with their grand parents-in-law. When daughter is asked home to dinner, Mr Newlywed dines a la solitaire down town at a restaurant.

Then when you move into the grove you must be toney and not allow those awful trades people to come up to the front door. The opposite people might hear, especially if it is a bill. Queer how noisy bills are. And it is so much more aristocratic to have "trades people" come 'round the back gate; it doesn't harrow up one's recollections of how poor grandpapa had to "stand 'round" when he sold butter and eggs in a market basket.

The way the world has progressed! If you run a painted wagon with your name and business in big signs all over it, you are right in it, and can "go" anywhere.

"Who is that aristocratic young lady, dark eyes, young, etc., who holds the ribbons over that smart trap in such stunning style around town?"

Dear me, don't ask me.

"Who is that country couple—Country Club couple—who go out together in a lady's plaid golf skirt and a gentleman's plaid vest to match?"

How should I know?

"Who was the young lady that was the belle at the Country Club ball that just outsparkled everybody with her wit and beauty and vivacity?"

How—oh, that was Patti Woodard.

"Why did three married women and five debutantes all entertain all their friends at one time?"

Ask me something easy.

"But why did they crowd five hundred people out of nine hundred invitations (the other 400 were wise) into a two hundred and fifty hall, and not give everybody a chance to see those handsome new gowns that were made for the express occasion?"

Ask me something easier.

"But why did eight hostesses pay off all old scores at one lick?"

That is easy.

"Why did that wedding take place the day after that 'coming out'?"

Oh, I don't know. Why don't you ask me why they used the same decorations?

"Why did Mr. Crouch come out at the wedding?"

Because everybody wanted to know where was "Lisha."

"Where are the Mark Sibley Severances going, now that they have let their house for two years?"

To their ranch, of course.

"Why do people who live in town let their daughters board at the Marlborough?"

Ghee, don't ask me.

There is one woman in town who won't stand nonsense. Society tries to call her "aunty," and she won't be auntied. It was one night at Kramer's, and one of our swell set said politely, "Thank you, aunty," after receiving her wraps. She was promptly "sat" upon, and when she went out of the door she turned 'round roguishly and sang out, "Good night, aunty." Now Mrs. Panky Pankieson don't stand no nonsense, and I want you to know that when the room was cleared, she turned to the remaining cloaks and proceeded: "I want youse to know that I ain't no auntie, and I don't want nobody to call me no girl names, either. I'm a respectable married woman, with four children, and my name is good 'nuf for ennybody, and—"shaking her fist at a new opera cloak in the corner—"I don't want nobody to call me no 'consumed' names!!!"

Good for Pankypankieson.

Well, so everybody is going to be married off, and the more times you are engaged the better It was a great shame though that one "engaged" marriage did not come off, and the young lady took unto herself some body else. The young man had insanity on his mother's side of the house, and the father would not allow his sons to marry without their friends knowing this bit of sad family history. This time the fiancee succumbed to her own interests, and the young man was left, and one of the finest young men on the coast. He deserves better luck.

It is with much pleasure that we present in this issue of the Graphic the portrait of one of our leading entertainers in society—Mrs. John E. Plater. And we feel it a particular honor that we are the first publication in the city to have been accorded the privilege.

Mrs. Plater has long held the distinction of being one of the first entertainers in society, and in that most difficult mode of dispensing hospitality—dinner giving—she has the precedence. Gracious in manner, possessed of a charming home and of that other essential, a faultless chef, Mrs. Plater holds all the reins in her hand of a perfect hostess, and one who does not gather society around her to discharge countless obligations, but for the true love of entertaining her friends. The present season Mrs. Plater has been obliged to deprive herself—and of course her friends—of extending her usual hospitalities on account of illness in her family. A nephew of hers, Mr. Robert Foster of Arizona, has been suffering for some months at her home with a severe attack of typhoid, and is just now recovering. Her friends hope to have her soon again take her accustomed place in society.

John William Whitaker

Son of John Whitaker of Horsforth Leeds, England, manager, is requested to at once apply to us, the undersigned, the solicitors for the executors under the will of his uncle, Joseph Whitaker, late of Kirkstall, Leeds, book-keeper, when he will hear of something to his advantage.

EDWARD DALE & SON,
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Uncle Silas—Samanthy, we've hit it this year." Aunt Samantha—"Haow, Silas?" Uncle Silas—This here fashion paper says that swell ladies in the city wear diamonds on all social occasions and not less than a dozen carrots to balls and the opery.—The Jewelers' Weekly.

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The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulations the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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Kruger, the Boer

Bogaboom writes about the Character of the Transvaal President

GRANTING that it is true, as has been repeatedly stated, that Oom Paul goes to bed with his veltschoen on, oftener than not, yet it is also true that he never fails to get down stairs in the morning in time to lead in family prayers, looking as fresh as a new-blown daisy, and feeling as chipper as a young spring bok. Sleeping with his shoes on is simply a habit with Mr. Kruger, I am led to believe, and we must not form our impressions of his character therefrom. So long as Mrs. Kruger is satisfied, and I have yet to hear her complain, it is not for us to judge. We must draw our impressions from other and more important things.

A great deal of harsh and unwarranted criticism of Mr. Kruger has been provoked by the manner in which he wears his whiskeren. I do not share this feeling myself. True, we all owe something to society, in a measure, and it does not seem right for a man to constantly parade before the public gaze a set of North of Ireland whiskers upon a face that would hold back the tempestuous seas more firmly than any dyke in Holland; but how do we know that Mr. Kruger is altogether responsible for those whiskers, as we view them?

I was once asked to allow my picture to be printed in the paper, by an enterprisiug editor, who was anxious to increase his circulation several hundred thousand copies at one jump. Just for the sake of the argument, I wish you could

see that picture as it appeared in the paper, dear reader. Evidently the artist had been told to work up the intellectual features a little, and bring them out more prominently in the places where Nature had tried to hide them away. The artist, in his zeal, overdid the matter, and there was intellect enough in that one face to have kept a Normal school going for sixteen months.

It may be that the artists have overdone the Kruger whiskers. In real life they may be nothing more than a heavy fringe around the Adam's apple, with a border of the same extending along the facade of the jaw, and small, irregular patches in a little lighter shade, artistically distributed about the lower features, and under the expressive ears. At any rate, it is best not to form any strong opinions of the man's character from these whiskers until we know them better.

A Chicago manufacturer some years ago filled an order from Oom Paul for a door-plate. It was fifteen inches long and six wide, and the inscription in plain letters was: "Paul Kruger, Staats President." What could have been plainer, simpler, better? The circumstance is, however, being used to prove that Mr. Kruger is ambitious to be abreast of the times. Possibly so. But can we not also see in the circumstance an abiding and sublime faith in the almost air-tight cinch which he has upon the Presidency? Suppose he had failed to get the nomination last time—of what earthly use would that door-plate have been then?

Everything seems to point to the fact that Mr Kruger has contracted the habit of presiding over the Transvaal republic, and that he cannot bear to think of giving it up. He would be lonesome and fidgety without it, and wouldn't know what to do with himself all day. For my part, I see no harm in letting him preside.

Oom Paul has been represented as an absolutely fearless man. A story is told that when he was only 17 years of age he went out for a drive across the Veldt (pronounced faaajidtaajuu) with his little sister. A panther suddenly appeared in the road. The spirited sixteen-in-hand bullock team became frightened, took the bits in their mouths, and ran away. The panther still pursued them. Coming to an abrupt kopje the trap was overturned and the little sister spilled out in the middle of the road, immediately in front of the panther, which stood with gleaming eyes, over her prostrate form. Young Paul sprang across a little vlei which lay between them, and though he was unarmed, ran boldly up to the panther and twisted its tail, exclaiming at the same time: "Here you verdombe rooibaaljes krekjeibienheimerjugle! what do you mean by acting like this, anyhow? For tup'pence ha'penny I'd kick your ribs in. You want to get a trek on, right lively. Roojiblugendorp vaalsjizzeegigeren kruupzizuuaal sasafrasstea ruubbeernek!"

But the panther bad slunk away, and was far into the fastnesses of the distant bergen almost before the echo of Paul's last words had died away. It was never seen around there again.

Upon one occasion Oom Paul visited England, and was for a short time the guest of the Prince of Wales. When he returned home he took with him a pair of pajamas. Tante, his wife, was sitting up waiting for him when he reached the house, though it was then quite late. Oom Paul wished to surprise her, and refused to tell what was in the bundle with the red string around it, but quickly retiring behind a convenient screen he removed his every-day garments and donned the flowery pajamas. As he stepped from behind the screen with his whiskeren falling in graceful folds over the bosom of the gorgeous pajamas, which owing to his great height (he stands six feet and three inches in his kjzaalstraaden) came down only to his knees, he presented a sight calculated to frighten a bronze statue of Mars into violent convulsions. But Tante was made of sterner stuff. She didn't scare worth a cent. She had already gotten into bed, and had her feet tucked up under her shoulder blades to keep them warm until Oom Paul crawled in and warmed the bed. But when she saw him appear in those pajamas she sat right up straight, and wilted him with one terrible glance.

"Sleep garments from England, my dear," explained Mr. Kruger, apologetically, while he tried to assume a pleasing smile.

"Go back, then, and sleep in England!" she said, in a cold, unimpassioned voice, pointing to the north with her long, boney finger. Of course, this is only a translation; she spoke in the expressive language of that country, which made her words seem all the more terrible.

Poor Oom Paul dejectedly went behind the screen again and took off the pajamas. Then he put on his fur overcoat and his veldtschoen, and crawled quietly into bed; and a few minutes afterward he had a chill. But that was the last trip he ever made to England.

The salary of the President of the Transvaal is $40,000 a year, and he is allowed $10,000 annually for coffee money. This may seem a little stiff for coffee money, but it must be remembered that Mr. Kruger likes his very black. Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant brings to his bedside a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco. At 6:30 he goes down stairs and partakes of a cup of black coffee, after which he leads in family prayers. At 7:30 o'clock he has breakfast, at which meal black coffee is served. The morning hours are occupied with matters of state, but between matters Mr. Kruger indulges occasionally in a cup of black coffee. He thinks coffee agrees with him. At 1 o'clock he dines. Black coffee is served after the meal, and then he takes a nap until 3 o'clock. At that hour he awakens and indulges in a cup of black coffee, after which he is ready to receive visitors. Visitors are always served with black coffee, and the president drinks with them. His supper is ready at 6 o'clock. This is a light meal, consisting principally of black coffee. During the evening black coffee is frequently served in the parlor, and just before retiring the President takes a cup of black coffee to settle his nerves.

It has often been suggested to Mr. Kruger that he might sometime get the habit of drinking coffee fixed upon him and perhaps find it hard to get along without it, but he always laughs, and says he'll look out for that.

Mr. Kruger also uses tobacco in moderation, never being known to smoke except between meals.

President Kruger likes his little joke, as well as other men. One time some Boers from Groopejeegenzendorp, which is in a rural district, were visiting him. They were astonished at the electric lights in the building. As they passed out the President asked one of them to blow out the light. The visitor blowed and blowed until he raised blisters on the back of his neck, without affecting the light. Mr. Kruger then sucked in about forty gallons of the surrounding atmosphere, blew towards the light, and surreptitiously turned the switch at the same instant. The visitors were filled with wide-eyed amazement. "Mine Gott! vat a strong breath he haf," said one, with evident admiration. "He shouldt been der President undil he vas already dead yet!"

Transvaal people call the Britishers "vermode roolnek rooibaatjes" (pronounced fzzlaadeng

klooobben reejaaazuullsssui) and claim that they can prove it, too, but nobody has ever asked them to do so, up to the hour of going to press.

Mr. Kruger has been assailed on all sides because he has shown a reluctance to make a present of his country to everybody who happened along there and took a fancy to it. At first glance this

does seem to show a certain amount of selfishness, but when it becomes known that this is the only country that he has got, and that he had a hard time getting it, the matter appears in a different light. It also appears that he has figured out a little plan of his own concerning the future of his country, and he naturally dislikes to alter his plans or give his country to some family that might not take good care of it.

How deeply he feels about this matter is shown by a recent incident, upon the occasion of the driving of the last spike in the Pretoria and Delagoa Bay Railway. At Bronkher Spruit (pronounced Vraadsjizlookkuuaa Zanjijuttaad) the president made speech. From where he stood could be seen a hillside where were the graves of the rear guard of a British regiment which had, upon a certain occasion during the war of 1880, made a desperate attempt to get somewhere else as soon as possible Looking toward these graves, while the north wind blew across the veldt and rustled ominously through his whiskers, he said: "This is our country; we fought for it, and made it what it is. I will never permit a foreign foe to take it from you so long as I shall live."

So we see that Mr. Kruger is anxious to follow out his little plan. WINFIELD HOGABOOM.

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About the House

Carving the Christmas Turkey

Of late years there has been an appreciable falling of off in the number of jokes perpetrated by the penny-a-liners on the efforts of pater-familias to carve the Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys, probably owing to the fact that the subject is really so old that the last joke was thought of many years ago.

After all there are many heads of families who can smile grimly at some of the old anecdotes of the tribulations of carvers in the light of their own experience, but with tutelage any man, or woman either, can become an expert with the knife on a fowl's anatomy. It is usually thought that only a masculine member of the family is qualified to officiate at the platter, on account of the erroneous idea that considerable strength is necessary to the successful separation of the joint of the bird.

The carver's chair should be a little higher than those of the rest of the family, and should be placed quite close to the table. The only utensils needed are a sharp carving knife, with a steel to keep its edge in good condition, and a two pronged carving fork provided with the protection afforded by a guard designed to prevent the knife from slipping in delicate operations.

A little knowledge of anatomy will be of assistance, and he should try to learn what are the best parts. These he should serve to each person equally, or, as in the case of a fowl, where desirable parts will not go around, they should be served to the guests first and then to members of the family in the order of seniority.

The carving of a fowl is not an easy matter and requires some experience to make one proficient at it. It should be remembered that in cutting a joint either in fish, fowl or ordinary meat, the joints will be of the ball and socket order, that require a twist of the point of the knife to separate them.

The knife should be first inserted into the breast of the fowl and passed between the legs and the body, pressing the former outward, so that the joints are divided. Then cut along the breast a short distance down the sides, leaving some white meat on each side of the breast bone. After that cut down to the joints and take off the wings. Next take out the wishbone by inserting the knife across the breastbone and, cutting diagonally outward, remove the slices on each side of the central bone. Pheasants are carved in the same way, but smaller birds, such as partridges, pigeons and snipe are, except in cases where the bird is abnormally large, divided through the center.

Timely and Tried Receipts

Tomato Butter: For 20 pounds of tomatoes use 8 pounds of sugar, 4 pounds sour apples, the juice of four lemons and one tablespoonful powdered ginger. Peel the tomatoes and cook them with the pared, cored and quartered apples one hour, then add the sugar, lemon juice and ginger. Cook slowly until thick. It may be put in glasses like jelly or in jars. Cover with two thicknesses of paper, wet the top with the white of an egg, and when dry place in a cool place to keep. If one objects to the seeds the tomatoes may be run through a wire seive before putting in the sugar and lemon juice. This is excellent.

Quince Marmalade: Quinces make a delicious marmalade. One of the best and most delicious of marmalades is prepared from apples and the core and peelings of quinces after preserving. Put the peelings and core in just enough water to cook them, and let them simmer. When they have cooked for three quarters of an hour and are thoroughly tender, strain off the juice and measure it. Add two pounds of apples, cored and peeled, to an equal amount of juice, and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of this mixture. Boil down till it is a thick, clear marmalade, stirring frequently so that it does not burn.

A good old Scotch farmer had a scolding wife. She was noted all up and down the shire for her sharp tongue, and her husband, best of all, was prepared to judge for this. One day she died, to all apearances. Preparations were made for the funeral so far as carrying out of the coffin, when, in the narrow passage the well-meaning but awkward pall-bearers jostled against it, and it was hit smartly upon the casing of the door. The next minute the scolding and only partly departed wife had come to life and sat up in her cerements. What she said is not recorded, but a few years after that she died again, and this time they were dealing with the real thing. But when they bore her down the hall again the bereaved usband called out in a shrill and anxious treble: "Ca canny! Ca canny! (Go carefully.) It was there that she cam' roun' last time!"

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At the Theaters

BUT for the flip at Theosophy there seems to be no raison d'etre for the existence of such a farce as "Our Friend From India" other than to make people laugh and later on to wonder what they were laughing about. There is plenty of fun in the thing, and you really can't help laughing at the quirks and drolleries; the spirit of laughter is in it and the breezy action gives life to an otherwise inane story. Mr. Stockwell is not a newcomer here and we know his status as a comedian, so that it is only necessary to say that the piece fits him and his qualities, such as they are, have a good vehicle for their display. The support was adequate for the play.

There seems to be really no limit to the ambition of Nance O'Neil. Apparently it is indifferent to her what direction her inclinations take, and her purpose in life seems to be to run through all the characters that have had more than a temporary success upon the stage, and to do them from her own point of view, rather than from the standpoint which has been fixed by older, more experienced and more accomplished actresses. Instead of perfecting a limited repertory, this young actress is endangering her future by butterfly or bee-like flitting from flower to flower and absorbing such sweets as please her. A beautiful woman can do many things upon the stage, and for quite a period, but there will come a time when only the "divine spark of genius" properly fanned into a flame, will bring the reputation, and hold it, which mints the dollars for the business end. Miss O'Neil has been often advised to put herself under competent tuition, but her work does not show that she has done so. We are to see her next week in an elaborate production of "Macbeth," and while no doubt she will appear to advantage in the more tragic portions of her part, it will be interesting to compare her conception of "Lady Macbeth" and her art with that of Kathryn Kidder, who is to play the role during the week also.

I can recall some years ago a little girl who was thought quite talented as a cornet player, and whose ambition was to make her way on the concert stage. Little Jessie Miller played on numerous occasions as an amateur of tender years, and was given praise for her work, so that the concert stage was the natural result. She now comes back to us as a performer on the vaudeville platform, and she has been heartily received. It is difficult to judge seriously of her work, as she finds it to her interest to cater to the "popular" taste in her selections, but she has confidence, a good stage presence, and such things as she plays show that she commands a good tone with considerable technical ability. Camille D'Arville is a singer who is possessed of the art which appeals as much to the educated listener as a fresh, and often only natural, untrained voice. From the view-point of the manager, who pays heed rather to the expressed opinion of the public than to the fault-finding critic, Mme. D'Arville has made a big hit at the Orpheum during the week, and the Wednesday matinee was a red-letter affair. Emmons, Emerson and Emmons had the gods of the upper tier

LOUIS JAMES

with them in their funny musical skit "Only a Joke," who also showered hearty applause on the club-swingers, the Tennis Trio, and, for that matter, on the hold-overs from last week.

What a feast of good things there is in store for Christmas week. "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," those inimitable comedies from Sheridan's pen, and the revival of the "Winter's Tale," that rarely played Shakespearean classic. The first we saw last year, "The Rivals" we recall with Jefferson and Mrs. Drew, but "The Winter's Tale" has had no presentation in this country from the time Mary Anderson with it made her farewell to the stage. It is of interest to know that Kathryn Kidder follows the innovation made by "Our Mary" in doubling the parts of Hermione, the mother, and Perdita, her child. In the trial scene of the nrst act an altogether greater type of strength is demanded of the actress than in the later scenes where the youthful character gives greater freedom, more in line with the Sans Gene and Lady Teazle we know. "The Winter's Tale" has so much beauty, thought, and lovely language in it that those not familiar with Shakespeare's comedy should read it up before going to the play. E. F. KUBEL.

Los Angeles Theater

Manager Wyatt announces the engagement next week at the Los Angeles theater, beginning with a special Christmas matinee on Monday, of the great star triumvirate, Louis James, Kathryn Kidder, Charles B. Hanford and their brilliant coterie of associates, bringing forcibly to mind that the field of the Shakespearean or legitimate drama, as represented by actors of the older school, is narrowed down to this one excellent organization. Managers Wagenhals & Kemper have brought together the greatest of the survivors of the old school that produced Forrest, McCullough, Booth, Barret, Keene and others. The American stage has known no greater exponents of the drama known as heroic tragedy than Louis James and Charles B. Hanford. Of all the actors now living who have won renown in those roles which are classed in the highest realm of tragedy, these two artists stand easily in the front rank. In Miss

KATHRYN KIDDER

Kidder is centered one of the chief hopes of the women of the American stage. Her justly renowned rendition of the title character in Sardou's brilliant romantic-comedy, "Madame Sans Gene," served to show her as an actress of wonderful scope and power, and her assumption last season of "Lady Teasle" and the Shakespearean heroines firmly established her as one of the foremost of American artistes. An important characteristic of her acting is that she can approach and cross, when necessary, that thin border line which separates pathos from merriment.

They have selected a repertoire of eight plays embodying the best in the Shakespearean and classic drama, four of which will be given next week in the following order: Monday matinee and Wednesday night, "The School for Scandal;" Monday and Thursday nights and Wednesday matinee, "The Rivals;" Tuesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, "The Winter's Tale," and Saturday night, "Macbeth."

Orpheum

Comedy is to rule at the Orpheum next week. George Fuller Golden is to be the high priest of the comedians and as he is admitted to be the king bee of monologists, the fun is certain to be fast and furious. Golden was here several years ago, and made a tremendous hit as the friend of Casey, and Casey's biographer and Boswell.

Frank Latona, the musical tramp, is another funny genius, who has been amusing the Britishers on their native heath for several years.

From the other direction across the ocean has come J. W. Winton, an Australian ventriloquist who will have a prominent place on the new bill next week.

Manager Bronson has discovered an acrobatic wonder in the person of a lad who calls himself Volkyra. He will be seen on the Orpheum stage for the first time in public next week.

The Llewellyn Sisters, Australian singers, are to be newcomers. Emonds and Emerson will hold over as will also the Tennis Trio of club swingers; and Jessie Millar, cornetist.

Morosco's

This evening will be the last performance of Nance O'Neil and her excellent company in Dumas' world-famous play "The New Camille." Com-

CHAS. B. HANFORD

mencing tomorrow Sunday night, will be the last week of this actress at Morosco's Burbank theater in an elaborate production of "Macbeth" with the celebrated Kelley music. Managers Oliver Morosco and McKee Rankin have been bending all of their energies in preparing for this big production. New and special scenery has been gotten up specially for the occasion and the costumes will be magnificent and gorgeous. Startling light effects and one hundred supernumaries will tend to make this the largest and most costly undertaking ever attempted in this city at the prices. The orchestra has been enlarged to 20 trained musicians to render the Kelly music. It will also be the occasion of Nance O'Neil's first appearance in a Shakespearean role—that of Lady Macbeth. Clay Clement will play Macbeth. There will be a special matinee on Christmas Day, next Monday.

The advance sale of seats is very large and there is every indication that "Macbeth" will play to the largest business in the history of the Burbank theater.

California and Californians have a good cause to be proud of Nance O'Neil, who has already proved herself to be the most remarkable actress of the age. And she has not had to live a decade to prove her greatness. She is still young, only 24 years of age, while her fame has gone forth to all theatrical centers of the earth, and managers, who three years ago did not care to give a hearing, are making all kinds of flattering offers for her appearance in their respective theaters. Miss O'Neil's time is now filled for the next two years, including a trip to Australia, where she is booked in the two large cities Sydney and Melbourne for 20 weeks, after which she will return to the United States and play a season of 35 weeks in five large cities.

Margaret Woffington

Charles Reade made a novel out of some of the incidents of this famous actress' life. The character of the real Margaret Woffington was misunderstood until the actor-author, Augustin Daly, paid it almost reverential tribute. The keynote of his "Life" of this famous English actress, he finds in "Cymbelline": "Whose remembrance yet lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues be theme and hearing ever." Daly draws the snowy mantle of charity over her moral shortcomings and remarks "her life has not been without blemish, but it was also full of deeds of goodness; and happily Providence holds the scales." It has been long the custom to run down the repute of this great actress, to picture her as a moral leper, whose monstrosity was only relieved by occasional deeds of goodness and charity. The real Peg, as Mr. Daly is glad to show, was by no means as black as she was painted. Peg Woffington was born in 1718, and died in 1760. After her appearance on the Irish stage she reached London, when rival theaters and managers were engaged in a bitter and relentless war and Peggy was thrown into this boiling pot. But her strong character brought her to the top. She was a charming, a dazzling, a wonderful actress, whom Mr. Daly—and there was no greater judge—places at the head of the stage in comedy, and to whom he assigns a high rank in tragedy, although she had a poor voice. Peg's father was a bricklayer and her mother a washerwoman, but Peg was angelic—so that she conquered everybody, including Garrick and Dr. Samuel Johnson. She acted one hundred and thirty parts,

and her versatility was shown by the fact that in the closing nights of one season she impersonated Mrs. Ford, Jane Shore, Sir Harry Wildair and Lady Macbeth. She spent nearly her entire life on the stage, having been carried on the boards in a basket when an infant. As to her morals, and her relations with her manager, the great Garrick,

FRANK LATONA
Musical Tramp, Orpheum

sharp-tongued Kitty Clive said that Peg was "quite as good as any of the artists of the stage of that period, and could compare favorably with most of the fine ladies and court beauties of the day." Peg made her last appearance on the stage on May 3, 1757, when, as she was playing Rosalind at Covent Garden, Death put his clammy touch upon her and the curtain went down on a curious mixture of goodness and badness, in which the former predominated largely. Charles Reade made the actress the subject of his "Peg Woffington," and under the title "Masks and Faces," he and Tom Taylor dramatized the story and on May 20th, 1852, it was first produced with the famous Mrs. Bancroft in the leading role.

It was revived some years later, and then Ada Rehan made much of the part. We have seen Rose Coghlan in it under its present title, and Nance O'Neil is the latest to take up the personation of this sparkling mixture of alternate laughter and tears.

Westlake Park

Program for band concert Sunday, December 24th, by the Catalina band, E. C. Kammermeyer, director:

1. March, Le Reine de Saba.....Gounod
2. Haunting Eyes Waltz .....Moses
3. Overture, Oberon .....Von Weber
4. (a) Ulysses, waltz caprice.....Berg
   (b) Medley March on Popular Songs.... .... .arr. by Kammermeyer
5. Custer's Last Charge..... .....Luders
   Synopsis: Morning of battle; cavalry in distance, approaching nearer and nearer; charge upon the enemy; Indian war dance; the attack of the Indians upon Custer; trumpet calls, etc., etc.
6. Selection, The Serenade .....Herbert
   (By request.)
7. Czardas, Dance Hungrois .....Michiels
8. (a) Southern Hospitality .....Pryor
   (b) Ma Philippino Baby .....Dewey
9. Cujus Animam, from Stabat Mater....Rossini
10. National Airs .....Moses

Hollenbeck Park

Next Sunday, December 24th, visitors to Hollenbeck park will have another opportunity to see Mme. Schell and her lions. They will go through the usual performance of trained animals, after which they will be given an extra allowance of calves' liver, beef steak and onions, without the onions.

The following program will be rendered by the Southern California band, under the direction of H. W. Coomber:

1. March, Triumphal ..... Brooks
2. Waltz, Mercedes ..... Trinkhaus
3. Sacred Potpouri, Christmas Songs.....Beyer
4. Intermezzo, Cupid's Pleadings.....Voelker
5. Medley Overture, introducing Hannah and In Dear Old London.....Mackie
6. Selection, Il Trovatore .....Verdi
   (By request.)
7. Double Quartet, He Watcheth Over Israel..... ....Mendelssohn
8. Selection, Robert ..... Meyerbeer
9. Echoes From New York .....Mackie
   (Introducing latest songs.)
10. Alabama Dance, "Stars and Stripes Forever .... Barnard

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THE WEEK'S FEATURE

EIGHT pages are added to the "Graphic" this week for a thorough presentation to the public at large of the extent of the Belgian hare industry, one that, but a short time since looked upon as a fleeting fad or at best as a new field for the fancier, is now recognized as a legitimate business with astonishing possibilities. While the ultimate result of the great interest in propogating the dainty animals will be the supplying of the market with a very superior meat at a minimum cost of production, the present demand for breeding stock by those just starting in the business holds prices at a point prohibitive as an article of food although many individuals are enjoying the toothsome delicacy from their private runs.

The advantages of the Belgian hare over other domestic food animals and other general information concerning this specie of the genus Lepus will be found in the introductory article on page nine, and much of detail and general interest will be found in a careful reading of the pages following, in the descriptions of the leading rabbitries.

As in many other lines of industry Southern California climate is an advantage over any other part of the United States for the successful raising of the hare and on this account alone the outlook for the growth of the industry in this section is a brilliant one. The hare is a delicate animal and is most sensitive to disease and exposure, which makes its propagation in the East fraught with much difficulty. With this in mind the prospective breeder may be confident in the success of the business, and feel assured of a market even beyond the Rockies.

City Hall Echoes

THE Gordian knot is cut, but what a slash it was and what a gash it made. The old police board gave up its contentions slid out of its seat and pulled the bone of contention, the Chief of Police out with it. The new board smiling and happy, with a satisfied "I-told-you-so" air, is now in place and is diligently looking over its material out of which to pick a successor to Mr. Glass. The old board kept up a brave bluff for quite a while, but from the very beginning it was clear that the Council had power to remove as it had power to appoint. The only hope of the old men was that the decision would require a two-thirds vote of the Council, which the five could not muster, but the quo-warranto club was too heavy, and it was decided that it would be better for the old board to retire with honor, by voluntarily resigning, than to be knocked out by a court decision. But the first proceedings are of such a nature that the average citizen will very properly begin to doubt if the change is for the best interests of the community. Chief Glass, against whom the main charge was that he was his own worst enemy because of his obstinacy, and disobedience of orders, is now paying for the fun of bearding Commissioner Scarborough in the Mayor's official den. But how the city is to profit by this remains to be seen. It will take some close searching to find a competent substitute for the big ex-Chief, for he was, as an executive officer, a man of great parts. The first action of the new Board in showing the childish haste of schoolboys in ousting the Chief's appointees and restoring those whom he had declared incompetent to their former positions, is not in the line of good government. A more proper course would have been to inquire into the merit of his action, and the grounds for declaring these men no longer of value in their positions. The dismissal of the charges against Captain Roberts in so summary a manner should be deprecated by the best friends of that officer. The charges had been properly filed and certified to; he himself should have been the first to ask that they be fully investigated, as he has all along contended that he had nothing to fear. But this brushing aside of serious accusations is sure to produce unpleasant impressions. The cabal arranged and carried through by the deposed police officers has won, which is probably the best explanation of the turn in police affairs. That politics will play a great part in the future management of the police department is not to be doubted, although whether this will be above board or otherwise cannot be seen yet. Nominally the Republicans have control; but as Judge Ling, an ex-Democrat, and who has already shown a disposition to antagonize the Mayor, is a tolerably uncertain quantity, there is no telling what will happen. The practical politicians of both camps train very chummily together usually, and it is this end of the Council and the Police Commission which may be relied on to keep the Mayor and the better element guessing. The announcement of the new Chief of Police will give a pretty good indication of these various matters, and from the persons already mentioned in connection with the succession it is impossible to find one who will suit the public so well as Chief Glass. The conditions are lamentable, but the public is not denied the privilege of looking at the stage, which is its right as it is putting up the money for the show.

Women's Clubs

"Very learned women are to be found in the same manner as female warriors; but they are seldom or ever inventors."
—*Voltaire.*

AN INNOVATION in women's clubs is to be found in York, Nebraska, where the women have formed what is known as the Town and Country Club for the comfort and benefit of their farm and ranch members. This club has comfortable quarters that are always open and ready to receive tired and weary members, and special program meetings are held on days known to be convenient to out of town women. Mrs. N. Price is secretary of the York club and will be glad to furnish further information on the matter.

A movement was started about five years ago in Boston that has been very successful ever since, and one that would be most excellent to adopt in our own city by certain clubs devoted to civic government. It is the furnishing of lunches in schools. Massachusetts is the only State that has tried this and success was marked from the first, and now the lunch rooms are self-supporting, and to those who are obliged to carry a cold lunch, and during bad weather, they are of the greatest convenience.

Another effort of a certain Eastern civic club which, although for a most excellent purpose, was not altogether successful on account of limited means, was to establish a special training school in behalf of physically and mentally defective children. The educational committee of any club in any city will hardly fail to find a visit to any classroom of a ward school at least one child of slow development. The fact is recognized by both teacher and pupils, and often results in a sort of ostracism that has a tendency to stifle and nulify the small effort the child is able to make. The object of this training school was to give the pupils special attention preparatory to the class work intended for him.

The music class of the Woman's Club met as usual in Odd Fellows' Hall, with Miss Allen in the chair. The first number on the program was a paper on "Living Composers." The principal composers of Germany, Italy, France, Bohemia, Poland, Scandinavia, England and America were spoken of, and the important events in the life of each. Miss Annie Carry McLeod read a sketch of Madame Marchesi, written by Mrs. Atkins. A brief outline was given of this wonderful woman's more wonderful talent. Miss Allen then rendered "Ausdemi Carnival," by Gregg. Papers on music in German universities, also music study in Germany were read before the class.

A certain club woman in the East writes that a great field lies open to club women to do most effectual work in the suppression and extermination of tuberculosis. She says tuberculosis is four and a half times as fatal as smallpox, typhoid fever or diphtheria, and that the united and persistent effort for two generations could entirely eliminate the disease. Here is an opportunity for those clubs who are tired of being literary and don't know what to do with their spare time.

Among the reminiscences of Mrs. Russell Sage is what she has to say of the woman's club. She says: "I believe the club for men and women together would be a good institution if the woman would not yield to the men, who, as a rule, do not pretend to have any noble aims in their club life. As regards federated clubs, I feel that the women's boards of missions are the highest types of women's federated work. I think that mission work covers more than any other under the head of "All the World for Christ."

REAR VIEW IN CENTER OF BUSINESS QUARTER OF SAN JACINTO.

Nothing has been of more interest to the ladies than the opening of the Bennett Toilet Parlors, on the corner of Fifth and Spring streets last Saturday week. The proprietors here have been quick to realize that our Angel City is rapidly becoming the home of hundreds of ladies possessed of wealth and refined tastes, and whose requirements demand a first-class establishment of this kind.

Everybody was perfectly charmed with the beautiful store and the display of goods which showed a freshness and individuality delightful to behold.

It is an ideal store and of unceasing interest, as each day the place is thronged with ladies. No lady should think of getting her toilet articles, cosmetics or hair ornaments without first seeing the Bennett Toilet Parlors.

TOTAL WRECK OF A ONE STORY HOUSE BY BRICK FALLING FROM A NEIGHBORING BUILDING.

A FAIR SAMPLE OF THE TEMBLOR'S WORK.

Mount Tauquitz Shook

Undulating Waves Reach out a Hundred Miles

ACCORDING to the Mission Indians of the Colorado desert Mount Tauquitz is the devil's home and none of them can be induced to visit its summit. It was Christmas morning, just as Santa Claus was most active, when this extinct volcano gave a convulsive shudder, which was felt in Los Angeles and San Diego, more than 150 miles away. It may be that the patron saint of childhood was a little late in arising that morning. It may even be that the Indians of Sabobo and Cahuilla are mistaken, and the old crater of Tauquitz is the mystic home of Santa Claus instead of the devil. This is possible, because it is not of record that any person ever saw the devil on that particular mountain or that anybody ever traced Santa Claus to his wild fastnesses. It is not impossible that the saint's reindeer may have collided with the mountain side.

But whatever the cause may have been, it is certain that Tauquitz did not behave itself seemingly Christmas morning, at 4:26 o'clock, when its convulsion did damage to the extent of $50,000 at San Jacinto and Hemet, frightened the wits out of people in a number of towns in that vicinity and sent a tremor over all of Southern California, the force of the shock decreasing with the distance traversed.

COUNTY HOSPITAL—30 PEOPLE, AND NOT ONE HURT.
Riverside County Hospital, at Bowers, near San Jacinto; thirty people were in the building, but no one was injured.

While the shock in Los Angeles and other towns of Southern California was sufficient to awaken the people, the damage was of the most trivial nature everywhere except in San Jacinto and Hemet. In those places, as shown by the illustrations presented by the Graphic, something like a score of brick buildings were damaged. Three or four will have to be torn down and rebuilt. The scene presented in the towns is one of destruction, but when a critical analysis is made, it is seen that the actual loss is not what it appears.

A ton of brick fell on a bed where a man was sleeping He escaped with a slightly bruised hand.

Concrete and Brick Store Building—The brickwork was destroyed, the concrete escaping injury.

The ragged walls, the heaps of debris, the warnings of danger, combine to impress the spectator, but a thousand dollars expended in labor will replace many bricks. Most of the losers are men able to stand the loss, and there are not more than two or three cases where the loss will cripple people in business.

The wonderful escape of people from personal damage is the marvel of everybody. At the Indian town of Sabobo the aborigines had assembled at the adobe house of the oldest man, and his house was the poorest in the town. These people, according to custom, were enjoying a feast, the men being in the center of the room and the women being ranged along the walls. One of the walls fell on the women, killing six of them and injuring several others. This was the only case in which any person was injured. A hundred men, women and children were in the wrecked buildings at San Jacinto, Bowers and Hemet, and but one of them recieved even the slightest injury. A picture is given of his room in Hotel Hemet. More than a ton of brick fell on his bed and lumber was tumbled about him. From this mess he crawled out with only a slight bruise on one hand.

In this adobe house six Indian women were killed, the only fatalities of the temblor.

That is is a misfortune for the towns affected is of course true, but the wreckage is already well cleaned away and a large force of men is at work. A month from now the stricken towns will be as well equipped as ever and all signs of the disaster will have disappeared.

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The Country 'Round

THAT the holiday business this year has been large no one who has observed the crowded streets could doubt. The manager of one extensive establishment, not a department store, on Spring street, said to the writer last Saturday: "Our Christmas trade went far ahead of expectations. For nearly three weeks every employe has had all he could possibly do, and I believe if we had kept open every week day till midnight, the store would have been crowded to the minute of closing. The people seem to have more money to spend than ever before. This, I think, is partly because prices for all kinds of produce have been satisfactory, and many oil men and miners are getting good incomes from their properties. The main reason is, however, that Los Angeles is rapidly becoming a favorite residence place for people who have money to spend. Any one who has passed a winter or two here becomes a missionary to tell the benighted ones east of us that there is an earthly paradise on the Pacific Coast, where the discomforts of the Arctic climate of the other can be avoided, while the comforts of civilization are as complete as in any large eastern city. We have many thousand families here who have regular incomes—wealthy people who make a practice of spending at least six months of the year in this city. I know of one lady from Chicago whose income is $12,000 a month who has made Los Angeles her winter home for six years, and I believe she has tried her best to spend that $12,000 each month right here. Our winter visitors come from every State and Territory in the United States, and spend enough to create a prosperity, even if we had no other resources. People who have 'made their pile' find this the ideal place for a home and that is why Los Angeles is becoming a great city and trade is rapidly increasing year by year. As railroad facilities are improved we shall see a larger influx each season. There is much to encourage the

Courtesy ARIZONA GRAPHIC

THE DESICCATED MAN.

This prehistoric resident of Arizona was found some three years ago near Prescott, Arizona, by John McCarty, of the Territorial Fish and Game Commission. This dried man (no preservatives having been used) is nearly five feet high, weighs thirteen pounds, and even in his emaciated condition requires a number seven hat to fit his head. He was supposed to have been a cliff dweller, and is valued at $4000.

business man and real estate owner in the situation. The crowded streets and stores have been an object lesson no one can possibly forget. In our own establishment sales were at least a third larger than any previous year."

The Dunkers, or "River Brethren" of Southern California were the subject of rather an interesting article in a recent issue of the New York Evening Post. The correspondent has given a fair account of these peculiar people, but falls into a curious error when he says that one of their principal centers, Lordsburg, near Pomona, was named after the Deity. That worthy pioneer of Southern California, I. W. Lord, now of San Bernardino, has in consequence explanations to make to his friends, it is to be feared with some expense attending.

There is no doubt, however, that the Dunkers desire to pattern themselves as much as possible after the Christians of the first century, and regard other Christian sects, with the possible exception of the Quakers, with almost as much abhorrence as the early Christians did the Pagans. There are some thousands of Brethren here and they have a church in East Los Angeles, but, as before stated, their principal center is at Lordsburg

The Dunkers have some of the stern characteristics of the Puritans or Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Amusements are almost prohibited, and life is regarded in the most serious manner. The Bible is their guide and they have no other source of authority, although they respect and obey local laws. Law suits among themselves are unknown, and an outside doctor is rarely called in, the elders settling disputes and healing the sick by the faith cure, or annointing with oil.

The Boers have, and the early Congregationalists had much in common in religious belief with the Dunkers, but in one respect there is an important difference. It is said of the landers from the Mayflower in 1620 that they "first fell on their knees, and then on the aborigines," but the Dunkers abhor war and refuse to engage in it on any pretext.

Those who are here chose Southern California because of its great resemblance to Palestine and the one object of their life seems to be to live the life of the early Christians. Many of the sect have gone to the real Palestine, but they are subject to persecutions and hardships there.

The life of a Dunkard community is a beautiful one in some respects. None of the problems which worry modern social life appear to greatly concern them. They have no paupers or tramps in their sect, and the Golden Rule is the absolute law of their lives. Fashion's dictates have no interest for them. No corsets, no shirt waists or Parisian bonnets for the women—nothing but a simple dress for the men. They are often to be seen on the streets of this city, but make but few acquaintances outside of their own people. To them the outside world is a great pitfall—its theaters, fashionable churches, social life and almost all that goes with modern civilization are merely traps for unwary sinners. They are not very tolerant to those who leave the faith of their fathers. Such are thrown out of the congregation and regarded as accursed.

Each year in their church one of the duties of this peculiar people is to wash each others' feet. This is because Jesus Christ washed, on one occasion, his disciples' feet. In certain sects of the Christian Church in Eastern Europe feet-washing is regarded a religious duty in the churches.

From Monday to Saturday last week thirty carloads of small packages, mainly Christmas presents, arrived in this city. The postoffice and Wells-Fargo employes are thankful the famous holiday comes but once a year.

A modest looking lemon tree in the yard of Capt. W. H. Newman, who resides on West Twenty-fifth street, yielded its owner about 1500 fine Eureka lemons last season. The Captain sends part of his crop to friends in Washington, D. C., where he was in the government service for nearly a quarter of a century.

Santa Fe excursions brought over 400 people to this city from the snow-bound East last week. The returns from the Southern Pacific are not at hand, but Mr. Huntington's road usually keeps up its end. By February the country will be fairly well populated from Santa Barbara to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea.

The new president of the University of California, a recent visitor to this section, expressed himself as delighted with Southern California, for which he predicts a most prosperous future.

HERBERT.

Dan O'Hara—"Oi war to a dog-foight lahst noight." Pat Malone—"Did yez win?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

New Year's Resolutions

"YES," said the Good Resolution, "I'm back again. I always make my annual trip this time of year, and, in fact, today is my busy day. How's business? Oh, picking up. We always do a rushing trade at this season. Hands full, and the enrolling clerk threatened with nervous prostration on account of overwork. The trouble with us is, though, that it doesn't hold up. Soon after the New Year work falls off, and during the balance of the season there's only an occasional job when a young fellow falls in love, and rushes in a big order of good resolutions that he thinks will just be dead easy to keep, until he tries them. It's one of the symptoms of the disease and we are used to it, but there's no use in wasting space on that kind of thing, so we enter them in the book in ink that fades out by the end of thirty days. This past season trade has been unusually brisk, owing to the war. We got the army contract for supplying the volunteers, and on the eve of battle we did a land office business. If one thousandth part of the good resolutions we booked then are kept, we are on the verge of the millenium. Everybody that gets home will never leave it again, and there'll never be another kick about the bread, or the coffee, or the way steak is cooked. Don't I get tired of writing down, every year, the good resolutions of the men who are going to swear off drinking and gambling and evil ways generally? Oh, of course, and yet there's compensation in that, too. There's hope, and when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that that is the last mercy of which fate robs one. Why, I have known women who must have died with broken hearts, except that the grayness of their dreary lives was spanned by a continual rainbow of good resolutions, ending, alas! too often, as the rainbow ends —in nothing. Sometimes it was a mother with a wayward son. Night after night she knelt and prayed for him while his feet traveled fast the downward road Often he brought her open shame and disgrace. Nobody else believed in him, but there would come moments of repentance in which, softened by her tears, he would make good resolutions, and she strung them like the beads of a rosary and fold them over and over and found comfort and hope in them. Often it is a woman with a drunken husband. Her eyes have grown dim watching for him, her ears grown strained listening for his heavy, shuffling footfall. Perhaps he had dragged her to direst poverty, and her poor bruised shoulders show the blows he has rained on her in drunken anger. There comes a day when some faint glimmer of lost manhood stirs in him, and he tells her he has sworn off and is going to reform. She shall no longer toil over the washtub or needle, but shall live like a lady once more. Drowning men grasp at straws. Starving hope asks only a crumb to give it new life. Withered roses spring to bloom in her pale cheeks. The eyes borrow an unwonted luster, and a half-forgotten song bubbles up to lips and happiness comes, if only for an hour. What if the holy name of the good resolution becomes a sacrilege upon that man's lips? What if he is too weak or wicked to keep one? We do not think wholly of him, and remembering her we sometimes drop a tear upon it that blots out the record of his broken vow," and the Good Resolution sighed softly, and passed on into the night.

Does Advertising Pay

"Once, when I was publishing a paper in Seattle, I convinced a man in the most emphatic way that it paid to advertise," said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper.

"'Oh, it's no use!' he would say. 'I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself upon the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper—pshaw! Everybody who reads a newspaper dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper, will you advertise?'

"The next day I had the following line stuck in the most obscure corner of the paper, between a couple of patent-medicine advertisements:

"'What is Cohen going to do about it?'

"The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what that line meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do so if he would let me write the explanation and stand to it. He agreed; and I wrote: 'He is going to advertise, of course.' And he did."—Collier's Weekly.

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Music and Art

THE assisting of the drama with music, so as to heighten the incidents, or to strengthen the action, is old. During the week we have had examples of this so-called "incidental" music, both at the Burbank, where Edgar Stillman Kelley's accompaniment is almost as continuous as in an opera, and at the Los Angeles theater, where between the acts, in the songs of "Autolycus" and in the noisy country dance, music played an important part. Modern musical accompaniment to dramatic action dates back to 1350, when a chorus was sung at the end of a scene. This practice grew until the intermezzo became a separate play of lighter character than the principal drama. In 1579, music was called on to illustrate human passions and emotions, and the Greek drama, in which the dramatic and lyric elements were inseparable, was revived. The old Greek actors chanted their lines instead of declaiming them, and the "chorus" danced and sung on the altar between the stage and the audience. But this old music, based as it was on the purpose to imitate by musical means the inflections of the voice in speech, had none of the melody to which we, in our modern form, are accustomed and to whom the old Greek music would have no meaning. Allied more closely to this mode of illustration is the music which Mr. Kelley set for "Macbeth," than are the introduced songs of "The Winter's Tale." Overture, intermezzo, marches and accompaniment to the spoken words, all are designed to mirror the tragical or other trend of the play and very ably and sympathetically has this been done. Mr. Kelley makes a curious and effective use of dissonances, and the wild character of the atmosphere and surroundings of the play are strongly heightened by the music. The Gaelic motifs are singularly forceful, and every shade of the story is sympathetically followed and assisted. Quite in contrast is the music which is inserted in "The Winter's Tale." For the musician this possesses probably more interest, as the tunes are ancient, and have that quaintness which we associate with all of the English music handed down by the compilers or composers of the Elizabethean period. The "Jog on" song which "Autolycus" sings is to be found in the Fitzwilliam (Queen Elizabeth's) Virginal Book, where it has the name of "Hanskin." This, like the other songs of the play, are snatches of ballads of the date of 1500 when rounds and catches were in vogue, and the text of the play gives many a clue to the prevailing musical mode of the day. The servant tells the clown: "If you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe would not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes. * * * He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes. He has the prettiest love songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos and fadings,' 'jump her and thump her,' 'whoop, do me no harm, good man,' " and so on for quite an exposition of the tunes most in demand in that ballad-loving age. The three-part song, "Get you hence for I must go" is given as being set to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man," well known in its day and still obtainable in the various collections of old-time ballads. The country dance of the fourth act was in the form of which "Sir Roger de Coverly" is the concentrated example, and of which there are many specimens in the classical dances in the suites of Bach, Handel, Rameau, Couperin and others who collected, and in many instances idealized them. The serious student can in these dances find the germs of "sonata" form, and in their association, as in the "suite," we have the first attempt at an arrangement of different movements, which finally resulted in the sonata itself. The dances of the time of Elizabeth are just at that point where instrumental music began to separate itself from the vocal. All the dances were originally sung, and Bottom asks the

MISS MAY NANNERY, at Morosco's.

Duke if he cannot "hear a Bergomask dance," and the servant in "Love's Labor Lost" asks his master if he will win his love with a "French brawl," which means "to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, carry to it with your feet . . . sigh a note and sing a note." This "Brawl" was one of several tunes to which the country dance was danced in a ring, or at length, like "Sir Roger," the favorite being, as Morley (Practical Music, 1597) describes it (the brawl) as "like the Alman (Alemagne of Bach) it containeth the time of eight and most commonly in short notes." The "voltes and courantes" are similar, "the volte rising and leaping, the courant travising and running, in which measure also our country dance is made." The courante is the Italian form of the country dance, and there is a close relationship between the rustic dances of the Continental nations, that given at the performance under consideration following more closely the "round" in which "travising and running" under the leafy arbor formed a pleasant feature. Shakespeare is full of suggestions of a musical nature, and they possess deep interest for the musical student.

The program for the next Symphony concert includes Haydn's Military Symphony, Scharwenka's Concerto in B flat, with Miss J. Russell Brown as soloist, the Leonore Oveture, No 3, and the processional march from Gounod's "Le Reine de Saba."

The program for the next chamber concert of the Krauss String Quartet will be the Dvorak Quartet in D minor, the dainty Mozart quartet in D minor, the Andante from the Rubinstein Quartet, op. 70, and the Beethoven Sonata for violin and piano, No. 8, which will be played by Mr. Krauss and Miss Blanche Rogers.

E. F. KUBEL.

When De Pachmann was here nine years ago he did not once muster such an audience as that which filled the California theater, says the "Call" of the 27th. This is due in part to the fact that San Francisco has known a musical awakening and also to the fact that De Pachmann's fame has widened very considerably. We were therefore prepared to greet him this time as one of the truly great and we were not disappointed. There is still the odd mannerisms, still the smile and the nod of the head. De Pachmann is given irretrievably, I fear, to playfulness, although there is something in the way that he flirts with the piano that makes it quite forgivable.

Following are programs for the De Pachmann recitals:

Monday evening, January 1st:

1.—Sonate, Op. 39, A Flat (C. M. Von Weber).

2.—(a) Warum, (b) Grillen, (c) In der Nacht, Phantasiestucke, Op. 12, Nos. 3, 4, 5 (Schumann); (d) Vogel Als Prophet, (e) Jagdlied, (f) Abschied, Waldscenen, Op. 82 (Schumann); (g) Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 (Mendelssohn-Bartholdi).

3.—(a) Three Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 6, 19, 23, (b) Three Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 2, 3, 6, (c) Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4, B Minor, (d) Valse Brilliante, Op. 34, No. 1, A Flat, (e) Third Scherzo, Op. 39, C Sharp Minor (Chopin).

Wednesday afternoon, January 3d, Chopin program:

1.—Sonate, Op. 35, B-Flat Minor.

2.—(a) Ballade, Op. 23, G Minor; (b) Barcarole, Op. 60, E-Sharp Minor; (c) Etude, Op. 25, No. 1, A Flat; (d) Nocturne, Op. 55, No. 1; (e) Valse, Op. 64, No. 2.

3.—(a) Trois Mazurkas, Op. 56, No. 2, Op. 67, No. 1, Op. 63, No. 1; (b) Berceuse, Op. 57, D Flat; (c) Grand Polonaise, Op. 56, A-Flat Major.

Mr. Joseph Dupuy will have charge of the music at the Unitarian church next Sunday afternoon, at the concert, and will be assisted by Miss Estelle Heartt, contralto, Miss Blanche Rogers and the Euterpean Quartet.

The Downey Club, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Dupuy, gave its annual reception and musicale last Thursday evening. A large audience was present and the numbers, which were quite pretentious, were well rendered.

Mr. Edwin Clark's clever composition, "The Little Norway Spruce," was delightfully rendered by the Primary department of the Baptist church at the Christmas tree exercises last Friday evening. The song is highly creditable to Mr. Clark, whose fame as a composer is rapidly spreading.

Owen Foster, the composer and organist, leaves next week for a visit in San Diego. He expects to be gone several weeks. His hard work with the opera and church work has entitled him to a much-needed rest.

Mrs. Hord was the soloist at the Christmas sacred concert at Hotel Green, singing Nordlinger's "Alleluia" and Adam's "Cantique de Noel," in which numbers she scored a remarkable success.

Thilo Becker has announced a pupils' recital for January 17th at Blanchard Hall, at which a number of advanced pupils will appear. Herr Becker's recitals are always most enjoyable and this will be up to his high standard.

Local musicians will be pleased to learn that there is at present visiting in our midst Mr. Wm. Thompson, composer and musician, who is making a protracted stay at the Hotel Bellevue Terrace. All singers have heard for years such well proven popular compositions as "Come Where the Lilies Gloom," "Gathering Up the Shells From the Sea Shore," "I Am King O'er the Land and the Sea," but doubtless many have never realized who was the composer of these favorites. Mr. Thompson is the individual, and while a musical writer of such popularity he is thoroughly unassuming, and no one would ever learn from a casual acquaintance with him that he had ever contributed anything to the musical world that would be a lasting monument to his name in years to come, when he together with many of the remainder of his contemporaries, shall have passed on to the great majority.

In an unguarded moment, Mme. Nevada on her arrival in New York recently was so indiscreet as to tell the reporters that she intended to add new American songs to her repertoire and promised to devote some time to hearing new works of native composers. When she gave the promise, her manager, Charles L. Young, who happened to be standing by, warned her that there would come an overpowering deluge of new songs, but the unsuspecting prima donna only laughed lightly at the words. Within twenty-four hours her laughter had changed to consternation for the deluge set in. Songs began to arrive at Fifth Avenue Hotel by dozens, scores and hundreds and Mme. Nevada's maid was kept busy all day long answering the summons of bell boys bearing the cards of native composers. They came with coon songs and "mother" songs and rag-time songs and every other species of songs until the great cantatrice in desperation threatened to assume an incognita and escape to some obscure hotel where the persistent native composers would never discover her. Fancy Nevada interpreting a coon song. Imagine the world's greatest Amina startling her audience with a rag-time ditty. Picture peerless Lucis rendering a "Coming Home" ballad with a jingling waltz refrain. However, out of the conglomeration Nevada says she has discovered several meritorious works.

The problem which Handel so successfullly solved in the oratorio was that of giving such dramatic force to the music in which he clothed the sacred texts, as to be able to dispense with all scenic and stage effects. One of the finest operatic composers of the time, the rival of Bach as an instrumental composer and performer on the harpischord and organ, the unanimous verdict of the musical world is that no one has ever equaled him in completeness, range of effect, elevation and variety of conception, and sublime treatment of sacred music. We can readily appreciate Handel's own words when describing his own sensations in writing the "Messiah:" "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." The "Messiah" is to be given at Simpson's Auditorium on the evening of January 5th, by the chorus—large augmented—and orchestra which gave so fine a performance of the "Creation" a short time ago under Mr. F. A. Bacon.

"What makes life dreary is the want of a motive."—Geo. Elliot.

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An Open Letter

Hogaboom writes to the Sultan of Sulu Regarding His Family

A RECENT DISPATCH from Washington, D. C., gave us the intelligence that the War Department has received a copy of the agreement made between General Bates, U. S. V., and Mr. Hadji Mohamad Womolol Kiram, our well-known fellow-citizen, who has for years occupied the responsible position of Sultan of Sulu, P. I., U. S. A. The War Department refused to make known the contents of the agreement, except to state that the government has succeeded in securing the services of the whole Kiram family, from this time on, at the very nominal salary of $250 per month and found.

It is pleasing news to all of us, of course, that the United States has secured the valuable services of the interesting though somewhat lop-sided Kiram family, and that Mr. Womolol Kiram himself is to continue in the office of Sultan, a position which he has filled with marked ability for years. There were no other avowed candidates

for the position, and while a great many would have been delighted to see Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, in the place, for many reasons, still we feel that Mr. Kiram also has some claims upon us. He is, too, familiar with the details of the work, while all that Mr. Atkinson knows about it is what he thinks he knows, which is a good deal, of course, but might not be entirely sufficient, after all. Besides, Mr. Atkinson has never came out openly and said that he would accept the Sultanship if it were offered to him.

When I first learned of the arrangement between Mr. Womolol Kiram and the representative of this government, though it pleased me greatly, there was one feature which seemed to foreshadow some serious complications, and I immediately began to consider what was best to do. This was a matter, I became convinced at once, which could not be approached in the ordinary way. It was a subject for diplomacy, and diplomacy of the most delicate sort.

Mr. Kiram's remarkable plethora of wives, I am told, is characteristic of most Sultans, and custom, and other things perhaps, has made it very popular with them.

But I take it that Mr. Kiram cannot be fully informed of the prejudice that exists in the United States against citizens, and more especially office-holders, who have accumulated a vast wealth of wives. Having been a citizen of this great commonwealth for a comparatively short time, he cannot be expected to have grown acquainted with all of our little peculiarities. Our motto: "One Country; One Flag, and One Wife at a Time," does not, I am sure, hold the significance for him that it does for us who have been brought up that way.

So after careful deliberation I became convinced that an open letter, delicately worded, addressed to the Sultan, and published in the leading papers, would be about the proper caper. Acting upon this happy thought I took my pen in hand wrote the following:

Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Hon. Hadji Mohamad Womolol Kiram, Sultan of Sulu, Maiban, Island of Sulu, P. I., U. S. A.—

My Dear Sir: I take the liberty of addressing you at this time upon a matter of the greatest importance, not only to yourself, but to the nation at large. It has been stated here that you have succeeded in getting together one of the largest and most comprehensive collections of connubial bric-a-brac in the known world. Travelers returning from your part of the country have gone into raptures over your elaborate assortment of helpmates, some of them declaring, with a great deal more fervor than grammer, perhaps, that you have an aggregation of wives that cannot be beat. Some of the wives in this part of the country, I am sorry to state, can be.

Assuming it to be a fact, then, that while the most of us have been wasting our time and talent in the accumulation of wealth as represented by the coin of the realm, you have devoted the greater part of your lifetime to the acquirement of wives, and that a grand success, from your point of view, has attended your efforts, until you find yourself possessed of wives to burn, so to speak, I therefore take the liberty of calling your attention to some matters pertaining to other things which have a relative bearing upon those contingencies which have to do with the general outline of whichever way you may look at it.

Now that you have cast in your lot with us, Womolol, I cannot help but feel that you will naturally want to become acquainted with our manners and customs, to a certain extent, and that you will make some effort to conform to our ideas of doing things. Pardon me, then, if I mention that there is a prejudice here against the practice of gathering wives in clusters. We believe there is such a thing as having too many wives at one time. This may be nothing more nor less than a sort of fad with us, at this time, but you know how it is, yourself, and when we allow one of these little fads to get a foothold with us we hate like the very deuce to give it up, no matter how foolish it may seem to others.

I hope and trust I may be wrong in thinking that you will continue to add to your collection of better one-three hundredths and a trifle over, after you have become aware of our sentiments in the matter, but assuming, for the sake of the argument, that you do, will you kindly permit me to point out some of the advantages which may result?

Let us suppose, for instance, that you were to be called to Washington to consult with the authorities in regard to the collection of poll taxes, or some such thing, in your sultanate. Naturally you would bring your wives along in order that they might have a little touch of society, and enjoy some of the gaities of the Washington season. I can imagine some awkardness arising from the situation. The receipt of a brief, though polite, invitation to the Honorable and Mrs. Kiram to attend a ball at the home of Colonel and Mrs. So-and-so would have you guessing, right at the start. I can see your finish, as the saying is, when you attempted to single out one particular wife from among your collection, to grace the occasion.

Again the situation would be no less embarassing should the invitation read in this way: "Honorable and all and singular, the three hundred and odd Mrs. Kiram are cordially invited to attend," and so forth, and so on. That would be proper enough, in one way, but let us presume that you attend the function, accompanied by the Mrs. Kiram in a body. The hostess would have her hands full in receiving the usual run of visitors, and your arrival, I can imagine, might be apt to cause some confusion, unless the affair was being remarkably well managed.

But, of course, the real seriousness of the situation lies in other directions, and I can only call your attention briefly to the difficulties in store for you, leaving to your judgment and opportunities the way out.

You are doubtless aware of the fact that in this country people who occupy positions of prominence are brought much before the public, chiefly through the medium of the newspapers, and the people come in time to know all about them. We learn what kind of socks they wear; provided, of course, that they wear socks, and also what they eat, which side of the bed they sleep on, and a great many other highly interesting things. If they are very prominent we learn all about their love affairs, and their family connections, and things like that, which are of vital importance.

And now that you are one of us, Womolol, and occupy an official position, where you may be called upon at any moment to do something that would bring you into especial prominence, I ask you to consider, calmly and dispassionately, the situation in which we will be placed. You cannot hope that the fact of your having an unusually large number of wives will pass without comment. When a man becomes prominent in this country any little thing like that is sure to be commented on by the papers, more or less. And in the event that you should suddenly become unusually prominent—well, you can see for yourself that the papers would just have to get in and hump to keep track of your family connections.

Suppose, for instance, that you should be seen

Continued on Page 17

The Belgian Hare

Once Tolerated as a fad—Now acknowledged as an Article of Commerce

To the uninitiated, and their number is dwindling daily, the foothold that the Belgian hare has obtained in the affections and back yards of Los Angeles and Southern California in the last year, is incomprehensible. Let the skeptical novice pick up his morning paper and column after column of advertising matter relative to the furry little fellows stares him in the face, and if he will scan them closer he will notice that they are not all "for sale," even though the enterprising manager does insert that little legend in front of every "ad" to increase the space and consequent bank account.

Using that list as a guide let him wander forth to investigate. Into his scoffing ears the first man or woman "hare-ite" he approaches will pour a wonderful jumble on "color, shape, length of body, ticking, lacing, lapped ears, pedigrees and dewlaps," interspersed with figures and prices that will startle him and leave him wondering what new sort of fanatic he has encountered.

The next one he meets will enlighten him in the same manner and by the time he has reached the fifth or sixth he may be able to understand something about it and realize that the Belgian hare has really struck the town.

He will find conservative business men devoting half and gradually more and more of their time to the new business and in many cases selling out their business to engage exclusively in Belgians, and at the same time he will find none at all who "get disgusted and quit."

He will find that one prominent man paid $600 for a pair of rabbits, another who imported one at a greater cost; many who have paid upward of $200 for a single hare and every one of them well satisfied with his investment and all making more money as interest thereon, than could be made on an investment of ten times the amount in any other line of business.

He will find one company centrally located in a large building, with a capital invested of over $30,000.

He will hear of a number of local people who are East or abroad ransacking the country for choice breeding stock.

By the time he is ready to quit for the day he will commence to think there is really something in it, and if he will but then step into one of the numerous restaurants or hotel dining rooms that have recently added Belgian hare to their menus and order a portion, broiled or fried he will be a convert to the new—"fad or industry?."

But, seriously the Belgian hare "has come."

The "Western Graphic," realizing the importance of the new industry and the value of disseminating a knowledge thereof, presents in concise form a number of articles on the Belgian, on the local branch of the National Association and sketches of the leading rabbitries in this locality.

Particular attention is directed to the following article by Mr. Charles Chapman, a conservative man of business who is connected with the Meadow Brook Company and who is thoroughly posted and qualified to write on this subject:

THE latter part of the nineteenth century has proven most prolific in important discoveries. Among those of real practical worth and which it is believed will take rank along with the leading discoveries of an economic nature, is the propagation of the Belgian hare as an article of food. The utilization of the hare for food purposes and for the gratification of fanciers entitle it to be classed with those splendid discoveries which make for the comfort and welfare of people living under the conditions which the civilization of the age has brought to us.

It seems that in the very nature of God's providential care over the destinies of men, provisions for his welfare are made as they are demanded by his necessities and as he comes to a point where he can utilize and enjoy them. This law is illustrated by many of our recent discoveries and is aptly applied to the Belgian hare. This interesting little animal comes to supply a want felt by thousands in all our cities, East as well as West. Indeed we may justly say that this want is more keenly felt in the crowded cities east of the Rockies than it is on the Coast, and we believe when its numerous advantages over any other domestic animal for supplying food under the conditions named are known, the demand for it in that section will be much greater even than it has been here.

Little Room Required

An animal that can be cared for in a small space, is cleanly, easily kept, prolific and at the same time a producer of superior table food is really greatly demanded. All of these essential requirements are fully met by the Belgian hare. This has been clearly demonstrated by practical tests given under varied conditions. It is exceedingly domestic in its nature, can thrive in close confinement, doing well in small boxes in back yards, or on back galleries, in fact any place that is dry and free from draft. These seem to be the only conditions necessary to its welfare.

The Hare's Cleanliness

For cleanliness there is no domestic animal that will compare with it. It is instinctively clean in all its habits. It is the only animal we are acquainted with that can be kept in large numbers in or near residences without serious objections. The hare is so scrupulously clean when given intelligent care, that no fault can be found with it even by the most fastidious.

Cheaply Fed

There is no animal that is so easily and cheaply supplied with food as the Belgian hare. Its demands are exceedingly small, nor does it require attention three or four times a day, as some of our domestic animals do. It will thrive on garden vegetables or hay alone. A little grain may be helpful, but it is not absolutely essential. It has been known when a large number were kept together of their consuming on an average less than two cents worth of hay per month, hay costing $9.00 per ton. Observation has been that most beginners overfeed their stock in their zeal to take good care of them. Certainly in cities where hay and grain are generally high, this advantage places it in great favor with the masses.

As a Meat Producer

As a meat producer the Belgian hare stands at the very head of all domestic animals, not only in the superb quality of meat, but in quantity as well. It will many times excel in the latter regard any animals that can be kept in equal space or at no greater expense. Upon this solid economic basis must rest the business of propogating them.

A Prolific Animal

The Belgian hare is the most prolific of any domestic animal that has thus far been domesticated. In this respect it is a marvel. It will produce its young every sixty days and on an average of from eight to twelve at a time. Fifty per year is a conservative estimate of which a single doe may produce. Thus it will more than make up in number for its small size. There is after all no little advantage in its being small. An ordinary family cannot readily care for the meat of a large animal, but the hare can be served fresh, the four to six pounds meeting the demands of the average family.

Its Affectionate Nature

One other feature which places the hare in favor, is that it is very docile and naturally interesting. It is really affectionate and this quality in any animal always attracts the best sentiments of our nature. You may not only admire the Belgian hare, but you may develop a very strong affection for any of which you may choose to make a pet. It enjoys affectionate attention and will reciprocate in a way that will only increase your admiration for it.

Will Please the Fancier

The Belgian hare possesses such qualities that the fancier may grow enthusiastic over it. It is susceptible of such high breeding, reaching perfection in many points, that anyone who is at all interested in animals, will be attracted by it. Its graceful shape, dainty feet, rich color, silken fur, beautiful ticking, delicately laced ears, are all points which delight the heart of the fancier.

Summing up these advantages, which we have briefly named, we find that the Belgian hare is indeed a most valuable discovery and will undoubtedly find a permanent home among our people throughout the United States. It has, indeed, come to stay.

The Financial Side

In this money-making age the one paramount question propounded with reference to any enterprise is, "Will it pay." The reader, if he has not already demonstrated to the satisfaction of his bank account, that the breeding of Belgian hares as a business, is profitable, has undoubtedly already made this pertinent query.

Without attempting any exhaustive argument in the affirmative of the proposition, we believe, that if conducted upon business principles the Belgian hare industry will prove profitable as well as interesting. While every one who embarks in it may not be able to show gratifying results, to say nothing of making the large profits that some breeders have made, yet in general, we believe, considering the capital required, it will prove a lucrative business.

The next question occurring to one who seriously contemplates engaging in the business, is, "Will it not soon be overdone?" When one considers the large number already in it, this is indeed a natural question. However, we believe the fear is unfounded. Certainly, there is no immediate danger. This is a big country and its demands for any commodity going into general consumption are simply enormous. It may be insisted, however, that locally it will be overdone. The facts thus far developed disprove this claim.

Why is Los Angeles today the best market for Belgian hares in the United States, or even in the world? Simply because a larger number of persons are engaged in the business here than elsewhere. Why is the business going to spread all over the country? Because it is being brought to the attention of people everywhere by the great number engaged in the industry here. Why has Los Angeles more fine stock than can be found elsewhere the world over? Because the spirit of competition here has developed a degree of enterprise among the breeders, so that champions and prize-winners from all sections have been brought here. Why are all other sections going to draw on Los Angeles for stock? Because so many are engaged in the business here and on account of the superb quality of the stock.

Buyers are not confined to a few small concerns when they come here, but have hundreds of rabbitries to visit and thousands of animals to select from. The greater number of our intelligent people who go into the business the better it will be for all. Outside buyers will come even before we are really prepared for them. Indeed Chicago parties have already come to Los Angeles to stock extensive establishment in that city. We must have the stock and the best of it for them when they do come.

Those who embarked in the business at first did not realize the importance of having high-scoring pedigreed stock. From our close acquaintance with the requirements which have long prevailed in England, and the real merits of the highest types, we have come to realize that the big money is in this quality. Some time has therefore been lost by many who were not properly informed at the beginning, but most of them are profiting by this experience, and the best strains may now be found in all our leading rabbitries.

CHARLES C. CHAPMAN.

OFFICERS OF THE BELGIAN HARE CLUB:
MRS. H. F. TAYLOR, Vice-Pres. G. F. CONANT, Treasurer L. C. BECKER, Secretary S. R. KELLAM, President

Lord Lurgan, imported

Lord Lurgan Rabbitry

Breeders and importers of high-grade Belgian hares. Lord Lurgan (imported), (name Lurgan copyrighted, beware of infringements).

Lord and Lady Lurgan were brought here as the result of the very first personal visit ever made across the water for that purpose, which gives us the advantage of having animals selected before the "cream had been skimmed."

A determination to secure the best that the assistance of the recognized best judge in England could select, regardless of cost, resulted in their importation to Los Angeles at the longest price ever paid in the world for hares—$600. The breeder from whom we secured them expressed his regrets at parting with his best buck and best doe. No commission order would have brought them here, nor would they have been sold to remain in England, as they were being prepared for the greatest show in the world, the Crystal Palace show in London, by a breeder of 32 years experience, who has taken the Challenge Cup three years in succession, including this year. Not having this pair to enter he won the '99 cup with Lord Lurgan's brother and Lady Lurgan's mother.

Lord and Lady Lurgan are from champions on both sides; their champion sire took first at Barton, first and two specials at Loughborough, first cup and two specials at Edinboro, first and special at Rugby, first medal at Northampton, and many others, all in 1899; Lord Lurgan's dam is Champion Noble Queen.

We have the first California litter from this grand pair (10) now six weeks old, which is developing most beautifully, thus proving the reproducing qualities of this great sire One hundred dollars was refused for a buck from the litter when they were a week old. Lord Lurgan is said by the most experienced breeders to represent the perfect ideal standard. Rich, even red color (a beautiful mahogany), all feet red, wavy ticking, beautiful ears perfectly laced, and the longest, most racy body imaginable.

Our enterprise in securing these animals and that of a few other breeders in bringing a great deal of fine stock here has placed Los Angeles in the lead in the United States in this profitable industry. Every breeder, large and small, is already beginning to reap the benefit of such enterprise. The business grows like the endless chain, and in a few months, as it spreads to other parts of the country, every householder, raising few or many, will reap a harvest, as well as the pleasure it affords the entire family.

Before advancing the service fee of Lord Lurgan to a figure approximating what this magnificent animal should command, we will book to approved does at $20. Booking can be had by mail. We contemplate withdrawing Lord Lurgan from public service in the near future, and will then sell only his progeny, which we firmly believe can have no superior, and will command better prices than any strain yet upon the market.

Animals left in our charge, while at owner's risk, will receive best of care. Everything guaranteed as represented. References: Any Los Angeles bank. Visitors welcome. Correspondence solicited. LORD LURGAN RABBITRY, 226 East Adams street, Los Angeles, Cal.; telephone, Blue 4554.

Lord Lurgan and Little Overton

Butler's Rabbitry

Another promising rabbitry is that of Mr. F. E. Butler at 967 East Eleventh street, near Central avenue, which the writer can state, is about as neat and orderly an one, with as fine and healthy stock as is in this vicinity.

"Lady Yukon," whose picture with her youngsters by "Yukon, Jr.," is presented here, is a daughter of "Klondike" by "Champion Yukon." Her dam is "Princess Lillian" by "Prince" and "Victoria Second."

"Prince Don" (fee $5.00), who heads this rabbitry, is a fine specimen and excels in all the qualifications necessary for a high standard, both in himself and his young. He is by "British Sovereign," son of "Champion Yukon" and "Princess Inez."

His dam is "Lady Grace," by "Nonpareil" and "Lady Martha."

Other fine imported does of the "Red Rover" and "Nonpareil" strains, with young by "Lord Kitchener, Jr." "Prince Yukon," "Prince Don" and "Chesterfield" are comprised in this collection.

Mr. Butler is conducting his rabbitry on business principles, keeping his stock at reasonable prices and giving as good care to does sent to him for breeding as he does to his own stock, and from the appearance of his stock and rabbitry, he does not need to take a back seat for anyone on that point.

Acme Rabbitry

The Acme Rabbitry, Mr. Geo. F. Heady, proprietor, is pleasantly located at 1517 West Pico street, and though not as large as some, is complete and tidy in every respect and gives evidence of the full knowledge of the care and breeding of the Belgians by its owner.

Mr. Heady became thoroughly acquainted with every detail connected with the proper handling and breeding of rabbit life before venturing into the new field, and from the start purchased none but the best that money could buy so that now that his young are becoming marketable, he finds no trouble in disposing of whatever he cares to dispose of, as they are all of famous does and bucks.

His buck, "Lord Kimberley," was imported direct from England in October, 1899, and is from the celebrated "Champion Merry Boy," a great winner and who won under the leading judges in the "tight little isle." He is a full brother to the famous "Bishop Auckland," winner of many firsts. He won first and special at Thornby and was also awarded special for the best in the show. He also captured first and specials at the shows at Middlesboro, Northomsby and Durham.

His dam is "Champion Tees Side Queen," winner of the first and special at Scarboro, and also the special for best in show by member of the British Belgian Hare Association.

L. O. Chenault's Rabbitry

One of the few who have not confined their attentions entirely to the breeding of the Belgian species alone, is Captain L. O. Chenault of 2108 East Second street. Capt. Chenault is a Kentuckian and a breeder by instinct and is an enthusiastic fancier of Spotted Russians, Flemish Giants and Black Russian varieties, and has succeeded in producing the heaviest rabbit in California, his Duke of Wellington, a Flemish Giant.

His rabbitry and stock certainly give evidence of the skill and judgment used in the breeding of the rabbits and it requires no professional eye to recognize the superiority of the expert breeder in the results obtained. Of his Belgians a fine specimen is Richard III, a handsome buck, counting among his progenitors Champion Red Rover and Red Fern. Mr. Chenault has about two hundred head all told.

Owing to imperious demands he expects to leave in a short time for a sojourn in the Southern States and must therefore relinquish his rabbitry and part with his stock. To a man who has devoted the care and attention that has reared this fine stock, money is no repayment and Mr. Chenault assures the writer that it is worse than parting with old friends to part with his pets. He has disposed of a great many and from the present outlook will undoubtedly leave all his choice stock in appreciative hands.

Lady Yukon, with Younsters by Yukon Junior—Butler's Rabbitry

Lord Kimberley—Acme Rabbitry

Lillian, Spotted Russian—L. O. Chenault Rabbitry

Merrill's Rabbitry

Walnut Grove Rabbitry

Sanborn's Rabbitry

At 2836 West Pico street is located what promises on account of the judgment exercised in the selection of the stock and strains, to be one of the highest class rabbitries in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Sanborn in selecting for the foundation of their rabbitry, sought but the best of the known strains, and have now well-filled hutches with highly pedigreed young.

At the head of this rabbitry is a fine seven and one-half months buck, "Banbury Second," sired by "Lord Banbury," whose sire is a grand-son of the famous "Malton Mystery," winner of 40 first prizes; "Lord Banbury" won four prizes at the Crystal Palace show in London in November, 1898. His dam is "Dora" by "Excelsior, Jr.," by "Champion Excelsior" out of "Champion Lady Lumly" by son of "Champion Malton Mystery" out of "Champion Nonpariel" doe.

Banbury Second—Sanborn Rabbitry

The first young by this buck have just made their appearance and fully justify all expectations. There has also been recent young from "Golden Boy" and "Yukon" stock.

The rabbitry, which has been constantly enlarged has now accommodations for 100 rabbits and from points of neatness, arrangement and surroundings is surpassed by none in this vicinity.

Merrill's Rabbitry

Merrill's Rabbitry is headed by "Prince Albert" (fee $10.00), one of the grandest specimens ever imported into this country. Mr. Merrill's agent in England has just purchased at a very heavy expense, out-bidding all others, ten of England's choicest specimens, including the wonderful six-months champion buck that won first and the Challenge Cup at the Crystal Palace show 1899, and the champion young doe that won first medal and cup at Leicester.

Another six-months-old buck winner of first at Leicester, a perfect gem, and a ten-months doe, winner of firsts at Sundy, Hammeston, Swinton, Manchester and many other firsts, beating the Crystal Palace Cup doe at Leamington, in fact the whole bunch is made up from noted champion bucks and winning does. This is one of the largest importations ever made and is expected to arrive in time for the show.

The rabbitry is at 1220 Georgia street.

Walnut Grove Rabbitry

Making rapid strides to the front as one of the leaders in this section, the Walnut Grove Rabbitry has in the last two months built up and increased with the rapidity attributed to its propagating stock. Beginning with the limited accommodations afforded by a few hutches in his back yard, Mr. J. E. Pearsall has in this short period built a commodious two-story rabbitry, and is now adding a couple of spacious annexes in which to house his ever-multiplying collection.

Profiting by the experiences of others, Mr. Pearsall was wise in obtaining none but the choicest pedigreed stock in the start so that now he can boast of having none but of the best strains to be had.

Standing at the head is "Champion Priory" by "Champion Prior Prince," he by "Champion Cayenne" and "Princess Royal."

His dam was Dawes' celebrated brood doe, "Priory" won first at the Wellington (Eng.) show August 26, 1899, defeating Bonham's crack, a big winner, besides defeating a number of others.

He was purchased by Mr. T. B. Mason, judge of the Crystal Palace and by him exported direct to Los Angeles.

"Champion Priory" will stand side by side with any of the crack bucks in this country and not suffer in the comparison. He is one to be seen and judged by judges, to be adjudged.

Another fine buck is "Wamsutta," as his name indicates a Yankee of good New England stock purchased direct from Mr. Joseph Remm, a well-known fancier of Greenwich, Conn.

Among the many fine does is "Lady Leopold," an importation from England. She is by "Prince Leopold," a winner of many firsts. Her dam, "Ringston Maid," is the winner of the Challenge Cup at Hull, and also the Challenge Cup at the Crystal Palace.

To his original stock of 150 Belgians, Mr. Pearsall recently added by purchase the choice selection belonging to Mrs. G. W. Tubbs numbering about 50 fine animals. The Walnut Grove Rabbitry is located at 1800 Essex street.

Clover Leaf Rabbitry

Located at 521 San Julian street is the above rabbitry which from a business and breeder's standpoint is as well conducted as is to be found in Southern California. Their collection comprises besides Belgians, Spotted Russians, Silver Blucs, Flemish and other varied stock. At the head stands Royal Britain (fee $8.00), a very long and fine buck, red as a fox, feet and all, and one of the finest in points. He was bred by H. A. Stearns of Canon City, Colo., and is out of an imported doe sired by Lord Britain. He is valued at $150. Another fine buck is Warwick Britain (fee $5.00). They have some fine youngsters at reasonable figures from Britain does by such sires as Lord Lurgan, Fashoda, Banbury, Trinidad and Dexter, also some fine bred does.

Sixth Street Rabbitry

A neat up-town rabbitry and breeder's exchange is the one above mentioned, at 224 West Sixth street, which is conducted by H. De La Monte & Co. The quarters are nicely fitted up and rabbits left for sale or exchange are given the same careful attention as those owned by the company. Among the bucks scoring over ninety are Britain Duke, by Lord Britain; Lord Liverpool, Jr., by Lord Liverpool; Sir Copperfield, by Sir Styles; Monarch of Blacks, by Monarch; King of Silver Greys, by imported stock.

This concern is doing a good business, owing to

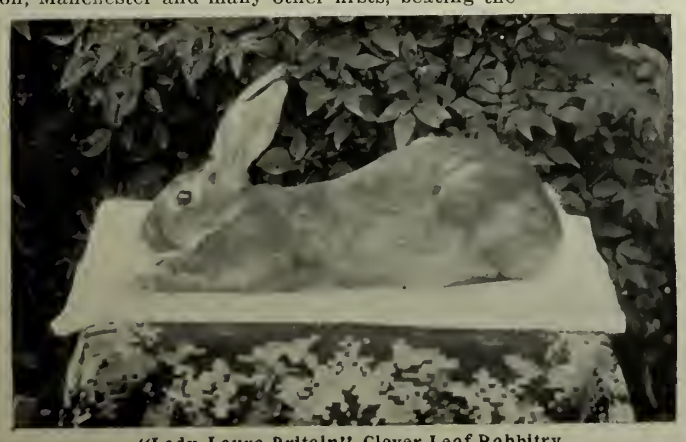
Britain Duke—Sixth Street Rabbitry

both its location, careful attention and absolute cleanliness. The accompanying engraving is of Britain Duke, a buck of considerable renown. Rabbits left here on consignment are rapidly disposed of, and undoubtedly this feature of the business will grow to very extensive proportions, owing to their very central location.

Mr. Heady has now on the way from "across the pond" one buck and two does, a direct shipment from Mr. Marriott, a fancier of known standing in Cornville, Heidenwicke, Eng. Mr. Marriott writes that they are beauties; prize-winners of five firsts and two specials. They are booked to arrive about the middle of January.

The Scarlet Hare is a trade mark for rabbit raisers to conjure with when they want printing. The sign hangs out at the Graphic office printery.

The bald man now has no excuse for the deficiency since a descendant of Col. Mulberry Sellers has figured it out that two hares will in 14 months multiply to 876,940.



"Lady Laura Britain" Clover Leaf Rabbitry

"Jubilee" a Russian. Clover Leaf Rabbitry

The Bonanza Rabbitry

THE BONANZA RABBITRY, at 930 Grand View ave., was founded in 1895, as a result of a gift of a pair of rabbits to an eight-year-old boy, Elmer, the son of Dr. B. C. Platt. From this insignificant commencement has grown a business returning an income of several thousand dollars a year and now upon a basis likely to double or treble these returns in the coming year.

From boyhood Dr. Platt had been associated with scientific and practical breeders of high types of horses and cattle, and had himself become a recognized authority upon stock raising. He saw the possibilities of the Belgian as the foundation of a profitable industry as soon as this now well-known little creature began to be understood in America. He gradually added other specimens to the original pair given to his son, as a basis for observation and experiment. His first effort was to breed for table use and he found the Belgian to be a delicacy entirely new to him and of a very high quality, especially from the standpoint of health and economy. The fecundity of the hare, its popularity among all who tasted of the flesh and the high price readily paid for it soon convinced Dr. Platt that the Belgian was sure to prove a bonanza to the American people.

A year devoted to experiments confirmed this belief and led up to the founding of the first extensive rabbitry in the West. The best stock obtainable on the continent was at once procured as a foundation. Various new strains were added from time to time, improving the quality and evolving the latest types. Aided by the favorable climatic conditions of Southern California, Dr. Platt devoted two more years to successful efforts in breeding the earliest matured specimens of the Belgian, in the shortest possible time, at the least possible expense. The individuals thus secured surpassed everything then known here in size, fecundity, vigor and beauty. This period brought the development of the Bonanza Rabbitry up to the fall of 1898.

BIRTH OF THE NEW INDUSTRY.

At this time the breeding capacity of the Bonanza Rabbitry had been increased to an annual output of over three thousand. The demands for Belgians exceed even this large supply in the ratio of ten to one. The methods of breeding and management having been thus proved so far superior to any others, Dr. Platt determined to give them to the world and published an illustrated treatise to which he gave as a title the name of his rabbitry. This book, although not of huge proportions, is still the most elaborate ever put forth devoted exclusively to the Belgian. It fully sets forth the writer's original ideas, such as the ground-floor, open-air system of pens, far superior to the old-fashioned, narrow, confined box hutches arranged in tiers one above the other. It also gives full directions on all matters of breeding, rearing, feeding, marketing and management in general, answering every question for the benefit of the amateur and directing veteran fanciers in the paths of progress.

Certain striking advertisments of unique design illustrated by pictures of beautiful specimens, attracted far wider attention than had been anticipated, being copied free of charge by several important Eastern publications. This instance alone indicated the readiness with which the American people grasp at a clear presentation of a practical and taking theme. These advertisements brought large sales of the book and thousands of letters of inquiry, resulting in a general awakening of interest and in sales from the Bonanza Rabbitry of stock sent to all parts of the continent. This rapidly growing interest brought about the present enormous and continually increasing demand for choice specimens to establish breeding herds. This book has always sold at one dollar per copy. It is now in its second large edition.

THE BONANZA RABBITRY OF TO-DAY.

A representative of this paper, on a recent visit to the Bonanza Rabbitry, found it the center of a marked interest. Visitors without exception express themselves as greatly pleased with the methods and the results shown there. "This is common sense. This looks like business," and similar remarks of approval testify to their satisfaction. The pens afford the largest freedom possible for the hare in a state of captivity, full protection from inclement weather and a reduction of labor to the minimum. They are also constructed with the greatest economy consistent with portability and durability. All of these pens are fitted with improved devices, the inventions of the proprietor, for economy of labor, saving of feed, and for supplying an abundance of perfectly clean food and water at all times. These devices make it possible for a twelve-year-old boy to care for three hundred head during his morning and evening hours attending school regularly. This rabbitry is kept sweet and clean by the use of very simple methods and without the employment of artificial deodorizers. Many of the fixtures used are patented. Those who have adopted these methods and have started with good stock for foundation purposes have been uniformly successful. Many of them have realized within a year profits ranging from seven dollars to sixty for every dollar invested.

There are about a hundred of these modern pens at this rabbitry and additions are constantly being made. To accommodate breeding does and their progeny three pens should be allowed for each breeding doe. The intention is finally to have five hundred breeding does in this rabbitry. There are now about fifty. These have been gradually changed and improved until they now represent sixteen distinct strains of the very best blood in the world. Among the most valuable of these are descendants of Gold Bug, Gold Dust, Solomon, Moses, Champion Yukon, Lord Liverpool, Lord Britain, Mountaineer, Mountain Boy, Lord Lurgan, Rochale, Prince William, Jr., Ambrose and several great strength of this rabbitry is in its does, a point in which many rabbitries are inferior. Most other well-known and popular sires. But the breeders seem to think that the reputation of the bucks is all sufficient. But at the Bonanza Rabbitry equal attention is paid to the selection of the does. In fact the proprietor believes that the doe

Photo by TOWNSEND

CHAMPI

Winner of 12 Firsts, 7 Specials, 4 Medals and 4 Challenge Cups o

is equally important with the buck for the production of the best types. Among his most valuable and tried breeders are Gold Leaf, Bonanza Maid, Bonanza Queen 2d, Bertha, Gold Flake, Bonanza Lily, Avalanche, Bonanza Beauty, Sweetness, Primrose, Maria, Lady Inez, Cora, Beautiful Bell, Gold Bug's Gem and Gold Bug's Pansy, besides about thirty young does of superior quality just coming into breeding. The proprietor questions whether the equal of this herd can be found anywhere as regards the superiority of its individual specimens as breeders. The latest importation direct from England which has added immeasurably to the value of this herd will be described in detail in later paragraphs.

Evidence of merit in these lines of blood is found in the fact that the produce from each of several of the above-named does has been sold for a sum exceeding four hundred dollars. In two instances the value of the progeny of a doe, sold and still on hand, equals fourteen and sixteen hundred dollars respectively.

SCIENTIFIC BREEDING.

Science and intelligence produce results from the Belgian just as they have produced our noble Jersey and our spirited and magnificent families of blooded horses, from the beautifully colored, symmetrical and graceful Arabian, through the kings of the English turf to the Kentucky thoroughbreds and our famous American harness horses. The first principle of scientific breeding, as applied to the Belgian, lies in an ability to select and mate individuals for producing definite results in higher types approaching the ideal. This ability is a rare accomplishment. Hence the breeding of improved types is, for the few who can bring it about, a permanent and profitable industry. There is a short cut for establishing points of excellence, as required by the standard of excellence, namely, inbreeding. Many fanciers adopt this means with a certain degree of temporary benefit in money returns. But in the end this process is disastrous and often leads to final abandonment of the business. Breeding closely related hares may establish points of color or other points desired but also brings weak constitutions and a tendency to contract colds, which is the greatest obstacle to success in this industry.

On the other hand, outcrossing, judiciously employed, lends additional vitality to the progeny. Therefore, although the points sought for may not be secured so quickly as by inbreeding, nevertheless there is no comparison as to final results. For hares without vigor are sources of neither pleasure nor profit. There are rabbitries in this section which illustrate these contrasts. Some of these are supplied with all sorts of appliances for prolonging life, including a nursery and a drug department. We saw nothing of this sort at the Bonanza Rabbitry. On the contrary there is every evidence of health, thrift and vigor in the herd. Dr. Platt's theories of breeding and management as set forth in his book, are all rational, natural and thoroughly up to date. The specimens produced here are acknowledged by all to be marvels of beauty.

HODA

Eng. by MAUSARD-COLLIER CO

bition Circuit of England, 1899—*"A record never before equalled."*

THE BONANZA'S RECENT IMPORTATION.

Recently many importations of hares have been brought from England, but there has been great difficulty in securing the very finest specimens. English breeders have justly criticised the American for wanting the best but being unwilling to pay the very high prices demanded for them. England has been supplying not only America, but France, Germany, Austrla and other countries. Consequently English breeders have been able to place astouuding prices upon the choicest products of their herds. In addition to the high prices there have been great difficulties and much risk in bringing the hares some seven thousand miles over land and sea. It has been a common thing for importers to loose at least two-fifths of each importation from weaknesses resulting from the close confinement of the journey or from colds contracted during the voyage.

Dr. Platt determined not only to secure the very best specimens which money would buy, but also to bring them to Los Angeles in good condition. Prolonged negotiations and liberal payments secured the animals desired and thoughtfulness and ingenuity brought them here in the pink of condition. Specially devised crates were made and sent to England to receive the hares. These were so constructed that each hare had plenty of room for exercise, shelter from draughts, with an abundance of fresh air, clean and wholesome food. The crates were also self-cleaning. Each hare had room to stand erect, to keep up his muscular power and to stretch himself at will. When they arrived in Los Angeles they were alert and hearty as a bird in the air and fit to go at once upon the exhibition table.

This importation consisted of two does and four bucks. The first of the does, Fairy Queen is a beautiful specimen. All of these hares have the same beautiful tint in color, particularly noticeable in their legs and feet, a rich, rufus red from the roots of their black toe nails to the hock joint, entirely around the leg. This fine doe has all the fine points of a racy, clean-cut conformation.

The Countess of Warwick was christened after the most beautiful woman in Great Britain. She was a winner in a large circle of old-time exhibitors, in her young form, the first and only time she was ever exhibited. This doe has the ideal waviness of coat in her ticking as called for by perfection in the standard. Her boldness of eye, her clean-cut head and her alertness of appearance make her a center of attraction wherever she is seen.

One of the bucks imported, American Boy, has since been sold to Mrs. J. F. Boyd, of No. 416 E. 23d street, city. He is a fine specimen of royal breeding, as is his mate, Blooming Heather. These four animals, two does and two bucks, were in the six-months class when imported, and are the first choice from twenty litters, resulting from the twenty best matings ever made in England. With all the outcome that may be expected from them in four to six months more they are destined to be heard from in the exhibition arena and in the breeding herds of this continent.

Brilliant is a grand young buck, now eleven months old. He was believed to be destined to capture the highest prizes in the exhibition circles of England, until the dark horse, Champion Fashoda, appeared on the scene unexpectedly and was found to be superior to anything ever produced. Brilliant, however, remains a close second. All these hares are from royal blood derived from champions, both in sires and dams, for generations, showing the painstaking and conservative methods employed by the persistent and expert English breeder, vigor being as prominently possessed as any of those external features of beauty which are so earnestly desired. These hares all stand very strong on their front toes, showing strength of limb and no weakness. They are uniformly good, the best that England could produce. The breeders of England all disliked to see this shipment leave their shores for they knew that it was leaving their own herds lacking in their strongest breeding specimens.

Champion Fashoda, the grandest specimen of his tribe in the world, who, according to the best authority in England, has a record never before equaled. He captured twelve first prizes, on the exhibition circuit of England, 1899; also seven specials, four medals and four challenge cups, including the Crystal Palace Cup, valued at $25,000, a trophy offered by the largest pet-stock association in the world, which holds an exhibition in London annually.

Fashoda possesses a rich rose-gold under-color, together with beautiful ticking, nicely distributed, giving to his coat a luster and richness equal to mahogany tint, extending from neck to tail, from vertebrae all but to hocks, and nearly full depth of sides. To quote an English authority: "His feet and legs are enough to turn the eyes of a breeder green with envy," and again, "An absolutely correct style and front." Another, "The best ever seen." Still others say, "With age he gets more beautiful," and "With his new coat in full bloom he will be the ideal." All say, "He wins easily in any company," and "He is the popular winner," and again, "The crack Belgian of the period." Popular sires produce popular young, who sell at popular prices, and are always sought after by progressive breeders.

An old gentleman of refinement and culture, after watching these specimens and especially Fashoda, the other day, for nearly an hour, remarked: "This is a treat equal to looking at beautiful women. The more you look at them the more you want to."

White Ribbon Rabbitry Pasadena

CALIFORNIA is certainly the ideal country for the growing of all fine and thoroughbred stock, and especially of hares; the equable climate insuring health wherever cleanliness is observed even to a small degree. The rabbitry of which we make mention in this article is located in a frostless belt on the gentle slope which stretches away from the Sierra Madres, and is but a short distance from the foot of Mount Lowe. This is an ideal location, with pure and abundant mountain water piped into the barns and houses; a clear atmosphere, glorious view and splendid car service. The corner of North Hudson and Hull streets, which the property adjoins, is reached by either the north or south "loop" of the Pasadena and Pacific railway, or the Colorado street road, which is but a block away. The White Ribbon Rabbitry is owned by a company, E. S. Fryer & Co., composed of the gentleman named and Dr. Mortimer Ayers, a leading physician of Pasadena, and a man of sterling merit and integrity. Before engaging in the rabbit business, Mr. Fryer was for eight years a master plumber in Pasadena, giving up a good business to devote his entire time to the propogation of the gentle Leporidae.

This rabbitry was started last April at the corner of First and Hudson avenues, but was moved last September to the present location, as the business had progressed so rapidly that there was not sufficient space, and other reasons made the change very necessary. Two does, one from Denver and the other from Rochester, were the small beginning that has grown with such marked success. The present plant may well be termed a model one. Everything was built expressly for the business, and there are no patch-work effects to be seen about the place. The main building, called the rabbit house, is 26x50 feet, and the breeding house is 12x26 feet.

The main house has a hipped roof, the eaves coming down to within seven feet of the ground, and the sides are of fine wire netting. Inside, the place is laid out in sections, which are divided into runways, each two feet wide and twelve feet long, with a drop screen in the center, which will divide the long runway into two equal parts. There are also hurdles in the center of each runway, and that they are appreciated by the hares is evident, for they are constantly running back and forth, jumping them with apparent delight. This not only gives them exercise, which promotes health, but also has a tendency to lengthen the animal, which gives a more shapely figure and scores the rabbit higher. The runways are of wire netting, and close netting covers the sandy floor, which prevents burrowing, and makes the pen more cleanly. All watering and feed receptacles are of vitrified earthenware, and are washed and sterilized every day.

In the breeding barn everything is quiet and the light is subdued, and the does are given every possible attention. After the young are old enough to stand the change to the more open runs, they are removed to make room for other little families, which happen along almost every day. No sick or diseased rabbits are allowed to remain on the premises, but as soon as detected, are at once killed, no matter how valuable. This seems like a harsh remedy, but they say a dead Filipino is the best kind, and in like manner, a dead rabbit is much better than an ailing one, which is liable to spread contagion, for the rabbit is very susceptible to various complaints. Mr. Fryer believes in keeping his stock hardy, and to this end has ample ventilation, but avoids drafts by clever contrivances.

On the grounds is room for large extensions, and the firm are preparing plans for another rabbit house to be equal in size to the present one, which will give them very exceptional facilities. At present the capacity is from seven hundred to one thousand rabbits. All of the work is done in a very methodical manner. Records are kept of all the animals, pedigree, when born, when bred, number of litter, etc. Angora rabbits are bred the day before the Belgians, and when the latter's litter is in excess of her nursing capacity, a number of the young are given to the white rabbit to nurse, and at the end of six weeks the young are taken away, and the doe is given a complete rest of ten days after which she is again bred. When the young are three months old, they are separated with reference to sex, and the does are bred when six and one-half months old.

Two supurb Angora bucks are kept, "Dude" and "Dandy," the former being an unusually fine specimen. His name is very apropos, as his hair naturally assumes a dignified part down his backbone. All the Angora stock is high bred, and is absolutely clean, each rabbit looking as though it had been treated to a soap and water bath and had its hair combed before our visit. In the same section with the Angoras and nurse does are six "freaks," black Belgians, with not a light hair on the bodies. They are gracefully built animals, and could the jet black color be obtained with regularity from their offspring, would prove high-priced animals.

With this article we present three superb pictures of that noble animal, Lord Baltimore. This buck is the piece de resistance of the White Ribbon Rabbitry, and his pedigree, with that of a few others from the immense stock follows:

Lord Baltimore: Out of Sir Styles strain (imported), who scored 93½ points; mother, Mystery, 92¼. Sir Styles, Champion, Indian Prince and Champion Lady Lumly, who won forty gold medals; Mystery, Rufus and Lucille, by Ramith (imported), Queen Olga (imported), Nonpareil (imported), Lady Hunt, Jr.

Lady Bliss: by Ad. Dewey and Lady Mary; have full litter from her by Prince and another by Lord Baltimore.

Fannie: from Nonpareil stock.

Hazel: by Colonel and Lady Heltru; Nonpareil stock; litter by Prince.

Monarch II: by Monarch I; Rufus and Queen Esther; Romuntcho (imported), and Queen Olga (imported). Dam Flora, Nonpareil and Maggie; Hugh, Lucy, Bryan, Miss Lou. Going back in his pedigree, we find the following animals: Lord Byron, Lady Maud, Scottish Chief, Highland Queen, Nonpareil (imported), May Malton, Mystery, Duchess of Strand, Nester II, Lady Sue, Warwick and Jumbo.

Maggie: by Bonanza Prince; dam, Bonanza Belle; with litter by Monarch II.

Stella: by King George; dam, Mollie; with litter by Monarch II.

Patti: by American Boy; dam, Flo Flo (imported) Dumas stock.

Prince: by Champion Yukon, Unicorn, Altilchorn II; dam, Princess, by Donavan Boy, Lady Florence.

Rob Roy: by Oakland King, Jennison Miller; dam, Princess Louisa, Jack and Daisy from Duchess of York.

The White Ribbon has Yukon stock of all ages and Lord Britain stock out of fine pedigreed does, and is constantly importing new stock and selling. A large shipment is expected shortly from New Jersey and another from Albany, New York. The company have every faith in their business and by untiring industry are making a success of the venture.

Lord Baltimore—Three Positions

Meadow Brook Ranch Co.

TO Los Angeles must be accorded without reserve, the credit for disseminating the merits of the hare broadcast. As in every other line, there were a few breeders here who were quick to realize real worth, and had the nerve to back up their judgment with their money. Chiefest among these were the Meadow Brook Ranch Company. They took hold of the business in the same way any enterprising men would have done in inaugurating any large industry. They gave it close attention, studying carefully not only every characteristic of the hare, but every detail of the business, and today the Meadow Brook Ranch Company is one of the leading and most reputable business establishments in the city of Los Angeles. It is no reflection upon other enterprising Belgian hare men or companies to say here what the Los Angeles "Times" said in its general write-up of the Belgian hare business, December 9, "That the Meadow Brook Ranch Company is easily at the head of the rabbitries of the United States." They might also have said, "of the world," for it is the largest establishment of the kind in this country or England.

Right at the start this company had the nerve and sagacity as well, for it required something more than recklessness, to pay $250 for a single hare. This it did for "Lord Britain," and although it seemed to most people a foolish investment, there has doubtless never been a like amount invested in Southern California that has paid larger returns.

Mr. Will C. Harris, one of the proprietors of the Meadow Brook ranch, went to England, not only to acquaint himself with the industry as carried on in that country, but to select the finest animals bred there, that the purest and best blood might be offered to the people of this country. He attended the celebrated Crystal Palace show in London and purchased many of the best animals on exhibition there. He also secured many of the prize winners at the various local shows held throughout England and Scotland.

Among the most noted of the animals Mr. Harris secured in England were champion "Dash," winner of 22 first and specials and the Challenge medal for being the best buck in England; champion "Palace Queen," winner of 26 firsts and specials and the Challenge Cup at the Crystal Palace show in London, 1899. It is not saying too much to affirm that this is the finest doe in the world. Her picture in colors appears on the front page of this paper. Another prize-winner was "Banbury Queen," the champion doe of England of the previous year. Besides these he skimmed England of her choicest specimens, so that today more champions and prize-winners can be seen in the exhibition rooms of the Meadow Brook Ranch Company on Grand avenue, than can be found in all England.

Mr. Harris while in England had the thoughtfulness to purchase a trio of several varieties of rabbits, such as Flemish Giants, Tortoise Shell Dutch, Silver Grays and English Lop Ears and Himalayan, all of which were prize winners and are on exhibition at their salesrooms on Grand avenue.

Champion "Banbury Queen" winner of 24 firsts an . specials

The Meadow Brook Ranch Company are reaching out after mail orders for stock. Parties who cannot visit the rabbitry in person, order by mail, stipulating the amount they wish to invest, and the order will be promptly and carefully filled, satisfaction being guaranteed as to price and quality. Really greater care is taken to fill such orders than if the buyer were present to use his own judgment in making selections. Out-of-town people are perfectly safe in sending mail orders. These are responsible parties, financially, as well as reputable business men, and if they cannot supply your wants you will be promptly notified and money refunded.

"Champion Dash," winner of Challenge Medal and twenty-two firsts and specials

"Lord Britain," imported, score 95½, he highest in America

H. F. Miller's Rabbitry

Among the numerous fine bucks imported into this section, and we now rightfully claim the finest on earth, none have by their acts and progeny proven finer than Mr. H. P. Miller's Dexter, whose likeness is herewith presented.

Dexter judged by Mr. P. E. Crabtree and scoring ninety-five points is unsurpassed for length of couplings, trim body, perfect arch to back, beautiful ears, length of limb, firmness of bone and quality of fur.

He is out of Melba, a grand doe imported by Gilman, she a daughter of Champion Lady Lumby. His sire is Champion Yukon, also imported by Gilman; whose sire is Champion Royal Sovereign, winner of the challenge cup at the Crystal Palace, November, 1897.

Mr. Miller has just received direct from Styles and Howe, Banbury, England, a magnificent buck, The Sirdar, from which grand things may be expected. His sire is Champion Dash, sired by Champion Dash, he by Champion Edinboro. His dam is by Champion Priory Prince, he by Champion Cayenne.

Mr. Miller, who is an extensive importer as well as breeder, has some fine young stock and breeding does on sale at his rabbitry, and has also another shipment of two bucks and six does on the way from England to arrive here on January 15.

"Dexter"—H. P. Miller's Rabbitry

Pacific Rabbitry

Pacific Rabbitry

The above pictures, those of the Pacific Rabbitry, are proof positive of "the great oaks that from small acorns grow" in the rabbit business. The start of this rabbitry in March, 1899, was the happy combination of two rabbits, a small cracker box and a small boy of 14.

Now it consists of a spacious L shaped rabbitry, one wing 66 by 22 feet and one 50 by 16 feet, containing 42 hutches 3x8 feet, all on the ground; besides exercise pens, between three and four hundred first-class rabbits and a young manager, Mr. Buzz Kellam, with a business education that could not be acquired after years of schooling. His stock is all from well-known "Lord Britain," "Lord Kitchener" and "Prince Sr." strains. His buck "Lord Dandy" (fee $5.00) is a son of "Lord Britain" and is a worthy son of a worthy sire. The rabbitry is at 410 West 20th street.

Some of the finest specimens of Belgian hares to be found in the United States are on exhibition at Brown's Belgian Rabbitry, No. 900 W. Jefferson street, convenient to Main street or University lines. This rabbitry contains over 250 hares, headed by the following well known bucks: Sir Styles, Trinidad, Lord Lumb and Son of Lord Banbury. Visitors are always welcome.

Sir Styles—Brown's Rabbitry

"You young scoundrel!" said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, "I'll show you how to treat your mother." And he gave him several bangs on the ears, then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

One of the tasks set to a boys' class was that of writing a short letter to the master. One youngster added a P. S., which run: "Please xcuse bad riting and spelling, as I have not been taut any better."

Lord Edinboro - London Rabbitry

Lord Banbury, Jr.—Los Angeles Rabbitry

London Rabbitry

Four months ago when Mr. E. E. Gillen of the London Rabbitry undertook his first trip to England for the sole purpose of purchasing Belgian hares from among the winners of the British shows, the people hereabouts, just then commencing to realize the possibilities of the so-called fad, were incredulous, and ridiculed the idea of any one journeying half around the earth for that purpose. Mr. Gillen returned from that pioneer trip bringing with him some of the finest bred hares ever imported to American soil, among them a pair that were sold immediately on their arrival here for the highest figure ever paid for a pair of Belgians—$600.00.

Another fine animal in this lot was "Edinboro," by "Champion Edinboro," and Bonham's champion doe, Mr. Gillen refusing many a handsome offer for this fine specimen of well-bred hares as he desires him for breeding purposes for his own rabbitry.

"Edinboro" ranks in shape, size, color—a "rufus red"—and ticking and is considered one of the aristocrats on this continent. At the same time he

Yukon Diamond—Mascot Rabbitry

brought over some fine pedigreed does, among them being "Victoria," "Countess Lincoln," "Lady Leopold," "Ethelred," "Jane Seymour" and "Anne Bollyn," from such notable strains as "Champion Edinboro," "King Leopold" and "Champion Prior Prince."

At the present time there are about fifty young from these does, sired by "Lord Edinboro" and "Lord Lurgan."

Mr. Gillen is at present in Chicago, on his return home from a second trip to England, where he has been scouring the country for the finest of Belgian bloods.

He has associated himself with Mr. S. J. Chapman of Chicago and has established headquarters in the "Windy City" at No. 269 Sacramento avenue, intending to open branches in the various cities of this country, as the industry grows and the demand warrants.

Their central quarters are located in a new brick building 130x25 with a glass frontage on two streets fitted with every modern contrivance for the comfortable housing of the stock and as Mr. Gillen writes, "If I built it myself I couldn't improve on it."

Hutches and runs to accommodate over 200 hares have been built.

The local rabbitry at No. 135 West Thirty-fifth street will be used as a breeding and raising branch of Chicago's new "stock yards."

"First catch your hare"—. Be sure it's a Belgian thoroughbred, and your fortune is made.

To make a hare of anything else than a Belgian is very much like "making a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

The Mascot Rabbitry

Situated at No. 1156 Fedora street is the above rabbitry, a type of what a well-regulated rabbitry should be in point of health of the stock and cleanliness.

Mrs. H. F. Taylor, the proprietress, has made a careful study of the Belgian hare and is well versed in the requirements of the business.

While unpretentious on the score of numbers compared with some rabbitries—only about 100 all told—they comprise some of the very best strains in the country and much skill and judgment have been exercised in the breeding.

Two rival claimants for favor are "Yukon Diamond" and "Dandy." Every one is familiar with the "Yukon" stock in the Belgian fancy, and "Yukon Diamond" fully shares in the family honors. He is from "Yukon, Jr.," and "Bonnie Bess;" she by "Commodore," out of "Business" and "Mabelle," and "Oakland Belle" by "Robert J." and "Agnes F." "Dandy," another fine buck, is from imported "Red Rover" stock.

A famous doe and one in which Mrs. Taylor takes especial and pardonable pride is "Bonita Belle," a beauty in shape and color.

This little lady's sire is "Bro Bush," out of "Dandy Chief" by "Young Rufus" and "Snap Dragon," and "Maggie, No. 3,' out of "Jim" and "Maggie."

Bonita Belle, Mascot Rabbitry

Her dam is "Lady Wellington," by "Dutch" out of "Red Cloud," and "Doe No. 5" and "Beauty," by "Hudson" and "Princess Lena."

Other fine does in this collection are "Lady Gladys," "Fairy Queen," a daughter of "Lord Britain," and "Bonita Belle."

The Mascot rabbitry is one whose success was builded on strictly honest and honorable business principles, and is one on whose word or guarantee its patrons may rely implicitly. Mrs. Taylor, who is the vice-president of the local division of the National Belgian Hare Association and a lady well known in local circles, will allow no misrepresentation whatever to be made in regard to any of the stock.

Los Angeles Rabbitry

The above-named rabbitry, Mr. E. Bamesberger proprietor, at 309 Winston street, is an example of the rapid growth of the industry and one that from its inception has been taxed to its fullest capacity. The Los Angeles has now in its hutches about two hundred specimens, all high grade, one hundred of which are youngsters less than three months old. Mr. Bamesberger has at service three very fine imported bucks. Ambrose (service $10.00) was imported direct from Mr. T. J. Ambrose, a fancier of Idle, York, Bradford, England. His sire was Garrymede, first at the Gloucester, Bristol and Shorehampshire shows, by Champion Climax, first at Crystal Palace 1896, he by Malton Mystery. His dam is a sister to Electric, winner of firsts at Leamington, Bristol and Rochester. Ambrose is the sire of some of the finest youngsters in this country, the strain beginning to scatter throughout the country and receiving many complimentary comments in the Colorado and Eastern press.

Lord Banbury, Jr., (service $15) is sired by Lord Banbury, winner at the Crystal Palace 1898, and a grandson of Malton Mystery.

His dam, Queen, is by Champion Yukon and Princess Inez, a daughter of Grimsby Star. Inez, a daughter of Grimsley Star.

Lord Cleethorpes, Gilman's latest importation, is by Champion Edinboro and Lady Derby. Mr. Bamesberger paid $200 for Cleethorpe, and he has already got his money back from him. He is the sire of the famous litter of six, two of which were sold for $100 at the age of three weeks, and that by an experienced dealer.

Among the many fine does may be mentioned Bonita Queen, Lady Arbutus, Lady Douglass, Lady Rosamond, Angelino, Lady Noble and Helen Gould.

L. C. Becker's Rabbitry

L. C. Becker's Belgian Hare Rabbitry, at 208 West Thirtieth street, consists of four well-constructed sections, one twelve by fifteen feet, containing six runs, one thirty by seven feet of twelve runs, and two each fourteen by seven feet.

Mr. Becker, one of the pioneers in the rabbit field, constructed his hutches on scientific principles, and they are easily adapted for the rapid climatic changes. They are indeed models. His stock comprises 120 head of pedigreed hares, including all the best strains, as Lord Britain, Lord Lurgan, Prince William, Jr., and Sir Styles. His two finest bucks are Britain Meteor by Lord Britain, out of Madame Britain, and Sir Albany sired by Sir Styles.

Two fine does worthy of mention are Windsor Lady and Saxon Queen, the former with a litter by Dexter and the latter with one by Lord Lurgan. Eclipse, a young doe, sister of Britain Meteor, and sired by Lord Britain, out of Mr. Becker's doe Mme. Britain, is one of his finest animals.

Section of L. C. Becker's Rabbitry

To the rabbit breeders and fanciers who have experienced innumerable difficulties in securing presentable photographs of their pets, the exceptionally good work and taste displayed in the large pictures of "Palace Queen" and "Fashoda in this issue, will at once appeal. Both pictures are from Townsend's studio 340½ South Broadway and speak for themselves.

"The minister and the policeman," said the young and cynical boarder, "are inseparable adjuncts of civilization." "They are very much alike," said the Cheerful Idiot; "one is a pairer and the other is a peeler."—Indianapolis Journal.

The best thing about Adam was his rib, and that was removed to make a woman.

Continued from page 8

playing golf on Sunday? You would be interviewed, of course, on a matter of such great public interest. The newspapers would all take the matter up, and powerful interest in your personality would be created. Your family would naturally come in for a share of this. I ask you now, in all seriousness, to consider what the result of this would be. Think of this! Could you, in reasonableness, expect the newspapers to take up your multitudin

ous family, seriatim, and do justice either to themselves or yourself? Would they be able to do much more than publish extracts from your family Bible, and a composite picture of the group, do you think? Think of the magnitude of the task, Womolol.

There is a moral side to this question, too, which we must not ignore. Only a short time ago a gentleman was arrested in Chicago for having eighteen wives. He frankly admitted that he might have raised the limit a little, but called the attention of the court to the fact that you are allowed to have three hundred odd. He said he didn't see where the harm in having eighteen came, so long as you were allowed to keep your collection intact. Of course, all the court could do was to try to keep from looking foolish, and fine the gentleman for contempt, but it shows how things are.

So you see, Womolol, that your influence is bad. Men will point to you as an example and plead that they are only trying to emulate you, and if the thing is allowed to go it will have a bad effect on the servant girl situation, if nothing more.

Mind, I do not ask you to put your collection up at auction, or to pack it away in the garret, where the moths might get at it, but I do ask you, in all frankness, to consider the advisability of taking up some new fad, more in harmony with the ideas of your newly-acquired countrymen, and try and content yourself with what few wives you now have on hand.

Trusting now that this kindly-intended, heart-to-heart talk will be received in the spirit in which it is intended, and hoping that you are well, and that you found your family the same the last time you made the rounds, I remain

WINFIELD HOGABOOM.

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What Caused the Screams

LOUD and angry voices were heard in the room above. A woman's piercing scream smote the air.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A woman's heartbreaking sobs broke upon the ears of the horrified listeners.

With one accord they rushed up the stairway and burst open the door of the room from which the sounds proceeded.

A woman with disheveled hair, torn and dust-covered clothing, and eyes red with weeping, stood in the middle of the room.

A man with coat off, sleeves rolled up, his eyeballs rolling in frenzy, and the perspiration rolling down his face, confronted the intruders.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

"We are here in the interests of humanity," sternly answered one of them. "You are brutally ill-treating a woman."

"Am I?" he said, turning to her.

"No-o," she sobbed, "you are not. "Gentlemen, he—he is teaching me how to—to express the—the natural emotions. This is a school—is a school of dramatic art."

And the avenger slunk out of the door and went slowly down the stairs, while the elocution teacher gave them a hoarse laugh.

Lord Monck, at one time governor of Canada, sat in the House of Commons for an English constituency. An Irishman himself, he was very patronizing to the Irish members. Meeting Vincent Scully, the member for Tipperary, in the lobby one night, he slapped him on the shoulder and said, familiarly: "Well, Scull, how are you?" The other, annoyed by this form of address, rejoined: "I will thank you, my lord, not to deprive my name of the last letter. Or, if you do, pray add it to your own and call yourself monkey." Vincent Scully once gave utterance in the House to a ludicrous confusion of thought. A landlord had been murdered in Tipperary, and, during a discussion in regard to the crime, an attempt was made to prove that it was agrarian. Mr. Scully spoke of the murdered man in terms of the highest praise. "He was much beloved," said he; "he distributed food to the starving people, and no man had a less right to be murdered!"

If the owners of the bicycle locking racks that are scattered promiscuously over the city went to any great expense in acquiring a municipal concession for the sidewalk obstructions, they are to be pitied for making a bad bargain. From appearances it is plain that the only way the nickel-in-the-slot racks can be made to pay is by the enactment of an ordinance compelling bicycle riders to use them. Though not commonly known, it is a fact that any person is at liberty to place his wheel in the stand without pay, if he takes his own risk of loss, but everybody seems yet to prefer the gutter and the curb as hitching places for their silent steeds, and in the busiest part of town the bicycles continue to construct chevaux de frise against the passing of pedestrians from the hither to the thither side of the street. And all the while the stalls are empty on the sidewalk, with mission unappreciated.

Mother Goose Up to Date

There was a man in our town
  Invested all his health,
With madly avaricious aim,
  To win the goal of wealth;
And when the same he had attained,
  With all his might and main,
He vainly lavished all his wealth
  To get his health again.

—Collier's Weekly.

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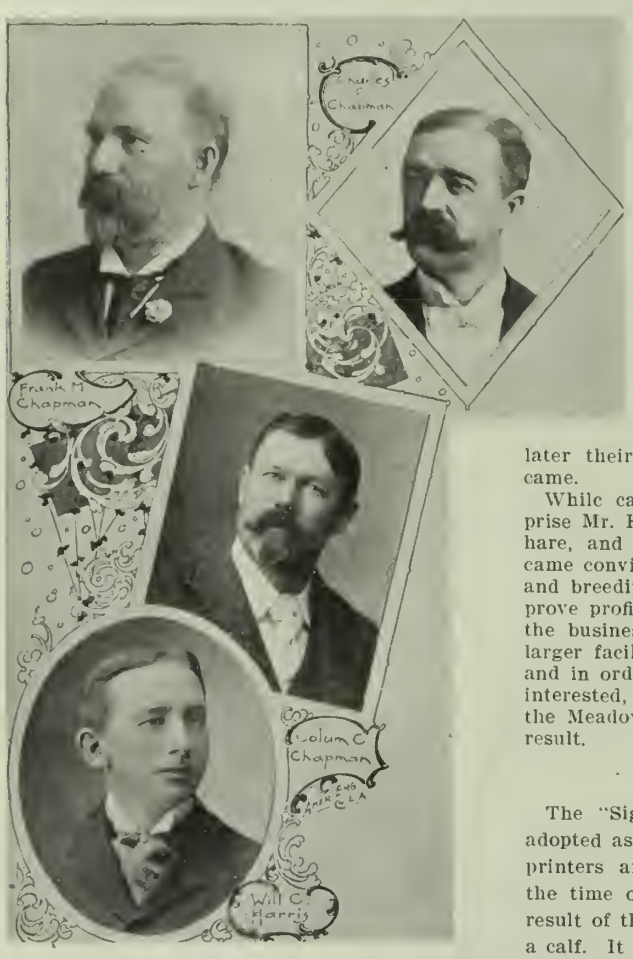
THE BELGIAN HARE CLUB OF LOS ANGELES

By G. F. Conant.

EARLY in the summer of 1899 Mr. Paul Conil, the pioneer Belgian hare breeder of Southern California, conceived the idea that, as quite an enthusiasm had been created amongst the citizens of this end of the State in the breeding of Belgians, it would be a good idea for these breeders to get together and form a club to work for the good of the industry and each other.

Mr. Conil sent out notices to those whom he thought would become interested, and after two preliminary meetings a club was organized and called the Southern California Belgian Hare Club, starting off with something like a dozen members.

A few weeks later Dr. B. C. Platt, also one of the early ones to become interested in Belgians, called together another body of breeders and formed a branch of the National Belgian Hare Club of America with about the same number of members as the first club formed.



As soon as both clubs were made aware of the existence of the other, it was thought best by a majority of the members of the two clubs that one club was all that was needed here and each at once took action which would lead to consolidation and which was finally effected

In July, 1899, both clubs disbanded and reorganized as the Southern California Branch of the National Belgian Hare Club of America, with Mr. S. R. Kellam as president, Dr. W. G. Brown vice-president, Mr. E. B. Merrill treasurer, and Mr. S. N. Kemp secretary.

The club now has one hundred and twenty members, and is growing rapidly.

It is kept up, as the constitution says, "for the improvement of the Belgian hare and the advancement and careful guarding of the interests of the Belgian hare in America." As its title signifies, it is a branch of the National Club and all shows given by the local club are to be judged by judges approved by the National Club.

The National and its branches adopt a score card so that all scoring of rabbits shall be done in the same manner, and have also adopted the English standard of judging for the same reason.

A system of registration has also been established, and a register is kept by the secretary of the National Club, where "any Belgian hare possessing none of the disqualifications recognized by the National Hare Club of America, after reaching the age of six months, shall be eligible to registration on the books of their club, and may receive a pedigree bearing the seal of this club on payment of a fee of fifty cents and compliance with the following requirements: Each application for registration must be accompanied by a written record of the specimen's breeding (ancestry) back to and including its grandparents, and be a pure bred animal to the best of their knowledge and belief. All qualifications and requirements of this article shall be sworn to before a Notary Public. * * * The board of directors reserve the right to cancel said registration if they find the conditions have been misrepresented."

It can readily be seen how essential it is that there should be but one place in America where registering is done, as there will be but one place to look for the registration of any hare.

The majority of people get the matter of pedigree and registration badly mixed. A hare may be pedigreed and not be registered but cannot be registered if it does not possess a pedigree.

Probably not one per cent. of the fine hares in America are registered.

With this industry as with any other, to accomplish the most good we must work together, so join a club and if there is none near you, try and organize, and get together, exchange experiences and think up new ideas. Its the only way to progress and keep up an interest. One bird cannot do much flocking all by itself.

The Meadow Brook Ranch Company

About half a dozen years ago Mr. C. C. Chapman came to Southern California, seeking our salubrious climate fornia, seeking our salubrious cli- brother, Mr. F. M. Chapman, shortly followed and together they tried their hand at the citrus fruit business, the one being located at Covina, the other at Fullerton. They have manifested deep interest in orange culture and taken a leading place among our best-known fruit men.

As it is with many families, so it it with the Chapmans. When one member comes among us and knows how really delightful it is to live in Southern California, others are sure to follow. A younger brother, Mr. Colum C. Chapman, soon joined them, and later their brother-in-law, Mr. Will C. Harris, came.

While casting about for some business enterprise Mr. Harris became interested in the Belgian hare, and upon more serious investigation became convinced that as an industry the importing and breeding of this splendid little animal would prove profitable. He began in a modest way, but the business soon grew to such proportions that larger facilities for conducting it were demanded, and in order to meet these the Chapmans became interested, and today the enterprise carried on by the Meadow Brook Belgian Hare Company is the result.

The Birth of the Scarlet Hare

The "Sign of the Scarlet Hare," which was adopted as a trademark by Geo. Rice & Sons, the printers and publishers of Western Graphic, at the time of their incorporation in 1895, was the result of the comical effort of an amateur to draw a calf. It was at the time when the artistic world was agog over the "new art" of Aubrey Beardsley in England, and the press of the country was full of comments on his "Sign of the Purple Cow," originated for some tradesman. With the advertising man of Geo. Rice & Sons the idea was to appropriate the essence of the rage by adopting the scarlet calf as a trademark, but when the embryo artist had completed the drawing it looked so much more like a hare than a calf that the swift-footed bunny was accepted as emblematic of the methods of the house—to be always in the lead and always on time.

Without question theirs is the finest equipped printing plant in Southern California, and there is no work too large, too fine nor too complicated for them to handle to your complete satisfaction. They are ready to estimate upon any work, and while they do not cater to cheap work they give the best for the money in every instance. Visitors are welcome to inspect their plant at any time, and those who have never seen type-setting machines and fine presses will find it of exceeding interest. The plant is at 311-313 New High street, near the corner of Temple street.

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THE CALIFORNIA POULTRY TRIBUNE,
115 N. Main St. - - - - - - Los Angeles, Cal

In the Gay Life

THE sensation in high social life the past week has assuredly been the Myrick-Fairchild wedding. It has been the drawing room topic not only of the current week, but of many weeks past. And now, all the festivities usual in society at this holiday season pale before this all-important event. And so it should be. The young lady's family have been among the most highly esteemed members of the social world here for many years and the young lady herself has through her own lovable qualities endeared herself to all circles of society. It was meet and proper that all of sweildom should be called into attendance to witness the wedding ceremony, and St. Paul's pro-cathedral, one of the most churchly of the high church sanctuaries of the city, was thronged beyond the doors on the evening of the nuptials—last Thursday evening. The bridal party was one of unusual magnificence. A group of the young matrons of smart society with their husbands, as well as a number of unmarried folk "stood up" with the bride, an innovation in nuptial observances that is meeting with much favor at the present time, and that is considered strictly en regle. The party consisted of Messrs. and Mesdames Ezra Stimson, Howard G. Bundrem, Charles Dick, Willard Doran, Misses Lila Fairchild, Sada Johnson, Elizabeth Shankland, Lina Johnson; Messrs. B. F. Mansfield, Fowler Shankland, E. H. Bagby.

The toilettes were exceedingly handsome, the "attendants" forming a most brilliant pageant as they preceded the bride up the long aisle of the church to the chancel rail, which was hidden in the most charming manner in the palest pink floral drapery, rose pink being the motif of the whole church decoration.

The bride was one of the loveliest that has passed along that church aisle and many fair and lovely women have trodden its floral pathway the past years. A petite blonde with the fascination of dark eyes and in all the magnificence of bridal array, this bride was one "exceedingly fair to look upon," and many sincere wishes were showered upon her that her whole life might be as fair and lovely.

As is usual, and of course, perfectly proper, the bridegroom finds but little space awarded him in printed narrative and in this instance it is sufficient recognition to say that Mr. Myrick, young, rich and handsome, will adopt the home of his bride as his own, though another city than Los Angeles claims him as a member of one of its wealthiest and most prominent families.

L. E. Mosher, of the Times, at the age of 15 years, was a brave little bugler in the Union army. In 1873 he was the station agent for the Southern Pacific at Compton, mid-way between Los Angeles and the sea. While there he could at night hear the waves of the ocean beating against the shore and the thought of a bugle washed up in the seaweed and of its recovery and of blowing a blast on that bugle so that a note would reach a star and rebounding would come back to earth again took possession of him and the result was a stirring poem: "The Stranded Bugle."

Barton Hill, the distinguished, classical actor, now at the Burbank, happened across these verses in a newspaper and, without knowing anything of its author, committed them to memory and recited them on various social occasions to the great delight of his audiences. Shortly after he came to Los Angeles to fulfill his present engagement at the Burbank he was at a little supper and when called upon recited "The Stranded Bugle," never dreaming the author was present. The rest can be imagined, for Mosher was there.

A few mornings since Mr. Mosher gave a breakfast in his new home on Bush street, at which Mr. Barton Hill was the guest of honor.

It is an important circumstance in social mention just now that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blaisdell, who have been away so long a time, taking up their residence in "the windy city," are here again for a time. Chicago is Mrs. Blaisdell's native home, or at any rate it was her home for a number of years, her father being one of the wealthiest merchants of that wealthy city, his name just now slipping away from the memory of the scribe. A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell aided very materially in giving Los Angeles quite a prestige in "social swimming." Young, rich, and fond of entertaining, they made their home one of the most elegant in the city and their hospitalities the most sought after in society. If one might at this time recall what is passing out of the social mind, it could be said that just before the Bradbury esclandere this young wealthy set carried everything before it. But—leaving forbidden grounds—it may still be remarked en passant that it is a great pity one episode should have

demolished with it so much of the social fabric, and—as the outcome of this retrospection—it is a matter of regret that the Blaisdells have not made up their minds to return "for good" and reinstate their home to its former position. This is not to attribute any of the Blaisdell's movements to be the result of that particular, unmentionable episode, but merely as a sort of regretful reminiscence of a period when but for an unfortunate occurrence, this young married set could have kept Los Angeles society up to the "top notch" of high life.

The Carpenter mansion out in the West End was all aglow two evenings this week with dancing parties accorded to two of the daughters of the house ,one on Thursday evening for Miss Susie and one last evening for the debutante of a year, Miss Clara Carpenter. Both parties were very elegant and were noted particularly for the beauty of the decorations, all the glory of Christmastide—Christmas trees, mistletoe, Christmas bells—all made gay with flaming poinsettias and scarlet berries—remaining for the delectation of the young guests. In fact, the parties were designed to be real Christmas dancing parties—and so they were realized—by several hundred young folks of youthful swelldom.

Speaking of Christmas parties, is it not for the children and young folks that Christmas was designed and for ye olden ones to look on? Of course it was. It was a child that was born in Bethlehem. And it is the children who are most remembered now. There are numbers of lovely homes in Los Angeles with young children and many were made happy with Christmas parties. One of the prettiest of the "littlest girls" who is allowed to entertain all the other littlest folks of swelldom at Yuletide is Miss Georgie Off, the graceful fairy of the Off-Bonebrake home. On the Christmas party occasion this year this young lady was the hostess of a very large gathering of small society, who were most royally and beautifuly entertained. Nearly a hundred children were made happy with beautiful toys and "goodies."

At Kramer's Hall, where Christmas finds many charming entertainments for all "steps" of society, there were a number of brilliant matinees, particularly for the younger classes. One of the most appreciated occurred last Saturday with little Miss Lillian Curry, the niece of Governor Gage, the belle of the occasion. This small lady executed in the cleverest manner a "doll" dance that elicited much applause and has been much spoken of since.

At Kramer's on Tuesday evening occurred the last of the Tuesday night cotillions. It was really one of the finest of the series and quite one of the "swellest" functions of the season. There were only a few of the young matrons of society, the gathering consisting mostly of "maids." Of the young married women, Mrs. Fred Griffith was particularly handsome in a pink crepe gown and Mrs. Lieutenant Miner was charming—as she always is—on this occasion in a most beautiful costume of white taffeta spangled in gold. Of the maids, Miss Schwarz took the palm, her frock being also of gold and white, and with a very stunning over-dress of pink mirrored velvet. Miss Schwarz is becoming quite a belle and is attracting a great deal of attention at many of these swell affairs.

Speaking of balls, there is to be another country club ball soon; and that small dancing club, or whatever it is called, including all of smart society in the west end and that had a number of dances last winter, is to give another shortly—the date to be January 3d and the place the Casa de Rosas.

New Year's will be gay. Mrs. Emmeline Childs is going to give a very large and very swell tea. Miss Louise McFarland will probably have all the young people—and there are others.

Mrs. Goodwin has issued invitations for a very large card party January the 4th.

Among dinner givers this week are Mrs. William Garland and Mrs. J. G. Mossin. Mrs. Garland will have her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hinnan, with her the first of the year to spend all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner (nee Burnett) gave a very large and very elegant card party at their home on Wednesday in honor of a cousin of Mr. Turner's, Mrs. Lola Marston, of Mills' Seminary, who is spending the holidays in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Wm. Botsford entertained for the great Heindl one day last week. Mrs. Botsford is becoming quite popular as the hostess for celebritics—especially musical. Mrs. Botsford is a very talented musician herself, and her home is gradually becoming the rendezvous of all the lovers of high art.

The death of Mr. Burdette Jevne has cast a gloom over a large portion of society. The young man had long been a sufferer in a severe illness that drew forth the sympathy of the whole city for himself and family. Finally when health seemed about to be restored he succumbed to the dread malady which had for so long a period caused his ife to hang in the balance. Mr. Jevne was a member of one of the best families of Los Angeles, and one that has been well known in Chicago and other large cities, and many friends mourn his loss.

Major and Mrs. Truman and daughter were at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, on Thanksgiving Day, and would leave there on their trip up the Nile on the 12th instant.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place Tuesday, December 26, at 8:30 p. m., in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian church. The bride was Isabella Burt Nelson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Nelson of Utah, and the groom was Claude A. Faithfull, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Faithfull, of this city. The church was elaboratelv decorated with smilax, white roses and potted plants. Rev. Mr. Boyd, the pastor of the church, officiated. Mr. Harry Patty played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the party entered, "Oh Promise Me" during the ceremony, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March when they left for the residence of the groom's parents, where a reception was held. After January 1th, Mr. and Mrs. Claude A. Faithfull will be at home at their residence, 2515 Michigan avenue.

Mrs. Thomas Watson Young has returned from a short visit to Pomona, where she was a guest at the farewell reception tendered Dr. Darling, who has been transferred to Pasadena.

Westlake Park

Sunday concert program by Catalina band:

Nieblungen March ..... Wagner
Tales from the Vienna Woods waltzes....Strauss
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
A Coonville Barbecue .....Kammermeyer
Sextette from "Lucia".....Donizetti
The Arkansaw Traveler (Fantasia Burlesque).
.... Reeves
(With humorous variations for different instruments.)
Intermission.
Grand Hungarian Fantasia .....Moses
Moonlight and Starlight Waltzes.....Reed
Mr. Thomas Cat (by request).....Hall
Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana".....
.... Mascagni
Hearts and Flowers (a new flower song)....Moses
American Patrol ..... Meacham

Hollenbeck Park

Program for concert by the Southern California Band, H. W. Coomber, director, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1899:

March, "Silver Trumpets" .....Vivian
Waltz, "Thousand and One Nights".....Straus
Selection, "Orpheus" .....offenbach
Medley, "Clorindy" ..... Marion
Intermezzo .... Mascagni
Overture, "Jolly Robbers" ..... Suppe
Potpourri from comic operas .....Beyer
Medley of Irish airs .....Moore
Overture on popular songs ..... McKie
Ragtime March .....Kerry Mills
America ....

The Lions will be there. Green and yellow Traction cars run direct to the park.

A big Christmas tree with William Dieterle as Santa Claus and Dr. Hamilton Forline as Sister was the feature of the week at the Rosslyn hotel, and every one had their fill of fun and frolic. Among the newest guests are Mr. H. S. Houghton and bride, Whittier; E. P. Johnson and wife, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lieut. Wilson B. Burth, U. S. A., who is visiting his brother, Clerk Fred T. Burth.

Miss Gertrude Ross attended the complimentary ball tendered the officers of the Iowa and Philadelphia at Coronado.

It is worth one's while to drop around and see the enlarged dining room at the Palms. Manager Fryman has certainly cause to be proud of his success and the doubling of his dining hall capacity is proof positive that the success is real.

At the Bellevue Terrace the Christmas times have been unusually merry and the New Year will be duly and properly received by the guests. Among the new arrivals are Dr. H. J. Bayless, who has taken up his residence for the winter; Dr. Nagel and family, New York City, for the winter.

Abbottsford Inn has had a round of good times during the holidays and will excel all swell events in the fancy dress ball that comes off January 5th. A number of new arrivals are reported, most of whom are for the winter. Among them we note a party from Minnesota, Mrs. Bell F. Wilson, Mrs. George R. Newell, of Minneapolis, A. M. Wells and wife of St. Paul. Miss M. C. McIntosh of Chicago, Mr. and Miss Adler of Pittsburg, Mrs. A. Allayne Jones of San Francisco, A. W. H. Payton of Santa Monica, Walter A. Boeck and wife of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Waring of Santa Monica, and Jose A. Rodriquez of Azusa.

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Samples sent on request

only give us an idea of the rooms you intend to paper, so we can submit appropriate samples and suggestions

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The "Jane" Pompadour Roll

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Facial Treatments

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The socalled "SMOKING JACKET" makes the finest kind of an office as well as a general lounging coat, and any man would appreciate one as a Christmas gift. We have some beauties we would like to show you.

How about Bathrobes? They save their cost in comfort many times over—the cost is little—comfort large.

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NOTICE

The Los Angeles City Water Company will strictly enforce the following rule: The hours for sprinkling are between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 and 8 o'clock p. m. For a violation of the above regulations the water will be shut off, and a fine of $2.00 will be charged before the water will be turned on again.

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70 Sunny Suites with private baths.
Superior cuisine and service a specialty.
Electric Elevator runs continuously.
Dining hall and corridors on office floor.
Convenient to churches and theaters.
Orchestral music every evening during dinner hours.
Electric cars direct to R. R. depots and all points of interest.
RATES—American plan, $2 per day, up.
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Spinisterhood is often the flirt's punishment for contempt of court.

Vanities

Of the Fads and Fashions of Both Sexes

WHEN the fact is considered that all our styles really emanate from across the water in dear old London and gay Paree, and are brought first to New York and paraded there a year or so, gradually reaching Chicago and finally make a tardy appearance away out here, I hardly know whether to say a thing that is all the rage in New York is in style or not, because if I do you will say "Why that is old as the hills; I saw that out here ten years ago." Just so; but the old is again new and what is worn in New York today will be here next year. I was talking to a swell milliner the other day and she said, "Really I am rushed to death on pompadour hats." Pompadour hats have been worn more or less for a year, but just now when in the East the pompadour has disappeared entirely and hats come over the face we are booming pompadour hats.

I presume the reason we are so reluctant about abolishing the pompadour is because of the dread of training willful and unruly locks in some other direction.

The perfectly gowned woman must be a genius. She has learned well the art adapting the ever-changing fashions to her particular style and just because a certain color is in style, or a certain cut a la mode, she does not consider herself bound to assume it. Instead she chooses what is becoming and in her ingenious way alters or modifies it to suit the day and her personality. Whether she employs the most famous couturieres to make her gowns or has a woman come to her house at a dollar and a quarter a day, she always designs them herself, because experience has taught her to use those styles and colors that will accentuate her good points and tend to cover up her weak ones. She never copies, she originates, and she never dresses in a hurry.

More fancy waists are being sold this year than ever before. Any number of the silk waists are made with vests. Some are of filmy plaited gauze, loose fitting and billowy, while others are of jeweled velvet or hand painted broadcloth, and plainly show the shape of the figure.

Jeweled and exquisitely cut crystal buttons trim many of the waists. When the jeweled buttons are used they generally match the silk in color.

Wee velvet bows also decorate many of the imported silk waists.

The lace waists are to be much the fashion. In fact, a perfectly plain cream-tinted lace waist over a silk foundation of the same color is an excellent thing for any young woman to own.

By cleverly varying its trimming it may be made to serve duty as a number of different waists throughout the season. Such a waist may be worn with various bolero jackets or may be trimmed to simulate a bolero effect.

Cut out designs of velvet plain or embroidered with gold thread, are most effective for this purpose, or a bolero may be outlined by a short silk or gold fringe, beaded with a band of gleaming mock jewels.

Then the lace waist, draped with a fichu, is always quaint and pretty. The fichu may be of dainty embroidered mousseline de soie, with silk fringe, or may be fashioned from one of the new, soft Persian silk handkerchiefs which show such a wealth of beautiful coloring.

Last winter there was an attempt made to introduce flannel shirt waists out here and the innovation was such a success that this year the flannel shirt waist is the "piece de resistance" in the up-to-date woman's wardrobe. The colorings in the materials designed especially for this garment are daintier than ever before and the pretty cornflower blue seems to be the leading favorite. The shirt waists are no more the plain simple affairs they used to be but are tucked, corded or pleated most elaborately. The up-to-date shirt waist calls for as much science and care and time and trouble as the most complicated French bodice It must be perfect in fit else it becomes at once a botch and "cheap and common." I have not noticed any particular change in the cut of shirt waist since the plain or bias backs were introduced, the principle decoration of the flannel waist must necessarily be left to the elaborate neckwear. Some very pretty shirt waists are made of very fine creamy white flannel, and these are the successors to the white linen shirt waists of last summer. They will be hailed with open arms by the dry cleaners, for reasons best known to those who have to foot the bills.

The dressing of a woman's neck has assumed more importance lately than almost any other article of her attire, and the smart modiste pays more attention to the cut, fit and style of the collar than ever before in the annals of dressmaking.

It is not merely necessary to have a soft, straight collar around a woman's neck nowadays; she must stand and be fitted to a pointed, turreted, overlapping chin supporting affair, which is just as much an object of care and attention on the part of the modiste as any other part of the bodice.

The new collar is a very complicated confection anyway, and its varieties of form, cut and style are numberless. The main point, which should never be lost sight of, is that it must be very high in the back, while in front it is low enough to be a comfortable rest for the chin.

There is little stiffness in the new collar, whalebones in the back and side points, keeping it rigid where it should be rigid, while the front is softer than it has been for some time.

On the Way to Paris

BRINDISI, Italy November 26, 1899.

THIS IS a small town on the Adriatic, where we take the Royal Mail steamship for Port Said. My reasons for taking this route were many—the principal thing being that on account of the plague in Egypt no regular steamers were running between Naples and Alexandria; another that it took me nearly 400 miles through a picturesque part of Italy and gave me an opportunity of seeing the Suez canal and enjoying a four hours' trip by canal and rail to Cairo and take in Alexandria after our Nile tour, where we embark on a French steamer for a five days' trip to Marseilles—and then to Paris via Nice and Monte Carlo.

The trip from Gibraltar to Naples took three days, and the Mediterranean between these two points was almost as smooth as glass, and the sky was as clear and as beautiful as the sea and much more cerulean. All day long Tuesday we were in sight of the Spanish coast, and not far off from Malaga and Granada, over which were the Sierra mantled in snow. Queer little towns dotted the slopes to the water line and along this picturesque fringe were other evidences of permanent population. On our right are the African mountains, looking misty and beautiful, reminding me not a little of that superb vista one gets of the San Fernando mountain and peaks beyond as the Santa Monica electrics pass the Sherman junction. Algiers is not far off, but we did not stop, as that country is quarantined by Italy on account of the bubonic plague in India, a few cases having been taken from Tangier and Algiers into Cadiz and Oporto. This plague scare prevents us from taking a short trip to Palestine, as it is only nine hours by steamer from Port Said to Jaffa and four hours by rail from Jaffa to Jerusalem. To be sure it is easy enough to get there, but as Egypt is quarantined against Palestine a thirty days' existence in a Turkish lazaretto is not so exhilarating as a rapid relay of cocktails at a Sunset Club dinner.

The next point of interest are the Balearic Islands, one of them, the Irosa, resembling a cathedral that would make St. Peter's a mere chapel. The largest of this rocky group is more than 50 miles in length and contains 30,000 inhabitants.

We pass Sardinia at night and early Wednesday morning are 100 miles from Naples. At noon we enter the beautiful Bay of Naples, with Capri on our right and Ischia on our left, and straight before us Vesuvius, puffing tremendous columns of black and white smoke, and majestic in its reminiscent deviltry. The anchor of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. is dropped at 3 p. m., and our ship is at once surrounded by a hundred craft of all kinds—customs and other government tenders, lighters, bum boats, laden with fruits and flowers, aquatic acrobats, bogus Sisters of Mercy, beggars and other variegated nuisances.

It is the same old bay and city of Naples that so many of your readers know by heart—a dream and a reality—a picture that has been seen on canvas and in book, in poem and prose;—a vision that can never be over-described. The sun is at last descending and those very colors that artists have represented are really in procession, the almost impossible pink at last giving away its enchanting glow to the quavering twilight.

The captain had invited a number of us to stay on board until after dinner in order that Naples might be seen in illumination from the deck of the steamer. It was well worth the stay, to say nothing

of the Kaiser Wilhelm's dinner which are much better and much more elaborate than the table d'hotes at either the Grand or the Vesuve. There were the reflections of gas and incandescents and the glaring burners of the night fishermen, while Vesuvius lent a little reddish light; and, later, a tardy gibbous moon found a place for reflection on the kaleidoscopic waters. Such a panorama, with artistic gastronomic and monopole accompaniments, is not easily forgotten.

I went out very early the next morning to meet my old friends the goats—not Chapman, nor Stevens, nor Alles, nor the Councilman—the goats that make you turn out for them as they proceed to their lacteal duties, and I soon wanted a drink, and entered a place near the park and ordered a cup of coffee; My! but it was vile. "Munich beer" next met my eye, and I remembered the delicious stuff I had punished in Bavaria. It was a viler dose than the coffee. Hoopla! Turning a corner I saw an inviting saloon, and on the window were the words: "American cocktails made here." "All's well that ends well," I remembered, and I made a Spring-street sortie for said American concoction. That nearly settled me. Great Scott! It was a corker. For a moment or two I concluded that I and the mummy of Rameses the Great would never meet. Can it be possible that the man who exclaimed "See Naples and die!" had done himself up by a cup of coffee, a mug of beer and an American cocktail? Sure! All the same, though, Naples has greatly improved, and is being expensively renovated. All the public thoroughfares are kept clean, which was not the case ten years ago, and the beggars are being limited by rigid policemen. Streets are being widened by the demolishing of houses and the cabbies' charges are the smallest in Europe—three people a mile, or from hotel to station or to the Museum nearly three miles, one lira—twenty cents.

Pompeii I again visited, on account of the extensive excavations made during the last ten years. Wonders upon wonders in the way of palatial houses and baths and colors and mural extravagances are being developed and an unvarnished tale is told of the luxuries of the Roman aristocracy of 2,000 years ago.

I had dreaded the railway trip between Naples and Brindisi because all Italian railways are slow and proverbially behind time. But here was a lovely surprise—about three hundred miles from 7 in the morning to 6 in the evening, and exactly on time to a minute, and one of the handsomest rides in the world:—part of it along the shores of the Mediterranean, more than one hundred miles over and under a snow-capped range, much of this part through fifty miles of actually interesting tunnels, and through a pass that dwarfs the canyons of the Denver and Rio Grande into utter insignificance. Here and there were big stone cities built on old Roman sites, and thirty miles were through olive groves extending as far as the eye could reach on either hand, the trees of which looked as if they were more than a thousand years old.

The vineyards are not a lusty looking lot, like ours, though they hold their own with all other European vineyards except those of France in this respect. But Italy has forged ahead of France some years in gallons of wine made, nearly all of which is consumed at home or sold to France for sophistication or adulteration; for many a fine bottle of San Julien or of Medoc has had its birth in an Italian or Greek press.

After leaving the towns at the base of Vesuvius few orange and lemon groves are seen and these are scraggy looking, like some of our abandoned ones where orchards have given way to city lots. But the citrus fruits on the hotel tables and in the markets and along the streets are small and scraggy and unique. Only the tangerine and the pomegranite are equal to ours.

I am writing this letter on board the Isis, the royal mail steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line, which leaves at midnight for Port Said, dropping down from the Adriatic into the Ionian sea, where we shall pass through the Ionian isles tomorrow morning and then again into the Mediterranean on the 28th, passing Crete early Tuesday, and reaching Port Said Wednesday before noon and Cairo before dinner.

How easy it is travel these days. After 8000 miles of rail and sea we make a close connection of car and boat at a little town on the Adriatic, and know for a certainty that we shall take our dinner at Shepheard's Hotel at Cairo Wednesday evening.

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For several years the name W. E. Clark has been associated in Los Angeles with coal, wood, hay and grain, though he is neither coal black, nor a wooden man, nor full of hay, nor cross-grained. But he knows his business and a man who knows his business is a good man to deal with. Ring him up by Phone West 69 when you need supplies in his line, coal, wood, hay or grain.

There are evidences that most people doubt it, but it is true notwithstanding that the best ads are those that state the exact truth.

At the Theaters

THERE are many degrees of merit, of aim, of endeavor and of execution in acting, as in almost all things that man undertakes to do. In acting, as in other things, it is but proper to think of the art at its best, and to yield it that serious respect and consideration which it deserves. This is the more proper as it seems that those who should feel this stirring within them, and who are presumed to be its most sincere exponents, are the ones who regard the weighty side of their vocation far less than they do the lucrative, and who pander to the multitude for whose indiscreet and unthinking applause they hunger. In this respect Mr. James is guilty of showing a lack of reverence which, while not new to his public, is none the less distasteful to the sober-minded listeners who have within them the lurking thought that one of the choicest attributes of an actor who pretends to the first rank is a fealty not only to the traditions which have been developed and treasured by men of equal and greater rank as actors, but to the spirit of the text of the playwright, whose work furnished the means for the display of histrionic genius. Mr. James has often a scant regard for these things, and many of his modernizations and addenda jar on those who know the book well enough to note the patchwork. His innovations almost invariably appeal to the gallery; in his own person he capers to the steps which win the volunteer claque of the upper tier. His "Bob Acres," with that of Joseph Jefferson in mind, came dangerously near, at times, to being a burlesque of one of the dearest old men on the stage. The poetry and humanity which in Jefferson—and in a certain sense in John E. Owens—made Bob a most lovable sort of a fellow whom we forgive willingly his craven heart, has, in Mr. James' hands, but a weak reflection. He emphasizes the coarser side—the more curious as his association with Mr. Jefferson should have resulted in an advantageous attrition—he broadens the laugh at the expense of the character. The subtle, deep and intensely human mixing of humor and pathos which made of Jefferson's "Bob Acres" a personality who touched your feelings, is foreign to Mr. James' powers and his personation devotes itself to making you laugh loudly at the unfortunate and weak-kneed braggart, and effectively kills the pathos. As Sir Lucius Mr. James was more in his element, his animal vigor had a freer swing and he was an able assistant to his greater colleague. But the shoes of the latter do not fit him; such roles as Autolycus gave him a proper vehicle for the display of strong talents, which, are, none the less, rugged. Delicacy and refinement, such as is called for by "Bob Acres" as we know him through Jefferson, are not within the command of Mr. James. There is this to say, however, Mr. James may have gone back to the book for his inspiration, and we who have been spoiled by Mr. Jefferson, may be wrong in holding to the picture which the latter fastened into our memories. The "Bob Acres" of the book does not touch us, there is but little human nature in him, he is mainly a comically absurd boaster, whom we hold in mild contempt, yet at whom we laugh, and often laugh uproariously. This man Mr. James shows us to the full and his own faith had ample verification in the hearty reception given his personation. But with Jefferson we laughed through our tears. The role of "Lydia Languish" is too vapid and unprofitable for an actress of Miss Kidder's merit, and while it was natural, it was yet too forceful and bright to convey the idea of insipid sentimentality which was clearly the author's purpose. Mrs. Vandenhoff's "Mrs. Malaprop" was, to me, the most consistent and most reverential personation of the performance. Even with Mrs. Drew before my mind's eye, I can see but little difference in the spirit and conception of the part as her successor shows it to us, and while her utterance is perhaps a little more hurried, and she lacks the forceful personality which made Mrs Drew so eminent in the role, she ranks above those in her fidelity to tradition and in her presentation of a priceless characterization. Mr. Hanford is the best "Captain Absolute" we have ever had here, and he invests the part with a greater interest than is usual. He is an accomplished actor who recognizes his opportunities when they present themselves. Mr. Harry Langdon is too old and experienced an actor to do other than ample justice to so excellent a part as that of "Sir Anthony," which contention also holds good in the case of Mr. Ellsler, whose very strong bit of characterization in the part of "David" would lead no one to suppose that this surprisingly vigorous actor only recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. The "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" of Mr. Barry Johnstone was a genuine piece of nice work, which while it differed materially from that of others

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who have taken the part, was in good taste, and the delicious brogue was not the least attractive feature. Mrs. James made a sprightly maid, and the work of Messrs. Hackett, Cooke and McVickar was commendable in the minor roles. The thing most to be objected to is the interpolation of latter-day gags, which while they create a laugh yet grate unpleasantly on those who came to see old comedy in its mellifluous purity. The "Worcestershire Sauce" was perhaps the poorest of the lot, but there were numerous instances where the modern idea of catering to the upper tier at the expense of the serious ones in the pit, was carried out.

"The Winter's Tale" was the triumph of the engagement. Rarely has so beautiful a performance of classic drama, with such a wealth of embellishment of scenery and costume, and with a cast of such unusual ability, been given on this coast. Never at any time has the audience been held under so potent a spell as was exercised by the talented people who told the story of the miserable fruits of insane jealousy and its expiation. The principal interest settled in the successor to Mary Anderson in the leading female role of the play, and to Miss Kidder the tribute must be paid that she does not suffer seriously in the comparison. As Hermione, both in the happier moments, and then in the period of her tribulation, she was more than convincing, and impressed with the naturalness of her performance. She was the dignified, proud and virtuous queen, yet none the less the pure woman, who, falsely accused, yet deigned to defend herself in words of such weighty import that all but the mad husband were convinced of her innocence. In the great trial scene, Mr. Kidder rose to a considerable height, and her beautiful reading of the noble lines, the majesty of her pose and the deep mellowness of her utterance, so enthralled her audience that the deep stillness was only ended by an outburst of applause that was as enthusiastic and appreciative as has ever fallen to the lot of an actor in this city. In the lighter role of Perdita Miss Kidder was a graceful and sweet young woman, who lacked that element of naive childishness which one looks for in Shakespeare's 16-year-old heroine, and the actress was less convincing. Her greatest effect, in a spectacular way, was produced in the last act where her striking pose as a statue was a stage picture long to be remembered. Mr. Hanford, in the role of Leontes, did his best work in this part. An accomplished actor, who yet falls short of Mr. Warde's attributes, he imparted to the role a force and earnestness that tempted one to pity rather than despise the crazed man. Mr. Hanford is a virile actor, who holds himself so well in hand that in the displays of jealous rage and fearful anguish he never oversteps the limits of force and effect which are made necessary by his lines. His lines are strong and brilliant and a lesser actor could hardly resist the temptation to lean toward the melodramatic, but Mr. Hanford's reading throughout was consistent and powerful. Mr. James was in his happiest vein in the part of Autolycus, the ragged vagabond, whose quaint humor lends the light to soften the more somber aspects of the other scenes. Mr. James is as clever in this role as he was in that of Pepe, the jester, clearly his best character. He can in it indulge his propensity for "joshing," and his undeniable talent as a comedian enabled him to make of the rogue a characterization that is entitled to rank very high. The other characters in the play were well presented by members of the company, which contains no poor material, so that a well-rounded, effective and singularly pleasing performance of this "revived" play was the result. Not least entertaining was the riotous country dance in the fourth act, and it is to be regretted that Mr. James skipped a song or two that would have become him well. The staging of the play was superb and accurate, and "The Winter's Tale" will always be recalled as one of the theatrical gems of the present season.

The "School for Scandal" performance was about what it was last year, excepting that in the role of the hypocritical Joseph Surface Mr. Hanford was substituted for Mr. Warde. It cannot be said that Mr. Hanford was as satisfactory as his predecessor; he lacks those deft touches and that easy, graceful demeanor which made the earlier interpreter of the role so puissant, yet he gave a pleasing reading which did not clash. It was, in fact, more sincere than the Charles Surface of Mr. James who thinks more of thrusting his personality forward than of preserving the smooth pitch and ensemble of this brilliant comedy of last century manners. Miss Kidder's "Lady Teazle" is the same sprightly, charming and most lovable woman who learnt her bitter lesson of the world's duplicity at the cost of her self-respect, and who will always convey the great lesson that the woman who plays with matches is likely to have her fingers burned. I hope Nance O'Neil saw this reading of the part; there would have been much profit in it for her. Mr. Langdon was again the Sir Peter, and as satisfying as of yore. The minor parts were in capable hands.

The Shakespearean tragedy which has been on at the Burbank during the week has rather more weak points than strong. Weak in that the respect shown the great playwright takes the shape of pushing forward the gruesome; weak in that the dignity of a great tragedy is sacrificed to the exigencies of a demand for melodrama. For melodrama is was more often than classic tragedy. The "Thane of Cawdor" had just that conception of his part, and just that execution of it which topples a repulsive and weak, yet strongly-limned character from the pedestal where great men have kept him, and throws him into that slough of lurid commonplace where mediocrity finds for him a tawdry vestment. In other words, Mr. Clement's Macbeth was at best an attempt; it hardly rose to the merit of a foil for the stronger wife; high tragedy is not the sphere in which Mr. Clement will ever shine. Miss O'Neil's Lady Macbeth has its strong points and many weak ones—the result of an independent conception of the role from the book,—and I will defer further notice of her until I can compare her with Miss Kidder, who plays the role tonight. The supporting company did fairly good work, although the spoken text had many a stumble. The scenery was adequate, and the special music added to the interest, being very well played by the augmented orchestra which Mr. Krauss conducted with skill and taste.

Despite great counter attractions the Orpheum has more than held its own. The audiences have been large and the applause untrammeled. The bill is an average one, the new "turns" being those of Marion and Clara Llewellyn, who do some entertaining work with pleasing ballads; J. W. Winton, ventriloquist, with his array of puppets;

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E. F. KUBEL.

Morosco's

Joseph R. Grismer and Clay M. Greene's beautiful Southern comedy-drama, "The New South," will be presented tomorrow evening by the Dailey company and will continue throughout the week with a special holiday matinee Monday. "The New South" is a strong comedy-drama, and was produced here several years ago by Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davies. Their success was so great that they ventured East, where they played all the large cities with the one play for several seasons. Mr. W. R. Dailey secured the piece at an enormous expense and has been producing it for the past fifteen weeks. "The New South" is unusually well written, the comedy element stands out and the situations and climaxes are strong. The company boasts of two stars, Mr. Darrell Vinton, late leading man for Frederick Warde, and Miss May Nannary, a talented young actress, well known on this coast. The scenery for this production will go beyond anything Mr. Morosco has yet given us, which is saying considerable, for during the past three months at the Burbank special scenery has been gotten up for each production.

Orpheum

Visions of the artistic treats are conjured up by the mention of Edwin Milton Royle's name. Next week at the Orpheum the famous author-actor returns with his company and several new comedies which will be exploited during his stay here. Royle achieved the biggest triumph last year of any vaudville star that came to the coast. He will probably repeat the performance this year. His charming wife, Selin Fetter Royle, accompanies him, and a select company supports the stars.

Royle yill produce a new comedy next week, called "The Highball Family." It is said to be written and acted on broadly farcical lines, though it is very certain that anything Royle acknowledges as his own will have abundance of meritorious stuff in it, though it be even "broadly farcical."

Harrigan, the tramp juggler, and a hilarious sort of stage personage, will be another newcomer. The Mohring Borthers, acrobats, and Gertrude Rutledge, a beautiful ballad singer, will also be new features of the bill. Geo. Fuller Golden will tarry another week, varying his imitations, burlesque and stories. Others retained are Winton, the ventriloquist; Frank Latona, the musical hobo, and the Llewellyn Sisters, singers.

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN

CONDUCTED BY SHIRLEY L. HOLT

AN ELECTION will be held on the 6th of January for field officers in the Seventh Regiment. There are five officers to be elected: A colonel, lieutenant-colonel and three majors. The election will be held at the Seventh Regiment Armory in this city. The election has been awaited with much anxiety by members of the regiment, for upon its result depends the future welfare of the National Guard in this portion of the state. It is earnestly hoped that the line officers will give the subject careful thought, and not wait until the last minute to make a hasty choice. At present no predictions can be made as to the result, as it is hard to learn the opinions of officers of outside companies.

Company A will receive its friends at its parlors in the Armory on New Year's afternoon, from 2 to 5. Blanchard and Shoneman's orchestra will render music, and light refreshments will be served. The affair will be entirely informal, and the boys will be glad to welcome all of their friends, both gentlemen and ladies. In the evening the members of the company will be the guests of Captain Wankowski at dinner.

Company F is making extensive arrangements for its dance, to be given at Armory Hall on New Year's evening. Blanchard and Shoneman's orchestra will furnish the music.

Next week companies will begin drilling again, and it is desired by the captains that all members will attend and that each will bring a recruit.

James Breen of Company A, who has been in Arizona for the past month, is home.

Captain H. D. Alphonso, retired, has returned to this city from Oxnard, where he has been employed by the sugar company.

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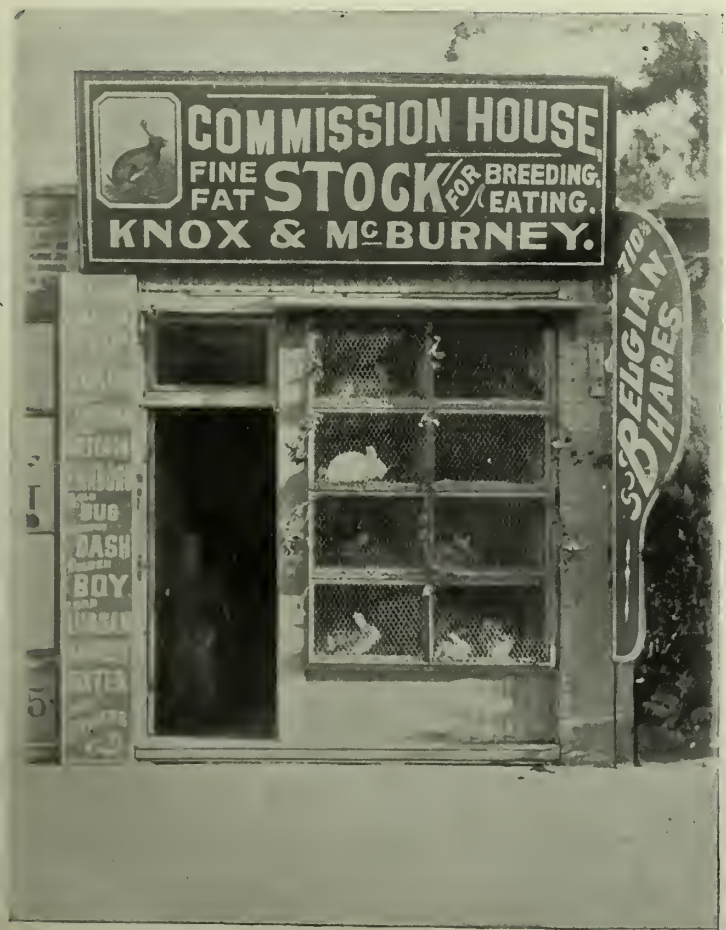

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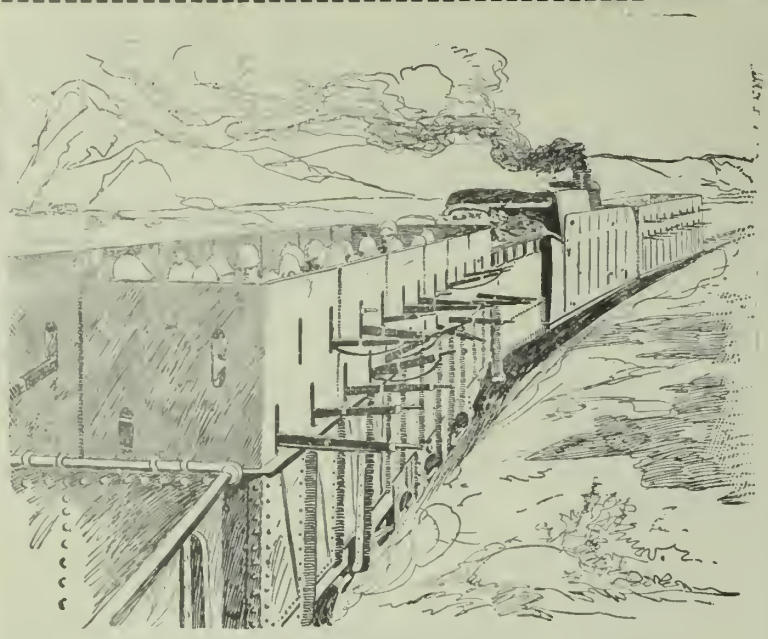

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Armored trains have figured prominently in the fighting around Ladysmith. The illustration, which was made from a photograph, shows a train that was constructed at the railway shops in Durban. The train is composed of a powerful locomotive, tender and three 20-ton iron cars. The sides of the cars are over six feet high and are covered with half-inch boiler plates. The loopholes through which the men fire are vertical in shape and are just large enough to allow the easy movement of rifles. On a trial a regiment, taking the word of command while on the ground, mounted and manned this train in thirty-five seconds.

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